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Frederick
Stinson Jarvis

THE ARENA.

No. XLIX.

DECEMBER, 1893.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE: OR PSYCHIC LAWS AND FORCES IN NATURE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

I.

ONE truth is apparent, that life, from its lowest to its highest, is a succession of ascents, a succession of grades or plateaux, each one intermingling with its commencing edges in the plane below and with its later or upper edges merged in the plane that is next above it.

To students of natural history, this is already sufficiently clear. The advances from the fish to the amphibian, and from this to the animal, and later on to man, besides others too numerous to mention, all indicate the continuity of the principle of improvement.

The question therefore arises : Is nature to be expected to cease its order and sequence as soon as it has produced the human grade? If man remained exclusively an animal in all his instincts and passions, the necessity for the question would not be so apparent. But when we find in human beings evidences of still higher planes of existence — which alter, control, and eradicate the animal disposition — then we have to consider whether nature will proceed with the same sequence and order which she has exhibited throughout.

What, then, is the next higher plane of life that is found in us side by side with the animal? What is this in us which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl? Nature keeps every one interested. She has developed her silvery fish, her

myriad iridescent birds and beetles, her monstrous winged lizards, her huge animals, her inquisitive monkeys, and then the student of herself, with a searching brain — a thing that looks for God. The question arises: Is she giving him that which he looks for, or at least the next advance towards what he seeks? We find that no living thing of nature has ever instinctively craved for anything unless it was proper for it to do so; and the fact is suggestive while we seek an answer to the question. There are indications that nature has, for our own world, produced enough of swimming, crawling, flying, leaping things — has dealt sufficiently with materials, and is now allowing man to see, partly, how her processes deal with essences. Wherever there has been life, she has, from the earliest times, dealt with these. But now the indications are that she is passing, with us, to the stages wherein she has less use for cumbersome machinery.

Man's place in nature is therefore at an interesting stage. As he progresses from the physical plane into the next higher grade of existence, it is clear that nature intends to increase continually in beauty and charm as she leads him delightedly on.

Most people, whether educated or not, believe in their possession of souls. This belief is brought home as a truth in many ways. Some seem to hold it on mere hearsay. Others refuse it for equally unsubstantial reasons.

Those who claim that the soul's existence is "not proven" have a right, for themselves, to say so. This means that it has not been proved to them. The agnostic must be taken at his word. When he says he is ignorant in regard to certain questions it must be accepted that he is so. On this question, some people seem to have possessed, from childhood upwards, such a lucidity of intelligence (coupled with natural purity) that they have never doubted their intuitions. But no one can be expected to form his life on other people's intuitions; and the agnostic is, in a way, a general assistance when he refuses to believe in any postulate, the truth of which has neither been realized by his intuitions nor scientifically proved by experiment.

Science has not produced this proof. The reason is clear. So far as it has yet advanced, science is confined by its own methods to the material. It is true that its best thinking has tried to explain thought and memory. But in all its

approaches to the immaterial it has signally failed, and must of necessity fail as long as it is limited to its present methods.

This inability of learned men to assist and affirm nature's best developments by their scientific thought and processes has had results that were both beneficial and disastrous. By producing the mental attrition of the age it has led to enormously valuable results; but, on the other hand, it has been exactly what criminals desired. Although science has not denied some fundamental truths of religions, its agnosticism has given opportunity to low-grade men to jump to the conclusion that no higher world than the animal one existed. The truth is that, with its present apparatus, science has been almost as unequal to proving the higher grades of existence as the criminals themselves were. Further lamentable results followed when the above-mentioned failure divorced many best of men from that which had been formerly a part of their highest happiness.

Science makes sure as it goes. Nothing in the history of the world has been more useful than its inexorable demand for certainty. But there are other methods of gaining certainty besides those which science has hitherto utilized. Circumstantial evidence, when complete, removes doubt quite as thoroughly as direct proof. He who knows of no soul has a right to demand that its existence be proved. But, in the ordinary course of nature, soul (meaning its sympathies and range) is only appreciable by soul. The difficulty has been to make soul appreciable to intellect. This can, to some limited extent, be done. The existence of the soul, and also some of its powers, can be proved with all the certainty which science requires. For the material intellect to understand, when unassisted, the range, sympathies, and peculiarities of a higher plane of nature is not to be expected. It would be like expecting a fish to understand an amphibian. The amphibian, being partly fish, might explain as best he could, but his land experiences must remain a complete blank to the fish, except in the form of almost incredible hearsay.

If, then, soul can be known to soul, why has science not discovered some of the powers of one soul upon another? That some individualities influence others is believed by many, and to be expected by all. But how to place the soul

in position to subject it to scientific examination has been a difficulty. The strangely grotesque visions of the lighter forms of sleep cannot be classified because we do not understand the extent to which the soul, with its marvellous powers for knowing, is being liberated. The vagaries produced by automatic brain sensations during incomplete sleep are evidently of no importance, and merely resemble or reproduce with exaggeration the more prevalent thoughts of waking moments. But there is a depth of sleep at which, when reached, strange things happen. Perhaps all people have had sufficient personal experience of this to provoke inquiry. If, therefore, the deepest of all sleeps can be artificially produced, we then have the human soul in such a condition that at least some of its powers may be scientifically inquired into. It must tell of itself through the mouth of its possessor.

There have already been many investigations into phenomena of this kind. But, except in France, the results have been unsatisfactory. There are at least three grades of mesmeric sleep; and while a patient may converse readily, he may be in one of the less profound degrees of sleep, in which the greatest intelligence is not shown. In the presence of a party of curious and perhaps talkative scientists with whom the patient had no habit of sympathy, he would naturally retain certain degrees of that protective alertness which in the lighter grades of sleep is ready to awake us when anything unusual occurs. This alertness during sleep is present and on watch, with human beings, especially women, and with all animals, especially the more timid, when the faculty has not been obscured by overeating or the like. In experiments such as above mentioned it might, in cases where women are the patients, prove a barrier to the most successful results when sympathies and confidences have not been established.

Any results from experiment which are more instructive than those obtainable in crowded drawingrooms can only be arrived at when the patient has unlimited confidence in the actuator and is entirely willing to trust him with soul, will, and even life itself. In such case the interior protective alertness is dispensed with by the will of the patient. But the slightest timidity, or what is called "nervousness," at the presence of unknown strangers and antipathetic indi-

vidualities, would, I imagine, have its effect. Consequently the actuator may produce a grade of sleep and control thought and remove the appearance of being awake, and yet—end at this. Thus he does not produce in the patient that deeper grade of sleep in which the soul with its wonderful attributes may be inquired into. And this condition cannot be arrived at unless both the body and its immaterial keeper are completely in the power of the actuator.

Space is here devoted to explaining why some scientists have failed to discover in mesmerism as much as has been claimed for it; though it must be remembered that most of the phenomena mentioned in this work have for years been known to the scientists of Paris. An investigation was held at Edinburgh, and the men engaged in it were skilled in scientific and material methods. The class of experiments were of the simplest, such as beginners try, and in their report they in some way attributed what they saw to the effect of "suggestion" on the mind of the patient. Any one who has gone far in mesmeric experiments must regret that these investigations were not more satisfactory.

But what is this process in nature called mesmerism or hypnotism? To say it is the effect of soul upon soul or mind upon mind tells but little. We find it in every condition of human intercourse. In business, in preaching, in the social life, and throughout the animal kingdom it is everywhere present. We are all mesmerizers; though the majorities are better adapted, through comparative weakness of individuality, to be patients rather than performers. Those who are powerful of will and soul rule, in a wordless but thoroughly compelling way. The majorities know their superiors and are ruled.

One paragraph on drawingroom phenomena may be inserted, even though the reader may have witnessed them often. Two people of strong will-power secretly prearrange some simple act for the patient to perform. They then place their hands on the shoulders of a third person who is quite ready to submit to the silent influence. If the two performers concentrate their will-power in coercing the patient towards doing what was prearranged, she will soon move forward as if of her own volition and obey the silent direction. This simple experiment is mentioned because it illustrates the first uses of a power which, if increased, will

produce what appears to be sleep, and all grades of sleep, even to the trance. It is also mentioned because it places before those who know nothing of mesmerism a simple form of it, regarding which all parties can satisfy themselves by trial. And it is of importance that everybody should be convinced of the reality of at least a few effects of will-power, because without some acquaintance with its subtle and silent influences the largest part of human life is inexplicable and chaotic. Julius Cæsar, Bonaparte, Bismarck — no commander of men can be understood without it. The necessity of the knowledge, for personal safety, and in unnumbered other ways, cannot be too strongly urged; and this little drawingroom performance scientifically proves a great truth — that human beings may be coerced into performing an infinite number of acts by the unspoken direction and command of other people's wills.

And if the experiment be carried a stage further, that is to say, after the vibratory sympathies are thus first thoroughly established and the mind of the patient has become entirely submissive and trustful, then the performers, or rather the actuators, may find that they can exercise their wills with the same effects on the patient from a distance.

It will be seen that no attempt is made to explain these things at this stage of the work. Some facts, effects, and results must first be given, and then the reader can see the deductions to be made therefrom.

Such words as "mesmerism" and others are used merely to explain intended meanings to readers. Except for this purpose, they are misapplied. It has been proved that the power here referred to has nothing to do with magnets or magnetizing, which words originated in one of Mesmer's impostures. Yet the word "mesmerism" is used, instead of hypnotism, etc., because it gives more people an idea of what is meant. Unusual words make difficult reading, and the attempt here is to render the subject as clear as possible. So much will be difficult to believe, that to impose an unnecessary tax would be a mistake. Readers are invited to come as fellow searchers into a region which is so trackless and so little reduced to the geography of thought that it is here approached with diffidence and sense of solicitude. It is probable that those who have experienced a lifelong hunger for knowledge will agree that the urgency of our necessities

prevents us from much considering the source of our knowledge so long as knowledge comes. Except as to the facts of the writer's experiments, this work must be understood to be put interrogatively, and solely as an appeal to the reader's sense of the probable. That which leaps into the heart as a truth will there create its own dogma; and this is the only kind of dogma which is desired.

No one regards the teachings of science regarding man, together with his religions, the histories of his developing moralities and the progress of civilization, without being oppressed, at the end of it all, by the sense of how little one knows. Except by the scientists of Paris, hypnotism has been so denounced as a delusion that this chapter must face a great deal of prejudice. All that can be said is that if any one practises the same experiments as here shown he, too, will necessarily have sufficient faith to remove at least his own mountains of prejudice.

It has taken the writer many years to muster sufficient courage to face in public print this overwhelming prejudice. He has not been exceedingly brave over it. Ever since the first discoveries the knowledge has been continually added to — not by further experiments (except in one case), but owing to the fact that an insight into some of the more or less hidden processes of nature explains an extraordinarily large number of human affairs, and has thus assisted in revealing many peculiarities of life which are elsewhere referred to in this work.

Another impediment to earlier publication will be readily understood. The experiments were chiefly impromptu — resulting, usually, from conversation on the subject and the curiosity of the patient leading towards a desire for trial. Excepting the masculine patients, these were ladies of refinement and social position; so that the writer felt unable to produce testimony in support of his own. The inability to give the names of patients might, to outsiders, suggest deception. This, however, has been in part remedied by late correspondence. If satisfied that it is in any way necessary for scientific reasons, one, and perhaps two, who assisted towards the most advanced phenomena will corroborate the statements as to the experiments, over their own signatures. This is mentioned merely to show that, if necessary, further proof can be given.

While understanding this difficulty, the reader will also glean that there is much force in the desire to give the results of these experiments. The extraordinary truths involved in the discoveries have urged an evasion of obstacles which would block progress to the desired end.

The following recital of the author's experiments will be made in the first person. It will sound too egoistic; but to deal with many pages of experiment in any other way would seem strained.

Among my first experiments was that one in which a certain law clerk was the patient. He was of a kind disposition, very honest, and possessing a taste for music. He was writing, one day, about eight feet from me. I sat behind him and partly to one side. The idea came to me to see what could be accomplished without contact. I concentrated my will on making him stop writing. After a good deal of effort on my part he laid his pen down before him and sat looking at the paper. He did it so naturally—as if he were tired writing—that I thought it a mere coincidence. Then I silently ordered him to continue writing. He did so. And then I seesawed him, each way, half a dozen times, until there could be no doubt he was obeying me, though slowly. I afterwards explained what I had been doing, and he was interested.

Subsequently we had a number of different trials. Apparently he never passed into the deepest sleep, though not remaining fully awake. His eyes usually remained partly open, and he seemed to be in one of those half-way conditions such as those to which I have previously referred. In this phase he readily took the impressions of my own mind and could witness any scene I memorized. In one of the upper rooms of the offices we met, by appointment, on Sunday afternoon. Here, when he was under the influence, I would show him various scenes in foreign countries. I took him through Egypt, Syria, Athens, Rome, etc.

As to this patient, I have no means of knowing whether or not he was actually clairvoyant as in the cases of other patients. My method was simply to say, "What do you see?" repeatedly, until he commenced to describe the scene I had fixed my mind on. And yet he often saw more than I saw or was thinking of. For instance, when I was bring-

ing to his view the obelisk in front of St. Peter's, at Rome, he commenced with a description of the great oval arcade of pillars which surrounds the piazza in front of the cathedral. I was struck by this, because I was not thinking of these pillars but only of the obelisk itself. However, my mind may, unconsciously to myself, have taken in the pillars also; just as a spectator *in situ* would while viewing the obelisk almost necessarily include some of these in his view.

It was interesting for both of us. I had a quantity of photographs with me, and when I roused him after each experiment he would run over the pictures until he came to the scene he had witnessed, when he would immediately recognize it and hand it to me. It will be recollected that there were no words used on my part except my one question, "What do you see?"

In early boyhood I was much taxed by that biblical story of Christ being taken to an exceeding high mountain by the devil and being shown all the kingdoms of the earth. But now I found that I could do something similar myself. My patients were almost as pleased as if I had taken them bodily to the foreign scenes. I devised the experiments with the photographs in order to provide a certain amount of proof of what the patient saw; because, until then, I could not be sure that he was not describing scenes in words that my own concentration in some way forced. His recognition, afterwards, of the photographs cleared any doubt on this point; though, as to this particular patient, I am not prepared to say that he witnessed anything more than was in my own mind. He may not have been in a sufficiently deep sleep to be what is called clairvoyant, but perhaps merely in that condition in which minds can be read. The phase was evidently similar to that exhibited by the widely known and proved experiments of Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who possessed the faculty of putting himself, while awake, into a condition in which he discerned the whereabouts of an object upon which a spectator fixed his mind.

But whether the clerk was or was not clairvoyant (in ways subsequently described), matters little for this experiment. That is to say, whether he saw the actual scenes or whether he saw them only in my memory, a marvellous fact is disclosed — namely, that there is a power within us which is capable of knowing not only the wishes of others but

also of viewing any scene which is in the actuator's mind ; also, that this power is capable of establishing a mental correspondence between human beings in which words are unnecessary.

Now the reader will see, after a moment's thought, that the necessary outcomes of this extraordinary fact are infinite. It proves what materialists refuse to believe, namely, that we have within us a faculty for acquiring intelligence from without. I cannot give names to these existences, because to me they seem unnamable ; but, for want of better language, it may be said that the soul or mind of one person can be invaded by other souls or minds, and be taught and uplifted in a way that really enforces a teaching and elevation beyond the patient's power of resistance. The assistance and confirmation which religion may gain from similar proofs is immeasurable ; and it explains, among many other things, how we always feel uplifted and strengthened when in the society of the best of human beings.

The fact must be emphasized that any man of some will power and concentration can, with a suitable patient, arrive at the same results. To give any one the idea that the powers described were peculiar to myself would do much to nullify the effect of my work. Readers will sympathize with the desire to publish the phenomena without incurring the imputation of being, or pretending to be, peculiar. When an experimenter of the above kind shows a suitable patient "all the kingdoms of the earth," it is not necessary for him to be the devil — but merely acquainted with some powers which all men possess, though ignorantly.

This power in men which is capable of influencing others without bodily contact and without their knowledge of it, and which possesses the abilities here described, is a purely natural existence. That is to say, with every human being it is just as much part of himself as his foot is.

If one wishes to understand life as it is, and also the deductions which follow from the showings of mesmerism, one must keep the last-mentioned fact in view. Without the teachings of mesmerism, human existence is almost a chaos. With this knowledge, and the extensions of it, all life becomes one marvellous uniformity. Before the reader has completed the perusal of this work he will see that the principles of nature here dealt with are not confined to

human life,—but that they exist in all grades which are lower than the human one, and that their promise is that they will continue on in similar unbroken sequence of development until after LIFE has ceased to be regarded chiefly with reference to its humanness. For, in the consideration of LIFE as a whole, it will be gleaned that its human hour is but a stage in its development.

Par parenthese, a word must be inserted here to remove any impression, which the second-above paragraph might give, that this work is produced from a materialistic standpoint. It will be quite clear before the last page is reached that this is not the case. Yet first impressions are lasting; and I do not wish the reader, whether he be religious or materialistic, to become prejudiced as we go along, but to leave his opinions in abeyance. Opinions prove nothing—facts are what we need. In our present development there is no religion without some materialism, and it may be guessed that there are few materialists without some religion. Similarly, in this work there is as much materialism as nature insists upon, but also as much spiritism as nature may be proved to contain.

On the other hand, materialists must not say, “Oh, if he’s going to talk about spirit life, that ends my reading!” Unprejudiced students of human nature (if there are any) have no doubt been intensely materialistic at some times, and at other times have believed in the spiritualities. This is natural, and for the sake of knowledge to be deplored. Without the necessary materialism, wrong religion may grow wild. Without religion, materialism may grow brutal. Both, unless intermingled, have sometimes run to the absurd. As to the word “spirit,” which I have been unwilling to use at this stage of this work, I will say, that if my materialist friends can explain my experiments, or their own similar ones, without a belief in the human spirit, then this word may be removed from our mental vocabularies forever.

I do not here relate the experiments in the order in which they came to me, but rather in the sequence which, proceeding by degrees, will least tax the credulity of the reader. Doubtless some of the minor ones have been forgotten, and as to the more important, I will only mention one or two of each class, because one perfect proof is as convincing (if belief be at all accorded), as many wearisome repetitions.

A large number of minor matters were tested, which went no further towards proof of the existence of soul than the abilities of the law clerk as above described. For instance, one patient was peculiarly quick at naming and describing objects which I had closed in boxes, jars, or other receptacles which may be found in drawingrooms. When the patients were in the deep sleep they sat up in the same attitude in which they had been conversing, though sometimes they rested partly against the back of their chairs. During the experiments, when they were intently searching with their interior faculties, the head was always inclined somewhat forward, as people generally sit during mental effort.

The attitude was nearly always that of a person trying to read a book that is held at a distance. Generally the eyes were lightly closed, or half closed; but sometimes, when all will-force was being applied to compel towards the search for something difficult to find, the eyes would open in a wide, unseeing way. At these times they focused on nothing in the room. There was no intelligence in them, and of course no sight, for the body was so bereft of sensation during the trance-like condition that I have no doubt it could have been cut to pieces without pain to the patient.

The appearance of the wide eyes was inclined to be slightly alarming at first. Yet there was no resemblance to insanity in their appearance. They were simply a blank; and perhaps only opened because the eye muscles obeyed the command to "look and see." Then sometimes the face would strain forward slightly, the eyebrows pucker, and the eyes open blindly—all, no doubt, as part of the bodily habit of the effort to see. Any stranger coming into the room could not have known, except by the eyes, that the patient's condition was peculiar. If his entry did not disturb the condition (and I do not know what the effect of this would be) he would have found them conversing in an ordinary tone of voice, sometimes a little wearily, as if they were tired of their own effort; and at other times with interest in what they saw, and with a rapid precision of speech and a wealth of detail which could leave no doubt that they actually saw what they described. It was as if one person standing in a room explained to a blind man that which was going on in the street outside—with this difference, that the patient, besides seeing all the details of

motions and costumes, etc., could know also the thoughts of the people she was describing. But when I write this last sentence I am getting on too fast.

Of course we soon tired of all the experiments with secreted articles. Anything I picked up in the drawingroom and secreted in books, boxes, or jars would be described—sometimes so instantaneously that I could almost believe that the patient had watched what I was doing and was playing a trick. The patient I now speak of sometimes went into the deepest of sleeps in a moment—certainly in less than four seconds, possibly in less than two—when she was anxious for a successful experiment. Very often I could not believe that she had passed into the trance.

Marvellous as they are, we soon thought very little of these minor experiments, because the patient might be simply reading my own knowledge concerning the secreted articles. She, however, denied that this was so, and claimed that she saw into the box. No doubt this was correct, for she described more than I knew—for instance, the position of the object in the box, which, after I had shaken it, I did not know. I wished to devise some way to test her sight as to the appearance of an object I was unacquainted with.

I will relate only one experiment of the following class. To me it was a great triumph; for it proved that she did not acquire her knowledge by reading my mind. In the city I saw a friend handling some coins. I asked him to lend me an old one with its date still clear, and to hand it to me wrapped in paper so that I could not know the date. He did so, and on that day I called on the patient and told her what I proposed to do. She saw the importance of the idea. I laid the coin, still wrapped in its paper, on a table apart from both of us. She was so interested that when I turned and said, "Now go off and tell me the date," she replied almost instantaneously. Yet in that moment she had passed into a deep sleep. I think her reply was "Seventeen ninety-five." I thought she was merely guessing, and was still awake; because she replied as soon as I spoke my direction. But I had to command her waking before she resumed the normal state again. Then I unwrapped the paper, which I wished her to see me do. As I did so, her interest in the experiment seemed very slight. She knew—she took it for granted, that her reply

had been right. She knew she had seen the coin. Before an experiment she often doubted her powers. After an experiment, and while still partly sleepy, she evidently took it for granted that the power within her could not go wrong. The date on the coin was the one she stated. After the lapse of so many years I cannot be certain of the date that was on that particular coin. I think it was 1795, but this is immaterial—whatever it was, she told it right.

This was a simple experiment, but it was the first one which could be connected in no way with my own knowledge. It was my first absolute proof to myself of the existence of a soul. I should mention that this proof, which to me had such unlimited meaning, and which in its method was so scientific and conclusive, was taken by the patient as a matter of course. She seemed to experience no surprise. With her, in her extreme purity and refinement, the reliance on soul intuitions seemed to be an every-day occurrence; though apparently she thought no more of it than I would of taking an umbrella with me when the atmosphere promised rain. For instance, several times when I was proceeding towards her home to make an unexpected call I have met her on the way. When I spoke of the meeting being lucky, she saw no element of chance about it. She would say, "I knew you were coming, so I put on my hat to come out and meet you."

"But how did you know?" I would ask.

"I cannot explain. It came to me that you were just crossing —— Square, and that you were coming to call. So here I am. I knew just because I knew!"

Now these last words, which thousands of men have heard from thousands of women, contain the truth of the soul knowledge. She "knew just because she knew." This is the kind of statement that science abominates, and which makes men look blankly interrogative, and which women appreciate. Unless their animal nature has been built up till their souls are, as it were, walled in, women use their soul knowledge more frequently than they use their teeth for eating. It is so simple, so correct, so entirely independent of education; it makes so many who are called common women so beautiful.

But this is a wide subject. Let us return before it lures us too far from the straight line of our task.

There were many interesting mind voyages taken, and described in minute detail, by my patients; but as I could not afterward prove what people were doing — say, in Europe, at a certain hour — I do not set out these here because I could not verify them. Yet although these are useless for the purposes of this treatise (being without proof), I may mention one or two, merely to show the methods I adopted and the oddness of the results.

When I wished to ask regarding any friend who was travelling in Europe I would first send the patient to the sleep. To do this I never used “passes,” having regarded them as a foolish survival of Mesmer’s charlatanries; although they may perhaps assist in rendering the mind of a patient submissive, by giving him the idea of force being exerted. I simply sat quiet and “willed” the patient to perform some little action, such as to open or shut the eyes, or turn the head sideways. If I could not soon procure obedience, I ceased trying, because the continued strain tired me. Sometimes the patient, without obeying as to the shutting of the eyes, would pass into the sleep first. But let us take the one I am now thinking of and suppose, as in her case, that she had gone into the sleep immediately. I describe the search for one person, then in Europe — an old friend.

I would say, repeatedly, “Do you see her? Where is she? Look for her!”

Then the patient would perhaps lean forward with a searching look on her face and say slowly, “I can’t see her. I can’t see her anywhere!”

“But you must see her. You must. Look for her!”
(Pause.)

“No! I see faces — multitudes of faces, and strange shapes — but not her! What strange shapes! — all misty!”

“Well, for whom are you looking?”

“Why, for Dorothea Brooke, of course. She is the one you wish me to see.”

(The patient would always name the right person, though his or her name had not been mentioned or referred to.)

Then, after a while, and after much effort, she would see the person sought for, and say: “Oh, yes! now I see her. She is sitting in the window of a large house. It is a hotel, I think. There is an awning outside the window. She is looking down into the street below. Such an odd town! —

houses so queerly built! There's a long, narrow street below. And I suppose those are cab-drivers, aren't they? What wretched horses they have!"

"And what is Dorothea thinking of?"

"She is thinking about whether she will go out for a walk, and about a new cloak she has. Oh, there is her mother!" (The patient had not, if I recollect rightly, ever seen "Dorothea's" mother; but she described her as accurately as if she saw her in the ordinary way.)

"Her mother is talking to her about going out for the walk. Now her mother is moving away from her. She has gone into another room."

The whole scene would, in the way this recital indicates, be described calmly, and with interest, if anything interesting was to be seen, and with amusement if the people said anything funny. Sometimes I could make a guess at the city, by the way it was said to be built, or otherwise.

My patients had some European and oriental travel at exceedingly small expense, though as to the whereabouts of acquaintances in those regions I was never able to verify. The intentness of the patient on the scene and her vivid description did much to suggest that she saw all she described. As to picturing my acquaintances whom she had not before seen she never made a mistake. In one case it took a long time to find a certain man. But, when found, her confidence was absolute. "He is on a railway train," she said. "The train is now going over a bridge." She then described the progress of the train, and what it was passing, with as much calm and uninterested certainty as could be found in any brakeman on board the train. I only half proved this case, so I will not mention it further. My friend was travelling between Chicago and New York about that time, but could not remember the exact day.

As I have said before, I gave up these experiments years ago, for a number of reasons; chiefly because I thought it was the exercise of an undue power, partly because I never could be entirely certain that in every case it was safe for the mind of the patient, and partly because I had proved all I could think of. So, to take the teachings in their order of advance, but not in their order of time, I pass now to my latest experiment, which took place two years ago, and will then return to the earlier ones.

In June, 1891, I was rather anxious about a friend who at that time was living in one of the most remote of the United States. The distance was, I think, between two and three thousand miles. But distance makes no difference for these experiments. I was sitting talking to a clever woman one evening, and, as the conversation swung around to some point that suggested the idea, I asked her if she would tell me how my friend was. I explained, and she consented readily. I did not think she would prove a satisfactory patient, because she possessed so much personal force and individuality; but she contributed, by her own will, towards submission. It was the first and only time I ever mesmerized her, and the results were astonishing—even to me.

It took her a long time, after passing into the sleep, to find the friend; and then the same certainty, as before described, reigned. She seemed to first approach the house over the town, because the locality struck her as being an unpleasant place to live in, and she described it. Then her account of what she saw was like this:—

“She is sitting at a table writing a letter. It’s to you, I think. Wait!—yes!—it’s to you! I can see over her shoulder. It is addressed to you. She has her back to me. I am at the window. Such a wind blowing through the room! Oh, my, such a wind! It is blowing her dress, and making the light almost go out. Now she hears her sister coming in. Oh, what a bright, clever face that sister has! So bright and full of fun. She is telling a joke—wait!” Here the patient stopped and laughed quite heartily. She had never seen the sister, but described her most accurately. At the time, no recollection of the sister was with me, and in any case my mind was merely receptive. I simply sat and listened—not having to ask any questions, for the patient’s usual eloquence and curiosity were with her as much as ever, and she missed nothing, apparently.

“Oh, I do like that sister!” she continued. “Very tall, isn’t she? Not pretty—at least not very so—but a nice, good, humorous face—so clever! Now they are both laughing together.”

The patient described it all fully, and then grew weary and said her head ached. Other patients have also spoken of their “heads growing tired,” when the trance is prolonged. I always woke them and ended the trial when they

said this. I did not know what this headache might mean, and I wished to be on the safe side. I was working, at these times, in a trackless region—feeling confident of myself and of the patients as long as they did everything happily; but when their pleasure in witnessing the strange scenes began to end, I always woke them up. I told this patient to remember all she saw, because unless this is done they forget when they awake what they have seen. She was in the deepest of sleeps, and as I did not hurry her waking, it took her some time to do so. At first she had no remembrance of what she had seen; but gradually I suggested parts of her vision to her, and then she recalled the whole of it distinctly.

This experiment is not put forward because it contains proof, because it does not. It is mentioned in this place because it leads up in some ways to the final and conclusive proofs. The reader will understand that, beyond writing one letter in this case asking questions to verify, I really cared very little for verification, because at that time I knew from the proved experiments and from the demeanor of the patient that she could be making no mistake. When a patient is not to be relied on, her own doubt, as shown in her answers, will be apparent. But when she is in the deepest sleep, and finds the person searched for, there is an intense vividness and lucidity about all she describes which I think could leave no doubt in the mind of any observer.

I have thrown the explanations of methods used and appearances produced, etc., into previous experiments, so as to leave the conclusive proofs short and unsurrounded by the verbiage which may distract attention from the main point. I give only two of these. They were very simple, but they left me without any desire for further proof.

It may be that both the experiments I now relate were on the same day. I remember that they were both on the afternoon of Sunday, which day was usually chosen because I was at leisure. I preferred the daytime for these experiments. In the first of them I asked a patient as to what a certain friend of mine was doing who lived with another friend. These two usually took a walk on Sunday afternoon, and I expected to have them both described as passing along some country road. But the patient said, when she found him:—

"He is reclining on a sofa, smoking a pipe, in a room, and talking to ——."

I knew by her accurate mention of all the furniture that she was describing their private sitting-room. These two men were great friends, and the patient was evidently amused at the expression of their faces, or what they said.

As in other cases, the conversation was not repeated fully, though evidently heard. On such occasions, the amusement of the patients indicated this; though in their desire to tell things in their own way, they did not usually repeat the phrases which for the moment provoked a smile. At such times the patients apparently did not realize the importance of repeating the words heard. It was exactly the same as if they looked through the window and did not think the talk worth repeating. A silence sometimes ensued while the patients listened. The reader may imagine how strange it seemed to me to watch the patients, in all such cases as this, listening to conversations that were being held, sometimes two miles, sometimes several thousand miles away.

On the evening of the same day I called on one of these men, and found that they had not taken their walk, but had remained in the sitting-room as mentioned. They had also worn the coats described. Their positions in the room were also as depicted—one of my friends in an armchair, and the other reclining on the sofa, smoking a pipe. The interior of the apartment had never been seen by the patient.

The single experiment which I shall now give is as conclusive as if I gave many. They could be easily multiplied so as to produce weariness. On that day I had dined with my parents. At dinner, after church, I heard my father say that a certain banker would call for him at three o'clock to take a walk; so that, later in the afternoon, perhaps about four o'clock, I felt sure that he would be described in the experiment as walking with this banker along some street or country road. However, this was not so. When the patient found him there was no doubt in her tone:—

"He is sitting in a large armchair, asleep. The chair is a reddish one."

"Can you see anything more to describe?"

"No, nothing, except that there is a newspaper lying across his knee."

This seemed to be all there was to ask, so I inquired about my mother. When she was found the patient said:—

“She is standing at a long window which reaches almost to the floor. Outside, there is a veranda and trees growing. She is looking through the trees.”

“And of what is she thinking?”

It took some time to force an answer to this, for the patient asserted that she could not tell. But finally she issued the answer with haste:—

“She is thinking of Harry.”

Now, Harry was a young uncle of mine whom the patient had never seen. Very likely I had mentioned him before, but beyond that she knew nothing of him. He had died within two months of that time, and the mention of his name almost startled me, for he had been a lifelong friend. I ceased the experiment, and inquired as soon as possible of my mother.

I discovered that Mr. Y——, the banker, had not called, and that my father had slept all the afternoon in a large crimson armchair which was his favorite. In answer to my further question, my mother said:—

“Yes, he was reading a newspaper as he fell asleep, and I remember that it rested on his knee during the time he slept.”

She also remembered standing, about the time mentioned, at one of the front French windows (in which case she would be facing trees) and thinking over the lawsuit which at that time was causing trouble in reference to her brother's will.

It was no slight matter with me to find that I had proved beyond the possibility of doubt the existence of a soul.

Since about that time there have been no more experiments—except the one in New York in 1891. I have not since thought of any methods which could be more conclusive or more entirely scientific. There could be none. Perhaps I cannot expect that all strangers will believe. If any are incredulous it is to their loss. To all such I say, “Go and do as I have done, and then disbelief will be impossible.” Nature has, happily, given no man a monopoly. Every one who possesses earnestness of purpose and self-control can prove these things for himself, with a suitable patient. Yet I am far from suggesting that every one

should try. There are times when fright or loss of self-control in the actuator might (as I imagine) have disastrous results on the patient, whose soul, whose whole existence, is delivered into his keeping. This is the opinion of the French school, and it is probably correct. Unless a man be confident in his own interior calm, even in the presence of shock and surprise, I think he should not try. Still further am I from suggesting that any should consent to be patients, unless the intuitions tell them that the actuator will prove sufficient and be honorable. It must be remembered that the patient, when under full control, has no will but that of the actuator.

The next question which arises is this: Is the soul, when acquiring knowledge at a distance, projected through space by the will of the actuator? Or is it a faculty unexplained, for "knowing simply because it knows," similar to that which we were taught to regard as the omniscience possessed by the Deity? In other words: Does the faculty travel, or is it continuously resident in the patient? Some results of my experiments seem to answer affirmatively to the first question, and others to the latter. The abilities suggested in the second question would, if present, dispense with those referred to in the first. There were several peculiarities which suggested that the seeing quality travelled. For instance, when great distances were required to be overcome there was always a delay of one, two, three, or perhaps more, minutes, during which the patient would be apparently making effort of her own. During these times she would converse in a contemplative sort of way: "No, I don't see him [or her]. I can only see faces, strange faces, many of them—strange shapes intermingling." At this period of search the patient often expressed her doubt and inability. Then, suddenly, she would say, "Oh, yes, now I see her." And from that moment all doubt ended, and the person searched for was described with certainty, rapidity, and precision.

This seemed to indicate a period of flight, whereas in telling the date of the unknown coin which was close at hand, the answer was instantaneous. Again, in the New York experiment mentioned on page 17, the seeing quality of patient apparently passed over the town in the distant state before entering the house where the person searched for

resided. She paused, evidently curious, and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way as to the streets and their general desolation. Her explanations as to her own position in the room were the same during her vision as they were after I waked her, when we talked it over. The patients always spoke as if they were actually present in the body at the distant scene.

The New York patient made this clear. She explained, during the vision, and also afterwards, to this effect: "I was at the window, standing behind her [the person searched for]. I did not see her face—at least only a part of it—though of course I knew her by her figure and by her voice when she spoke to the sister. I could see the address on the letter over her shoulder, or around her arm."

The patient considered that she was present in her own person, and that she occupied a certain spot in the room while she watched. This opposes the idea that the seeing quality is a resident one, which might be expected to view all sides of the person searched for. The fact that she always said, "*I stood there*," and "*I see the sister*," etc., suggests that the individuality, that is to say the soul-ego, of the patient did the work. There was no exception as to this in any experiments.

These peculiarities, which lead to much delusion, are dealt with in the next chapter.

As to the ability of a customary patient to resist the influence: this, I fancy, depends on many things—on the varying will strength of the actuator, on the extent of the patient's susceptibility and habit of submission, etc. In one case a patient came as far as the door of the room where I was, and then laughingly defied me to make her come in. I stood against the opposite wall and did my best. She derided my efforts and vowed antagonism. The combat lasted a long time, certainly for half an hour, and just when I was thoroughly exhausted, I saw her face lose expression, and she turned and went away. I thought she had won the struggle, but I walked after her and found her, three rooms off, lying on a sofa, in the heaviest mesmeric sleep. It was like the trance of the East Indian fakirs, and, while not hurrying, it took perhaps five minutes to effect the awakening. It was to this patient that I succeeded in conveying my commands from a distance. When she did not

know I was in the house I have brought her into my presence by will power. Then I would ask her why she came. She has replied, "I was at my sewing [or other occupation], and suddenly I felt that you were here and wished me to come." This occurred two or three times. On other occasions, though, the attempt failed. Unless the patient was at some occupation like sewing, which leaves the mind almost a blank and readily susceptible to impression, the effort did not succeed.

Before concluding this chapter I must relate a case with which I had nothing to do except as spectator. The particulars of it would no doubt be corroborated, if necessary, by my mother, my sister, and my brother-in-law. I do not bring it forward in proof of anything set out in this book, because I object to mentioning the work of professional clairvoyants. In the meantime the reader will not object to hearing an account which may be amply authenticated.

My mother's sister, who then lived in Chicago, was rather fond at one time of consulting clairvoyantes. When my aunt visited us, somewhere about 1877, she said her clairvoyante in Chicago could tell the fate of one of my brother-in-law's vessels, which was then three months overdue on a return voyage from some South American port. When she returned home she consulted the woman, and I was present when my mother read the report as to the vessel, contained in aunt's letter. I can almost give it in the words I then heard: "The vessel is not lost. The delay has been occasioned by an accident. When in shallow water, the ship struck her keel against the bottom and received an injury. However, she is all safe, and has arrived in port, but will have to go into dry dock for repairs."

My brother-in-law, the owner of the "Edward Blake," was present at the reading of the letter. I saw him growing intensely interested. When it was finished he drew from his pocket a letter which he had that morning received from the captain of his ship, giving precisely the same information. His letter was from Glasgow. When seeking shelter in some obscure South American harbor, the "Edward Blake" had struck the bar. The captain had for a long time been afraid to proceed on the voyage because he could not tell the extent of the damage. The letter went on to

say that the vessel was just going into dry dock for repairs.

I have tested the work of professional clairvoyantes. It is always unreliable, but not always incorrect. Some have a faculty for putting themselves, at will, into a condition of light sleep. It is not the deep, almost fathomless sleep which sets free the soul in the way I have described. But it deadens the influences of the body to some extent, and thus gives the interior faculties a better chance to become cognizant of truth than in the more waking state. There is nothing peculiar about this. Thousands of women, in all ages, have been reported to possess "second sight." It is merely an ability to partly remove the effects produced by the body and its sensations in "walling in" the soul. If these people could remove the bodily wall sufficiently they would arrive at absolute truth.

The truest saying ever known has not been generally known in the whole of its truth, namely, that "Truth lies at the bottom of the well." It comes to us through the old Arabic, and doubtless had its origin in the ancient oriental occultisms. Absolute knowledge lies at the bottom of the well of the human being—that is to say, in this soul's correspondence with the all-knowledge. Remove its enclouding envelope and it knows with certainty. Because clairvoyantes, mind readers, second-sight people, etc., only commence in a small degree to do this, their "revelations" are not more reliable than those in the lighter kind of dreams. Besides this they are, when in this condition, very susceptible to impressions that are prominent in the mind of the person who inquires. For instance, people who are crazed with jealousy rush off to a clairvoyante, and seldom fail to get some further conviction as to the correctness of their absorbing idea. Clairvoyance is an unquestionable fact. It is entirely a question of the depth of the sleep. In the deepest and most complete trance of mesmerism, when all bodily sensation is dead, the soul, with its unexplained completeness of knowledge, is set free. And in any of the approaches to this deepest sleep the interior faculties are more or less freed. Clairvoyantes, if honest, have a perfect right to make their money as they do—only this, that no one should ever rely on them. The one who told about the "Edward Blake" was doubtless in a deep sleep. She

honestly earned her five dollars. But with the next patron she might be almost awake, and then her answers would be most likely useless and full of absurdities.

People say these things are too marvellous to be believed. Not at all! In the study of the soul they cease to be marvels—at least, the surprise of them ceases. Probably every one has composed music and uttered lines of poetry in sleep. When I have been anxious about important law cases it has been said that my addresses to imaginary juries and judges were more rapidly delivered in my sleep than they were in court. This accorded with what I recollected of my dreams. Of course everybody is in similar case. The interior faculties are liberated by the sleep of the body. All these small matters point in but one way. They tell some people more than is dreamt of in their philosophy. The real wonder is that any one should doubt.

But it is in their application to the understanding of LIFE that the knowledges are useful.

THE AIMS AND METHODS OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

BY W. SANDAY, A. M., D.D., LL. D.

THE "higher criticism" is in some respects an unfortunate term. Strictly speaking, it is opposed to the "lower criticism" in the sense that while the one deals with the smaller questions of text and the genuineness or otherwise of words and sentences, the other deals with the larger questions of the authorship, integrity, and historical character of whole books or parts of books. To this use of the terms no exception need be taken. But associations are apt to gather round words which were not intended by those who first used them, and thus it has come about that the term "higher criticism" is frequently employed, by both friends and foes, not as relating to the subject matter of the criticism, but to the way in which it is handled, and as if it meant criticism of a superior kind wielded by superior persons.

This use of the term ought to be rigorously suppressed. It is equally bad for all concerned. It is bad for the critic himself, because it is apt to foster a spirit of self-complacency, to which even without encouragement he may have some temptations. And it is bad for the general public, which naturally resents pretensions of this kind and conceives a prejudice against those who, rightly or wrongly, are supposed to entertain them.

The true temper for the critic should be the very opposite of that which has just been described. He should wear, metaphorically, a hair-shirt next his skin. He should constantly remind himself that he has to deal with sacred things, and that he will have to deal with them by methods which were not in the first instance fashioned for things sacred. He will have to be on his guard against himself so as not to let any of the subtler forms of self-seeking or self-assertion spoil his work by giving it an unconscious bias. His task will often be a delicate and difficult one. To hold the balance even between complete candor and complete reverence,

to show at once a proper tenderness to the consciences of others and a proper loyalty to one's own conscience, will often tax the critic's lightness and firmness of hand to the fullest extent which they will bear. He will have to reconcile very different requirements to the outer world; and in order that he may do so, he must first have thought out the reconciliation in his own mind.

A task like this is not to be undertaken lightly. And the first question which it is natural for us to ask is, Why it should be undertaken. In other words, What reward has criticism to offer, either to the critic himself or to those who listen to him, commensurate to the risks which he and they alike run, and to the difficulties which they will have to encounter? The one reward which criticism offers, the one object which it proposes to itself, is the *better understanding of the Bible, and along with it the more vital apprehension of that which the Bible enshrines*. Not that we are to confuse criticism with exegesis. Criticism (the higher and the lower together) is not exegesis, but the indispensable preliminary to it. Criticism lays down the conditions under which exegesis works, and marks out the lines upon which it is to be conducted. How does it do this? We are speaking for the moment of the higher criticism. And we reply that the higher criticism prepares the way for exegesis chiefly through the application of the *historical method*. The use of this method is to place the reader of a book as far as possible at the side of the writer, to enable him to approach the study of it with a full apprehension of the circumstances under which it was written, and to see the relation of its contents to those circumstances. The movement of history is a living movement. The development of God's purpose in the world is a process of growth and of life; so that rightly to understand it, we need to be placed, so to speak, in the current of the life, to feel the vital forces as they arise, and to see them as they expand and express themselves in outward manifestation.

Before we can do this for any book, we must know who was its author, and when and where it was written. This is the main group of questions with which the higher criticism deals. But along with them it necessarily takes up others. All parts of the book may not have the same author, and therefore one question which has to be discussed is that

of integrity—how far the book was from the first a complete whole as it has come down to us. Again, included within the question of when and where would be the further questions, For what readers? On what occasion? With what motives and with what result? And lastly, to crown all, there is the question of permanent value—in the case of a historical work its character as history, in the case of a doctrinal work its place in the history of doctrine. We are getting here on to somewhat higher ground, which hardly comes under the head of criticism. But criticism must at least supply some and check others of the data by which it is determined.

Into some such heads as this the higher criticism (so called) of a book may be resolved. They represent the different aspects in which the book as a whole is envisaged. I have stated them in general terms, because the higher criticism was applied to other books before it was applied to the Bible, and it has been the experience derived from this earlier use which has suggested and defined the methods employed in connection with the Bible.

Was this extension of them legitimate? Whether legitimate or not, I think we may be sure that it was inevitable. If it was not carried out by friends, it was sure to be carried out by foes. As a matter of fact, both have had a hand in it; but the friends have learned that it was not wise on their part to hold aloof, and that the only way in which the enemy can be effectively met is with his own weapons. Apart from this, however, I think we may say that the extension was really legitimate on all grounds which determine legitimacy, both as being in accordance with precedents set by acknowledged authority in the past, and as judged by result in the present.

We are apt to forget that the early church had its *δόκιμοι τραπεζίται*—“approved money-changers,” or bankers whose business it was to discriminate the counterfeit from the genuine—as well as that of our own day. The letter of Julius Africanus to Origen on the Septuagint additions to the Book of Daniel, and Origen’s reply to it, were specimens of the higher criticism precisely similar in kind to those which we see now. In like manner the discussions which we get in Clement of Alexandria and Origen about the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the famous criticism of the

Apocalypse by Dionysius of Alexandria, have served as models to the scholars of our own time. The points raised may have been worked out in fuller detail, more comprehensively and systematically, but the main lines of the criticism of these books were traced more than sixteen hundred years ago.

And then, if we turn to judgment by results, is it not certain that the higher criticism has been justified, in principle at least if not, in all its details? I confess that I am not fond of a phrase which we hear, as I think, a little too often — “the results of criticism.” Criticism is a process, a great and far-reaching process, which is going on in full swing all around us, and I do not think that we ought to be in a hurry to estimate its “results.” The results when they come will be far more solid and assured if we take our time about them, and set to work to obtain them in a large and comprehensive way. “Results” are nothing unless they are assimilated. And whatever they may be on the continent of Europe, especially in Germany, thoroughly critical methods as applied to the Bible are a comparatively new thing to the English-speaking peoples.

I would therefore deprecate hasty pronouncements, particularly in reference to the more outlying *dicta* of current critical opinion. But there are some things which we may regard as really established. It has been proved in principle that the Jewish traditions respecting the sacred books are not wholly trustworthy. I do not say that they are wholly untrustworthy — that is another matter, but that they are not in a class by themselves, apart from all other traditions; that they are mixed in their character — sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes doubtful — just like other traditions; and that they require to be carefully sifted before it can be ascertained which hold good and which do not.

Of course where a large inquiry like this which we call the higher criticism of the Bible is going on, there will be all sorts of shades and degrees of reason and unreason, of success and failure, among those who are concerned in it. No doubt very many of the propositions which are put forward are highly tentative. Still it must be maintained that there are others which have really been made good, and that on the whole there has been a steady advance. There is enough upon which we can look back as verified to give a

strong assurance that more which is at present in the tentative stage will one day receive verification. Critical methods have been in use now for something like a hundred years. All this time they have been gradually improved and tested; and, although they may be still some way from perfection, they are much too firmly established to be thrown over altogether.

On the intellectual side it may be taken as certain that criticism has led and is leading to a real gain in truth. We may expect to see its extravagances one by one stripped away, and the whole reduced by degrees to a firm and compact structure. The consummation may not be reached in our day, though it may be hoped that some of the present generation may live to see it. But the question which is most earnestly asked does not relate to this purely intellectual and scientific side of things. Can we give a like reply when it is asked, What has been the effect of this higher criticism upon religion?

I do not doubt, for myself, that here, too, it has had a good effect. If it has really, as we claim that it has, contributed to a better understanding of the Bible, that alone must surely be a gain. To be enabled to see the heroes of the Bible as they really were, to understand the times in which they lived and the great spiritual forces which they set in motion, must needs be helpful. The old understanding of the Bible was apt to be mechanical. It was apt to consist in the application of proof-texts detached from their context and hardened into dogmas. The new understanding brings the reader of the Bible into living contact with inspired men, and with the unfolding of great principles. It sets before him the kingdom of God as divinely founded and conducted to that spot of space and time on which he himself stands. To feel that one is oneself a part in all this grand movement, to feel that the same God Whose hand is so visible in the history of His ancient people of Israel is now guiding us to the yet further accomplishment of His purpose, cannot fail to be at once stimulating and elevating, humbling and encouraging. It cannot fail to move at once to wonder and to gratitude; in other words, it cannot fail to touch the deepest springs of religion.

But does the critical process really leave the hand of God as present in the Bible as it was? Is it equally consistent

with a firm belief in the divine operation? Or does it explain that operation away until it becomes something so vague and general as hardly to have any true significance at all? We are approaching the point at which the higher criticism has excited the gravest suspicions—suspicions for which it must be confessed that the exponents of that criticism, or at least some of them, are themselves largely responsible. It is now time that the relation of the higher criticism to this question was placed on a frank and clear footing. If it has not been so hitherto, the fault has been rather intellectual than moral. A certain confusion of the issues was perhaps inseparable from the early stages of so large and so complicated an inquiry. And it was only natural if some of those who were engaged upon it allowed their views on other than strictly critical matters to mingle with their criticism.

It ought, however, I think, now to be distinctly understood that the higher criticism of the Bible as such makes no assumptions of a philosophical or theological character, and certainly none which interfere with a full belief in a real objective inspiration of the books to which it is applied. It is what it professes to be, and it does what it professes to do, and nothing more. It discusses the authorship and date of the biblical books by the same methods as those by which it would discuss the same questions in the case of a classic of profane literature. When the book to be examined is historical, it discusses also its character and value as history; but it does this on grounds which come properly within the province of criticism, and it entirely refuses to be bound by any such postulate as the impossibility of the supernatural. If there are critics who adopt this, they do not do so *as critics*, and my own belief is that by doing so they spoil their criticism.

For my experience is that criticism leads straight up to the supernatural and not away from it. I mean that if we let the biblical writers speak for themselves, they tell us in quite unequivocal terms that they wrote by divine prompting; the spoken word of prophet and apostle was put in their mouths by God, and the written word was only the spoken word committed to writing or on the same footing with it. If we take a plain and unsophisticated (though strictly critical) view of what the biblical writers tell us, we

shall accept them at their word. We are willing to explain them, to set them in their proper place in space and time, to give them their true position in the development of God's purposes; but we refuse to explain them *away*. We refuse to account for them in ways by which they never would have accounted for themselves.*

Here I cannot but think is the true dividing line. To the right of it I do not see that there is any valid reason why Christians of the newer type who are prepared to go along with critical inquiry should not remain in full spiritual brotherhood with Christians of the older type. They believe in all the same essential verities. Their religion is the same bowing down before a Power which if it moves in is also external to themselves. But on the left of the line the case is different. There, it seems to me, is a real gulf which is not so easily crossed.

I may illustrate what I mean by two examples drawn from your side of the Atlantic. Only a short time ago I had sent me from America, through the kindness of some one whom I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking, a book entitled "The New Bible and its New Uses," by Joseph Henry Crooker, Boston, 1893. The author is distinguished by great clearness and definiteness of opinion. There is nothing in his mind hazy or vacillating; and with many, though by no means with all, of his views on the literary problem I find myself in agreement. And yet in spite of this measure of agreement, and with all respect for his abilities, I cannot disguise the fact that the differences which separate me from the author are fundamental.

It happened that nearly at the same time with Mr. Crooker's book I was reading some delightful American stories, "A Far Away Melody," etc., by M. E. Wilkins (for which we have a Scottish counterpart in "A Window in Thrums"). And I could not help saying to myself that Mr. Crooker's religion, though I could understand its attraction for him, would not do for a race of which the men and women in those stories were representative.

On the other hand, when we hear reports on this side the water of one of the ablest and most learned of American

*As the working out of this idea is the main subject of a course of "Bampton Lectures," delivered by the writer of this in the spring of the present year and shortly to be published by Messrs. Longman, he will venture to refer the reader who may care to see it more fully developed to them.

theologians arraigned and condemned by the body to which he belongs, on the ground of his adherence to critical methods, we cannot help expressing our deep regret and concern, not only on the personal ground, though on this our sympathies are strongly enlisted, but still more for the sake of our common Christianity. It seems to us that a stand is taken at the wrong place, that one whom we know to be essentially moderate and essentially loyal is treated as if he were neither, that a veto is practically put upon inquiries which have a certain future before them, and that a line of partition is drawn at a point which cannot be permanently tenable.

“Concern” is the word which expresses the frame of mind in which we in England regard this matter. With us the battle has been fought, and to all intents and purposes won. And the consequence is that English Christianity has a feeling of hopeful energy and expansiveness about it such as it has hardly had since the days of Milton. There are also signs not a few that the best self of America shares in this feeling. We do not doubt that in the end the two countries will march forward together, and that the time is not far distant when this momentary check will be looked back on as a regrettable episode which it may cost some trouble to get over, but which must be got over, and consigned to speedy oblivion.

THE BANK OF VENICE.

HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

THE city of Venice in its origin was a child of the sea — a foundling cast upon the waters. When Attila, the Hun, early in the fifth century, had broken to pieces the Western Empire, and with his trampling hordes was devastating the provinces of Northern Italy, the unhappy people sought refuge among the marshes and lagoons of the Adriatic. The impassable swamps were a protection against the horsemen of the conqueror. The people carried with them into their places of safety the civilization of Christian Rome. They founded settlements and built cities, at first temporary, then permanent. Shut off from the land, they betook themselves to the sea, and engaged in commerce.

Venice was located on a cluster of islands near the head of the Adriatic in northeastern Italy, "where the sea feebly imitates the tides of the ocean." The islands are separated from the land by shallow lagoons, and protected from the waves of the sea by long slips of land which admit the entrance of vessels through narrow channels. The inhabitants at first were mostly fugitives from Padua. Thus located, and thus peopled, this foundling by the sea — this fragment of Roman civilization — this atom of the empire of Augustus, in the course of seven centuries, became the "Queen of the Adriatic," whose empire embraced the Mediterranean and all adjacent waters. This was the origin and growth of the city and Republic of Venice, which afterwards, for six centuries, was the centre of the world's commerce.

The history of Venice is a history of continual wars on land and sea, waged for the protection of her widely extended commerce from the pirates that swarmed in every sea and infested every coast, and for the purposes of conquest and extension of trade. Venetian merchants were to be found in every commercial city of Southern Europe, Northern Africa, and Western Asia. Though living in foreign lands, as citizens of Venice they were entitled to the protection

of the republic. These duties and the resulting wars and expenditures gave rise to the Bank of Venice.

This institution was born of necessity. Its birth has a definite date, and the circumstances, facts, and details are matters of well-known history. The emperor of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, having quarreled with the Republic of Venice, seized the persons and property of all citizens of Venice in his dominions. This was promptly resented by the republic. A fleet of one hundred galleys compelled the emperor to make amends, and to submit to terms of peace very humiliating to his pride. The republic being oppressed by the charges of this war, and by the expense of long continued hostilities with the Roman power, the duke, Michel II., was obliged to levy a forced loan on the opulent merchants and citizens of Venice. In the year 1171 a chamber of loans was established. Citizens were compelled to contribute in proportion to their ability, with no expectation of return, except a very moderate annual interest of four per cent on the amount of the contribution.

This chamber of loans, by successive improvements, gradually grew into a regularly organized government bank. It became very popular; so much so that all interest on deposits was abolished, and the bank credits went to a premium of twenty to thirty per cent above the current coins of the country. To avoid fluctuations, the premium or *agio* was fixed at twenty per cent above the current money of the times. That is to say, eighty ducats in bank funds were equal to one hundred ducats current money. This premium remained fixed for a period of four hundred years, until the government and the bank were overthrown by the French troops in 1797.

The details of the workings of this most satisfactory government bank, established on such judicious principles, and conducted through the trials and revolutions of so many centuries, with such prudence and success, deserve the most careful scrutiny and candid consideration. Every merchant in Venice felt it to be not only his duty but to his interest to support his government with his purse and his influence. It was a matter of profit as well as patriotism. He supported his government that, in turn, his interests as a merchant, at home and abroad, might be protected by the government. It was practicable for the holder of coin to surrender by way

of deposit, the whole amount to the government, and still to use the whole of it in the form of bank funds, in his business transactions. And, although he could never more recover his coin from the government, yet he found no difficulty in selling his bank credit to other merchants for more than its face value in current coin. The bank credits were made a legal tender in all payments, both public and private, and were exempt from execution for debt. These advantages were so great that the bank credits became extremely popular, and it was found not only practicable but quite necessary to abolish the annual interest.

In practice the process of making payments in bank was very simple. It was merely a change of credits on the bank books. Suppose A and B are merchants doing business in Venice. After the transactions of a day, a week, a month, a year, or any other specified length of time that suits their mutual convenience, they make a settlement with each other. It is found that A owes B ten thousand ducats. They repair to the bank. They find the clerks or bookkeepers of the bank arranged in alphabetical order. They ask the clerk at the letter A to transfer from the account of A to the account of B, ten thousand ducats. The clerical work of the transfer is made by two clerks at the same time in separate books. The date and circumstances of the transfer are set down by the two clerks in the same words in the two records. No money is seen or handled, no receipts are passed; the debt is paid. B is ten thousand ducats better off by the transfer. He is now able to meet his creditors and to pay his debts by similar transfers. In this way a thousand debts or balances could be settled in half a day. The records on the books were all the vouchers needed. They were at all times subject to inspection by parties interested. The bank was the bookkeeper, as to ultimate settlements, of every merchant in Venice who did business in the bank.

No coin or bullion was ever paid out by the Bank of Venice to depositors, and this fact was well known and understood by every man who made his metallic deposits in the bank. The metal was used by the government in its foreign wars. This gave to the government, as a loan without interest, all the coin and bullion which the merchants of the republic could spare, and to the people a credit money

better than gold and silver, far safer and more convenient than coin, free from levy by the sheriff, and not subject to incumbrance by mortgage.

In the course of time it was found convenient, in order to meet the wants of small depositors, to attach to the bank a branch, known as the "cash office." In this office coin and bullion were received on deposit, and were subject to check in the same manner as in our modern banks of deposit. This cash office was completely successful for the purposes intended, but it in no way interfered with the satisfactory working of the main bank. The demand for bank credits was incessant, and the deposits in the main bank continued to flow into the public coffers, as the demand for bank funds was usually greater than the supply. For a period of more than six centuries the bank continued to do business in a regular manner, through all the trials of peace and war, without a single break or panic; and it is said that there is not a line or word on record that any merchant or citizen of Venice was dissatisfied with their money system. No man ever lost a ducat by the closing of the bank doors in the face of depositors.

The late Peter Cooper has recorded the fact that during his long business life in this country he had witnessed ten disastrous money panics, every one of them caused by the contraction or suppression of the currency. The financial system of Venice did not admit of contraction. The bank deposits increased with the growth of the republic, and with the increase of wealth and business of the city. Credits in bank were the money of business. Deposits once made could never be withdrawn. As there could be no contraction, there could be no panics. No safer, sounder, or more just and simple money system could at that time have been devised.

The history of the cash office was not so favorable. On two occasions the cash office was compelled to suspend cash payments. But the main bank lent to the branch its credit and influence, and business was not seriously disturbed. Some writers run into grievous error and mislead their readers, by confusing the main government bank and its branch, or cash office. We cannot be too careful on this important point, if we desire to arrive at the truth. Let me, then, repeat the facts by way of comparison of the two systems.

The main bank was in successful and satisfactory operation for a period of two centuries before the branch office was established. The main bank received deposits of coin and bullion, and gave in return credits on the bank books. These credits were legal tender for all payments of every sort, both public and private. They were not subject to execution by the sheriff, nor to incumbrance by mortgage; and from these combined advantages they were always at a premium over coin. The main bank never paid out coin or bullion, and there was no promise nor pretense that it ever would. The coin was used by the government in its various and numerous wars, in foreign countries, and among barbarous peoples, where paper credits could not be used. The coin and bullion, when deposited in the bank, were as much beyond the reach of the depositor as if they had been sunk in the ocean; they could never be recovered by him. The book credits rested entirely on the quality of legal tender. They were wholly and solely a fiat money, with no other basis in the way of redemption, except receivability in the government revenues, and being legal and final payment of all debts between man and man. Such were the nature and attributes of the bank money of Venice, which for six centuries commanded a premium over coin, without a single suspension of the bank.

The cash office received deposits the same as the bank. It entered credits on its books, but these credits were not lawful money in payments. They were merely redeemable in coin, and the depositors could have their coin whenever they chose to call for it. This cash office was on the plan of our modern banks of deposit. The credits in this office were never at a premium over coin; but on two occasions, when the bank was short of specie and was compelled to suspend payments, the credits fell to a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent.

By confusing the bank with its cash office, some writers of prominence have asserted that the Bank of Venice paid cash on deposits, that on two occasions it was compelled to close its doors, and that its credits went to a discount. As to the cash office, this was all true; but as to the main bank, no part of the statement is true. The main bank never either promised to pay, or paid, cash on deposits. It was never compelled to close its doors for the want of cash, and its

funds never went to a discount, but were always at a premium. So distinct and separate were the bank and its cash office, that it was sometimes found convenient by contemporary writers to speak of them as two banks. The *Negotiators' Magazine* of London, published in 1739, more than half a century before the overthrow of the bank, says:—

There are two banks in Venice. In the one money is paid in current, and the other in bank money; this last money being always reckoned better than the former by twenty per cent, which is the established *agio*.

In the main bank the accounts were kept in livres, sols, and grosses. In the branch, accounts were kept in livres, sols, and deniers *picoli*, or current. The livre was valued at ten ducats *banco*, or twelve ducats current. Ducats *banco* meant bank funds, or credits in the main bank. Ducats current meant the current coin ducats of the realm. Ten bank credit ducats were equal to twelve current coin ducats.

The Bank of Venice had its rules of bookkeeping, which required and received the closest attention; and for this purpose it had regular days of closing, for the posting of books. For example, it was closed every Friday in each week in which there was no holiday, and twenty days in each quarter of the year, which were definitely fixed and well known to the business public. These closings in no way affected the course of business, as men continued their transactions, and postponed nothing except the payment of balances. Another rule was six days' grace on time paper, after it fell due. If the time of payment in bank came during the days of bank closing, payment was deferred until the day of opening, with no detriment to any one, as the law operated on all alike. In conclusion, it may be said that the Bank of Venice, in which no coin was ever paid or even promised on coin deposits, was so satisfactory that Venice became the clearing house of the commercial world, and all great merchants and bankers, and even princes, were glad to make deposits there.

The Bank of Venice was the longest continuous money system known in history, and it clearly proved that the law of general legal tender by a government which honors its own credits by receivability in the revenues, is of greater value and far safer and more convenient than specie redemption. The fiat or credit funds of Venice were at all

times of greater commercial value than her coins. With a moment's thought the reason of this will be plain. Men always prefer to receive in all payments the most convenient form of money which they can use. The demand for payments being the highest and greatest demand that is made for money, this form and kind of money may rise to a premium over less convenient forms which, at best, can only be used for the same purpose. Non-legal paper which depends for its value on coin redemption can never rise above coin, as a stream cannot rise above its source. But, on the other hand, it always falls below coin when there is any doubt or inconvenience as to the matter of coin redemption.

It is very difficult for the mind accustomed to the doctrine of coin redemption to appreciate the power and effect of the fiat of a stable and responsible government. As a simple illustration which all can understand, let us lay down on the counter sixty cents' worth of silver bullion, and lay by its side a standard silver dollar, of the same weight or even less. Every merchant will take the silver dollar and call it forty cents more valuable than the uncoined bullion, because of the government fiat. Again, let us lay down one dollar's worth of gold bullion, which is said to be worth as much before coining as afterwards. By the side of this gold bullion (coined or uncoined), lay down twenty-one coined nickels, containing but a fraction of commercial value. Every merchant, banker, or business man, or every sensible child, will prefer the nickels, because of the small amount of fiat given them by the government when it made them a legal tender to the amount of twenty-five cents in one payment. By the contemplation of such examples it will become practicable for any one to comprehend that government fiat is the will of all the people enacted into law. Although unseen, it is the most powerful thing in existence, in the line in which it operates.

The entire world of men, for a few centuries, experienced great difficulty in comprehending the foundation of this earth. It was supposed to be flat and to rest upon rocks. If any one asked what the rocks rested on, it was found easier to silence him with an edict than to answer his question. And if he suggested that this great, heavy globe of ours, with its lands, oceans, and mountains, was round,

and rested on the fiat of the Builder, he was considered a fit subject for cremation, or to be shut up in a dungeon. Yet the fiatists have gained their case, and now all civilized men agree that

This earth is round and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air,
And sky and stars surround it all,
And the sun is shining there.

In other words, the earth is supported by the fiat of the Issuing Power — of the Builder — of the Creator.

So money, which can only be issued and created by a sovereign government, rests directly or ultimately on the fiat of the issuing power. If a non-legal paper is made to rest on coin, the coin must rest on the fiat of the coining and issuing power, or there is no money in either the paper or the coin. Money, then, first or last, must rest on law, or fiat. The history of the Bank of Venice proves that credit money resting directly on the law, that is, on the fiat of the government, is from twenty to thirty per cent more valuable in the commercial world, than non-legal currency which rests first on coin, and the coin on fiat. In any and every case, the non-legal or non-fiat money is worthless for commercial purposes. Non-legal gold bullion is not money because there is no fiat of the government attached to it. All good money is fiat money, whether made of metal or paper. It is the law that makes and unmakes money.

To the sticklers for the redemption of money, I will say they are partly right. All money must be redeemed. That is what money is for. Money must be redeemed, and an "irredeemable currency" is not money. Agreeing in this, now let us not be deceived by terms. Swapping dollars is not redemption. All dollars need redemption. They cannot be used to redeem each other. Receivability in the revenues of the issuing government is primary redemption. All good money must be thus redeemed. In addition to that, all good money must have conferred upon it the quality of legal tender. Without this quality there can be no good money, either metal or paper. When money possesses the quality of legal tender, conferred by a responsible government, all men will advertise their eagerness to redeem such money with all the values they have for sale. Such money rests, not on the value of the money material, but on the

values that are behind it. Such money does not rest on a handful of coin in the hands of rascally bankers or dishonest officials, but on all the property of all the people, in the hands of all men eager and clamorous for the privilege of redeeming it with all the values they have for sale. Such a money is like a broad and solid pyramid, resting on its basis of all values, as was the credit money of Venice. There can be attached to it no danger of panic or disaster, so long as the issuing government stands.

How unlike this is our modern gold basis scheme. The modern gold standard nations are now trying for the tenthousandth time the absurd experiment of trying to balance a pyramid on its apex. It is shaken by every breath in the commercial world, and by every mere suspicion so easily set afloat by the great financial wreckers, whose business it is to live and fatten on the misfortunes of industry, trade, and commerce.

It may be asked why the Bank of Venice did not issue circulating notes? The answer is plain. Such notes are always subject to the arts of counterfeiters, unless they are, like our greenbacks, executed in a style of art beyond the skill of the counterfeiters. In the times of the Bank of Venice, the arts of printing, engraving, and paper-making were rude and easily counterfeited. The silk-threaded, linen paper of our modern notes, engraved and printed in the highest style of art, is the most difficult of all forms of money to counterfeit. In this connection, it may be stated that money is valuable in proportion to limitation. An unlimited money is a worthless money; hence the importance of having a money beyond the arts of counterfeiting, otherwise the counterfeiters will inflate it to the point of worthlessness.

As Americans we may learn a lesson from the Bank of Venice, and improve upon the system. We may admit the deposit of gold and silver in the treasury as Venice did, and, instead of placing it to the credit of the depositor, we can issue him a legal tender government note. That note should read, "Receivable in the revenues of the government, and lawful money in all payments." The deposits, and the issuing of notes in the proper denominations and amounts, should end the transaction. There need be no money held in the vaults of the government for redemption purposes.

Venice kept none, and none was needed. Those who prefer paper to metal would have their choice once for all, and that would end the matter. Redemption would be left to the people themselves, in payments to each other, in the purchase of property, and in payments to the government. The holder of notes would find no difficulty in buying in the market all the coin he might need with his legal tender paper. The government would cease to be the huckstering servant of the money gamblers, with thousands of employees daily, nightly, and hourly running and working at the beck and call of the gold speculators. Finance would be a science conducted on fixed principles. With no promise to pay out coin on deposits, the government would never be at a loss for coin. And as there could be no contraction of the currency, there would not be any money panics. The people would gladly redeem their own money with their own values, and there would never be even a lack of "confidence," about which we hear so much in times of panic. To show that I am proposing nothing new or visionary, I call attention to the following statement of the redemption of money by the people. It comes from the highest possible financial authority.

Mr. E. G. Spaulding, a banker in Buffalo, N. Y., in time of the war, chairman of the Subcommittee on Ways and Means in 1861, 1862, and 1863, and known in financial history as "The Father of the Greenback," has discussed commodity redemption of money as follows:—

Every time a hundred-dollar bill passes from one person to another, it is a practical redemption of it by the person who takes it. Every time a merchant at Chicago pays to a farmer five hundred dollars in national currency for a carload of wheat, the farmer by the operation redeems such national currency, not in greenbacks nor in gold, but in a commodity better than either, namely, wheat, a staple article useful to all. So every merchant in New York that sells a bale of cotton goods and receives his pay for it in currency, redeems such currency, not in the way that banks redeem it, but in cotton goods, which is far better, because it performs the true functions of money by facilitating the legitimate sale of commodities. So every time that a merchant or manufacturer pays his internal revenue tax to the United States collector in national currency, the government redeems such currency by receiving and discharging such tax. So every mechanic or laborer that receives national currency for his services redeems such currency by the labor performed. So it will be seen that just so long as the national currency is practically redeemed every day in its passage from hand to hand in the payment of

commodities and services, and in the ramified operations of trade and business both with the government and the people whose operations it greatly facilitates, there is not the slightest necessity for resorting to the expensive and risky operation of assorting and sending it home for redemption. — "Spaulding's History," Appendix, p. 10.

If the government should adopt the plan of accepting deposits of metal, and paying for it with legal-tender notes, leaving the subject of redemption entirely with the people, it would enable the government to pay out the coin on all coin payments, and thus put the coin afloat along with the paper, leaving men free to use which they prefer. It would double the monetary supply of the country almost from the first, and eventually would do more than that. In fact, it would do for us what the same system did for Venice, giving us an expanding and growing system of money, which would increase with the increasing needs of a growing and expanding country. Suppose a given quantity of metal is deposited the first year, for which notes are paid out. Through the coin payments of the government, the coin would find its way into circulation also. Men acquiring it would again deposit it, receiving other notes; this would further expand the money volume. Further deposits with payments in notes for metal, and the further use of coin in all coin payments by the government, would create and perpetuate a growing system of finance, suited to the needs of a growing country.

This is the lesson taught by the history of the Bank of Venice. It may not be the best system that can be devised, but it is founded on long and successful experience. It is not a new or untried experiment. The Bank of Venice was the oldest, the most severely tried, and the most successful financial institution known in history. If my readers desire to study for themselves the practical workings of the Bank of Venice, I refer them to an able work on the finances, entitled, "Ways and Means of Payment," by the late Stephen Colwell, Philadelphia, 1859; also to the following: McPherson's "Annals of Commerce," London, 1805; Postlethwaite's Dictionary, London, 1755; and Hayes' *Negotiators' Magazine*, London, 1739.

The money question is the most important subject that can engage the attention of a civilized and commercial people. There is a power in money which none can resist.

Nations and peoples are made and unmade by the right or wrong systems of finance which they may adopt. Finance is a game at which all must play, whether they will or no. None can escape it. All must take their chances in every great move on the financial chess board, and woe unto him who does not understand the game. He must go to the wall. All must study the subject or suffer the consequences. It is especially the duty of the plain, common people to inform themselves, as it is upon their shoulders that all the great financial burdens must be borne. Ignorance in this great world-wide game of the ages means slavery for ourselves and our children, and ultimate death to American liberty.

THE WONDERS OF HINDOO MAGIC.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

It is a significant fact that some of the foremost exponents of Western science, such as Spencer, Tyndall, Thomson, Carpenter, and even Huxley, have, in recent years, manifested a far greater readiness than formerly to investigate and, in a measure, credit the strange experiences related by reputed travellers or residents in the far East. True, they still express themselves in very guarded language in reference to the alleged miracles performed by Hindoo adepts and esoteric initiates, but we no longer notice that implacable hostility and determined scepticism which they once assumed when things were brought to their notice which suggested the existence of occult forces, or phenomena running counter to the general experience of mankind.

Indeed, those who can read between the lines may have observed that, far from discrediting wholesale the reported stories of Eastern magic, our most advanced scientific reasoners, in their more recent utterances, appear quite interested in the subject, having come to recognize that there may be such things as natural forces, or substances, on this planet of ours, which have, as yet, eluded the grasp of Western science — forces which our chemists and physicists can neither gauge, weigh, nor measure; and that there is a possibility that among a subtle race like the Hindoos, which is immeasurably older in civilization and experience than our own, some of these forces may have been discovered, even thousands of years ago, and preserved among the wisest of its representatives, who, in consequence of such knowledge, can perform feats which to our limited understanding are perfectly miraculous.

Apart from the material progress, or mere outward development, which the Hindoos had already attained in times which we are apt to call prehistoric (as evinced by the splendor of their buildings, and the luxuries and refinements

of their civilization in general), it would seem as if this greatest and most subtle of Aryan races had developed an *inner life* even more strange and wonderful. Let those who are imbued with the prevalent modern conceit that we Westerners have reached the highest pinnacle of intellectual culture, go to India. Let them go to that land of mystery, which was ancient when the great Alexander crossed the Indus with his warriors, ancient when Abraham roamed the plains of Chaldea with his cattle, ancient when the first pyramid was built; and if, after a careful study of Hindoo life, religion, and philosophy, the inquirer is still of opinion that the palm of intellectual advancement belongs to the Western world—let him lose no time in having his own cranium examined by a competent physician.

It would seem as if the Hindoos, owing to that intense love for solitary meditation which has been one of their most pronounced characteristics from time immemorial, had acquired mental faculties of which we, as a race, are totally deficient. This need not in any way surprise us, especially if we hold that, in conformity with the principles of evolution, even outward organs may be developed through persistent efforts, or tendencies manifested in a particular direction. We have abundant evidence of the fact that a nation may acquire mental traits, dispositions, or talents of which another is utterly deficient. There are latent powers in man which are susceptible of the highest culture, and it is more than probable that a faculty once aroused and persistently exercised for a number of generations, may develop into a permanent characteristic.

The wonderful talent of the ancient Greeks for plastic art is a case in point. The æsthetic principle among them was not (as some might think) confined to a limited few, but was a national inheritance, of which the meanest Bœotian shepherd possessed his share. The early Egyptians developed a perfect mania for stupendous buildings; among them the “constructive instinct” was abnormally stimulated, and became a fixed peculiarity. The Chinese are noted for their passionate fondness for book-learning—in no country in the world are more books printed and devoured than in the Celestial Empire; and the modern Italians are born musicians.

But it would seem as if among the Hindoos *speculative*

philosophy had been the ruling fancy from a very remote antiquity, and, moreover, that kind of philosophy which does not depend upon an interchange of ideas for its advancement, but is based almost entirely upon *intuition*, viz., upon the cultivation of certain mysterious innate faculties, which are presumed to lie dormant even in the breast of the savage. While *our* forefathers, driven partly by the exigencies of an inhospitable climate, were chiefly engaged in establishing a material prosperity — thereby unconsciously stimulating the acquisitive or accumulative faculty, and transmitting to us the desire for wealth as a rooted instinct — the Hindoos have descended into the abysmal depths of their own consciousness, and have tried to solve the great world-riddle by mere force of meditation. Whether they have accomplished much in this way, I will not here attempt to discuss; in my opinion they have come much nearer to the truth than we, with our endless empiricism and experimental torturing of matter.

But if they have not succeeded in solving any great fundamental problem, they have discovered a number of strange facts of which *we* are practically ignorant. Like the alchemists of old, who, in their search for the philosopher's stone, stumbled upon porcelain, sulphuric acid, and other substances of great practical utility, so the Hindoos, in their effort to raise the veil which hides the mysteries of time and space, discovered forces which are apt to cause extreme surprise in the Western neophyte, and which are destined to play a great part in the future of our race.

One of their earliest triumphs in this direction was the discovery and application of that strange psychic force known to us as hypnotism. We have only just begun to realize that there *is* such a force, and are on the threshold, as it were, of a dominion which is as boundless as it is marvellous; but the discoveries which we are making to-day were made ages ago by the early Sanscritic Indians and Iranians, and while *our* knowledge of the subject is chiefly derived from, or based upon, the experiments of a few investigators during recent years, the Hindoos have the experience of at least fifty centuries behind them.

Our most skilful hypnotizers, such as Charcot, have already accomplished results which are wonderful enough in their way. They can, by mere "suggestion" (I am using

this term in the sense applied to it by our Western specialists), start a train of thought in any given individual which is utterly foreign to that individual in his normal condition. They can make an ignorant person discourse learnedly on subjects of which he knows nothing; cause a person to eat quinine and imagine it to be sugar, or make him do things which are altogether contrary to his habits. They can even influence several individuals at the same time, so as to render them perfect slaves to their will. But all this is as mere child's play compared with the feats accomplished by Eastern adepts, and practised by them, in furtherance of certain objects, from a very remote antiquity.

For there can be little doubt that the performances of Hindoo conjurers, which are a surprise and a revelation to the traveller from the West, and which have excited the wonder of all ages, have their source in an advanced knowledge and application of hypnotic phenomena. In stating this opinion I do not, for a moment, wish it to be understood that the term "hypnotic phenomena" contains in itself an explanation, or affords any kind of clue to the secret of these marvels. We have not, as yet, the slightest knowledge of what hypnotism really is; to all intents and purposes it is an occult force, and to say of an apparent miracle that it is worked through hypnotic influence does not detract from its marvellous character. If the brain of another can make me see, hear, feel, and taste things which either do not exist at all, or are in reality quite different from what I imagine them to be, it only renders the phenomenon all the more mysterious. And it would seem as if Hindoo adepts had brought hypnotism to such a degree of perfection that, while under its influence, our senses are no longer a criterion of the reality around us, but can be made to deceive us in a manner which is perfectly amazing.

As it has been my fate to travel in India, Thibet, Burmah, and Ceylon for a number of years, and as I have made a somewhat close study of oriental life, history, and philosophy, I may, perhaps, be qualified to advance an opinion on this subject. In the following I shall, therefore, endeavor to relate some of my experiences in the line of Eastern magic.

Hindoo conjurers may be divided into several orders, and there certainly is a division of caste between them. Their

secrets are never communicated to outsiders, but among performers of the lower order are transmitted from father to son, and among the higher from adept to disciple. The members of one order always perform the *same tricks*, which have been handed down to them from antiquity, and which they never vary in the minutest detail. These tricks have been performed in precisely the same manner for thousands of years, and the fact of their still exciting the same surprise at the present day shows how well the respective secrets have been kept.

Our conjurers perform their paltry tricks at night, in an artificially illumined hall, on a platform, surrounded by an arsenal of apparatus. They can do little or nothing without the aid of apparatus. They also usually perform in full dress, and are thus enabled to conceal a multitude of things in pockets, etc., made for this purpose. Now the Hindoo Pundits, Yoghis, and Rishis exhibit their astounding feats in broad daylight — not in halls or on platforms, but in the streets, gardens, and public squares of India's great cities. They usually work alone, permitting the spectators to approach them very closely and to surround them completely. They appear half naked, and if they make use of apparatus at all, it consists merely of one or two commonplace objects, such as a couple of short sticks and half a cocoanut shell. But with these they will do things which are perfectly marvellous.

The lowest class of conjurers are certain Fakeers, whose performances one can witness daily in the streets of Calcutta, Delhi, Hyderabad, and other Indian cities. They perform tricks which are insignificant compared with some of those of the higher orders, yet are marvellous enough to cause extreme surprise even in those who have seen the cleverest jugglery in Europe or America. These tricks give one at once the impression that some totally different principle is at work behind them than the mere legerdemain or substitution trickery of our Western specialists.

For instance, a Fakeer will take a large earthen dish, pour into it about a gallon of water, and hold it steadily in his left hand, the other hand being raised to his forehead. Then the vessel will diminish in size while you look on, growing smaller and smaller, so that at last it would take a magnifying glass to recognize it. Then it disappears com-

pletely. This will occupy about a minute and a half. Suddenly you see again a tiny brown object, not bigger than a sand-grain; this enlarges in the most inexplicable manner, till, at the end of another minute, the original dish, a foot in diameter, filled with water to the brim, and weighing at least fifteen pounds, is again before you. (I have seen this trick performed several times, and, on one occasion, was so near as to be almost in contact with the Fakeer.)

Or he will hold out one half of a cocoanut shell at the end of a stick, and then slowly withdraw the latter, leaving the shell without support in the air, as rigid as if it were part of a stone pillar. On one occasion I saw a Fakeer pour out of a cocoanut shell, which he held high with his naked arm, enough water to fill a dozen large buckets.

Another class of Hindoo jugglers are styled Pundits. Pundit, in Hindostanee, signifies a "wise man," and there are, of course, thousands of Pundits in India who are not jugglers. But the Pundits who are jugglers are simply Fakeers of a superior order, because they also perform their feats as a means of getting their livelihood, differing in this respect from the Yoghies and Rishis, who are veritable sorcerers, and who never accept money, for reasons which will presently be explained.

The tricks of the Pundits do not essentially differ from those of the Fakeers, although some of their performances cannot be approached by the latter. The difference is more in the men themselves, for, while the Fakeers are generally dull, commonplace individuals, the Pundits are exceedingly well informed, or I might even say highly educated, bright, communicative, and altogether very interesting men. Many Pundits make a specialty of their ability to suspend the law of gravity, so to speak, as in the trick which I described above, where a cocoanut shell was placed in mid-air.

A Pundit will ask one of the spectators to place a stone, a piece of wood, a bucket of water, or any object he may select, on any given spot. He will then request him to lift it again, which he is unable to do, as the object seems to have suddenly acquired an enormous weight. While pulling at it with his might and main, the Pundit suddenly releases the spell, and up goes the object as if shot from a cannon. This has been a standing marvel to me while in India, and in spite of the most careful observation I have been unable to

solve the mystery. On one occasion a Pundit requested me to hold a small, empty wicker basket, which certainly did not weigh more than eight ounces. Suddenly—and without my knowing what to expect—it became so heavy that it not only fell, but dragged me down with it, and my hand seemed to grasp it as with an iron grip, for I could not let it go. Then, again, it became as light as a feather.

I now come to the highest order of oriental magicians, viz., the Yoghis and Rishis. The performances of these men are so very strange that the term “tricks” seems altogether incongruous, if applied to them. We might as well call the miracles recorded in the New Testament as worked by Christ “tricks,” for, except that of raising the dead, not one of them is half so wonderful as the feats performed by the average Yoghi. Those who believe that the age of miracles is past should by all means go to India. We talk about the riddle of that Sphinx on the Nile: there is a Sphinx far more mysterious on the sacred Ganges, and it presents a hundred riddles.

The Yoghis are not professional conjurers. They do not make their living by performing tricks before crowds or audiences of any kind, nor do we find them exhibiting their wonderful powers very frequently. The Fakeers and Pundits one may see almost any day, but a Yoghi or Rishi only once in a while; one may be six months in India without seeing a genuine Yoghi. During five years of travel in India, Thibet, Burmah, Siam, and Ceylon I witnessed their performances only fourteen or fifteen times, and this is above the experience of most oriental travellers or even Indian residents, except such as live in districts which are especially favored, as it were, by these mysterious individuals.

Now, if the Yoghis and Rishis are not professional conjurers, if they do not make their living by their performances, and if, moreover, they only exhibit their powers incidentally—what *are* they? It would be rather difficult to answer this question. In my opinion, they are religious enthusiasts in the first instance, and adepts of a higher science in the second. They certainly are esoteric initiates, that is to say, members of a fraternity which seems to have in its charge the secrets of Hindoo thought and meditation, or rather the fruits thereof, handed down perhaps from a time which *we* would fain call prehistoric.

I have never known a Yoghi to accept money, either before or after a performance. I myself have repeatedly tempted them with as much as five rupees at a time (which is more than a wealthy native would ever dream of giving to a Pundit) but it was always refused, kindly but firmly. How, then, do they manage to exist? They live on rice, which they obtain in precisely the same manner as the Buddhist priests, viz., by begging. They are, in fact, travelling missionaries; at least the Yoghis are, while the Rishis are hermits, who live in the jungle or in the hill-country, in solitary huts and caverns, which they quit comparatively seldom, to carry some mysterious message to the outer world.

These quiet, unobtrusive men, with their fine, intelligent faces — foreheads which reflect the wisdom of a thousand years — actually obtain their food by begging. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The reader may be naturally inclined to ask: “Why don’t some of them go to Europe or the United States, and by exhibiting their powers make fortunes?” He might as well ask why the Old Testament prophets, or the apostles of Christ, did not turn their peculiar gifts into a money-making business. These men are beyond the desire of making fortunes — something which it may be difficult for Americans to realize. They look upon the brief span of life which separates us from eternity, with altogether different eyes, and their contempt of wealth is only equalled by their pity for those who are incessantly engaged in its pursuit. Thus they would not do for the United States. Besides, imagine a Rishi exhibiting his marvels in one of our theatres, with handbills printed advertising the same, and all the paraphernalia of our sensational booming. The idea is simply preposterous!

These men have a mission to perform in their own country, and, like the prophets of old, they work miracles in order to arrest the attention of the people. The miracles, in fact, are their credentials. The miracles were the credentials of the prophets, and it is to be doubted whether Christ Himself could have produced much of an impression upon the Jews of Palestine if He had not worked His miracles. This the gospel explicitly tells us, for we usually find the record of the performance of a miracle followed by the words, “and he [or they] believed in Him.” It would

thus appear that Christ's miracles were largely intended to demonstrate His divine character and to open the eyes of the multitude. There is a class of people—and unfortunately a very large one—whom it is impossible to reach by argument, even if one's eloquence were of an altogether exceptional order, and if one could thus reach them the impression produced would be merely a temporary one. They would shake it off, as it were, the moment the teacher is out of sight. But if the latter can perform what to them are miracles—if he can suspend the law of gravity, make a large tree grow in a few minutes where none stood before, make large objects disappear in front of their eyes—then he produces a feeling of great wonder, of admiration and awe, a feeling which is likely to be permanent, for these things are contrary to the experience of the individual. Then anything which he may have to tell them is likely to be accepted, because he will be looked upon as more than human.

Among all the marvellous feats accomplished by Hindoo Yoghis, or rather prophets—adepts of a higher science—there are two which in the opinion of all Western travellers or Indian residents who have witnessed them, take the lead. These are the so-called “mango trick” and the “rope trick.” They were seen by that early Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, who gave a minute description of the rope trick, which holds good at the present day. These marvellous illusions have been the wonder of centuries. If I could produce anything like them and go up and down the country exhibiting them, it would cause a sensation such as the people of the United States never experienced, and I could make a fortune such as no Hermann, Paderewski, Patti, or performer in any line ever dreamed of.

I shall never forget the day, and the state of my feelings, when I saw the mango feat for the first time. This was in a large public square at Agra. Agra, a famous city on the river Jumna in northern India, was at one time the capital of the great Mogul Empire, and the residence of the mogul himself. Travellers nowadays visit it chiefly on account of the Taj Mahal, a mausoleum of white marble, built by Shah Jehan in honor of his favorite wife. (This Taj Mahal is beyond comparison the most beautiful building now existing in the world. Twenty thousand men, says Tavernier,

were incessantly employed for twenty-two years, in its construction.)

It was at Agra, then, that I first witnessed the mango feat, and I cannot do better than describe how I saw it performed. In the centre of one of the largest squares in Agra a Yoghi planted a mango. There were present about two hundred fifty or three hundred people, forming a large circle of about eighty yards in diameter. In the centre stood the Yoghi. Some of the onlookers were, of course, much nearer to him than others, and he seemed to have no objection if people came within ten or fifteen yards of him, but the average distance kept by the spectators was, I dare say, forty yards. Most of my readers will know what a mango is; for the benefit of the few who may not, I will say that it is an edible tropical fruit, about the size of a large pear, growing on a tree which reaches a height of from forty to one hundred twenty feet.

The Yoghi dug a hole in the ground, about six inches deep, placed the mango in it, and covered it with earth. I now expected to see a modification of a well-known trick, practised by some of our Western conjurers. The performer plants a bean or pea in a flower pot, containing quicklime at the bottom, covered with earth. The bean has been previously soaked in warm water for several days, and is on the point of germinating. Then, by pouring in enough water to reach the quicklime, the earth is warmed to such an extent that the germ is driven out in a few minutes, forcing its way upwards through the soil, and reaching a height of several inches in less than half an hour. This will astonish all those who are not acquainted with the wonders of plant life.

Well, I expected to see something of this sort exhibited by the Yoghi. I expected to behold the tiny shoot of a mango, creeping slowly out of the soil, unfolding its leaves and reaching a height of, perhaps, six or eight inches. Instead of this I was startled to see, in the air, above the spot where the mango had been buried, the form of a large tree, — at first rather indistinctly, presenting, as it were, mere hazy outlines; but becoming visibly more distinct, until at length there stood as natural a tree as ever I had seen in my life — a mango tree, about fifty feet high, and in full foliage, with mangoes on it.

All this happened within five minutes of the burying of the fruit. It may have been three minutes till I saw the tree, but as I had been at first looking intently at the spot where the mango was planted, the apparition may have been there even sooner. I was so intensely surprised at what I beheld that I could hardly realize the fact that I was not dreaming. There stood a tree, to all intents and purposes as natural as any tree could have appeared to human eyes — a huge tree, with a stem at least two feet in thickness at its base. And yet there was something strange about this tree, — something unearthly, something grewsome. There was a weird rigidity about it, not one leaf moving in the breeze; it stood there as if carved out of some hard solid, like the obelisk in Central Park. Another curious feature I noticed — the leaves seemed to obscure the sun's rays, and yet I could not detect a particle of shade; it was a tree without a shadow.

But the most amazing thing of all was this: after having gazed at it for about two or three minutes, I slowly approached it, wishing to make a closer examination of the stem, and, if possible, to secure some of the leaves. Now, in proportion as I drew near, the tree seemed to lose its distinctness; its outlines became blurred and faded, so that I had to strain my eyes to retain the impression of its form, until, when about ten yards from the supposed stem, the apparition had completely vanished. Only the Yoghi stood there, and he smiled as he caught my eye, but his look was such as I shall not easily forget. And my surprise did not end here, for no sooner had I commenced retracing my steps, than the outlines of the tree appeared once more, growing more distinct with every step till, at last, when reaching the spot where I had originally stood, it had resumed the same marvellous reality. Precisely the same thing happened when, instead of approaching the tree, I went further away from it. It faded, and finally disappeared completely when I had about doubled the distance; then came back again and appeared as distinct as ever when I got to my original position. And it was evident that all the rest of the on-lookers underwent the same experience — viz., each individual saw the tree only from the place where he stood. Two English officers, who happened to be very close to me, saw nothing at all, as I could notice from their remarks;

they appeared to be highly amused, and were wondering what we were gazing at, but they had not witnessed the performance from the commencement.

The mango tree had now been in view fully twenty minutes, during which a large concourse of people had gathered. The Yoghi who, until then, had not opened his lips, now placed a small mat of cocoanut fibre on the ground and squatted down on it, Eastern fashion, with his legs crossed, which was at once interpreted by the people as a sign that he wanted to address them. The Hindoos squatted down likewise, and most of them came around to the side where they could face him. It was a beautiful and impressive sight—this silent multitude of dark-eyed orientals, assembled as it were by accident, on the great square in Agra, listening to the voice of the teacher. There was a sincerity, repose, and attention such as few, if any, speakers would find in a Western audience.

“Once,” he began, “when Brahmadata was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a white crane, far in the Neilgherry Mountains, near a lake where the lotos never fades.” And then he went on, giving the details of one of those strange and beautiful Jâtakas, or birth-tales of Buddha, of which an incredible number are circulating in India, showing how the great teacher, for the hundredth time, resolved to quit the blessed repose of Nirvana, out of divine compassion, to be once more incarnated in an earthly form and undergo the suffering and sorrow which all terrestrial existence involves.

It was easy to perceive that the listeners were profoundly impressed with the Yoghi’s preaching, and as for myself, I had become so absorbed in it that I seemed to forget time and space. I certainly did not notice what afterwards startled me more than anything, viz., the disappearance of the tree. When the Yoghi had finished his discourse the tree was gone; it must have vanished suddenly, and yet the precise moment of its disappearance nobody could tell. The Yoghi quietly arose, folded up his mat, then went to the spot where the tree had stood and kneeled down, taking from a small bundle, which he held under his arm, a short stick. With this he stirred up the earth, and in a few moments brought out again the fruit which he had planted. I was very close to him at the time, and he allowed me to

take it in my hand. It was an ordinary mango — an unripe one, apparently, for it felt rather hard. I expressed my surprise at his wonderful powers, and complimented him on his eloquence, but he merely smiled. I then offered him two rupees, and tried to engage him in a conversation, but he refused the present on the ground that a Sâkhya was not in need of money, and he begged to be excused, as he had a great way to go. So he walked off rapidly, and I saw him disappear among the crowd, leaving me utterly bewildered and more than ever conscious of the truth of that saying which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

This was my first experience of the famous mango feat, which I witnessed five times in various parts of India. On one occasion I saw it performed in a little village near Serinagur, in the vale of Kashmir, in the Himalayas, by a certain Ram Sûrash, a travelling Rishi from Thibet. This must have been a greater Yoghi, and I am almost afraid to record this experience, as it may be deemed utterly incredible. Yet I am telling here no idle fairy tales. The mango tree which this Rishi produced did *not* vanish in proportion as I approached it, but retained its full realism, and I not only touched it, but actually climbed several feet up its stem.

On the west coast of India, about two hundred and thirty miles north of Bombay, lies the city of Baroda. It is the capital of one of the semi-independent native states — Guzerat — and is ruled over by a Mahratta prince, who bears the title of guicowar. It was in front of the guicowar's palace, in the open air and in broad daylight, that I first witnessed the illusion which, in the opinion of the Hindoos themselves, is the *ne plus ultra* of Yoghi achievement, viz., the celebrated "rope trick." I say "illusion" not because the performance gives one any such impression, or as if that word afforded some kind of explanation, but for the want of a better term at the present moment. What I saw appeared to me just as real as the fact that I am now engaged in penning these lines.

A Yoghi, after having addressed a large assemblage of people and preached one of the most impressive sermons I ever listened to, took a rope about fifteen feet long, and perhaps an inch thick. One end of this rope he held in his left

hand, while with the right he threw the other end up in the air. The rope, instead of coming down again, remained suspended, even after the Yoghi had removed his other hand, and it seemed to have become as rigid as a pillar. Then the Yoghi seized it with both hands, and to my utter amazement, *climbed up* this rope, suspended all the time, in defiance of gravity, with the lower end at least five feet from the ground. And in proportion as he climbed up it seemed as if the rope was lengthening out indefinitely above him and disappearing beneath him, for he kept on climbing till he was fairly out of sight, and the last I could distinguish was his white turban and a piece of this never-ending rope. Then my eyes could endure the glare of the sky no longer, and when I looked again he was gone.

I have seen this miraculous feat on four different occasions, performed in precisely the same manner, and the mystery seemed only to deepen with every repetition. It has been the standing wonder of India from a time antedating, perhaps, the building of the first pyramid. Marco Polo was profoundly impressed with it, and Tavernier, who visited India about the middle of the seventeenth century, speaks of it in terms which plainly denote his bewilderment. The early Jesuit fathers, startled at the sight, and at a total loss to account for it, very promptly attributed it to the devil, and this ingenious explanation is still persisted in by the missionaries of the present, who assert that it is a sin even to witness these performances, and who anathematize the Yoghis as agents of Satan. Western philosophy has not yet furnished anything like an explanation of these strange phenomena, and as to Western science, it is only now on the point of awaking from a long dream.

Such are a few of the wonders of Hindoo magic. I might go on relating a hundred others of minor significance, but in some respects equally strange, which I have witnessed in that gorgeous land of the East, which, even in this nineteenth century of our merciless Western materialism, is more of a fairyland than Arabia ever was at the time of Haroun al Raschid. But space is limited, and these few examples must suffice for the present. I am glad to observe a growing interest in matters pertaining to the Far East, its fascinating problems, and its ancient wisdom, manifested by the more intelligent section of the public.

That earliest cradle of our race and civilization, Hindostan, still holds the key to many a mystery. In the shade of its palm groves, in the depths of its jungles, in the wild recesses of its mountains, and behind the walls of its temples, there yet lurks many a secret which will tax the ingenuity of our best reasoners for ages to come.

CAN THE UNITED STATES RESTORE THE BIMETALLIC STANDARD OF MONEY TO THE WORLD?

BY GEORGE C. DOUGLAS.

IN the September ARENA the writer discussed, on scientific lines, the evils afflicting the economic world, and from the evidence adducible, concluded that the malady is, primarily, money famine, resulting from the discarding of one of the two money metals of the world about 1873.

The acute monetary crisis experienced in the United States since that article was written strengthens the conclusion of that examination, by showing that the shipping out of the country, or withdrawing from sight a few millions of the money of ultimate redemption, is sufficient at any time to produce a financial convulsion ruinous to all legitimate business. It furnishes an object lesson of the clearest character of the ease with which the present financial system can be caused to collapse, and that the smaller the proportionate volume of money of ultimate redemption to the volume of credit substitutes, the easier to produce the conditions for collapse. It demonstrates, as clearly as a mathematical problem can be demonstrated, that there are in our country now a sufficient number of individuals in ready command of sufficient gold to form twenty combinations, either one of which could withdraw from sight enough of the gold to reproduce, at will, the financial troubles of July.

Can the legitimate business world be blindly led not only to continue but to increase this dangerous condition, by adhering to the insufficient and constantly contracting gold standard?

It is an axiom that a sufficient volume of money is as essential to healthy business as is a sufficient volume of water to navigation. A famine can be appropriately relieved only by supplying a sufficiency, in place of the deficiency; and that has been found to be money of ultimate redemption.

The number of people who believe there is obtainable in the world sufficient gold to serve as a basis of a monetary

system is so small, and they are so fixed in their attitude that argument addressed to them is useless. But among those who believe there is not sufficient gold obtainable for such purpose, and that the gold needs to be reinforced by the restoration of silver to its former position in the world's monetary system, there is division of opinion as to practical methods of securing that action.

A considerable portion of the advocates of the bimetallic standard believe its reëstablishment possible only by practically unanimous consent and co-operation of all the nations, and that England is an indispensable factor in such an undertaking. But England declares her opposition to general reëstablishment of the bimetallic standard for the reason that the vast foreign credits held by her subjects have been largely appreciated in value by the extensive demonetization of one of the money metals, and would lose that appreciation of value by its general remonetization.

To meet that condition, this class of bimetallists advises the United States to abandon all attempts to utilize silver as money of ultimate redemption, largely increase her stock of gold—by purchase, if need be, at any cost—and thereby induce such a scarcity in other parts of the world, and a consequent fall in prices of commodities the world over, but especially in England, that the intense suffering by the land holding, agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile, and industrial classes will compel their governments to enlarge their volume of real money, which can be accomplished only by a return to the bimetallic standard, through general international agreement and coöperation.

This plan contemplates as the result of its action, and for its efficacy as a remedial agent, the hastening of disaster and ruin to the masses, not only of England, but everywhere in the civilized world. They claim that such ruin must ultimately result from the deficient quantity of money which gold alone is capable of furnishing; and that if the suffering is slowly and gradually induced, its benumbing and degrading effects may irretrievably destroy the present civilization, as was the Roman by like cause; and that precipitating the suffering before the masses shall have become too benumbed, degraded, and broken in spirit to appreciate, they would be capable of being sufficiently aroused to recognize and recover their rights.

Though this proposition forcibly reminds one of the charlatan, who, unable to diagnose the malady of his patient, proceeded to induce convulsions, as he thought himself "h—l on fits,"—accepting their conclusions as to the gravity and tendency of the difficulty as true, then undoubtedly their remedy should be unflinchingly applied if nothing better can be done; but the contemplation of such calamity must compel anxious search for some remedy less terrible and more promising.

To facilitate such search, I present herewith a table of the trade of the United States with foreign countries for the fiscal years 1890 and 1892, grouped according to their presumed position on this monetary standard question. On this line, the world is naturally divisible into three groups of countries, which I have designated "A," "B," and "C."

Table of Population of the Countries of the World, by Group; their Stock of Gold and Coined Silver, Ratios and Trade with the United States during years ending June 30, 1890, and 1892, with Balances.

COUNTRIES BY GROUP, A, B, AND C.	Population, by Million.		Stock of Coined Silver.		Ratio between Silver and 1 of Gold.		Stock of Gold.	Foreign Trade of U. S. in 1890. 1 = 1,000,000.		Balance of Trade. + In favor of — Against U. S.	Per cent of Exports from U. S. to Group. \$1,015,732,011.	Per cent of Imports into U. S. from Group. \$27,402,462.	Balance of Trade in 1892. + In favor of — Against U. S.
	Full Legal Tender Silver. 1 = 1,000,000.	Limited Legal Tender.	Ratio of Full Tender.	Ratio of Lim- ited Tender.	Exports from U. S., by Millions.	Imports into U. S.							
GROUP A *	133	103	268	15.5	14.28	1,340	531.4	293	+ 238.4	59.6%	31.7%	+ 343	
GROUP B *	57	90	22	15.5	14.28	188	62	57	+ 5	6.9%	7.3%	+ 9.7	
GROUP C. European Section of Group C †. . .	217	931.4	206.4	15.5	14.38	1,290	136	149	— 13	21.7%	16.4%	+ 84.7	
American Section of Group C †. . .	157	547	77.8	\$16.5 to 15.5	14.95	814	91	220	— 129	9.9%	37.8%	— 212.2	
Asiatic Section of Group C †. . . .	655	1,700	—	15	—	—	25	70.3	— 45.3	1.9%	6.8%	— 37	
TOTAL OF GROUP C	1,029	3,178.4	284.2	—	—	2,104	252	439.3	— 187.3	33.5%	61%	— 164.5	
TOTAL OF GROUPS B AND C	1,086	3,268.4	306.2	—	—	2,292	314	496.3	— 182.3	40.4%	68.3%	— 154.8	
TOTAL OF GROUPS A AND B	190	193	290	15.5	—	1,528	593.4	350	+ 243.4	66.5%	39%	+ 352.8	

* Gold standard.

† Gold and silver standard.

‡ Silver standard.

\$ The West Indies, Central and South America have \$27,700,000 coined silver at ratio 15.5; United States, \$419,300,000 at 15.98; Japan, \$50,000,000 at 16.18, and Mexico, \$50,000,000 at 16.5 to 1 of gold.

Group A consists of Great Britain with her colonial possessions (outside of India, the Western Hemisphere, and Oceanica), Germany, Portugal, Turkey, and Egypt. These countries, for various reasons, may be expected to adhere tenaciously to the single gold standard.

Group B consists of Austro-Hungary, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the British possessions in the Western Hemisphere and Oceanica. For various reasons they are now under such influences, that in the absence of counter-acting influence they may be expected to adhere to the single gold standard. But they are easily susceptible to commercial influence, which the United States government can, at will, readily exert upon them with sufficient force to induce prompt coöperation in the use of the bimetallic standard. The same influence would, after perhaps greater resistance and longer time, undoubtedly compel the coöperation of Group A. I refer to preferential trade advantages extended by the United States to silver-using countries seeking our markets.

Group C embraces the rest of the world, and is divided into European, American, and Asiatic sections. The European section embraces all the countries of Europe not in Groups A and B. These countries are all by interest and predilection, strongly bimetallic, as indicated by their \$1,137,800,000 of coined silver in use, by the expressions of their delegates in the Brussels conference last year, and by every other observable indication. They would, beyond doubt, welcome an opportunity to coöperate in any effort promising success, in the reëstablishment of the bimetallic standard.

The American section of Group C comprises all the Western Hemisphere except the British possessions; and to it is added Japan, for the reason that she has the bimetallic standard. There can be no doubt that all this section would co-operate with the United States to restore to silver its full monetary recognition in the world's system of money.

The Asiatic section of Group C consists of India, China, Indo-China, and the Malay Archipelago, all single silver standard countries, and so attached to it as to render change for a long time impossible. Hence, they would be more effective aids than if bimetallic, in view of a part of the world adhering to the single gold standard, the exclusive

demand for each metal in different sections of the world, balancing each other. The Asiatic section has \$1,700,000,000 coined silver in use, and annually will continue to absorb a large share of the world's product.

The exports of the United States to Europe in 1890 were fairly representative. In 1891 the cereal crops in Europe were deficient and in the United States abundant; and consequently the exports of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, were in excess of the average. The imports of 1890 from Europe were slightly in excess of the average, and in advance of the demand, in order to secure admission under the tariff rates of the old law and avoid the higher rates likely to be enforced by the new; so that the balances due from European countries to the United States, probably, on an average, in the conditions then prevailing, would be between the figures of those two years, say \$300,000,000. The balance of trade between the United States and European countries, in recent years, is always largely in favor of the United States, and the greater part of this balance comes from Great Britain.

In 1890 the United States exported to Great Britain	\$473,429,418
and imported	225,513,668
Leaving a balance in favor of the United States of .	\$247,915,750
In 1892 the United States exports to Great Britain	
were	\$499,300,000
and imports from there were	156,300,000
Leaving a balance in favor of the United States of .	\$343,000,000

Our total imports from Europe in 1892 were \$58,400,000 less than in 1890, of which Great Britain lost \$30,200,000 and Germany lost \$15,900,000.

Our total imports from Great Britain and Germany in 1892 were \$239,200,000 — 29 per cent of our total. Of the average per cent of our total imports for the preceding ten years, 34 per cent came from these two countries, and 37 per cent came from the countries comprising Group A. The average for the preceding ten years from Group B was a little less than in 1892, being 7 per cent of our total; from the European section of Group C during the ten years preceding 1892, 16 per cent of our total, making 60 per cent from Europe and the English dependencies, India excepted.

Hence it is seen that during the past ten years 60 per cent of our imports came from countries where coöperation in the use of the bimetallic standard may perhaps be questioned, or not expected under ordinary circumstances. Fully five sixths of those imports, and a larger proportion of those coming from Great Britain and Germany, can readily and profitably be produced in the United States, either by a reduction of wages of labor, or by maintaining as a settled and permanent policy, a rate of tariff protection to our markets against the foreign products, equivalent to the difference in the scale of wages there and here. The present law was formed with that view, but owing to its uncertain tenure since November, 1890, capital has naturally hesitated to invest in new plants to supersede the imported by the domestic product. But it is clear that we can, if we choose, very largely reduce our imports from Europe, and as our exports are indispensable to them, our balance would be correspondingly increased, and, so long as they remain on the gold standard, could be collected in gold. There can be no doubt of the ability of the United States to raise the annual balance of trade in our favor from Europe to \$400,000,000. The exports of the United States to all the countries of Europe are almost exclusively articles of indispensable necessity, unobtainable in sufficient quantities elsewhere, and consequently cannot be materially reduced in volume. They are almost entirely cotton, breadstuffs, meats, provisions, and petroleum.

The conditions of the trade between the United States and the other countries of the American and Asiatic sections of Group C are directly the reverse of that with Europe. To them we export manufactured goods, and import articles of necessity, not producible in the United States (except sugar), by reason of climatic influences. This class of imports has very largely increased since 1890, and, with the exception mentioned, must continue to increase. The balance of trade with these countries is very largely against the United States; and the volume of our imports from them must continue to increase indefinitely, this year being so heavy as to have more than outweighed the European balance, always in recent years in our favor. This American and Asiatic balance against us, can, if we choose, be paid in silver.

Under these conditions, why cannot the United States reëstablish and maintain the bimetallic standard in actual practice, in defiance of all Europe and at the present ratio? Conditions more favorable—except by universal adoption of it—cannot be conceived of. The enlargement of the volume of real money would permit of an enlarged volume of uncovered paper circulation, without creating apprehension. It would make “cornering” the money market very much more difficult, prevent speculative changes of prices of commodities, quicken enterprise, stimulate industry, and greatly increase the earnings of plants engaged in producing and transporting commodities, and thereby increase the earnings of capital and labor.

But if the United States should proclaim to the world in an unmistakable way—as would be a free bimetallic coinage statute—her intention to use both gold and silver as standard money, and provide for holding an international congress of the nations desiring to use the bimetallic standard, to agree upon a common ratio between the two metals, all the countries of the European section of Group C would immediately coöperate. Their vast amount of coined silver in use as money is threatened with complete destruction. Besides, they prefer the use of silver as a part of their volume of money. Is it questioned if they would regard the United States as sufficient guarantee of success? If so, consider the evidence of our power, as constituted by the superior productive capacity of our people.

From our earliest recollection the superiority of American genius, enterprise, and energy, have been household words, familiar to us all; and it is the general verdict of foreign producers of commodities for competition in our markets, after thoroughly investigating our resources, methods, and capacity for producing the articles they are engaged in the production of, that American labor, *per capita*, is very much more efficient and productive than the best average to be found in Europe, working on like material, with like mechanical appliances. This is an element that the close European business man, and producer for our markets, always takes into account. Whether the superiority results from the intermingling of the different and widely differing elements of the race, under the peculiar conditions that have prevailed in our country, from the superior standard of

living always secured to the American laborer, from climatic influences, from the stimulating and energizing influence of the political character of our institutions, or from all these and perhaps others combined, is immaterial to this argument. The fact exists and is recognized by the world. In illustrative proof, I cite the invariable improvement, by means of American invented appliances and methods for labor saving and increasing productive power, always engrafted upon every industry imported and naturalized into the United States from Europe. There is scarcely an industry in the country that has not been so improved in a very large measure. It applies to every department, no matter whether it be the tilling of the soil or seeking the commodities of the deep, mining the precious or base metals, the making of a cotton gin or a telegraph instrument, a Ferris wheel or a watch, a warship or a freight transport, and so on through the whole domain of productive industry. On everything is stamped the *superiority of American genius for utility*.

In addition to this superiority *per capita*, consider the vast extent and unparalleled richness of the natural resources of our country, as yet scarcely touched in the way of development; consider the rapid increase of population, and the much more rapid increase of wealth; consider the immense advantages from its happy geographical and political environment, and its evident manifest destiny ordained by a beneficent Providence. Recall the unequalled power displayed from 1861 to 1865, now all the possession of a happily reunited nation, and, still further, the marvellously rapid increase of wealth and liquidation of indebtedness since that struggle. Remember that all this has been observed by the world with unprecedented wonder, ourselves only oblivious to our country's greatness and consequent financial power.

But of all the wonderful phenomena we have displayed, to the intelligent foreigner the most wonderful has been our servile imitation of England's financial policy, notwithstanding all the conditions of the two countries are directly opposite, and all their interests in sharp conflict. This ignoble subjection of our financial policy to England's dictation has deprived us of the respect our inherent power entitles us to from the nations of the world, and at the same time inflated the financial power of England. Hence is derived the supposition that only by England's consent and assistance can

the bimetallic standard be restored to the wronged and suffering world. Naturally and appropriately, our servility causes us to be ignored.

The enactment of an unlimited bimetallic coinage and legal tender law at our old ratio, with an invitation to the bimetallic world to confer with us and agree upon a ratio common to all, would be regarded as a declaration, at last, of our financial independence of England, and secure to us the confidence and coöperation of the countries comprising the European section of Group C.

The present population of the United States — about 67,000,000 — in possession of the vastly superior natural advantages, as before suggested, is fully equal in productive capacity, and consequently in financial power for this purpose, to any 134,000,000 of population that can be grouped together by other nationalities.

But in addition to the spontaneous coöperation of Group C, it appears to the writer, after the most careful and critical consideration and search for objections, that the United States holds the key that can open every mint in the world to as free mintage of silver, in the full legal tender money, as is accorded to gold. The first question to be settled is, Does the United States possess such power? the second, Should she use it? and the third, Will she?

After becoming the creditor of foreign nations to a vast amount, England in 1819 became a single gold standard country, in the interest of those credits, and, of course, against the interest of debtors. Chiefly by her influence, the general demonetization of silver was secured, about 1873; by her influence, largely, the war for the establishment of a single gold standard has been prosecuted, and it is her influence that stands in the way of the general restoration of the bimetallic standard. Her commercial relations are so extensive, and her credits so vast, that she is supposed to be financially irresistible; hence the spectacle observed last year at the Brussels conference, of all the delegates from other nations confessing complete impotency without England's aid.

It is well understood that England's trade depends upon cheap food, cheap raw material for her people to make into valuable fabrics, and advantageous markets for these fabrics. This is the keynote and mainspring of the whole English

policy. To secure these her astute statesmen plan, scheme, and plot unceasingly, untiringly, and unscrupulously, with all her characteristic bull-dog tenacity and courage. No obstacle to this commercial policy is permitted to remain, if craft, courage, force, brutality, and inhumanity can remove that obstacle. In the name of Him who scourged her like from "the Father's house" because they had "made it a den of thieves," she sends out the pioneers of their trade to blaze the way for the soulless trader, who soon calls to his aid the military to rivet the shackles of English rapacity upon the helpless victim—and all for "cheap raw material" and "markets for English manufacture." Examples of England's perfidy are too familiar to justify taking space to illustrate. Scarcely a page of the barbarous world's history but records these things against her. In addition, most of the civilized world's recent history is a record of this conscienceless commercial policy of grasping greed of England. Our own history, particularly, is loaded with it. Therefore any customary means of self-defence is justifiable against her. Now it so happens that the United States is the principal caterer to the necessities of this policy of England, and the largest customer for the products of her workshops.

In 1890 the exports of Great Britain amounted to \$1,597,438,932, of which the United States purchased 14.1 per cent, India 12 per cent, Germany 9.3 per cent, British Australia 7.8 per cent, France 7 per cent, all Africa, including Egypt, 5.7 per cent, the Netherlands 5 per cent, Belgium 4 per cent, Russia 2.7 per cent, Argentine Republic 2.6 per cent, and British North America 2.5 per cent. No other country purchased nearly so much as either of the last named. These figures exhibit the importance of the markets of the United States for England's products, and will suggest somewhat the sacrifices she will make, if necessary, to retain possession of that market.

It will be observed that in 1890 the United States imported from Groups A and B \$350,000,000 worth of goods, most of which could and perhaps should have been manufactured at home. At any rate all of them could have been purchased, of as satisfactory quality, and as cheap in price, from countries of Group C. The principle of reciprocity is old, and everywhere recognized as legitimate. Our interests—therefore it is assumed to be our policy—

demand the reëstablishment of the bimetallic standard of money by the world. It is not in conflict with any legitimate interest. It is generally believed to be urgently needful. We have the adoption of that standard to ask of other nations. That it is to their interest as much as it is to ours matters not. If they concede this to us, it is legitimate for us to give preferential trade advantages in our market to the countries that grant us what we desire of them. And it is equally legitimate to withhold like advantages from countries refusing to accede to our reasonable demand for their coöperation with us in reëstablishing the bimetallic standard of money. Their action is in conflict with the vital interests of mankind. Ours is promotive of such interests.

The privilege of paying for our imports with silver at a ratio not higher than our legal ratio would be a valuable consideration, the concession of which would constitute an equitable claim for a reciprocal concession by us; and would therefore obviate the objection that might otherwise be based upon the usual "favored nation" clause in commercial treaties, and fully justify us in granting preferential trade advantages in our markets to countries conceding the valuable consideration to us.

The principle can be carried into effect in various ways. One occurs to the writer as simple and effective, and will be roughly outlined, to exemplify the principle more clearly. It so happens that in all probability a new tariff law will be enacted by the United States government in the near future, in that law provide for a minimum and a maximum rate of duty, to be collected on articles of import. First, fix the minimum rate of duty at such a figure as may be deemed expedient for the best interests of the country, irrespective of this question under discussion; in short, adjust the rate that would be adopted if it were to be offered unconditionally and indiscriminately to the whole world. It matters not whether the principle of free trade or that of protection is guiding the views of those fixing the rates. Then fix the maximum rate as much higher than the minimum as will serve to render competition in our markets impossible between goods paying the different rates of tariff for the privilege of entering those markets. Provide, by a section of the act, that on the products of countries which accord to

silver full legal tender power in the satisfaction of all pecuniary obligations, at a ratio not higher than a legal ratio of the United States, shall be collected the minimum rate of tariff; and that on the products of countries refusing such recognition and use of silver, the maximum rate shall be collected. This will transfer the production of the articles we have been importing from countries that shall continue on the single gold standard, either to the United States or to some other bimetallic country.

A tariff law on that principle and a free bimetallic coinage law as before indicated, given to the country simultaneously, would most certainly bring Group B into coöperation as soon as they could effect the necessary changes in their laws. If British and German products are superseded in our markets by American, French, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, and other products, they will cost us no more, and will so strengthen the force of the demand of the English and German people upon their governments for the adoption of the bimetallic standard, as to compel the concession in no long time. And thus *the United States will have restored to the world the bimetallic standard*. Our markets are too valuable to England and Germany to be sacrificed in the interests of their money-holding classes.

But perhaps some one will say they would retaliate. Why? How? In what way? The principle and the method are both old and fully recognized as legitimate. Hence there is no cause of action. But how are they to retaliate? They buy of our products only what their necessities compel them to; they cannot obtain these indispensable necessities elsewhere. So that method is unavailable. But we owe them vast sums of money—not the governments; and if the individual creditor should demand payment, when his bond is due, we will pay it, if not with our own, then with money borrowed elsewhere, at equally favorable terms. Our government is master of the situation. Will it use the advantage for the benefit of its people?

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF HYPNOTISM IN MODERN MEDICINE.

BY J. R. COCKE, M. D.

IN reviewing the world's history, the careful student is deeply impressed with the fact that truths which have so long shed their effulgent light upon us, have been neglected or wholly misunderstood.

It seems, indeed, incredible that the now universally accepted doctrine of asepticism should not have been sooner discovered by the surgeons; in other words, it has taken the physicians of the world nearly six thousand years to learn the simple fact that, if all wounds are kept perfectly clean, they may heal readily, without the formation of pus. So men have talked for ages indefinitely about the effects of mind upon matter, and the power of one mind over another. But it has remained for our glorious civilization to classify these various phenomena, and in a measure to define their boundaries and study the laws which govern them. The discovery of hypnotism promises, indeed, to be as great a blessing to the sick of our own day as was opium some centuries ago.

Conservatism, when moderately exercised, is a healthy check upon all study; but the attitude of the medical profession toward this means of relieving pain, has prolonged the suffering of countless thousands who might have been wholly relieved, or, in those cases which could not be cured, the way through the valley of the shadow of death might have been made smooth.

The following are some of the arguments used against the application of hypnotism in disease:—

First, It is claimed that it is enervating to the will.

Second, That it makes the patient dependent upon the will of another.

Third, That it renders him liable to be influenced by persons of evil intent.

Fourth, That its application is very limited, and that only nervous or hysterical individuals are subject to its influence.

That hypnotism has a place in the treatment of disease, I shall endeavor to show in this paper, and that it can be used without injurious effects upon the patient; also, that it may take the place of narcotics in the treatment of a large class of diseases in which they are now used. This I shall illustrate by a few cases from my private and hospital practice.

HYPNOTISM IN DELIRIUM.

The effect of hypnotism upon delirium is well illustrated by the following three cases, briefly reported.

Case 1. During my student days I was called to visit a man in the poorest districts of this city, who was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. On entering a low, dingy room, filthy beyond all description, I found lying in one corner, upon a pile of rags, a man, writhing and tossing and moaning piteously. Between his moans he would exclaim incoherently: "Pull me out of this boiling water! My wife has thrown me into a sea of boiling water!" His words were accompanied by movements of feet and hands, imitating the act of swimming. His wife informed me that this had been his condition for thirty-six hours, and that during that time he had taken no food or drink. I gave him medicine by the mouth, which was immediately rejected. Realizing the necessity of quieting him, and fearing to give large doses of opiates to obtain this end, I determined to try hypnotism.

Seizing his right hand in mine, I called the patient very sharply by name. After gaining his attention, he was commanded to look steadily at a coin held in my left hand. At first it was difficult to hold his attention, as he tended to lapse into his wanderings. I commanded him to repeat with me the words "thirty-six." Then he was told that he could not stop saying "thirty-six." This he was allowed to continue for a couple of minutes, when I peremptorily commanded him to sleep. He sank into a profound sleep, still obeying readily any suggestion which I made to him. I impressed upon him that he had been pulled out of the hot water, and that he felt cool, while I continually repeated, "Sleep—sleep."

The most interesting feature in the case was the fact that

natural sleep followed by transition from the condition of hypnosis. He would obey hypnotic suggestions for seventeen minutes after being hypnotized; then he would sleep quietly for three or four hours, and obey no suggestion. His pulse fell from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fourteen per minute. Hypnotizing him exercised no perceptible effect upon the temperature, which remained over one hundred and five for the next six hours succeeding the first treatment, and was gradually reduced by means of cold water applied by sponging. This patient was hypnotized eight times to control delirium, each treatment giving him about four hours' relief, followed by complete recovery.

Case 2 — alcoholic pneumonia with violent delirium. One cold night last winter I was called hastily to go through a driving snowstorm to a patient who was reported as "very ill." Entering a beautifully furnished room, I found a man singing, shouting, and screaming alternately, and talking in the intervals with imaginary friends. Perceiving me, he bade me a hearty welcome, and requested me to drink with him. Taking the pulse, I found it was rapid, thready, and weak. I could not induce him to be still long enough to permit of a thorough physical examination of the chest, but I readily detected from the signs, that there was consolidation at the base of the lower lobe of the left lung. Knowing the seriousness of alcoholic pneumonia, and observing the exhausted condition of the patient, it was apparent that he must be kept quiet—but how? Large doses of morphia or other opiates were out of the question. I again tried hypnotism, and although it was a difficult task, succeeded in getting him asleep in half an hour. When he was aroused from the hypnotic condition, his mind was clear, and under the proper treatment, his recovery was satisfactory.

The third case in which delirium was present, was that of a child ten years old, suffering with influenza. I had no difficulty in controlling the delirium by hypnotism, and the child recovered, with no deleterious results.

Hypnotism has served me well in two cases of that terrible disease, *locomotor ataxia*. In the early stages of this affection, the patient suffers with severe shooting pains and various indescribable sensations through the lower limbs, insomnia, and, in some cases, great nervous irritability; also

progressively increasing difficulty in walking. While it would be absurd to say that the disease was interrupted in its fatal progress by hypnotism, I am positive, from my experience in these cases, that great amelioration of the suffering was attained through its agency; the patients being kept comfortable without the use of opiates, all of which disorder the digestion and hasten the inevitable result.

Without going into details, I will state that I have practised hypnotism on thirteen insane patients. It utterly failed in three cases of advanced paralytic *dementia*, also in one case of acute mania from alcoholism and overwork, and proved of only transient benefit in two cases of hysterical mania. The remaining seven were cases of profound melancholia, and I will describe one, as illustrating the type of the rest. The patient was a lady twenty-eight years of age, and presented the saddest picture of misery that it was ever my fortune to meet. She would sit for hours with her face in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbing piteously and begging for her child, which she imagined had been killed. When her infant was brought to her, she denied its identity, and said she was being imposed upon. She persistently refused food, and did not sleep for five days. The sufferings described in Dante's *Inferno* could not compare with the wretchedness of this woman. She was readily hypnotized at the first sitting, and while in that state partook of food and drink at my command. She was ordered to take her infant in her arms, and was told that when she should awaken from the trance, she would recognize it. She did so at once. Some of her delusions lasted for several weeks, but under forced feeding, massage, and rest, she entirely recovered.

I will not enter into a discussion of the efficacy of hypnotism in that large class of diseases known as functional nervous disturbances, for the reason that its value in such cases is so well understood; neither will I discuss its use in surgery, but will speak of a class of moral diseases, which are susceptible in a greater or less degree to its beneficent influence.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM (DRUNKENNESS).

Eighteen cases of chronic alcoholism have been treated by hypnotism under my observation. Twelve were not bene-

fited at all. Two were temporarily relieved, but relapsed. Of the remaining four, one died from intercurrent disease, and the others were apparently cured. I will describe one in detail. The patient, a man thirty-six years of age, a sailor by profession, was first seen by me in a state of *delirium tremens*, in December, 1889; he had been a hard drinker from his sixteenth year. After he recovered from this attack, hypnotism was tried upon him three times a week. While in the hypnotic state, water was given to him, and he was told that it would take from him his desire for liquor. He was also commanded, if he should crave liquor, to come immediately to me.

After the fourth treatment, he presented himself one morning at seven o'clock, and informed me that he *must* have a glass of liquor, and that he would have taken it before if he could, but that some unseen power restrained him. I hypnotized him, gave him a glass of water, and told him he would be perfectly satisfied. When he came out of the hypnotic sleep, he complained of feeling badly at the stomach; an examination proved this organ to be somewhat out of order, and medicines were given to correct the trouble. I learned from both himself and his family, in the early spring of the present year, that since that time he had continued entirely temperate. He showed me his bank book in evidence, and proudly said that the three hundred dollars it represented was the first money he had ever saved in his life.

I have successfully treated one case of kleptomania, two cases of excessive irritability of temper, and a number of minor difficulties which are not worth mentioning.

IS HYPNOTISM EVER DANGEROUS?

Hypnotism is a two-edged sword. Wielded by an unskilled hand, it may cut both ways, deep into the faculties of intellection, and into the nervous system generally. It should be applied with great care, if at all, with patients tending to any form of religious mania. Also it should be used only by a skilled hand upon patients of an unbalanced mind, accompanied by what is known in medical parlance as *paranoia*. This condition manifests itself in great exaggeration of the *ego*. Such persons have a remedy for all the ills, both mental and physical, which afflict the body politic.

Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, was probably a notable example of this disease.

One case, which came under my observation, was made much worse by this treatment. The man believed that he was inspired to write an article which would lead to the cure of all the deaf mutes in America. He was hypnotized several times, and it made a profound impression upon his nervous system, inducing symptoms resembling acute mania.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF HYPNOTISM.

It is always well in employing any remedy, to ascertain its effect first upon healthy individuals before applying it to the relief of disease. With this end in view, I have hypnotized some eighty healthy persons in twelve years, averaging about five sittings with each person. The susceptibility to hypnotic influence varies extremely, and I have as yet ascertained no fixed law of temperament which exercises any control over it.

Children from seven to fourteen years, seem, as a rule, to be the most susceptible. This susceptibility appears to decrease with advancing years.

I had formed from my reading a preconceived idea that nervous and hysterical persons could be more easily hypnotized than those of a stolid and phlegmatic temperament. But this has certainly not been my experience. The best adult subject ever hypnotized by me was a railroad engineer, who, for fifteen years of his early life, had served as a regular soldier in the United States Army. I will take him as an example illustrative of the effect of hypnôtism upon the various systems of the body.

For the benefit of the medical readers of THE ARENA, I will say that a thorough physical examination was made, before the man was hypnotized at all. The five special senses were found to be normal. The respiratory and circulatory systems and the nervous reflexes were also normal. The man was five feet eight and one-half inches tall, forty-seven years of age, with dark eyes, dark hair and complexion; habits temperate and family history good; his manner was calm and quiet; he was somewhat slow of speech; his intellect was far above the average of his class, and he was by no means imaginative.

This man was hypnotized fifty-one times, with the follow-

ing results. The first sitting was negative, as his mind did not respond in any way to the suggestions. At the second sitting, profound hypnosis was induced in four minutes. A sphygmograph (an instrument for recording the pulse waves) was attached to his wrist, and in the early stages of hypnosis the pulse was increased in both force and frequency, rising from sixty-three to seventy-five per minute. As the hypnotic condition deepened, the pulse fell from seventy-five to fifty-six. Before hypnotism was applied a number of tests were made to determine the normal condition of the pulse, which was about sixty per minute. The effect upon the pupillary reflex to light could not be exactly ascertained. The respirations were at first increased, but subsequently became slow, deep, and regular. There were some curious so-called *vaso motor* phenomena witnessed. (The *vaso motor* system of nerves controls the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels of the body.)

In the early stages of hypnosis the man's face flushed deeply; as the condition progressed it grew pale, but a touch with a sharp instrument would cause a localized patch of redness on the skin, which would persist longer when he was hypnotized than when in his normal condition, and could not be produced without an excessive amount of force being used, when any part was rendered insensible to pain by suggestion. The man could apparently be made to perspire, when told during hypnosis that he was exceedingly warm. His heart would not beat faster if I simply suggested to him that it would do so; but when I said to him that he had struck one of his employers, his heart bounded, and the pulse went up to one hundred and fifteen, rapidly sinking again to normal when the delusion was corrected. He could be made to feel imaginary pains in various parts of the body; could be made to weep or laugh, by appealing to the emotions. In short, the diapason of his whole mental and emotional system would give forth concordant sensations of pleasure or discordant sensations of pain, at the will of the operator; and this, too, with an astounding rapidity, which would be incredible to one not familiar with the phenomena.

I have endeavored in a general way to give in this paper a fair idea of the scope of hypnotism in its application to disease. In the use of any new remedy, there is great danger

that it may on the one hand be used indiscriminately, or, on the other hand, be scouted by a senseless scepticism.

That hypnotism has definite limits of usefulness, there can be no doubt. That superstition and mystery, the hand-maidens who in olden times rocked the cradle of those wonderful triplets, medicine, law, and religion, still whisper in the ears of their grown-up godchildren some of their old-time nursery rhymes, alluring them away from the path of reason and truth, is apparent by the many fads and notions which dominate those spheres of thought.

The medical man of the present day, standing as he does surrounded by the sick, the dying, and the dead, and realizing the futility of many of the old methods used in the treatment of disease, should indeed keep his mind open to the reception of every new discovery. And again, when one considers the millions of the unborn generations who must come and suffer after us, the responsibility is indeed great; and with each gust of wind sighing among the chimneys in the tree-tops, one can fancy that he hears the pleadings of those innumerable hosts of sufferers, who must reap their inheritance of sin, and add the minor chords in nature's symphony of praise to the Eternal Spirit of life, which gives them their consciousness.

Let us then hope that in this new discovery of hypnotism, we have found at least one means of giving relief to the pain and suffering which are and must ever be with us, and that it may prove one of the grandest monuments of our present civilization, demonstrating, as it does, the power of mind and soul over all the minor laws of this vast creation.

RENT: ITS ESSENCE AND ITS PLACE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

BY THOMAS L. BROWN.

THE single tax men propose to solve the industrial problem by taxing ground rent or land values. It is my purpose in preparing this paper, first, to make plain the two meanings of the word *value*; and second, to show graphically what ground rent is, and how it operates in the distribution of the products of industry. After that it might be of interest to point out the relation of the rent collector to his rivals in the struggle for wealth, and to pursue some other considerations suggested at the close of the paper. If the discussion may seem intricate and even dull, I must paraphrase the *dictum* of the great Stagirite by declaring at the outset that, as there is no royal road to geometry, so there is no royal road to political economy. To bring order out of the chaos in which economic data and "standard" and newspaper economic doctrines now welter, one must lay bare the fundamental principles of the science; but when these are once grasped, the student of economics may console himself that he has found the thread that will lead him out of the labyrinth and the darkness into a broad place illumined by open day. Rhetoric may brighten the page of economic and sociological discussion when once the principles have been made plain; but until this goal is reached, we must be content with sober prose.

The meaning of the phrase "land values" must first be fixed. The word *value* has been a prolific source of confusion in political economy. Economists gravely declare, for example, that the fire-water that destroys Poor Lo possesses value, while the sparkling waters of his native brook possess none; that the cigarette that enfeebles the body and brain of the schoolboy, or the opium that saps the manhood of the civilized adult, is also a thing of value; while pure air and sunshine, which are absolutely essential to human life, are destitute of this quality. What does this apparent nonsense mean?

Popular confusion here results from the failure to distinguish between *intrinsic* and *extrinsic* value. The intrinsic value of a thing is its power to contribute to individual or social well-being, material or spiritual, physical, intellectual, or moral. Thus air, water, sunshine, friends, peace of mind, hope of immortality, and the like, all have high value. They are absolutely priceless; yet ordinarily they will sell for nothing in the open market. On the other hand, a great work of art or literature, placed before men of gross tastes and indifferent powers of perception, will sell for a pittance entirely incommensurate with its power to ennoble man and "avail for life."

Other commodities, again, will sell in the market for a price corresponding more closely with their powers to satisfy normal wants and to advance human welfare; such are food, clothing, tools, etc., whose utilities are generally recognized.

Still other articles, possessing little utility or none whatever, may sell at a high rate; as narcotics, alcoholic stimulants, vile literature, obscene representations, and the like. In short, true wealth may possess no value, while "illth" may yield its owner a rich return in cash.

Intrinsic and extrinsic value, then, may be thus distinguished: the intrinsic value of a thing, or its *worth*, is its power, appreciated or unappreciated, to "avail for life," to upbuild, to enlarge, to satisfy rational wants, and to enable man to fulfill his destiny. The extrinsic value of a thing, on the other hand, is nothing more nor less than its power to exchange for other things — commodities or money. This "value of a thing is just as much as it will bring." While the worth of *Paradise Lost* may surpass that of the mines of Golconda or Colorado, the original value of this work of genius was, as I remember, some ten pounds or less; and while His worth to the race is beyond all computation, the value of the Man of Nazareth was thirty pieces of silver. Intrinsic value or worth is the good, actual or potential, in the thing; extrinsic value, or, in economic parlance, "value" simply — base prostitution of a noble word! — is what one can get out of it in cash or truck.

An important distinction exists between *actual* and *assumed* worth. A soil assumed to possess but slight worth may cover a gold mine; and a human mind, apparently of mediocre or inferior order, may unfold until the

world is dazzled by its brilliancy or stirred by its profundity. In each of these cases, the actual worth of the thing infinitely surpasses its assumed, recognized, or estimated worth. The following grouping of terms may prevent confusion of thought:—

Value :—

1. Real (i. e., worth).
 - a. Actual or potential.
 - b. Assumed or estimated.
2. Market or exchange.

Where the terms are used without modification, value will mean market or exchange value, and worth will mean assumed or estimated worth.

Wealth is a product of labor, or of labor and capital, applied to natural agents, i. e., to land. True wealth, as distinguished from “illth,” always possesses actual or potential worth. Whether or not it possesses value depends, first, upon whether or not men recognize this worth; and second, upon whether or not they are able freely to steal it. Wealth, recognized as such and placed beyond the reach of thieves, will always possess more or less value. The test must always be, Can it be exchanged? A mother’s picture, for example, while a product of labor applied to natural agents, and possessing high worth to an appreciative son, may be exchangeable for nothing and hence will possess no value. By observing these distinctions we may be able to get on.

Does land possess either worth or value? By land we mean, in political economy, the planet upon which we live, minus all human embellishments. It includes mountains, valleys, and plains; the minerals, gases, and oils that lie within earth’s bosom, and the oceans, seas, rivers and other waters that surround its bulk or dot its surface or irrigate its forests and fields. Surely if land lacks worth, then nothing else can possess it; land, thus viewed, is absolutely essential to human existence. Without it man were a ghost.

Has land value as well as worth? This question one may answer for himself by trying to get some or the use of some, or by seeking to live at all in society. The fact that he is charged for it or for its use proves that land has value. This is true not only of the dry land surface of the earth, but, to a considerable extent, of the water also. The navi-

gation of the ocean and of most rivers is nominally free; yet that often it is not actually so is shown by the fact that one is charged for the privilege of sailing from or to a wharf. Wharfage is practically a charge for the use of the water, and so resembles ground rent which, as we shall see, is a charge for the use of dry land.

Whence comes the *value* of land, considered independently of the *worth* of land? For the sake of simplicity, consider the origin and growth of a new community. A band of immigrant families migrate to the west, select an eligible site for a home, and prepare to settle down upon the basis of common property in land. They must first pay say \$1.25 per acre to the United States government for a title. Land in the wilderness, before the approach of man, is thus seen to have a small value. As the charge is levied independently of the relative worth of wild lands, it may be regarded as in part the payment for a title securing to its holders undisturbed possession, but chiefly as a solvent of government monopoly. Uncle Sam claims the land as his private property, and the immigrants must pay him a considerable part of their \$1.25 per acre to induce him to relax his grasp.

Let the several families invest equal amounts for the purchase of a tract of several thousand acres of land. The land will now be the joint property of the community, and the families will enjoy equal rights to its use. Part of the land is rich prairie soil, part heavily wooded, but both prairie and forest are well watered and fruitful. Part of the land, again, is sandy, rocky, alkaline, hilly, studded with cactus or sage-brush, and cut by gullies and cañons. Manifestly this land, independently of any outlay of labor and capital by man, varies greatly in worth; and common fairness will demand that he who enjoys special privileges in the use of the land shall pay according to his privilege.

Instead of scattering themselves over their estate, each family separated from its nearest neighbor by a mile or more, let them decide to build their houses together, after the primitive German fashion, in a little hamlet. They will now lay out a town of liberal proportions. Each householder will possess his farm in the country and his lot in town, upon which he will soon erect his dwelling.

Now, though this town may be laid out upon a table land

of exactly uniform natural quality, the fact that a closely-settled community is to occupy it will cause the different sites, even from the first, to vary somewhat in worth; the corner lots being more desirable than other lots on the same square, and lots near the centres of activity being more desirable than those at the outskirts. This is obvious in a city, and is due to the fact that more business can be done on streets and corners where many people pass than where but few pass. While, again, the outskirts possess some advantages for residential purposes, these advantages are partly offset by the labor entailed and the time consumed in travelling between one's home and place of business.

Let us now indicate by a diagram * the different worths of the *soils* or rural lands and of the *sites* or urban lands in this community, as these degrees of worth are recognized or assumed by the settlers. It cannot be said that these degrees of worth are due to the outlay of labor or capital or both upon the land; for the mere fact that this area will be entered upon and disposed in the manner indicated will cause these grades of worth to exist.

Let the squares at the base of the diagram indicate either rural soils of equal area or urban sites of equal area; bearing in mind the fact that a bare lot in town may easily be worth an unimproved farm in the country. For convenience of illustration, let these soils and sites be arranged in the order of their worths; an ideal arrangement roughly corresponding to the actual, since the land possessing most worth is in the heart of the city, while that of least practical worth is at the outskirts, and so the farthest removed from markets, and thus affording to its occupant the minimum of advantage from association and coöperation.

Grade I. will now represent the choice corner lots in the centre of the village, or the extra-rich soils that lie on the border between the town and country lands. Grade II. will represent soils or sites capable of yielding a less annual return in wealth, whether in crop or the products of trade; and so on down to Grade XII., which may represent the most rocky, sandy, gully-cut and cactus-overgrown area of rural land at the farthest confines of the settlement. Aside

* A somewhat similar right-angled-triangular diagram has, to my knowledge, been devised recently by others, working, like myself, independently, and employed in the illustration of this same subject. Not a few instances have occurred in the history of science, in which individuals working separately on the same lines have arrived at strikingly similar results.

from its slight utility as pasture land, such land may be regarded as, at present, almost destitute of worth. Whether or not it possesses value remains to be seen. Grade XII., were it utilized, is capable of yielding an annual return indicated by the vertical line XII. 1. Let this line now represent the unit of wealth or worth. Grade XI., subjected to an equal outlay of labor and capital, will yield XI. 2, or two units of wealth. And similarly, with an exactly equal outlay of labor and capital upon any one of the twelve grades of land, Grade X. will yield three units, Grade IX. four units, and so on to Grade I., which will yield twelve units.

But as our community is small, let the first four grades of land satisfy, for the present, all its requirements. Grade IV., which under the assumed conditions of equal outlay of labor and capital yields nine units, is the worst land in use. The poorest lands, which for the present are discarded, will remain in the possession of the community, to be drawn upon at pleasure.

The user of land of Grade IV. will now be able to derive from it nine units of wealth; but as he occupies the poorest used land in the community, he will enjoy no landed privilege of which he can dispose to another. *His land, therefore, will possess no value.* But Grade III., under the assumed conditions, will yield ten units of wealth; its occupant, therefore, will enjoy an advantage over the occupant of Grade IV. equal to one unit—*an advantage that can be sold.* Land of Grade III. will therefore possess an annual value of one unit. Since Grade IV. is the poorest land to which the needs of society compel men to resort, and since Grade III. is one unit better, this annual advantage of III. over IV. is termed *economic rent*.

Grade II. is two units better than Grade IV. It therefore yields an annual value and an economic rent of two units; and, similarly, Grade I. yields three units of annual value and economic rent. The annual values and economic rent of these four grades of land are, therefore, for Grade IV., zero; for Grade III., one unit, an amount represented by the vertical line b, 10; for Grade II., two units, an amount represented by the line c, 11; and for Grade I., three units, indicated by the line d, 12. These annual values or economic rents being collected by the community, the occupants of the four grades of land stand exactly upon a level so far

as landed privilege is concerned; each pays to the community the full *value* of any privilege he might otherwise enjoy, and each soil or site is *worth* to its occupant nine units of wealth. We are now ready for a definition of economic rent:—

Economic rent is that value or excess of wealth which a given outlay of labor and capital can produce from a soil or site above the wealth which an equal outlay of labor and capital can produce from the worst soil or site to which the needs of society compel men to resort.

Whether this economic rent is paid to a present or an absent landlord, or to the community, or is retained by the individual owner of the more desirable land, makes no difference so far as the fact and the purposes of definition are concerned. The economic rent is the *excess* produced under the conditions given, and *represents an unearned advantage*. Since, waiving governmental or other monopoly, land, however well situated, has no value until men appear to contend for it, this economic rent represents a value that before had no existence, and is, therefore, sometimes called “unearned increment in land value.”

Now let a railroad approach within some miles of this community, thus affording better market facilities and better communication with the outside world. The result will be to increase the *worth* of all the soils and sites in the community, since more can now be realized from the land with the same outlay of labor and capital.

Next let the community build a church, a schoolhouse, or a public library, and engage in other civic improvements. The result will be another increase in land worth, this time by *social* activity. Again, let an individual engage in considerable improvements in his business facilities, enlarging his store, increasing and improving his stock, and beautifying and adorning his grounds. Aside from the increased wealth which he adds to his own estate by his increased outlay of labor and capital, and the enhanced improvement value that thereby accrues to him, he increases, also, the land worth of the community generally, since he renders it a more desirable place in which to live.

Thus in three ways are land worths in the community enhanced, aside from the increment in worth which a soil or site receives from the activity of its owner or occupier; first, by productive activity exercised outside the com-

munity; second, by social, and third, by individual productive activity exercised within the community.

Now such an increase in land worth will not be uniform throughout the community; for lands lying near the improvements will enjoy more of such increase than will lands lying more remote. Assume the increase to be at least one unit on each grade, and two units on the favored grade, for example, Grade II. Now the worst grade, IV., may be abandoned; and if—assuming Grade II. to be relatively abundant—the excess on this grade be sufficient to make good all loss sustained by abandoning grade IV.—which we may assume to be relatively scarce—the community may rise to Grade III., which will now be the worst land in use. The rent line now rises from 9, d to 10' A, and the reward of each average producer has increased from nine units to ten. Economic rent is represented by the vertical lines 10, 11'; B, 13', and A, 13.

Plainly, then, the land of the community has received an unearned increment in worth represented by the lines 9, 10'; 10, 11'; 11, 13', and 12, 13—unearned, i. e., by the individuals using the different grades, and, in at least one case, unearned by the community itself or by any of its members. Land values, however, have risen only by the amount indicated by the vertical line 12, 13' on Grade II., and the rent roll has been correspondingly swelled.

But if other communities have not been similarly improved in the meantime, it is possible for *land values* in our community to rise and swallow up the increase in *land worth*, thrusting back the rent line to its former position.

For example, let a company of new immigrants, having free access elsewhere to land that will yield annually, under the originally assumed conditions, nine units of wealth—as much, i. e., as Grade IV. would yield before the improvements had been made—apply now to this community for the privilege of using land of Grade IV., which now yields ten units. On this “no-rent land” they will be charged a rent of one unit. Why? Because nine units is the most they can obtain elsewhere; and hence, if they choose to remain, nine units must satisfy them here. They may receive it, if they like, on any of the grades in use—for which they will be charged all over nine units as rent; or they may move upon Grade V., which now becomes the

no-rent land. This some of them will do, while some of them may prefer to occupy the better grades of land, and pay rent. The immigrant's reward in each case is the same; it is determined by his necessity; while the land owners' return is determined by their opportunity. But since the worst land in the community which some must use fixes the rent line for the whole community, this line now drops back from 10' A to 9' d. The increase in land worth has been wholly swallowed up by the increase in land values.

Observing now that the tide of immigration has set their way and that, by pulling down the rent line for newcomers, this immigration is lowering it for the original settlers themselves, let the "first families" agree to abandon the "barbarous system" of equal rights to land and common ownership of rent; and adopt, instead, upon some basis acceptable to themselves, the "civilized system" of private property in land. The "first families" now become the exclusive proprietors of the land—a landed aristocracy. All new comers must now either rent or buy, in each case paying according to the advantage secured, and thus leaving to the propertied class their exclusive privileges, since the money received in payment for land can be made to return in interest the full equivalent of all that is sacrificed in rent; otherwise the land owner will not sell. From this point on, society differentiates itself more and more sharply into the classes who live by laboring and the classes who live by collecting tolls from those who labor. As the rent line falls, land owners fatten while producers grow lean.

Now let other immigrants arrive, and landless children— younger sons—be born into the society. The first five grades will no longer satisfy the requirements of the society, hence poorer lands must be resorted to. Grade VI. will next be occupied. If equally desirable land can be had outside the society, Grade VI. will pay no rent, and the rent line will stand at 8' e. Let another wave of immigration pour in, and some must resort to Grade VII., whose annual worth—represented by the line VII. 7'—is seven units. The fact that the immigrants wish to stay under such conditions is evidence that better facilities outside no longer remain. The owners of Grade VI. can now demand a rent of one unit, represented by the line 7, 8'; and the rents on Grades

V., IV., III., II., and I. are increased by one unit in each case; i. e., the rent line has dropped from 8' e to 7' i. Whereas producers retained eight units after paying rent, they now retain seven. Producers are worse off and rent collectors are better off. Improvements in production may increase the annual return from the lands already in use, and so check temporarily the descent to worse and worse lands; but the law of diminishing or non-proportionate returns from land forbids that this check shall serve otherwise than temporarily. Doubling the dose of labor and capital may double the annual return from land once or twice, but not continuously. If population increases and better lands outside be not available, producers *must* resort to worse soils and sites, and so lower the economic rent line.

From causes similar to those already given, the unearned increment in land worth may continue to accumulate, and will if the community be progressive. Suppose, for example, the railroad that has approached the town now sends a branch into the town. The worth of all land in the community now increases, since a society in direct communication with the outside world is for every reason more eligible as a home and place of business than is a community comparatively isolated. Yet if free land outside be not correspondingly enhanced in worth at the same time, the rent line in our community will not rise and so leave more beneath for renters. Why? Because there is no force operating to crowd it up. The renter's opportunity is determined by the character of the free land outside, so long as any remains. Increased *land worth* will be transmuted into increased *land value* and go to the land owners as rent.*

Thus every public or private improvement that tends to make the community more habitable and attractive — provided, as rarely occurs, that free opportunities outside are not correspondingly improved — is charged up to rent. For example, let an electric railway be run into a rural suburb, too remote, hitherto, for residential purposes, and too rocky and barren for agricultural purposes, and represented, say, by Grade X. The worth of this land may suddenly leap almost

* Our diagram but feebly illustrates the differences in land values in a city, and the consequent rewards of some rent collectors. Good residential land in a pleasant suburb of Boston sells at fifty cents per square foot; while the bare site of the recently destroyed Tremont Temple is quoted at sixty dollars per square foot. Hence land of about Grade I. has a value one hundred and twenty times as great as land lying far within the limit of the rent line.

to the level of the best residential land in the city, and its annual yield in wealth may rise from four units to perhaps ten units. Whereas, hitherto, it lay far below the rent line, it now, as if by magic, is made to yield three units in rent. Any advantage that either the community or occupant might have received, the land owner pockets. Cases of which this will serve as a type may be cited from almost any city in the United States. Great are "enterprise" and "public spirit" — for the land speculator!

Another force, not sufficiently conspicuous, hitherto, to demand attention, now manifests itself; and, despite the actual or prospective increased worth of the land, causes the rent line actually to *fall*. This force is speculation. The very fact that a railroad, an electric line, or other considerable improvement is coming, fires the land owners' bosoms with hope of unearned increment. They see in advance that their power to collect rent will enable them to gather in the bulk of the harvest resulting from the improvement. Imagination, moreover, pictures therefrom not only greater gains than may rationally be expected, but also other gains from still other improvements that exist only in imagination. Lest any portion of these rewards shall be forfeited by selling or letting lands at too low a rate, land owners will now demand so much for their lands as to enable them not only to garner in all the new unearned increment, *but considerably more*. In other words, they will crowd the rent line still lower, and so not only deprive the landless of all the benefits of the improvements, but leave them actually worse off than they would have been had the improvements not been made.

A new rent line now appears upon the chart to indicate the new and wholly needless exaction. This line, which may leave the economic rent line far behind — so far, in fact, as to induce a commercial panic — is the speculative rent line, indicated by 5' n. Renters who have been permitted to retain seven units after paying their rent (i. e., economic rent and unearned increment in land wealth which has been transmuted into land values) will now be required to pay, in addition to their former rents, two units more in speculative rent. They will therefore retain five units of their product, regardless of whether they work on Grade IX. or on any one of the better grades. The depth to which the speculative rent line can be pushed depends

largely upon the degree of excitement attending the "boom" and the extent to which non-land owners may be deluded in their hope of gaining by the coming improvements.

Speculative rent, then, may be defined as *that excess of wealth, less economic rent and less other unearned increment in land value, which a given outlay of labor and capital can produce from the worst land to which the greed of the land speculator compels men to resort.*

Speculative rent differs from economic rent in that the economic rent line is fixed by social need, while the speculative rent line is fixed by the landlords' greed.

The speculative rent line is necessarily a fluctuating line. When the land owners find that their boom has burst and that they have precipitated a panic, paralyzed industry, and thus diminished the amount of labor products, they will be compelled to take less in rent; both because of the diminished productiveness of industry in general, and because of the necessity of permitting the rent line to rise until industry can recover. This done, business will begin at length to "look up"; but so will the landlords. As a result the rent line will begin again to glide gently downward until, perhaps, another panic has been precipitated.*

In a growing community the speculative rent line will always lie well below the economic rent line, and so increase the tribute which producers must pay to land owners for the privilege of living and producing.

Note next the influence of industrial competition upon rents.

With the speculative rent line standing, say, at 5' n, freely-competing business men, stung by the consciousness of undeserved losses, will be goaded on to regain their lost position. That he may gain an advantage over his competitors and catch more trade, one will undersell; but soon his rivals will follow suit, and no one of them will have gained an advantage. Now the process will be repeated, to the brief, temporary gain of those who led, but soon to the cost of all; for when all have cut in equal ratio, all will stand once more upon a level, but upon a level that has

* The agency of land speculation in the production of panics is fully discussed in Chapter 1, Book V., of "Progress and Poverty." How panics may also be induced by tampering with the money of the country is a vital question, which it is not my purpose to consider here.

sunk. All are worse off than before the first cut; yet, since no one of them dares to lead in *raising* prices, the lost ground cannot well be regained.

To enable himself to endure the loss he has incurred by cutting prices, one of the employers of labor will cut wages; but his example will shortly be followed by his competitors, with the result that no one now enjoys an advantage over another from reduced wage payments; while any absolute gain that all may enjoy from this cause is soon swallowed up by another cut in prices. But note that this reduction in wages reacts upon employers; for as employees constitute a vast majority of the population, their trade is an important factor in the general market for goods, and cutting wages simply means for employers a narrowing of market and, in consequence, an increased competition for trade—a competition that leads to still further cuts in prices and wages, and consequent narrowing of market.

Since from these causes business is becoming less profitable, employers are led to discharge some of their workmen. These, in order to regain a footing in the industrial order, will offer to work for less wages than are paid to those still employed. This leads to still further reduction in wages, the initiative coming this time not from employers, but from the workmen themselves; and the all-round cut in wages means an all-round reduction in the market for goods, with intensified competition for trade and for work.* Thus, as in all cases of morbid action, effect becomes cause and tends to perpetuate itself indefinitely.

While these successive reductions in prices and wages are compassing the ruin of both freely-competing employers and workmen, who are gaining thereby? Manifestly, those who possess the means with which to buy the cheapened goods and labor; and among these "effectual demanders" the landlord is conspicuous. The proceeds of his rent roll enable him to buy more labor and more labor products; while, conversely, employers and employed, though rendering exactly the same kind, quality, and quantity of services, receive less reward. What is the meaning of this but the payment of more rent to the landlord (albeit a part of the producers' loss is the gain of other effectual demand-

* How competition, as we now know it, works havoc with both employers and employed, I have shown more fully elsewhere. Here I must confine myself to the bare outlines of the process.

ers not landlords)? Poorer lands, it is true, may not now be resorted to. Hard times discourage enterprise and curtail investments; but the rent line will have fallen, nevertheless. Say it has fallen one unit; then it will stand at 4, u, and, while Grade X. may still lie unused, the effects upon industry will be the same as though it stood at 4' u. The rent line this time has not been dragged down by the necessary resort to poorer lands; neither has it been thrust down from above by land speculators. By competition producers have pulled it down upon their own heads, and thus established the competitive rent line—a line that tends constantly to coincide with the speculative rent line.

Competitive rent, then, is the gratuity which freely-competing, non-privileged producers donate to landlords—as well as to other privileged classes—in the futile attempt to undersell and underbid each other.

This rent will probably continue to be paid until producers learn experimentally that the industrial circle cannot be squared. Labor organizations and business combinations prove that producers are coming slowly to see the point. Obviously what they save comes chiefly out of the tribute levied upon the workers by the “non-producing, much-consuming aristocracy” in general; and thus we may see how the higher wages extorted from employers by organized labor may cost employers nothing after all, despite the deductions of the Manchester school. So long as employers and workmen perform necessary social functions, they must be subsisted, though at the cost of toll collectors.

Whether or not there may be still other rents than those here discussed; how it is possible that men not land owners should grow rich—as some do; why rent, and if so what rents, should be socialized; what effect the socialization of economic rent simply, or of ground rent entire, would exert upon the solution of the industrial problem; and whether, with landed opportunities leveled by scooping off ground rent and commuting therewith all taxes, direct and indirect, the motto, “*Liberty and Laissez faire*,” is a true one, further space than I can now command would be required to show.

FREEDOM'S REVEILLE.*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THE time has passed for idle rest:
Columbia, from your slumber rise!
Replace the shield upon your breast,
And cast the veil from off your eyes,
And view your torn and stricken fold —
By prowling wolves made desolate —
Your honor sold for alien gold
By traitors in your halls of State.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;
Our sires fall fainting by the way;
The Lion robs them of their lands,
The Eagle guards them to betray:
Shall they who kill through craft and greed
Receive a brand less black than Cain's?
Shall paid "procurers" of the deed
Still revel in their Judas gains?

O daughter of that matchless Sire,
Whose valor made your name sublime,
Whose spirit, like a living fire,
Lights up the battlements of Time, —
The World's sad Heart, with pleading moan,
Breaks at your feet — as breaks the main
In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone —
And shall it plead and break in vain?

Fling off that garb of golden lace
That knaves have spun to mask your form,
And let the lightning from your face
Gleam out upon the gathering storm —
That awful face whose silent look
Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings,
And like the bolts of Sinai shook
The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be
Has touched with gold the mountain mist,

* Inscribed to Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, whose noble, unselfish, and effective work in behalf of the industrial millions, while endearing her to all true patriots, has called forth invectives of abuse from the betrayers of the people, who have learned to fear one so brave, eloquent, and sincere.

Its white fleets plow the morning sea,
 Its flag the Morning Star has kissed.
 But still the martyred ones of yore —
 By tyrants hanged, or burned, or bled —
 With hair and fingers dripping gore,
 Gaze backward from the ages dead,

And ask : “ How long, O Lord! how long
 Shall creeds conceal God’s human side,
 And Christ the God be crowned in song
 While Christ the Man is crucified?
 How long shall Mammon’s tongue of fraud
 At Freedom’s Prophets wag in sport,
 While chartered murder stalks abroad,
 Approved by Senate, Church, and Court? ”

The strife shall not forever last
 ’Twixt cunning Wrong and passive Truth —
 The blighting demon of the Past,
 Chained to the beauteous form of Youth;
 The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,
 Its day with cloudless glory burn,
 The Right with Might from slumber wake,
 And the dead Past to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;
 The Young Day looks through bars of blood;
 The air throbs with the breath of Him
 Whose Pulse was in the Red-Sea flood;
 And flanked by mountains, right and left,
 The People stand — a doubting horde —
 Before them heave the tides uncleft,
 Behind them flashes Pharaoh’s sword.

But lo! the living God controls,
 And marks the bounds of slavery’s night,
 And speaks through all the dauntless souls
 That live, or perish, for the right.
 His Face shall light the People still,
 His Hand shall cut the Sea in twain,
 And sky and wave and mountain thrill
 To Miriam’s triumphant strain.

REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

MAN is nature's last and most perfect work ; but however high his development or great his achievements, he is yet a child of the earth and the forces that have formed all the life that exists thereon. He cannot separate himself from the environment in which he grew, and a thousand ties of nature bind him back to the long-forgotten past, and prove his kinship to all the lower forms of life that have sprung from that great common mother, earth.

As there is a universal law of being which controls all forms of life, from the aimless movement of the mollusk in the sea to the most perfect conduct of the best developed man, so all the varied activities of human life, from the movements of the savage digging roots to the work of the greatest artist with his brush, are controlled by universal laws, and are good or bad, perfect or imperfect, as they conform to the highest condition nature has imposed.

The early savage dwelt in caves and cliffs, and spent his life in seeking food and providing some rude shelter from the cold. He looked at the earth, the sun, the sea, the sky, the mountain peak, the forest, and the plain, at the vegetable and animal life around, and all he saw and heard formed an impression on his brain, and aided in his growth.

Like a child he marvelled at the storm and flood ; he stood in awe as he looked upon disease and death ; and to explain the things he could not understand, he peopled earth and air and sea with gods and demons and a thousand weird creations of his brain.

All these mysterious creatures were made in the image of the natural objects that came within his view. The gods were men grown large, and endowed with marvellous powers, while tree and bird and beast were used alike as models for a being greater far than any nature ever formed.

It was an angry god that made the rivers overrun their

banks and leave destruction in their path. An offended god it was who hurled his thunderbolts upon a wicked world or sent disease and famine to the sinning children of the earth; and to coax these rulers to be merciful to man, the weak and trembling people of the ancient world turned their thoughts to sacrifice and prayer.

The first clouded thoughts of these rude men were transcribed on monument and stone, or carved in wood, or painted with the colors borrowed from the sun and earth and sky; in short, the first rude art was born to sing the praise, and tell the fame, and paint the greatness of the gods. But all of this was natural for the time and place; and the graven images, the chiselled hieroglyphics, and all this rude beginning of literature and art were formed upon what men saw and heard and felt, enlarged and magnified to fit the stature of the gods.

As the world grew older, art was used to celebrate the greatness and achievements of kings and rulers as well as gods, and their tombs were ornamented with such decorations as these early ages could create; but yet all literature and art was only for the gods and the rulers of the world. Then, even more than now, wealth and power brought intellect to do their will, and all its force was spent to sing the praises of the rulers of the earth and air.

The basis of all this art of pen and brush was the reality of the world; but this was so magnified and distorted for the base use of kings and priests, that realism in the true sense could not exist.

It would not do to paint a picture of a king resembling a man of flesh and blood, and of course a god must be far greater than a king. It would not do to write a tale in which kings and princes, lords and ladies, should act like men and women — else what difference between the ruler and the ruled? The marvellous powers which romance and myth had given to gods and angels were transferred to those of royal blood. The wonderful achievements of these knights and princes could be equalled only by the gods; and the poor dependents of the world, who lived for the glory of the great, were fed with legends and with tales that sang the praises of the great.

Literature, sculpture and painting, music and architecture, indeed, all forms of art, were the exclusive property of the

great and strong; and the artist, then, like most of those to-day, was retained to serve the great and maintain the status of the weak.

No one dreamed that there was any beauty in a common human life or any romance in a fact. The greatest of the earth had not yet learned to know that every life is a mystery and every death a tragedy; that the spark of the infinite, which alone transforms clay to life, animates alike the breast of the peasant and the soul of the prince. The world had not learned that the ant hill was as great as Mont Blanc and the blade of grass as mysterious as the oak. It is only now that the world is growing so delicate and refined that it can see the beauty of a fact; that it is developing a taste so rare as to distinguish between the false and true; that it can be moved by the gentle breeze as well as by the winter's gale; that it can see a greater beauty in a statement true to life than in the inflated tales which children read.

Most of the literature and art the world has known has been untrue. The pictures of the past have been painted from the distorted minds of visionists and the pliant brains of tools. They have represented impossible gods and unthinkable saints, angels and cherubs and demons — everything but men and women. Saints may be all right in their place, but a saint with a halo around his head was born of myth and not of art. Angels may be well enough, but all rational men prefer an angel with arms to an angel with wings. When these artists were not busy painting saints and Madonnas, they were spending their time painting kings and royal knaves, and the pictures of the rulers were as unlike the men and women whom they were said to represent as the servile spirit of the painter was unlike the true artist of to-day. Of course an artist would not paint the poor. They had no clothes that would adorn a work of art, and no money nor favors that could pay him for his toil. An ancient artist could no more afford to serve the poor than a modern lawyer to defend the weak.

After literature had so far advanced as to concern other beings than gods and kings, the authors of these ancient days endowed their characters with marvellous powers: knights with giant strength and magic swords; princes with wondrous palaces and heaps of gold; travellers who met marvellous beasts and slew them in extraordinary ways:

giants with forms like mountains and strength like oxen, and who could vanquish all but little dwarfs. Railroads were not invented in those early days, but travel was facilitated by the use of seven-league boots. Balloons and telescopes were not yet known, but this did not keep favored heroes from peering at the stars or looking down from on high upon the earth. They had but to plant a magic bean before they went to bed at night, and in the morning it had grown so tall that it reached up to the sky; and the hero, although not skilled in climbing, needed simply to grasp the stalk and say, "Hitchety, hatchety, up I go. Hitchety, hatchety, up I go," and by this means soon vanished in the clouds.

Tales of this sort used once to delight the world, and the readers half believed them true. We give them to children now, and even the least of these view them with a half contempt.

The modern man who still reads Walter Scott does not enjoy these ancient myths. He relishes a lie, but it must not be too big; it must be so small that, although he knows in his inmost soul that it is not true, he can yet half make himself believe it is not false. Most of us have cherished a pleasant waking dream, and fondly clung to the sweet delusion while we really knew it was not life. The modern literary stomach is becoming so healthy that it wants a story at least half true; should the falsehood be too strong, it acts as an emetic instead of food.

These old fairy tales have lost their power to charm, as the tales of the gods and kings went down before. They have lost their charm; for as we read them now, they awake no answering chord born of the experiences that make up what we know of human life.

When the beauty of realism shall be truly known, we shall read the book, or look upon the work of art, and, in the light of all we know of life, shall ask our beings whether the image that the author or the painter creates for us is like the one that is born of the consciousness which moves our souls, and the experiences that life has made us know.

Realism worships at the shrine of nature. It does not say that there may not be a sphere in which beings higher than man can live, or that some time an eye may not rest upon a fairer sunset than was ever born behind the clouds and sea;

but it knows that through countless ages nature has slowly fitted the brain and eye of man to the earth on which we live and the objects that we see, and the perfect earthly eye must harmonize with the perfect earthly scene. To say that realism is coarse and vulgar, is to declare against nature and her works, and to assert that the man she made may dream of things higher and grander than nature could unfold.

The eye of the great sculptor reveals to him the lines that make the most perfect human form, and he chisels out the marble block until it resembles this image so perfectly that it almost seems to live. Nature, through ages of experiment and development, has made this almost faultless form. It is perfect because every part is best fitted for the separate work it has to do. The artist knows that he could not improve a single organ if he would, for all the rest of nature must be adjusted to the change. He has the skill to reproduce this perfect shape in lasting stone, and the human brain could not conceive a form more beautiful and fair. Here is a perfect image of the highest work that countless centuries of nature's toil has made; and yet some would seek to beautify and sanctify this work by dressing it in the garb that shifting fashion and changing fancy make for men.

It was only the vulgar superstition of the past that ever suggested that the reproduction of human forms in stone was an unholy work. Through long, dark centuries religion taught that the human form was vile and bad, and that the soul of man was imprisoned in a charnel house, unfit for human sight. They wounded, bruised, and maimed their house of clay; they covered it with skins that under no circumstances could be removed, and many ancient saints lived and died without ever having looked upon the bodies nature gave to them. The images of saints and martyrs, which in the name of religion were scattered through Europe, were covered with paint and clothes, and were nearly as hideous as the monks who placed them there.

When the condition of Europe and its religious thought is clearly understood, it is not difficult to imagine the reception that greeted the first dawn of modern realistic art. Sculpture and painting deified the material. It told of beauty in the human form which thousands of years of religious fanaticism had taught was bad and vile.

If the flesh was beautiful, what of the monks and priests

who had hidden it from sight; who had kept it covered night and day through all their foolish lives; who maimed and bruised, cut and lacerated it for the glory of the spirit which they believed was chained within? The church had taught that the death of the flesh was the birth of the soul, and they therefore believed that the artist's resurrection of the flesh was the death of the soul.

This old religious prejudice, born of a misty, superstitious past, has slowly faded from the minds of men, but we find its traces even yet; the origin of the feeling against realistic art has well-nigh been forgot, but much of the feeling still remains. No one now would pretend to say that all the body was unholy or unfit for sight, and yet years of custom and inherited belief have made us think that a part is good and the rest is bad; that nature, in her work of building up the human form, has made one part sacred and another vile. It is easy to mistake custom for nature, and inherited prejudice for morality.

There is not a single portion of the human body which some people have not believed holy, and not a single portion which some have not believed vile. It was not shame that made clothing, but clothing that made shame. If we should eradicate from our beliefs all that inheritance and environment have given, it would be hard for us to guess how much would still remain. Custom has made almost all things good and nearly all things bad, according to the whim of time and place. To find solid ground we must turn to nature, and ask her what it is that conduces to the highest happiness and the longest life. The realistic artist cannot accept the popular belief, whatever that may be, as to just where the dead line on the human body should be drawn that separates the sacred and profane.

There are realists who look at all the beauty and loveliness of the world, and all its maladjustments, too, and who do not seek to answer the old, old question, whether back of this is any all-controlling and designing power. They do not answer, for they cannot know; but they strive to touch the subtle chord which makes their individual lives vibrate in harmony with the great heart of that nature which they love, and they cannot think but what all parts of life are good, and that, while men may differ, nature must know best.

Other realists there are who believe they see in nature the

work of a divine Maker, who created man in His own image as the last and highest triumph of His skill; that not the minutest portion of the universe exists except because He wished it thus. To the realist who accepts this all-controlling power, any imputation against a portion of his Master's work must reach back to the author who designed it all.

We need not say that the human body might not be better than it is. We only need to know that it is the best that man can have, and that its wondrous mechanism has been constructed with infinitely more than human skill; that every portion is adapted for its work, and through the harmony of every part the highest good is reached, and that all is beautiful, for it makes the perfect being best adapted to the earth. Those who denounce realistic art deny that knowledge is power, and that wisdom only can make harmony; but they insist, instead, that there are some things vital to life and happiness that we should not know, or that, if we must know these things, we at all events should pretend that we did not.

One day the world will learn to know that all things are good or bad according to the service they perform. A great brain which is used by its owner for his selfish ends, regardless of all the purposes that are sacrificed to attain the goal, is as base and bad as the mind can well conceive; while a great brain dedicated to the right and just, and freely given to the service of the world, is high and grand. One day it ought to learn that the power to create immortality, through infinite succeeding links of human life, is the finest and most terrible that nature ever gave to man; and to ignore this power or call it bad, to fail to realize the great responsibility of this tremendous fact, is to cry out against the power that gave us life, and commit the greatest human sin, for it may be one that never dies.

The true artist does not find all beauty in the human face or form. These are a part of a mighty whole. He looks upon the sunset, painting all the clouds with rosy hue, and his highest wish is to create another scene like this. He never dreams that he could paint a sunset fairer than the one that lights the fading world. A fairer sunset would be something else. He sees beauty in the quiet lake, the grassy field, and running brooks. He sees majesty in the cataract and mountain peak. He knows that he can paint no streams

and mountain peaks more perfect than the ones that nature made.

The growth of letters has been like that of art, from the marvellous and mythical to the natural and true. The tales and legends of the ancient past were not of common men and common scenes. These could not impress the undeveloped intellects of long ago. A man of letters could not deify a serf or tell the simple story of the poor. He must write to maintain the status of the world, and please the prince who gave him food. So he told of kings and queens, of knights and ladies, of strife and conquest, and the coloring he used was human blood.

The world has grown accustomed to those ancient tales — to scenes of blood and war, and novels that would thrill the soul and cause the hair to stand on end. It has read them so long that the true seems commonplace and not fit to fill the pages of a book. But all the time we forget the fact that the story could not charm unless we half believed it true. The men and women in the tale we learn to love and hate; we take an interest in their lives; we hope they may succeed or fail; we must not be told at every page that the people of the book are men of straw, that no such beings ever lived upon the earth. We could take no interest in men and women who were myths conjured up to play their parts, reminding us in every word they spoke that, regardless of the happiness or anguish the author made them feel, they were but puppets, and could know neither joy nor pain. It may be that the realistic story is commonplace, but so is life, and the realistic tale is true. Among the countless millions of the earth it is only here and there, and now and then, that some soul is born from out the mighty depths that does not so return to the great sea, and leave no ripple on the waves.

In the play or life each actor seems important to himself; the world he knows revolves around him as the central figure of the scene; his friends rejoice in all the fortune he attains, and weep with him in all his griefs. To him the world is bounded by the faces that he knows and the scenes in which he lives; he forgets the great surging world outside, and cannot think how small a space he fills in that infinity which bounds his life. He dies; a few sorrowing friends mourn him for a day, and the world does not

know he ever lived or ever died. In the ordinary life almost all events are commonplace, but a few important days are thinly sprinkled in among all of those that intervene between the cradle and the grave. We eat and drink, we work and sleep, and here and there a great joy or sorrow creeps in upon our lives, and leaves a day that stands out in the monotony of all the rest, like the pyramids upon the level plains. But these are very, very few, and are important only to ourselves; and for the rest, we walk with steady pace along the short and narrow path of life, and rely upon the common things alone to occupy our minds and hide from view the marble stone that here and there we cannot fail to see, as it gleams upon us through the overhanging trees just where the road leaves off.

The highest mountain range, when compared with all the earth, is no larger than a hair upon an ordinary globe; and the greatest life bears about the same resemblance to the humanity of which it is a part.

The old novel, which we used to read and to which the world so fondly clings, had no idea of relation or perspective. It had a hero and a heroine, and sometimes more than one. The revolutions of the planets were less important than their love. War, shipwreck, and conflagration all conspired to produce the climax of the scene, and the whole world stood still until their hearts and hands were joined. Wide oceans, burning deserts, Arctic seas, impassable jungles, irate fathers, and even designing mothers were helpless against the decree that fate had made; and when all the barriers were passed, and love had triumphed over impossibilities, the tale was done. Through the rest of life nothing of interest could transpire. Sometimes in the progress of the story, if the complications were too great, a thunderbolt or an earthquake was introduced to destroy the villain and help out the match. Earthquakes sometimes happen, and the realistic novelists might write a tale of a scene like this; but then the love affair would be an incident of the earthquake, and not the earthquake an incident of the love affair.

In real life the affections have played an important part, and sometimes great things have been done in the name of love; but most of the affairs of the human heart have been as natural as the other events of life.

The true love story is generally a simple thing. On a

sloping hill, beside a country road, lives a farmer, in the house his father owned before. He has a daughter, who skims the milk, and makes the beds, and goes to singing school at night. There are other members of the household, but our tale is no concern of theirs. In the meadow, back of the house, a woodchuck has dug his hole, and reared a family in its humble home. Across the valley, only a mile away, another farmer lives. He has a son who ploughs the fields, and does the chores, and goes to singing school at night. He cannot sing, but he attends the school as regularly as if he could. Of course he does not let the girl go home alone! and in the spring, when singing school is out, he visits her on Sunday evening without excuse. If the girl had not lived so near, the farmer's son would have fancied another girl about the same age who also went to singing school. Back of the second farmer's house is another woodchuck hole and woodchuck home. After a year or two of courtship, the boy and girl are married, as their parents were before, and they choose a pretty spot beside the road, and build another house between the two, and settle down to common life — and so the world moves on. And a woodchuck on one farm makes the acquaintance of a woodchuck on the other, and they choose a quiet place beside a stump, in no one's way, where they think they have a right to be, and dig another hole and make another home. For after all, men and animals are much alike, and nature loves them both and loves them all, and sends them forth to drive the loneliness from off the earth, and then takes them back into her loving breast to sleep.

It may be that there are few great incidents in the realistic tale; but each event appeals to life, and cannot fail to wake our memories and make us live the past again. The great authors of the natural school, Tolstoi, Daudet, Howells, Ibsen, Keilland, Flaubert, Zola, Hardy, and the rest, have made us think and live. Their words have burnished up our thoughts and revealed a thousand pictures that hung upon the walls of memory, covered with the dust of years and hidden from our sight. Sometimes, of course, we cry with pain at the picture that is thrown before our view; but life consists of emotions, and we cannot truly live unless the depths are stirred.

These great masters, it is true, may sometimes shock the

over-sensitive with the stories they tell of life; but if the tale is true, why hide it from our sight? Nothing is more common than the protest against the wicked books of the realistic school, filled with delineations of passion and of sin; but he who denies passion ignores all the life that exists upon the earth, and cries out against the mother that gave him birth; and he who ignores this truth passes with contempt the greatest fact that nature has impressed upon the world.

Those who condemn as sensual the tales of Tolstoi and Daudet still defend the love stories of which our literature is full — those weak and silly tales that make women fit only to be the playthings of the world, and deny to them a single thought or right except to serve their master, man. These objectors do not contend that stories dealing with the feelings and affections shall not be told — they approve these, but they simply insist that they shall be false, instead of true.

The old novel filled the mind of the school girl with a thousand thoughts that had no place in life — with ten thousand pictures she could never see. It taught that some time she would meet a prince in disguise, to whom she should freely give her hand and heart. So she went out upon the road to find this prince; and the more disguised he was, the more certain did she feel that he was the prince for whom she sought.

The realist paints the passions and affections as they are. Both man and woman can see their beauty and their terror, their true position and the relation that they bear to all of life. He would not beguile the girl into the belief that her identity should be destroyed and merged for the sake of this feeling, which not once in ten thousand times could realize the promises that the novel made, but would leave her as an individual to make the most she could and all she could of life, with all the chance for hope and conquest which men have taken for themselves. Neither would the realist cry out blindly against these deep passions that have moved men and women in the past, and which must continue fierce and strong so long as life exists. He is taught by the scientist that the fiercest heat may be transformed to light, and is shown by life that from the strongest passions are sometimes born the sweetest and the purest human souls.

In these days of creeds and theories, of preachers in the

pulpit and out, we are told that all novels should have a moral and be written to serve some end. So we have novels on religion, war, marriage, divorce, socialism, theosophy, woman's rights, and other topics without end. It is not enough that the preachers and lecturers shall tell us how to think and act; the novelist must try his hand at preaching, too. He starts out with a theory, and every scene and incident must be bent to make it plain that the author believes certain things. The doings of the men and women in the book are secondary to the views the author holds. The theories may be very true, but the poor characters who must adjust their lives to these ideal states are sadly warped and twisted out of shape.

The realist would teach a lesson, too, but he would not violate a single fact for all the theories in the world, for a theory could not be true if it did violence to life. He paints his picture so true and perfect that all men who look upon it know that it is a likeness of the world that they have seen; they know that these are men and women and little children whom they meet upon the streets, and they see the conditions of their lives, and the moral of the picture sinks deeply into their minds.

There are so-called scientists who make a theory, and then gather facts to prove their theory true; the real scientist patiently and carefully gathers facts, and then forms a theory to explain and harmonize these facts.

All life bears a moral, and the true artist must teach a lesson with his every fact. Some contend that the moral teacher must not tell the truth; the realist holds that there can be no moral teaching like the truth.

The world has grown tired of preachers and sermons; to-day it asks for facts. It has grown tired of fairies and angels, and asks for flesh and blood. It looks on life as it exists to-day — both its beauty and its horror, its joy and its sorrow. It wishes to see all; not only the prince and the millionaire, but the laborer and the beggar, the master and the slave. We see the beautiful and the ugly, and know what the world is and what it ought to be, and the true picture which the author saw and painted stirs the heart to holier feelings and to grander thoughts.

It is from the realities of life that the highest idealities are born. The philosopher may reason with unerring logic

and show us where the world is wrong; the economist may tell us of the progress and poverty that go hand in hand. But these are theories, and the abstract cannot suffer pain.

Dickens went out into the streets of the great city, and found poor little Jo sweeping the crossing with his broom. All around were the luxury and elegance which the rich have appropriated to themselves, — great mansions, fine carriages, beautiful dresses, — but in all the great city of houses and homes poor little Jo could find no place to lay his head. His home was in the street; and every time he halted for a moment in the throng, the policeman touched him with his club and bade him to “move on.” At last, ragged, wretched, nearly dead with “moving on,” he sank down upon the cold stone steps of a magnificent building erected for “The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.” As we think of wretched, ragged Jo in the midst of all this luxury and wealth, we see the tens of thousands of other waifs in the great cities of the world, and we condemn the so-called civilization of the earth that builds the mansions of the rich and great upon the rags and miseries of the poor.

The true realist cannot worship at the shrine of power nor prostitute his gifts for gold. With an artist's eye he sees the world exactly as it is, and he tells the story faithfully to life. He feels for every heart that beats, else he could not paint them as he does. It takes the soul to warm a statue into life and make living flesh and coursing blood, and each true picture that he paints or draws makes the world a better place in which to live.

Read Daudet and Flaubert and Maupassant, and you can see living images that think and move and feel. It needs no analysis of character to tell us what they think. You see them move, and you know the motives that inspired the act. You can hear the murmuring of the waterfall, no louder than it ought to be; and as you look upon the foliage of the trees, you fancy that the leaves are almost stirred by a gentle southern breeze.

You can see and feel the social life, and the gulf that separates the rich and poor. If you would know the differences that divide French country life, look but a moment at the party which Flaubert paints, and you can see the gay faces and rich costumes of the dancers in the hall, and the

stolid countenances and uncouth garbs of the peasants who look through the windows, from their world outside, at this fairy scene within.

The artists of the realistic school have a sense so fine that they cannot help catching the inspiration that is filling all the world's best minds with the hope of greater justice and more equal social life. With the vision of the seer they feel the coming dawn, when true equality shall reign upon the earth — the time when democracy shall no more be confined to constitutions and to laws, but will be a part of human life.

The greatest artists of the world to-day are telling facts and painting scenes that cause humanity to stop and think, and ask why one shall be a master and another a serf — why a portion of the world should toil and spin, should wear away their strength and lives, that the rest may live in idleness and ease.

The old-time artists thought they served humanity by painting saints and Madonnas and angels from the myths they conjured in their brains. They painted war with long lines of soldiers dressed in new uniforms, and looking plump and gay, and a battle scene was always drawn from the side of the victorious camp, with the ensign proudly planting his bright colors on the rampart of the foe. One or two were dying, but always in their comrades' arms and listening to shouts of victory that filled the air, and thinking of the righteous cause for which they fought and died. In the last moments they dreamed of pleasant burial-yards at home, and of a grave kept green by loving, grateful friends, and a smile of joy lit up their fading faces, so sweet that it seemed a hardship not to die in war. They painted peace as a white-winged dove settling down upon a cold and "farewell" earth. Between the two it was plain which choice a boy would make, and thus art served the state and king.

But Verestchagin painted war so true to life that as we look upon the scene we long for peace. He painted war as war has ever been and will ever be — a horrible and ghastly scene, where men, drunk with blind frenzy, — which rulers say is patriotic pride, — and made mad by drums and fifes and smoke and shot and shell and flowing blood, seek to maim and wound and kill, because a ruler gives the word. He paints a battle-field a field of life and death, a field of

carnage and of blood. And who are these who fight like fiends and devils driven to despair? And what cause is this that makes these men forget that they are men, and vie with beasts to show their cruel thirst for blood? They shout of home and native land; but they have no homes, and the owners of their native land exist upon their toil and blood. The nobles and princes, for whom this fight is waged, are sitting far away upon a hill, beyond the reach of shot and shell; and from this spot they watch their slaves pour out their blood to satisfy their rulers' pride and lust of power. And what is the enemy they fight? Men, like themselves, who blindly go to death at another king's command; slaves who have no land, who freely give their toil or blood — whichever one their rulers may demand. These fighting soldiers have no cause for strife, but their rulers live by kindling in their hearts a love of native land — a love which makes them hate their brother laborers of other lands, and dumbly march to death, to satisfy a king's caprice.

But let us look once more, after the battle has been fought. Here we see the wreck and ruin of the strife. The field is silent now, given to the dead, the beast of prey, and night. A young soldier lies upon the ground. The snow is falling fast around his form. The lonely mountain peaks rise up on every side. The wreck of war is all about. His uniform is soiled and stained. A spot of red is seen upon his breast. It is not the color that his country wove upon his coat to catch his eye and bait him to his death; it is hard and jagged and cold; it is his life's blood that leaked out through a hole that followed the point of a sabre to his heart. His form is stiff and cold, for he is dead. The cruel wound and the icy air have done their work. The government which took his life taught this poor boy to love his native land. As a child he dreamed of scenes of glory and of power, and the great, wide world just waiting to fall captive to his magic strength. He dreamed of war and strife, and of victory and fame. If he should die, kind hands would smooth his brow, and loving friends would keep his grave and memory green, because he died in war. But no human eye was there at last, as the mist of night and the mist of death shut out the lonely mountains from his sight. The snow is all around, and the air above is gray with falling flakes. These would soon hide him from the

world; and when the summer time should come again, no one could tell his bleaching bones from all the rest. The only life upon the scene is the buzzard, slowly circling in the air above his head, waiting to make sure that death has come. The bird looks down upon the boy, upon the eyes which first looked out upon the great, wide world, and which his mother fondly kissed. Upon these eyes the buzzard will begin his meal.

Not all the world is beautiful, and not all of life is good. The true artist has no right to choose only the lovely spots, and make us think that this is life. He must bring the world before our eyes, and make us read and think. As he loves the true and noble, he must show the false and bad. As he yearns for true equality, he must paint the master and the slave. He must tell the truth; must tell it all; must tell it o'er and o'er again, till the deafest ear will listen and the dumbest mind will think. He must not swerve to please the world by painting only pleasant sights and telling only lovely tales. He must paint and write and work and think until the world shall learn so much, and grow so good, that the true will be all beautiful, and all the real be ideal.

TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THOU hast peered at all creeds of the past, and each one hath
seemed futile and poor
As a firefly that fades on a marsh, as a wind that makes moan on
a moor ;
For thy soul in its large love to man, in its heed of his welfare
and cheer,
Bids him hurl to the dust whence they sprang all idolatries fash-
ioned by fear.

Not the eagle can gaze at the sun with more dauntless and chal-
lenging eyes
Than thou at the radiance of truth when it rifts the dark durance
of lies.
From thy birth wert thou tyranny's foe, and its deeds were dis-
dain in thy sight ;
Thou art leagued with the dawn as the lark is — like him dost
thou leap to the light !

Having marked how the world's giant woes for the worst part
aré bigotry's brood,
Thou hast hated, yet never with malice, and scorned but in service
of good.
Thy compassionate vision saw keen how similitude always hath
dwelt
Between fumes poured from altars to God and from flames hag-
gard martyrs have felt.

What more splendid a pity than thine for the anguish thy race
hath endured
Through allegiance to spectres and wraiths from the cohorts of
fancy conjured ?
At the bold pomps of temple and church is it wonder thy wisdom
hath mourned,
Since the architect, Ignorance, reared them, and Fright, the pale
sculptor, adorned ?

But sterner thy loathing and grief that the priesthoods have
shamed not to tell
Of an infinite vengeance enthroned in the heart of an infinite
hell;
That they shrank not to mould from void air an Omnipotence
worship should heed,
And yet clothed it with ruffian contempt for the world's multitu-
dinous need!

Thy religion is loftier than theirs; nay, with vehement lips hast
thou said
Its foundations are rooted in help to the living and hope for the
dead.
All eternity's richest rewards to a spirit like thine would prove
vain,
Were it sure of but one fellow-mortal that writhed in unperishing
pain.

Like a mariner drifted by night where tempestuous wracks over-
shade
Every merciful star that perchance might with silvery pilotage
aid,
Resolution and vigilance each close-akin as thy heart-beat or
breath,
Dost thou search in thy courage and calm the immense chartless
ocean of death.

There are phantoms of ships that lurch up, and thou seest them
and art not allured
By their masts made of glimmering dream, by their bulwarks
from cloudland unmoored;
For the helmsmen that steer them are mist, and the sails they are
winged with, each one,
By the feverish hands of fanatics on looms of delusion are spun.

At the vague stems are visages poised that in variant glimpses
appear . . .
Here the swart and imperial Osiris, the crescent-crowned
Mahomet here;
Or again, mystic Brahma, with eyes full of omens, monitions, and
vows;
Or again, meek and beauteous, the Christ, with the blood-crusted
thorns on his brows.

But thou sayest in thy surety to all: "Empty seemings, pass onward and fade!". . .

Not by emblems and symbols of myth wert thou born to be tricked and betrayed;

For aloof o'er the desolate blank thou discernest, now dubious, now plain,

The expanse of one sheltering shoreland, worth ardors untold to obtain.

Full of promise, expectancy, peace, in secure sequestration it lies, Undismayed by a menace of storm from its arch of inscrutable skies. . .

Canst thou reach it, strong sea-farer? . . . Yes! for the waves are thy bondsmen devout.

Look! they wash thee safe-limbed on its coast, clinging firm to thy tough spar of doubt!

Roam at large in its glorious domain; from its reaches night half has withdrawn;

Over inlet, bay, meadow, and creek broods the delicate damask of dawn;

Roam at large; 'tis a realm thou shouldst love; 'tis the kingdom where Science reigns king;

In its lapses of grove and of greensward sleeps many a crystalline spring.

To the eastward are mountains remote, with acclivities towering sublime:

The repose of their keen virgin peaks mortal foot hath not ventured to climb;

In their bastions and caverns occult, in their bleak lairs of glacier and stream,

There are treasures more copious and costly than fable hath yet dared to dream.

Thou shalt see not their splendors, for fate may retard through long ages the hour

That in bounteous bestowal at last shall mankind inconceivably dower.

Yet thy prophecies err not, O sage; thou divinest what wealth shall outpour

When exultant those proud heights of knowledge posterity sweeps to explore.

Not for thee, not for us, those dear days ! In oblivion our lots will
be cast

When the future hath built firm and fair on the bulk of a petrified
past.

Yet its edifice hardier shall bide for the boons fraught with help
that we give —

For the wrongs that we cope with and slay, for the lies that we
crush and outlive !

And if record of genius like thine, or of eloquence fiery and
deep,

Shall remain to the centuries regnant from centuries lulled into
sleep,

Then thy memory as music shall float amid actions and aims yet
to be,

And thine influence cling to life's good as the sea-vapors cling to
the sea !

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM AND BUSINESS SITUATION, DISCUSSED FROM A PRACTICAL STANDPOINT.

BY GEORGE C. KELLEY.

It is plain to all thinking men that the time has arrived when the financial problem must be solved as to the future of our great republic, and the needed relief given the masses. By whom is this problem to be solved? And how is the relief to be secured? We all agree, gold as well as silver advocates, that to make gold only our money standard, is to benefit the few and oppress the many. What, then, are we to have? Silver and gold, both, on a parity as our standard money? Would it do to reverse the position of the two metals, as they stand before our country to-day, legally legislate silver into the position gold now occupies, and place gold where silver now stands? What would be the result? Would Wall Street then, as it does now, control the finances of our country? Should we have, for a long, long time to come, any more labor troubles? Would there be an increase in the number of poor laboring women, now making shirts at three cents each?

This matter of poverty among our laboring people, under the present condition of affairs, is a serious question. An ounce of prevention, they say, is worth a pound of cure, but as we did not use the preventive, we must now swallow the cure. That unwise and restrictive legislation has had much to do with the present crisis, no one doubts, and safe and speedy legislation on financial and commercial matters would do much toward restoring confidence, and confidence above all things increases and facilitates trade. As recently expressed by one of our most prominent Southern bankers :—

The great vice of our financial legislation is that its whole tendency and effect is to make Wall Street the remorseless centre that

absorbs all the money of the country, and employs it there in speculation, or to dictate the price of our products, rather than to sustain and develop legitimate industries.

Any system of finance that prevents men with absolute security from getting loans at reasonable rates, is unworthy of a free country.

There is an abundance of gold and silver for interstate commerce and national purposes; but neither here, nor in any other civilized country, is there a sufficiency of the precious metal, unaided by paper currency, to answer the legitimate purpose of the people; and there is not a nation on earth that could be confined to gold as a currency without witnessing the destruction of its trade and industries, and bringing permanent disaster upon itself.

Since 1889, the United States has sent abroad \$430,000,-000 more of gold and merchandise than we have imported. Allowing \$230,000,000, or more than half of this, as possibly accounted for in other ways, it is well within the facts to state that the loss represents the withdrawal of quite \$200,-000,000 of capital from American investments. This sum would have built about eight hundred miles of railroad, or two hundred magnificent steamships, giving employment to many men. Not only has our legislation been detrimental to our landed interest, and retarded the development of our country, but it has spread over the seas and very nearly destroyed our shipping interest. Vast sums of money are sent out of the country annually to pay for ocean freight, the payments for which to-day constitute the great bulk of our exports of gold. The whole world gazes upon our country in wonder and amazement, that she has been able to stand the terrible drain upon her financial resources so long. In three short years this grand result has been obtained; stop and think for a moment how much we are constantly losing now, and every day we neglect to stop the drain. No more time should be lost. We have exported more than \$70,000,-000 since Jan. 1, 1893.

The repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890 is not going to relieve the situation; additional heroic treatment is needed, and not to be administered in homœopathic doses. If the physicians we have called are not capable of diagnosing the case and applying the proper remedies, I hope they will frankly and honestly acknowledge it, so that we can call

such as are equal to the emergency and capable of grasping the situation.

In the month of January following Cleveland's election, I addressed a letter to Honorable J. H. Bankhead, member of Congress, and among other things said:—

Our country is on the verge of a financial panic, and I do hope the present Congress will grasp the situation and give the needed relief; if this is not done, there will in the future be no salvation for the Democratic party. The people in the recent election have taught the politicians that they propose and intend to manage the affairs of this country, and they certainly mean what they imply.

Through the demonetization of silver, and the restriction of primary money to gold alone, the money standard has increased in value, and with it all debts and taxes, at least fifty per cent, and the prices of land and products of labor have decreased correspondingly. This process, if allowed to go on, would give control of the wealth of the world to the bond-holders; therefore we should resist, by all legitimate means, the single gold standard.

Honorable David B. Hill, in the Senate, February 6, said:—

Such gold and silver money indeed, in stable parity, the only money named by name in that constitution which is our supreme law, or sanctioned by its great authority, and by our continuous use and practice for eighty years thereunder, now, more than ever, is the only money basis, at once stable, safe, and sufficient.

Already more than two thirds of the gold in the world, outside of Asian hoards, is gathered into half a dozen great treasuries, and is under the control of a few hundred men. Most of the other third is held by banks. Probably not \$500,000,000 is in active circulation in the world.

There were \$218,000,000 of gold in the treasury of the United States four years ago. Since then our gold basis has dwindled \$100,000,000 under the operation of the Sherman Law. Since its passage \$125,000,000 has been added to our debt-made money demanding to be kept in parity with the gold unit of value, and nearly \$50,000,000 a year is the measure of the increase of that difficulty by the operation of the same law, with no increase of our gold resources.

With these facts staring us fully in the face, to talk of gold as honest money is hypocritical cant, indulged in by those who would steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil

in, or by imitators, who repeat what they hear. If money that is falling in value is dishonest, money that is rising in value is felonious. The effect on production and trade of money that is growing dearer from scarcity is a thousand times more baleful than that of money undergoing depreciation from overplentifulness. No people should submit to have their standard of weight or measure increased against them, and to impose upon a people such a money standard is to subject them to merciless robbery. What could be better devised to impoverish and enslave a people than the creation of vast debts by one money standard, and then increasing the debt by increasing the standard? That this could be done in a government where the people themselves hold the power, is almost incredible. Philosophy, science, ethics, economics, all condemn, as unwise and unjust, any money system that puts it in the power of one class thus to spoliates another.

The only defense of such a system attempted, is found in such cant phrases as "seventy-cent dollar," "Put a dollar's worth of silver in a dollar," and the like. Who that knows anything of the laws of money, does not know that gold is valuable because it is made money, and is not made money because it is in itself valuable?—in other words, its chief value is derived from its monetary use. The same was true of silver before its demonetization. Monetize silver; endow it with the money function the same as gold, and its old value will return to it. It is because the money element has been taken from silver, that it has fallen below gold. It is impossible that either metal should have the same value as commodity only, that it has, or would have, as money also. The parity of the two metals, therefore, can be preserved only by opening the mints alike to both; that is, by treating both alike.

There is no permanent remedy for the depression of trade and the continued fall of prices, and no final settlement of the money question, except the complete monetization of both metals. With the single gold standard, stability of money or of prices is impossible. Automatic regulation of money, which constitutes the chief advantage of metallic over paper money, is impossible with gold alone. Gold cannot be produced in sufficient quantity to keep up stable relation to commodities and debts. It cannot be found; it does not exist on the earth. Professor Suess, a high authority, says

that already more than the annual production of gold is consumed in the arts, in dentistry, and for ornaments.

Nor need we fear an over supply of silver; for whenever the supply increases to a degree that would tend to cheapen it, as compared with commodities generally, then the production of the precious metal will be checked the same as the production of anything else. In this natural regulation lies the great advantage of metallic money. And let the advocates of the single gold standard take warning, that unless silver is remonetized, gold also will be demonetized and fiat money will be resorted to, for the people will have money from some source. When was the world burdened with too much gold and silver money? Often enough it has suffered from the want of money; often enough it has suffered from miserable makeshifts to take the place of money, which, when most needed, usually vanished from sight and use. Even now, while the banks and the money lenders are clamoring against silver, they create billions of credit devices, to take the place of money. This structure of credit, made of nothing, and which a breath may sweep away, amounts to more than four billions of dollars. This vast structure has heretofore rested upon both gold and silver as money of final redemption; take away the silver and leave gold as the only money of redemption, for not only this mass of credit currency, but of silver as well, and what stability will there be left to our money system?

The business interests concerned in the production of the \$15,000,000,000 of annual products, in which 25,000,000 laborers and billions of capital are unitedly employed in agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and transportation—should have the first concern of government. These are the interests that require that money should be stable and abundant; these are the interests that wither and decline under a shrinking value of money in falling prices.

So much has been said and written recently as to the relative position of our country with India, and the relation silver bears to wheat and cotton, that we have the highest authority, including that of two royal commissions, for the statement that the Indian rupee will to-day buy in India as much land or labor, or as much of any product, as it would twenty years ago, or at any other period in recent times.

Silver is coined into rupees in India, on the ratio of 15

to 1. An ounce of silver will make a little over two and one half rupees, which will buy a bushel of wheat in India and lay it down in Liverpool. At our ratio of 16 to 1, an ounce of silver is worth in gold \$1.2929; with silver at par with gold, a pound sterling will buy silver enough to make almost ten rupees, which will land in Liverpool four bushels of wheat. With silver at eighty-five cents an ounce, a pound sterling will buy nearly six ounces of silver or enough to make fifteen rupees; and will deliver in Liverpool six bushels of wheat, or a bushel for an ounce of silver.

Therefore, when silver is eighty-five cents an ounce, the wheat grower in the United States must deliver wheat in Liverpool for eighty-five cents per bushel. On the other hand, if silver was at par, or \$1.29 an ounce, the wheat grower in the United States would get \$1.29 per bushel for wheat delivered in Liverpool. Assuming the cost of sending a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool to be fifteen cents, and silver to be worth eighty-five cents an ounce, then wheat in Chicago would be worth seventy cents. But if silver were at par, as it would be under free coinage, an ounce of silver would be worth \$1.29, and a bushel of wheat in Chicago would be worth \$1.29, less the cost of sending it to Liverpool. It will be seen that while the Indian farmer gets the same price, in rupees, for his wheat now, that he got twenty years ago, the American farmer gets not quite two thirds as much. In 1873, India exported only 730,485 bushels of wheat; in 1892 India exported 59,000,000 bushels. Any one can figure the loss to the American farmer. It amounts to from \$160,000,000 to \$220,000,000 on the wheat crop of a single year.

The effect on cotton and cotton manufactures is the same as on wheat. An Indian rupee will buy about four pounds of cotton, and pay transportation to Liverpool. As an ounce of silver makes two and a half rupees, it will buy ten pounds of cotton and lay it down in Liverpool. With silver at \$1.29 an ounce, a pound sterling will pay for forty pounds of cotton delivered in Liverpool, which would be about twelve and a half cents a pound for the American planter. At eighty-five cents an ounce for silver, a pound sterling will buy nearly six ounces of silver, which, converted into rupees, will pay for sixty pounds of cotton delivered in Liverpool, or about eight cents a pound there, or six and a half in

Memphis. The exports of cotton from India have increased from \$39,000,000 in 1879 to \$82,665,000 in 1891, while the exports of cotton goods in the same period have increased from \$4,658,500 to \$33,135,725, and other manufactures of cotton from \$8,220,625 to \$14,348,840 in 1891, and are increasing every year.

The above facts confirm the prediction made in 1886 by Sir Robert M. Fowler, M. P., a London banker and ex-lord mayor, "that the effect of the depreciation of silver *must finally be the ruin of the wheat and cotton industries of America*, and be the development of India as the chief wheat and cotton exporter of the world." It is evident that if our excess of wheat and cotton went abroad at the prices they would bring with silver at \$1.29 an ounce, the same quantity would bring us forty per cent more, and pay forty per cent more debt, and there would be so much the less of trade balance to pay in gold.

As gold increases in value, and silver falls, so, relatively to gold, everything else falls; but from the peculiar relation of silver to the trade of India, wheat and cotton, as shown, follow silver more closely than anything else. As Senator Hill very wisely says:—

Every commodity state whose export product competes in Europe with products from India, such as wheat and cotton, has a direct pecuniary interest in the stable parity of gold and silver incomputably greater than the pecuniary interest of any money metal states.

As to the rise of gold and the fall of prices during 1892, the London *Economist* of that year showed that the fall in the general range of prices, embracing twenty-six leading articles of consumption, had been at the rate of three ninety-fifths per cent per annum. The greatest fall has been in food products—wheat from \$1.12 to seventy-eight cents per bushel, barley from ninety-three to seventy-six cents, oats from sixty-five to fifty cents, rice from eight and a quarter to six and a half, and so on through nearly the whole list, showing an average fall in these products of from ten to twenty-eight per cent.

This means, of course, an increase of over six per cent in the value of the gold unit or in the money standard. For no one will contend that this general fall in prices is due to any material improvement in the economy of production.

The change is not in the commodities, but in the measure, and is brought about by the scramble for gold and its growing scarcity since the demonetization of silver. The fall of prices, therefore, as shown, is simply an increase in the money measure, and this increase carries with it all taxes and debts.

Startling as it may be, it is nevertheless a fact that all standing debts have been increased six per cent during the year 1892 by this stealthy increase in the money standard. The remedy is the restoration of the bimetallic standard, through free, bimetallic coinage as it existed before the act of 1873.

Four years ago the Republicans came back into power, and for the first time in the history of the country adopted the extreme protective policy in excluding trade in competing products, in order to preserve the home market exclusively for home producers. They assured the country that this policy would stop the fall of prices, and bring about general prosperity. It has not done so; it has not prevented the continued fall of prices, nor relieved the mass of the people from the evils of increasing debt and taxes, caused by the continued increase in the money standard. On the contrary it has engendered monopoly and led to combinations to gain for a few, advantage over the many.

The continued fall of prices is due to the increase in the value of gold. In other words, the change is in the measure and not in the commodities. There is no remedy but to stop the increase in the value of the money unit, and until this is done, the stealthy appropriation of the earnings of the people by the insidious device of an increasing money standard will go on. Such a money standard is no more defensible or tolerable than would be an increasing unit of length, weight, or volume. To put out more credit currency redeemable in gold, as some propose, will not remedy, but, on the other hand, will aggravate the evil. Nothing will cure this disorder but more gold, or make silver again do the work of gold, as before 1873. More gold we cannot have; it cannot be produced, it does not exist, but, on the other hand, is continually becoming scarcer. What the world requires is more standard money to redeem with, and not more promises to be redeemed in gold.

True it is, "that a dollar will now purchase more than

ever before," but it will not pay more debts than ever before. Farmers know that the rich man's dollar will buy twice as much wheat, beef, pork, and also twice as much of their farms, as before the demonetization of silver, and they also know that it will take twice as much wheat, beef, pork, and land, to get that same dollar to pay on their debts, whether it be a personal mortgage, or the local, county, state, and national bonds, which are a mortgage on us all. Lincoln said:—

If the government makes a debt, with a certain amount of money in circulation, and then contracts her money volume before the debt is paid, it is the most heinous crime a government could commit against a people.

We must have money for the million as well as for the millionaire. The United States furnishes about half the silver bullion, which is used by four fifths of the people of the world as money to-day. What fixes the price of silver bullion? Demonetizing it gives it one price. Free coinage gives it another. At the time our Congress demonetized silver, England was paying us \$1.29 an ounce for our silver bullion. Do not forget that England had free coinage of silver in India for 240,000,000 people, and after the demonetization of silver by the United States, England could buy our silver bullion cheaper, and an ounce of silver bullion will land a bushel of Indian wheat in Liverpool. With free coinage, and silver \$1.29 an ounce, Indian wheat was \$1.29 per bushel in Liverpool, which fixed the price of wheat in this country. Under free coinage, England used only 1,000,000 bushels of Indian wheat in a year; since demonetization, she used last year 51,000,000 bushels. This same argument applies to cotton and its prices, and England has increased her imports of Indian cotton in the same proportion that she has her Indian wheat. By demonetizing silver we have helped England lower the price of food for her workmen, and of the raw materials for her factories, and assisted her in destroying our own market.

Our forefathers never asked for a "conference with the monarchies" or the money lenders of Europe as to founding a republic, or making a constitution. Why should we ask these nations to regulate our finances now? Senator David B. Hill, in his speech in the Senate on February 6, very pointedly said:—

My own personal conviction is clear, that with adequate preparation, revised laws, and competent and friendly administration, independent, free, bimetallic coinage would be within the power of the United States to establish and maintain.

Both political parties demand: The maintenance of the parity of the two metals—and that, too, by “legislation”? The coinage of both gold and silver, without discriminating against either metal.

I cannot see any reason why this great country of ours should surrender to Great Britain the commercial supremacy of the world. It is a known fact that the United States and Mexico produce three fourths of the silver of the world. The United States alone produces annually sixty per cent of the world's output, and only thirty per cent of the annual supply of gold. Great Britain controls the countries producing the gold of the world, therefore it is to the interest of England to establish a single gold standard, and work for the demonetization of silver. England demonetized silver because she could not keep it in circulation, as it commanded a premium in China, India, and Japan; and from that day up to the present time England has been a speculator in silver, and has taken advantage of every opportunity to depreciate it in the market where she buys, so as to give her a larger margin where she sells. If it is to the interest of England to uphold the gold standard, why not for the United States to uphold the silver standard? The debtor classes of the United States to-day, and all who are to become such, are in absolute bondage to the power of gold.

Now, while Europe is in the very throes of bankruptcy, is the time for the United States to use her power to force recognition in the adjustment of the financial policy of the world. It is bad policy for a great government like the United States, the very centre of the commercial world, with unbounded and illimitable resources, to stand aside and allow European governments who have none other than a speculative interest in silver, to fix its value as an international money. Suppose we should take a bold stand upon our own responsibility, and attempt to secure the commerce of the silver standard countries, through free coinage of silver. We should not only secure their trade, but force Europe to adopt the bimetallic standard, as it would force bullion to \$1.29 an ounce, at our mints, and would turn the

import trade of China, Japan, India, and the Pacific Isles, also South America and Mexico, to the United States. This would be the inevitable result, or Europe would be forced to accept the situation and return to the bimetallic standard by the complete restoration of silver to its par value on the existing ratio. England appreciates the result of free and unlimited coinage by the United States. So distinguished a personage as Sir Robert M. Fowler declares that her only hope of continuing in control of the world's trade, is by keeping silver depreciated, for she is a great creditor country, and her bonds are payable in gold; and he is therefore in favor of the gold standard, which insures a decline in the price of all commodities as the value of gold advances.

Those who have favored and are now favoring the single gold standard for our currency, invariably use the argument, when you speak to them in favor of free coinage of silver, that if it should be accomplished, our country would be flooded with silver money; but where is it to come from? They seem to fear Mexico more than any other country. Why, suppose Mexico should unload on us all the silver money she has, which is only \$50,000,000, will not every reasonable, thinking man acknowledge that we could invest the whole amount, safely and profitably, within thirty days?

Statistics inform us that the United States and Mexico, together, mine three fourths of the silver of the world. Admitting the same to be correct, the New York *Herald* of July 17, 1893, says the entire silver product of the United States last year was about \$42,000,000; say Mexico mines as much, that would make a total of \$84,000,000, the balance of the world one fourth of this amount, which would be \$21,000,000 or a grand total of \$105,000,000. With silver remonetized it would amount to \$140,000,000 in silver coin. Now what reasonable man would say that if we should get the entire amount, this country would be flooded with silver money? The *Herald* goes on to say that losses on securities listed on the New York exchange alone during the past year, were equal to the entire output of silver for fourteen years, and that the foreign commerce of this country aggregates nearly two thousand million dollars a year. The comparative unimportance of the silver product is seen from the fact that it is only about one fiftieth of this sum. It is only one sixteenth of the corn crop, or a tenth

of the wheat or hay raised every year, and only half as much as the wool or potatoes annually produced. So how about the handling of the cotton, corn, wheat, and other crops if it had to be done with silver? And how far would it go toward paying the \$600,000,000 for tobacco used, and the \$900,000,000 for liquors consumed, in the United States annually? But what an immense help it would be in paying the \$55,000,000 expended yearly by all Christian denominations for the advancement of God's kingdom.

It is earnestly desired that Congress, during the present session, shall insist upon and vote for the repeal of the Act of 1873 demonetizing silver, and see that for the future silver shall be coined on the same terms and conditions as gold, and be remonetized and made a full legal tender for all public and private debts; and then repeal the Sherman Act of 1890. Refuse to repeal one without the other. Wall Street is crying for repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, and the people are crying for repeal of the Act of 1873, demonetizing silver; while relief is being granted in one case, let us see that it is in the other. When that is done, we shall feel at once the relief so earnestly desired in financial circles.

A great many will no doubt express themselves as to the impossibility of putting into effect the many changes that I have suggested. But before doing so they must stop and consider that man is the creator, not the creature, of circumstances.

A HUMAN HABITATION.*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE sky was like a low-hung purple disk,
The plain its counterpart. Eastward, between
These infinite disks of variant purple, the train
Rushed steadily, entering a belt of orange-colored sky,
Wherein the spring-time sunlight grew in power.

Against the glowing band,
A tooth of purple sod upreared, to notch
The otherwise unbroken, splendid sweep
Of intersecting sky and plain. From it
A thin blue smoke arose.

It was a human habitation.
It was not a prison. A prison
Resounds with songs, yells, the crash of gates,
The click of locks and grind of chains.
Voice shouts to voice. Bars do not exclude
The interchange of words.

This was solitary confinement!

The sun upsprang;
Its light swept the plain like a sea
Of golden water, and the blue-gray dome
That soared above the settler's shack,
Was lighted into magical splendor.

To some worn woman
Another monotonous day was born.

* From advance sheets of "Prairie Songs," a new volume of poems by Hamlin Garland, published by Stone & Kimball.

ON A BARN ROOF.

BY JULIE ADRIENNE HERNE.

TOM WARREN lay on the sunny side of the barn roof, his lazy brown eyes half closed; he was almost asleep. Still he took an artist's delight in observing the shades of the beautiful salt marsh that lay before him, which even on a cloudy day was not absolutely colorless, and was, on that bright spring morning, a marvel of rich purples, greens, browns, and reds.

"Mornin'," said a cheery voice below him, and Warren perceived that it came from an old farmer, the owner of the barn (Warren was also artistic in not knowing nor caring who the owner was), who had come to water his two horses at a spring at one end of the barnyard.

"How d' ye do?" Warren replied.

"How 'd ye get up?" inquired the old man.

"Climbed," said Warren, pointing with his thumb to a ladder resting against that side of the barn.

The old man chose to take the answer as a hint, and began to climb the ladder, puffing and blowing at every step. At last he gained the gable roof of the barn, which fortunately for him did not slope very much, scrambled quickly up it, and steadied himself by holding on to the weather vane.

"Well," he said when he found himself secure, "well! I don't do this thing often; I s'pose that's what makes me so unhandy. Fact is, my rheumatism leaves me with jest 'bout 'nough strength to potter 'roun' an' do the chores with. It's a mighty awk'ard thing, hevin' the rheumatism. Ever hed it? No, I don't s'pose y' ever did."

"No, I never did," said Warren, taking his hands from under his head, to get out a meerschaum pipe, a chamois skin pouch of tobacco, and some matches.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, while filling the pipe.

"Oh! no, no, thanks," said the old man, timidly, "but if ye hev a quid o' terbacker 'roun', why" —

"Yep, just one," said Warren, after hunting a bit.

The old man took it and began chewing it immediately. "Thanks," he said, rolling the tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "I ginerally hev some 'round, but to-day I run short. Nice terbacker this is, too; I must git me some

like it. 'Old Dominion,' is it? I guess I can remember. I don't like to depend on other folks' charity, 'cause sometimes they don't give it." He chuckled at his little joke.

Warren lit his pipe and lay back, puffing it, with his head in his hand, and listlessly watched a bank of clouds gathering over Boston.

"Allus liked summer, somehow," the old man remarked in a purring, droning tone. Warren enjoyed the tone as much as anything; it was part of the lazy dreaminess of the scene. "Dunno why, but I always did. I s'pose country people *do* like spring and summer best. Winter's a tough season to git through, anyways ye put it, but in the country — But you city folks don't think much about it, do ye?"

"No, I don't s'pose we do," said Warren, just to keep the ball rolling. "We're warm enough and have company enough in the winter, and generally go away for the summer."

"Yes, that's the way. But why did you come down here so early?"

"Well, I'm an artist, and I came down here for some spring studies. It's a nice place. A Mr. Findley recommended it. Know him?" asked Warren.

"H'm, Findley — dunno but I do. Yes, Squantum is a pretty place." The old man chewed on. There was a pause for some minutes. "You remind me a lot o' my son," he said. "I dunno where he is now. I s'pose he's gone to the dogs. He was always real studious, an' religious, an' Hetty — m' wife — she wanted him to be a minister; an' so I raked an' scraped ter git money enough ter send him to college. He always wanted to go, an' most jumped fer joy when we broached it to him. Hetty, she wanted him to go to some quiet one. She was afraid o' bad comp'ny in them big ones, like Harvard 'n' Yale, an' so we hed to argy her out of it, an' finally we did. He packed off to Harvard, — we lived in Quinzy then; hed to move, the taxes was s' high, — an' we missed him awfully. He used to come home in the summer every year, but he visited his friends a lot in vacation. He made a heap o' friends. Hetty, she was afraid he'd come home engaged, but he never did.

"Well, the last year o' his studyin' was nigh over, an' Hetty an' me talked the thing over every night 'fore we went to bed. We agreed as to his comin' off with all the honors, but we couldn't agree as to which Baptist church in Quinzy he ought to preach in, 'cept that none of 'em was good enough for him. Of course, bein' his parents, we was overproud of him, but some of his essays he read us was powerful eloquent. Well, the day come at last, an' I would ha' liked to ha' gone, but ye see we

were just movin' into this place, an' I wanted to git my land plowed up an' seeded, so I was too busy to go. Hetty went though, an' she did enjoy herself. M' son came off with a lot o' honors, 'n' thingumbobs, an' we were so proud.

"He come home after a day or two, an' sorter dallied 'round, an' one day I ses to him, 'When will you prepare for your duties?' An' he ses: 'Father, I would ha' spoken to you before, only I was waitin' for a good chance. I don't believe I oughter go into the ministry.' Then he went on to say that he'd come to a different way o' thinkin' sence he'd been away, an' he didn't believe in a good many of the rules of the church. Said he didn't believe in havin' a creed, leastways of forcin' it on others. What stuff! Hetty, she cried, an' wished we'd ha' sent him where he wouldn't 'a' learnt such things. Then he said he was goin' to try to git on a paper in New York — an', well, I knowed what New York was. We begged an' argied with him not to do it, but it didn't do no good, an' one night off he went, leavin' his address an' a short note on the table, for all the world like they do in stories. I wrote him to come or stay — an' he stayed."

There was a long pause. Clouds were gathering for an April shower.

"Well, well, I must be goin'; it looks like rain. Hope 'twill, 'cause we need water." The old man slid cautiously down the roof, and climbed down the ladder. Warren followed leisurely after, and watched him pat the horses and lead them away.

Once the old man spoke without looking back: "You tell that man Findley that if he wants to come back and behave himself, why, he can." Warren opened his eyes in utter amazement; but a light dawned upon him as he sauntered away.

THE HOUR IS NEAR.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

The hour is near! The ages' tread
Has waked, at last, the living dead;
The mighty upward march of years,
Oppression's caravan of tears,
Right's breaking thunders overhead —
Have brought the hour.

From those grim epochs, fierce, abhorred,
What time the bludgeon and the sword
Ruled men as serfs, and, from a throne,
The spoiler marked the world his own,
And might was right and might was lord —
Arrives the hour.

Or then, the age of Force withdrawn,
The spoiler's savage arts were gone,
And Cunning, with a deadlier power,
Usurped the schemes of conqueror,
And might of brain the might of brawn —
Still grew the hour.

They said, who dwelt in marble halls:
"The earth is ours whom Fortune calls;
For us its gorgeous fulness made,
Its splendor falls, its feasts are laid."
Men's griefs upheld their lordly walls; —
So waxed the hour.

They said, who bore the cares of state:
"These are the common wrongs of Fate,
And pain and toil and poverty
Are burdens of the nobly free, —
Such mystic woes no laws abate."
So came the hour.

They said, who kept the creeds in play:
"'Tis not our care — the poor alway
Ye have by Heaven's unfathomed love;
Faith dwells on things and hopes above.
Religion's balm is 'Watch and pray.'"
Then strove the hour.

But they who dwelt with Justice knew
How all the recreant ages drew
 To one proud day, when Right, unspent,
 Should rise a flaming battlement
'Gainst ancient fraud, and Time renew.
 So broke the hour.

The hour which men's dim thoughts divined,
The weak and lowly of mankind
 Uplifted in their olden shame —
 The hour for which men's wrongs are flame,
The hour which for men's creeds is blind —
 The hour is near.

GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SECOND PAPER, THE PROPHET AND REFORMER.

THE reformer is always the possible prophet. He whose nature is so finely strung and whose conscience so sensitive to the eternal verities as they relate to right and wrong that he feels injuries inflicted upon the unfortunate and injustice practised upon the defenceless as though the evil fell upon himself, sustains an intimate relationship to the highest as well as the humblest expressions of life. If the cry of the wretch under the wheel wrings his heart, he is also soothed by divine symphonies which those of duller sensibilities are unconscious of, and upon his spiritual perception there frequently flash the lights and shadows of the coming morrow. It was thus with the great prophets of Israel. It was thus with John Huss and Savonarola. It was thus with Whittier and Wendell Phillips. And it is thus, in a very marked degree, with Gerald Massey.

It is something more than an unconquerable faith in the ultimate triumph of good learned from the slow ascent of man that inspires the following thrilling lines, which are peculiarly appropriate to our present social conditions, when a new-born sense of right and a quickened intelligence are leading millions throughout civilization to demand a fairer share in the bounties of life:—

Immortal liberty! we see thee stand

Like morn just stepped from heaven upon a mountain

With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,

And heart that wellethe love's most living fountain!

Oh, when wilt thou draw from the people's lyre

Joy's broken cord? and on the people's brow

Set empire's crown? light up thine altar-fire

Within their hearts, with an undying glow;

Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk with now?

Old legends tell us of a golden age,

When earth was guiltless—gods the guests of men,

Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined page,—

And prophet-voices say 'twill come again.

O happy age! when love shall rule the heart,
 And time to live shall be the poor man's dower,
 When martyrs bleed no more, nor exiles smart —
 Mind is the only diadem of power.
 People, it ripens now! Awake, and strike the hour!

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause;
 Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest labor,
 Who dauntless fight to win us equal laws,
 With mental armor and with spirit sabre!
 Bless, bless, O God! the proud intelligence,
 That now is dawning on the people's forehead, —
 Humanity springs from them like incense,
 The future bursts upon them, boundless, starried —
 They weep repentant tears, that they so long have tarried.

The spiritual intuition or perception of the true prophet soul was beautifully expressed in the legend of the despairing sage. The story comes from that far-away time when types and symbols were used by the children of earth, and when man was so near to nature that he seemed to catch the voice of the Creator.

The sage, so runs the story, had toiled for his fellow-men through years of suffering and privation. He had closed his eyes against the temptations of luxury and ease which were held out to lure him from the service of his race. He had dwelt with poverty and had nursed the plague-stricken, had fed the starving, always striving to fix the eyes of his fellow-men upon that which was enduring and divine. He reasoned with scholars on the higher philosophy of life, and strove to impress upon them the kinship of mankind. He appealed to the rich to be just, and boldly assailed tyranny and oppression. Often he had to fly from city to city, and sometimes he was offered great bribes to hold his peace. But neither the threat of power nor the bribe of wealth swerved him from his course. His all-consuming desire was to bring about the realization of the dream which haunted his soul. He longed to behold justice, peace, and love blossom among the children of men.

At length he became a very old man; his hair was silvered, his face bronzed and furrowed, his step halting and feeble. Many who had followed him when he had been able to minister to their physical needs now fell away, and the seeds he had planted seemed to have rotted and died. One day he sought the solitude of the mountains and in bitterness of soul prayed that he might die; for it seemed that his life had been lived in vain, and the future appeared to be in the possession of the powers of darkness. Virtue, love, and peace seemed routed all along the line of human endeavor.

While lost in prayer, so runs this legend, the sage became

overcome with a sense of peace known only to the victor in a glorious cause. Then the heaviness of earth fell away; his soul entered an ecstatic condition; the body was borne aloft in a chariot of luminous clouds upheld and guided by invisible hands. At length his eyes were opened, when lo! he was encompassed by a multitude of radiant souls. Then his ears caught the symphony of nature; he was bewildered. The multitudes around him were incarnations of light, of purity, of love and wisdom. They were victors, and the music which swelled upon the ear was an anthem of triumph.

And now an angel of lofty mien appeared, saying: "Because of the failing power of the physical form, the truth has become veiled to thy vision. Now behold the work of thy life."

Then to him was given the power of the Universal Eye. He beheld a home where now dwelt a father, once a plague-stricken boy nursed by the sage. The father sang to his son the songs of love, courage, and brotherhood which he had learned from the prophet long years ago. In another cottage he beheld a mother telling the story of the great man whose life made all men better, and through whose loving care the mother was then alive. And he noted the radiance in the faces of the eager children as they exclaimed, "We want to be like him!"

Then he beheld one whom he had taught in years gone by discoursing to a vast multitude upon the truths which the prophet had in former days impressed upon his brain. He saw thousands of eager ears strained to hear the evangel which fell from the eloquent lips of one he had known as a ragged boy who had followed him from village to village with other poor people. And then the panorama broadened, until he beheld that he had all unconsciously kindled fires for truth which should yet illuminate his people.

Then the angel said, "Look once more," and he beheld the tumult of battle, he heard the screams of the multitude who sank on every hand. After the battle came injustice and oppression; he heard the cry of those under the oppressor and beheld the sufferings of the world; and as in horror he sought the angel's face, a light dawned. It came from the hearts and homes of the multitudes. Then the light grew brighter; it spread from hut to cottage, from cottage to palace. A new conflict was in progress. Man met man in a struggle on a higher plane; ideas were weapons more often than swords, and in the dim future the sage saw the whole world bathed in the light of justice, mantled in peace and prosperity.

So it is with the reformers of all times. At moments their souls, so sensitive and responsive to the suffering and misery of life, also catch the strains of the higher music. Their eyes,

which see the suffering of the unfortunate and the poor as though every trial was their own, also at intervals catch glimpses of the coming day. In one of these great visions Gerald Massey catches such a glimpse and breaks into the following triumphant strain:—

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter!
Our dust may slumber under ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
Have heard its voice of distant thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed. But lo! the work they wrought!
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful;
There's a divinity within
That makes men great if they but will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full statured, grow far seeing:
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Jesus, who was the supreme expression of love, was terrible in His denunciations when confronted by the hypocrisy and selfishness of slothful, self-indulgent conventionalism. Gerald Massey has penned some of the sweetest lines ever written by poet of the people, but when he faces the plunderers of the toiling millions, when he looks upon the hypocrite and oppressor, he becomes transformed. His words are no longer soothing and peaceful; the limpid brook becomes a roaring torrent. The voice which speaks in the following lines is not the voice of one

man but the articulate cry of millions, thrown into speech by the instrument of God, that the wise may be warned, and, being warned, may be saved from the ruin which must and will overtake that society which selfishly imagines it can eternally thwart the upward march of humanity:—

Back, trampers on the many! Death and danger ambushed lie;
Beware ye, or the blood may run! The patient people cry:
“Ah, shut not out the light of hope, or we may blindly dash,
Like Samson with his strong death-grope, and whelm ye in the crash.
Think how they spurred the people mad, that old *regime* of France,
Whose heads, like poppies, from death’s scythe fell in a bloody dance.”

In the following stanzas we are reminded of some of the old prophets of Israel, who championed the cause of God and the poor at the risk of life, and uttered luminous truths which still light up man’s pathway. Mr. Massey is nothing if not a fearless reformer. He does not believe in a half loaf when justice is the issue. The people have certain rights of which they are deprived by the special privileges enjoyed by a comparative few. Against these wrongs, which are day by day becoming more apparent to thoughtful and truly enlightened men and women, our poet speaks with that courage and sincerity which is as refreshing as it is rare in our age of sycophancy:—

Thus saith the Lord: You weary me
With prayers, and waste your own short years;
Eternal truth you cannot see
Who weep, and shed your sight in tears!
In vain you wait and watch the skies—
No better fortune thus will fall;
Up from your knees I bid you rise,
And claim the earth for all.

Behold in bonds your mother earth,
The rich man’s prostitute and slave!
Your mother earth, that gave you birth,
You only *own* her for a grave!
And will you die like slaves, and see
Your mother left a fettered thrall?
Nay! live like men and set her free
As heritage for all!

In the same strain, and speaking not as an individual but as the articulate voice of eternal justice, Mr. Massey elsewhere utters these words:—

Lift up your faces from the sod;
Frown with each furrowed brow;
Gold apes a mightier power than God,
And wealth is worshipped now!
In all these toil-ennobled lands
You have no heritage;
They snatch the fruit of youthful hands,
The staff from weary age,

Oh, tell them in their palaces,
 These lords of land and money,
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of life's honey.

Through long, dark years of blood and tears,
 You've toiled like branded slaves
 Till wrong's red hand hath made a land
 Of paupers, prisons, graves!
 But our long sufferance endeth now;
 Within the souls of men
 The fruitful buds of promise blow,
 And freedom lives again!
 Oh, tell them in their palaces,
 These lords of land and money,
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of life's honey.

In his prose works he takes the same radical and uncompromising stand for absolute justice for the lowliest. In one place he says:—

We mean to have a day of reckoning with the unjust stewards of the earth. We mean to have the national property restored to the people. We mean that the land, with its inalienable right of living, its mineral wealth below the soil and its waters above, shall be open to all. We mean to have our banking done by the state, and our railways worked for the benefit of the whole people. We mean to temper the terror of rampant individualism with the principles of co-operation. We mean for woman to have perfect equality with man, social, religious, and political, and her fair share in that equity which is of no sex. We mean also that the same standard of morality shall apply to the man as to the woman. In short, we intend that the redress of wrongs and the righting of inequalities, which can only be rectified in this world, shall not be put off and postponed to any future stage of existence.

In another place he asserts with emphasis:—

Humanity is one. The Eternal intends to show us that *humanity is one*. And the family is more than the individual member, the Maker is more than the family, and the human race is more than the nation. And if we do not accept the revelation lovingly, do not take to the fact kindly, why then 'tis flashed upon us terribly, by lightning of hell, if we will not have it by light of heaven—and the poor, neglected scum and *canaille* of the nations rise up mighty in the strength of disease, and prove the oneness of humanity by killing you with the same infection.

It has recently been shown how the poor of London do not live, but fester in the pestilential hovels called their homes. To get into these you have to visit courts which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and which never know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water. Immorality is but the natural outcome of such a devil's spawning ground. The poverty of many who strive to live honestly is appalling.

And this disclosure is made with the customary moan that such people attend neither church nor chapel, as if that were the panacea. I should not wonder if these revelations result in the building of more churches and chapels, and the consecration of at least one or two more bishops.

The Bishop of Bedford said the other day, "It was highly necessary

that in these times when the poor have so little earthly enjoyment, the joys of heaven should be made known to them." It is not possible to caricature an utterance so grotesque as that.

In his song of humanity, there is the calm faith of the philosopher, wedded to the confidence which depends upon the spiritual acuteness of the prophet in the ultimate triumph of right. He pleads for the millions under the rod. He may not see the false falling away around him, but far up the mountain slope he sees the purpling dawn growing brighter. Looking backward he perceives that the present with its hideousness and wrong is not so dark as the past, and with that trust in the final triumph of right which makes him optimistic, he thus refers to his songs for the oppressed:—

Let my songs be cited
As breakers of the peace,
Till the wrongs are righted,
The man-made miseries cease;
Till earth's disinherited
Beg no more to earn their bread;
Till the consuming darts of burning day
Shall fire the midnight foxes; scare away
From labor's fruits the parasites of prey.
Let them die when all is done,
Now victoriously begun!

Our visions have not come to naught,
Who saw by lightning in the night;
The deeds we dreamed are being wrought
By those who work in clearer light;
In other ways our fight is fought,
And other forms fulfil our thought
Made visible to all men's sight.

There is a certain thought-compelling power in many of his poems of labor found only in the work of an enthusiast, mad with divine love for his fellow-men. Often he outlines upon his canvas a splendid dream, a big hope, a grand aspiration, and then in the foreground he paints with a few bold strokes a frightful truth. The antithesis is tremendous in its effects, as will be seen in the following stanza:—

When the heart of one half the world doth beat
Akin to the brave and the true,
And the tramp of democracy's earth-quaking feet
Goes thrilling the wide world through—
We should not be crouching in darkness and dust,
And dying like slaves in the night;
But big with the might of the inward "must"
We should battle for freedom and right!
Our fathers are praying for pauper pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night.

Such work is very effective. It gives the glorious ideal to which the noblest of earth's children aspire, and then it turns the flash-light upon the heinous crimes which easy-going conventionalism tolerates. The reformer beholds the wrong in all its enormity. He utters a cry of horror. The slow-thinking people are aroused by the cry, and they ask, Can such things be? They raise the question, and an agitation is commenced which, sooner or later, ends in victory for justice. The exclamation and interrogation points are the staff and crook of progress. I shall close my extracts from Mr. Massey's inspiring songs of labor by giving two stanzas from "The Awakening":—

Oh! earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a people upgirding its might to be free.

To see men awake from the slumber of ages,
Their brows grim from labor, their hands hard and tan,
Start up living heroes, long dreamt-of by sages,
And smite with strong arm the oppressors of man:
To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's warring,
Slaves of the midnight mine, serfs of the sod,
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,
And never more bend to a crownèd clod:
Dear God! 'tis a sight for immortals to see —
A people upgirding its might to be free.

Battle on bravely, O sons of humanity!
Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye toilers!
Too long hath the world bled for tyrant's insanity —
Too long our weakness been strength to our spoilers!
The heart that through danger and death will be dutiful,
Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake hands,
And a life like a palace home built for the beautiful,
Freedom of all her beloved demands —
And earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a people upgirding its might to be free!

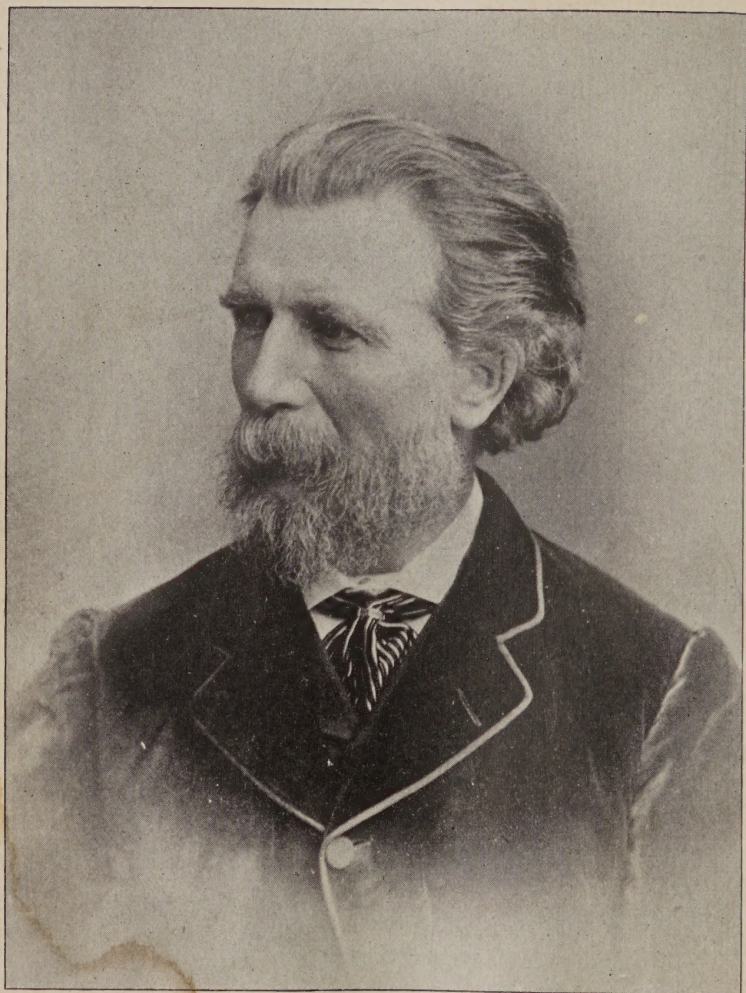
Mr. Massey has labored throughout his life for the oppressed in every condition of ignorance and superstition. Wherever man, woman, or child has suffered through injustice, his voice has leaped forth in defence of the wronged, and against the wrong-doer he has waged an incessant warfare. He has boldly championed the cause of woman, steadfastly demanding for her that full-orbed justice which she must receive before the higher civilization will be assured. And in the nineteenth century no philosopher or reformer has pleaded more earnestly for the rights of children, and that their lives be permitted to unfold under the best possible conditions, than this pure-souled, earnest man.

We are entering a struggle which will prove the most momentous Western civilization has ever known, because the conflict is along every line of advance. Social and economic problems, or the theory of man's relationship to man and to society as a whole;

the problem of religion, the realm of psychical science, the rights of woman, the requirements and possibilities of childhood — these are some of the questions around which the forces of conservatism and progress are already rallying for a sanguinary conflict. Upon all these questions Mr. Massey has spoken, and spoken in no uncertain voice. And, what is more important, he has always placed himself squarely on the side of progress and the dawn. Therefore I believe that the generation of the future, who will enjoy, in a measure, the fruits of the higher and truer life for which the prophet worked, will appreciate his splendid services, and enshrine his name among the immortal *coterie* who placed truth and the good of their fellow-men above the comforts of life or the applause of the world.

ON ZODIACAL LIGHT

6



General Masser.

THE ARENA.

No. L.

JANUARY, 1894.

THE TRUE EDUCATION AND THE FALSE.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

— *Shakespeare.*

LET me define from the beginning what I mean by true and false education. The literal meaning of the word "education" will serve my purpose. This word is derived from the Latin *educere*, a leading or drawing out. Education means, then, a leading or drawing out of every human faculty. It is this, and nothing less, which I take to be the true education: anything less than this will do as a definition for the negative of my argument. If our common schools, as they exist to-day, tend to lead out every human faculty, they are fulfilling their mission; if, however, the curriculum of these schools does not include the studies which tend to draw out a child's higher nature, we must look upon them, not as institutions of true education, but more as factories where children are taught to make a part of a thing, and where only one part of their nature is developed.

It is not my purpose to juggle with words, but to tell you plainly my hope for our public schools, and to say that, instead of thinking of curtailing art, music, and physical training in the round of daily study, we ought to be thinking of ways and means to introduce more thoroughly and largely these studies, which to the clear-eyed Greek were the essentials of education. At the close of "Sesame and

Lilies" is found the following quotation, which bears directly upon our subject:—

So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plough, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed it is with some, nay, with many, and the strength of England is in them.

So writes John Ruskin, one of the world's great educators. Let us follow out his thought a little, and see if the teaching of reading, writing (I mean chirography, and not composition), arithmetic, as it is drilled into a boy to-day, fits him to take his place among his fellow-men in a world of order, love, and beauty, and to sustain his part cheerfully, bravely, and temperately. It is a common saying to-day that schools are not made for genius; then I say to you that your schools are at fault, and the sooner they are brought into harmonious relation with the genius in every child, the better it will be for them and for the world.

And regarding the creative faculties of your children—who is taking care of these? The age is putting the receptive faculties of the child to their utmost tension, while the creative ones are starved. It is not right, it is not just. What are you doing to develop and preserve the dignity of manual labor? Have you set aside on your playground a site for a carpenter's shop, or a blacksmith's forge, or a chemical laboratory, or a machine shop? Many of our children have a contempt for manual labor, and it is our fault that it is so. The greatest moral teacher in the world was not ashamed to be a carpenter; and Elihu Burritt planned the good of mankind as he stood by his glowing forge. A man never falls so low but that he may be dignified by some kind of manual labor. All this discernment must come, not alone through mathematics, but through a harmonious drawing out of those faculties which bring the child, and later the man, into relationship with his environment. Emerson may well say that "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind"; but are we not alive to-day to grapple with these obstinate things, and to turn them into their own proper paths?

It is a part of the whole wrong thinking about education, that study alone will make a boy great or develop his higher

nature. Phillips Brooks once stopped the writer in the street, and said a man might study until he became a gray-head, and not be great. It was not in the grammar school at Stratford that Shakespeare learned the lessons which were to make him the articulate voice of England. The little Latin and Greek he got there would have made him, at best, but a sorry pedagogue. Still, "no man was ever wise by chance." The whole country round about was his school-house. Some fine spirit led his mind out of the narrow grooves of mere book-knowledge, into the way of looking upon the whole world as his workshop, whether by the dreamy Avon side, in misty vales, by winding hedgerows, or in the stately churchyard—no matter where, the boy learned to bring himself into relationship with every living thing, and to him everything was alive. It was a world of spirit. If the Stratford school did not furnish this order of education, it was not the child Shakespeare's fault.

Let us learn to look upon every child-face that comes before us as a possible Shakespeare or Michael Angelo or Beethoven: believe me, every child that comes up before you has hidden away somewhere in its being this precious capacity for something creative. We must change our attitude toward the common children. When we look upon each as a possible genius, then shall we add new dignity to human life. Wordsworth well said,

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come.

Why do we neglect the words of our poet seers? The artistic world is rejoicing over the discovery in Greece of some beautiful fragments of sculpture, hidden far beneath the *débris* of centuries; shall we not rejoice more richly when we are able to dig down beneath the uncouth surface of the commonest child that comes to us from our great cities, and discover and develop that faculty in him which is to make him fit to live in sobriety and usefulness with his fellow-men? Seeking for these qualities in the child, we shall best conserve, as is done in physical nature, the highest type, until we have raised all human life to a higher level. Then shall we have heaven in our midst.

This is the more possible because of the quick, expansive

material with which we have to deal in our country. We start even in the race of life; we recognize no hampering bonds of priestcraft or tradition. The men who have filled the highest position in our state have come, often, from the lowliest grades in society. The lowliest child has in it something to command our respect. Let us have no more polishing of pebbles and dimming of diamonds. There are no pebbles: we but think so, not having the wit to discern the diamond in the rough.

Let us, then, unfold the whole nature of the child, and not a little corner of it. Let no ridicule deter us from our desire to consider education in its true light. We are to teach these children, or rather to show them, the ways by which they are to make this world spiritually, as well as materially, their own: we are to be practical, but greatly, not meagrely, so. We are to teach them that, before doing great things, they must dream them; that the wonderful bridge that connects the throbbing heart of New York with its sister city, Brooklyn, was first a dream of that eminently practical engineer, Roebling.

We must bring into children's lives every poetic influence, to quicken their minds and develop the æsthetic nature. We speak much of the beauty of holiness — not enough of the holiness of beauty. Sappho sang, "Who is beautiful is good." Under the head of art should be included music — not only singing in chorus, but the hearing of the best music we can obtain. Our popular concerts will do no good, until you bring good music into the common schools. I would have the great violinists come, as they make a tour through our cities and towns, and play to the children. Be assured that the violin, with its appealing, sympathetic voice, will touch something in the child that your book-knowledge can never reach, and the one whom you have considered the dullard of the class may be awakened and produce music for which the world is hungry. Many great artists would come for the mere asking. Great artists are magnanimous: in their hearts they would rather play and build for your children than for all the money you may pile up before them.

Suppose you go on filling your children with the things that are falsely called the rudiments or bases of education: will arithmetic fortify the youth against the temptations of the world? Will any amount of reading make him great-

hearted? Our honest Longfellow claimed for him the right to see and share in the beauty of the universe.

We tell the child how big this world is, but how much do we show him of its wondrous beauty? Will he not turn upon us some day for this cruel negligence, for our contempt of the highest in him? Is not every murder, every crime against the community, a criticism upon our system of education? We have gone on from the animal state — let us not stop until we walk like angels! Fill your children with sweet music, and the high thoughts of your poets, and these will build up a fabric which in after life will withstand the attacks of care, sin, poverty, and grief; for they will have discovered something in life which the world can neither give nor take away. Nothing will be commonplace to them; for their imagination will color all life with its own rich hues — just as science teaches us that color actually resides, not in the object, but in the eye that looks upon it. “We see but what we have the gift of seeing; what we bring we find.” If these ideas are radical, then count me as the most rabid of radicals; but I know and feel the time is coming when men will grasp this question of education in the right way, when they will work from within outward, and not try to thrust revelation upon the child before its nature has been prepared for it. All men are blind until this divine order or beauty in the universe has been revealed to them: order and beauty are synonymous terms.

It may be justly urged that we cannot have a teacher for every individual talent or disposition. This is true; but we may have large influences at work which shall reach and develop all children. We have but one sun, and yet by its rays are developed and perfected all orders of flowers. The sweet perfume from the modest violet is lovingly drawn out; the rich color and luxurious odor of the Jacqueminot rose is likewise led forth by this universal educator. The influence of art is not unlike the effect of the sun’s heat and light. There is not one living being on the earth’s surface but is affected in some degree by the power of music, painting, sculpture, and poetry. We need as teachers men with a universal order of mind, men who have in their natures large charity and the broadest sympathy, and men who have nothing at stake in the political arena.

If, for instance, a child hates arithmetic and loves music,

sympathetic leading on will show him that to understand and produce the music he loves, he must know something of mathematics. Do not thrust before him the dry bones of a subject as a disagreeable skeleton, but clothe it with its living beauty. Again, if a child hates mathematics and loves to build, you can soon make it clear to him that, in order to build anything that will endure, or be sightly in the eyes of his fellows, he must have an idea of proportion, an idea of the relation of one thing to another. When he once sees this necessity, in order to construct, to put into palpable form the ideas that possess him, he will soon acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics for his purpose. Let him look upon a photograph of the Parthenon, or any other triumph of engineering skill, until he appreciates the use of this science to mankind. There is nothing beautiful about the keyboard of a piano, but out of it may be brought sounds that move us to tears.

I have said enough, perhaps, to show that there is a right and a wrong way of approaching children, and that we have been teaching them too often the letter of the law, while we have ignored its spirit. Carry out the same order of reasoning, which I have shown regarding mathematics and music, with the other branches of school study. Show that the arts of writing, chirography, and rhetoric are necessary to poetry and prose composition, and to acquiring a knowledge of what the world is, has been, and is capable of becoming. Was it not Aristotle who declared poetry to be truer than history? It is the spirit of a time that the poet sings, while the historian turns over its dry bones!

I pray you, employ the large way of teaching a child. Let the wide eyes of childhood look first and clearly at the wonderful beauty of the universe. Develop this wonder-loving spirit. Do not starve it by thrusting dry, uncanny things in its face. How many men are great enough to go back upon themselves, and understand, through such going back, this complex child-nature, and so daily renew their patience, and minister to it gently and lovingly?

We have been used to look upon the children as being, to a certain degree, at fault; but we are at fault, not they. We call certain children stupid because we cannot drive them into the narrow ways we near-sightedly lay out for them. It is not the children but we who are stupid. Look again at

the natural world; see how many different influences it takes to develop seed-life. See what preparation has gone before: the crystal must be dissolved, and the earth made ready: it is the law of evolution—the lower must give way to the higher. If such thought is necessary to the proper development of a grain of corn, shall we not care more lovingly and thoughtfully for these little ones, with their immortal possibilities, “while the dew is on the flower fresh and sweet”?

Not long ago, in one of our police courts, a man was convicted of the crime of theft, and sentenced to imprisonment. When asked if he had anything to say for himself, he replied only this, “I was taught to steal before I learned to read and write.” Although the man had learned to read and write and count, he had not learned how to use his reading and writing, and what they were good for; he had learned these things as ends. No one had shown him that they were merely the keyboard, for the uttering of what was noble in himself, or for the understanding of what was beautiful and uplifting in the world. His reading and writing and mathematics were stepping stones to greater wretchedness and crime.

It is thought that education will be the saving of our country in the crises through which it must pass. The true education may actually save us; but the false education will do no more for us than it did in the past. Was it not Voltaire who called all men fools, and then placed loaded muskets in their hands? By so doing has not such a one written himself down as the greatest fool of all? On what does the future safety of our country depend? On these magnificent war vessels that are fitting out, with the possibility of doing such wonderful damage to human life and human happiness? I think not! Does it depend on the number of men we can bring into the field, and the perfection of their equipment? I think not! Upon what, then, does it depend? It depends upon our public schools, and the order of education we give the child. A poetess has well said that the cannon now speaks in the teacher's place.

At the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, Daniel Webster spoke these words:—

Let our age be an age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop

the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole vast fields in which we are called to act.

So spoke one of America's greatest thinkers and orators. Longfellow has put for us in verse the same thought, in his noble poem of "The Arsenal at Springfield":—

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Follow back the history of any great life. Find out what element made that life great. In almost every instance you will find that it was not the ordinary schooling, but some sympathetic appreciation of the boy's capacity. Perhaps it was an old sailor, who helped the boy to carve a boat out of a block of wood, and by his tales of great ships and their voyages stimulated his ambition, and so made Columbus and a new world possible. Perchance it was a father, who stopped before a great statue and told his boy what it stood for, until the spirit within the child longed to come out and create great statues. It may have been the repetition to a child of some stirring poem that in after years has led him to write great poems. Whatever it was, it must have been a sympathetic drawing out of the boy's faculties, what we call true education, as opposed to the system of drilling and beating in—the drowsy education, as some one has called it. An appeal was made to the imagination and the spirit within him.

The one supreme thing that is left for men to do in art to-day is the depiction of character. Browning declared toward the close of his life that the only thing he found worth studying was the development of the human soul:—

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent.

If character, then, is destiny in man, so is it in a people. If order and temperance enable a man to live a useful, dignified, happy life among his fellows, it is equally true with that larger association of men which we call a

nation. A sympathetic drawing and rounding-out of the child's character has enabled the man to live such a life as I describe; and what is true of the man's life may be made true of a people's life, so that the salvation and perpetuation of our republic will depend on what sort of training we give to mind and spirit in our public schools.

When we have thoroughly understood the influences which have made men great, and brought our schools into harmony with such influences, then and then only shall we have the true education. The present system is like looking through a distorted lens: it shows you many brilliant colors, yet the object is not enlarged harmoniously, but in a disproportionate way. Why is it that the poet dwells upon the education of field and street, and not of the schoolroom, and exclaims: —

Perhaps there lives some dreaming boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of field and street,
Who shall become a master of the art ?

Every one of us must be on the lookout for such a child. Search every face. Looking into the face of Jesus, the carpenter's son, little did the neighbors dream He was the Christ.

Is it possible to make our schools so complete that they shall round out the nature of every child? If we say "No" to this, it is an acknowledgment of weakness. Let us see, then, what can be done. We have already spoken of the introduction of music into the schools. I mean great music, not alone that of the singing master. Nothing will tend to develop the imagination so much as this. Then the children ought to be taken once a fortnight, at least, to hear some fine orchestra or good opera. Tune their ears to fine harmonies.

We should have, moreover, no blank walls in our school-rooms. It is just as important to hang reproductions of great paintings and frescoes upon the walls, as it is to place books under their eyes. Many of the city children have never seen a meadow or the country in the springtime. They know nothing of the sweet delights of nature and her delicious silences. These are all shut out from them. It may be that they will never have an opportunity to see nature at her best. City life becomes so habitual that many of them will never care for such delight, never appreciate it

if the opportunity is offered to them in after life. How, then, shall we keep alive and cherish in the child this love of nature, this sacred kinship with all green things? I know of one sure way — by placing before their eyes the pictures of nature's sweetest haunts, which great artists have transcribed for us with such loving care. I believe it has been with many others as with the writer. Born in, and bred to, city life, he has learned to love beautiful nature from beautiful pictures. The time is not far distant when the introduction of pictures and statues will be considered as essential to our schoolrooms as are the windows; then shall we be truly, greatly economical. We shall then give men a new reason why they should care for their bodies and keep them at their best: —

To man propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project
Thy soul on its lone way?

By thus inculcating a love for art in a child, you will make of him a citizen who will help to embellish your cities, making them like Athens, Venice, and Florence — beautiful forever.

But we must have more than this. We must have workshops of all kinds. There must be the same emulation and friendly rivalry in the production of a good piece of carpentering work, or piece of machinery, as there is now in the game of baseball, football, etc. Do not do away with your baseball-ground, but set aside a part of it for a carpenter's shop, a machine shop, and a forge. Let the boy learn the material forces of nature, and how he can best make use of them for the good of his fellow-men, and for his own uplifting. If any manual work is to be pursued successfully in after life, the tool must be placed in the hand of the child.

Too much time, interest, and excitement are given to-day to the so-called "sports"; too little to the precious handicrafts and arts. Teach children wood-carving, which has become almost a lost art, but which was carried to such wonderful perfection by Della Quercia in Siena in the fifteenth century. All such instructions will prepare them without their knowing it, for the more serious duties of life. Let them learn that there is something in this life better

than baseball; that man is created for something higher. Do not do away with any healthful exercise, but let these games take their proper places. The true education is not entirely physical, not entirely intellectual, nor is it entirely moral, but it is all three in proportion. Let us call for mental, as well as physical, work. Let us offer prizes of silver cups for a good piece of handiwork, and so keep before our children a proper regard for the dignity of manual labor.

Cannot debates be established between different schools and classes? Assign characters to the different boys — the character of Hamilton to one, Jefferson to another, Washington to a third: in this way they will become interested in our history in a natural way, and in a way they can never forget. We may even go as far as to hope that each school may have a small theatre where plays may be produced at festal seasons, and where children may learn what a good play is, and what is truly dramatic. And a serious order of criticism and critics may be developed. In fact, no influence should be shut out from the child, which tends to develop man; it may be softened, however, and modified to suit his nature. Every public school should have its telescope. An opportunity should be given one evening in the week for children to come and study the heavens in their silent majesty. When we have done even a part of what is here suggested, the difficulty will have solved itself, and one of the greatest problems of modern life, viz., what men and children shall do with their leisure hours, will find natural solution. I offer this practical solution, viz., the true education in the public schools.

Some one, I imagine, here says to me, These plans of yours are all very beautiful, but how are we to make them possible? My answer to him is this: The first step towards making them possible has been taken by our showing our willingness to consider them at all. The second step, and perhaps the final one, will be when each one of us tries, in some large or humble way, to bring about the changes suggested, gradually to substitute the true education for the false. Our present system we may call good; "but humanity sweeps onward." To-morrow must see us a step higher in the scale of civilization, and we must not rest until our children shall embody the highest good that we see in the highest type of child-life to-day. This new child must be a resultant spiritual being.

The things for which we speak to-day have been termed by a certain part of the community "fads." If they be "fads," then let us have "fads" without end. The word Gothic, once used in scorn, came in time to designate the most graceful style of architecture, and the most lovely, perhaps, the world has ever known. Let no penny-wise and pound-foolish cry of economy deter us from seeing that the truest economy is in getting the best we are worthy, and producing the highest we are capable of. We shall not be discouraged, if the Philistines carry their point for a moment. We have learned that the return of the wave prepares for a more magnificent upward sweep. If we are driven back, it will not be for long: we shall return with a new life, myriad-colored, rich, God-given, and God-giving, and carry it far upon the blank meadows, to enrich and beautify them for all time. "The crutch of time does more than the club of Hercules."

Such education as I have described prepares the ground for a higher order of revelation than we yet dream of. When it comes, we shall not need mediums and spiritualists: every man will be a medium, when he shall have learned to give the God within him a right to speak. Let us give our children something that will raise them above the power of chance. I am appealing to you for the larger education of a people. No amount of learning will save our country, in the present and future, from the evils that threaten her; nothing will do so but a higher order of living, and the only way to have such living is to begin with the children. Conversions like that of Saint Paul are rare; but a little love and sympathy will win any child.

I would dwell especially and again upon the careful finding out of the creative element or faculty in every child—what that child can produce. This you will find out most easily by asking or studying what the child best loves. Our famous painter, William Hunt, once said to a parent who came with his child as a pupil to the studio: "Tell me how much your child loves this work, not what he has thus far accomplished." This order of education, from its very nature, will lead the child to consider the good in others and to show a proper respect for their rights.

Childhood has its secrets and its mysteries; but who can tell or who can explain them? We have all roamed through this silent

wonder-wood; we have all once opened our eyes in blissful astonishment as the beautiful reality of life overflowed our souls. We knew not where or who we were; the whole world was ours, and we were the whole world's. That was an infinite life, without beginning and without end, without rest and without pain. In the heart it was as clear as the spring heavens, fresh as the violet's perfume, hushed and holy as a Sabbath morning.

What disturbs this God's peace of the child? How can this unconscious and innocent existence ever cease? What dissipates the rapture of this individuality and universality, and suddenly leaves us solitary and alone in a clouded life?

So wrote Max Müller in the "Memories" that make up his wonderful story of German love. Let us remember this truth, which Schiller also aptly puts, when he writes that "common natures pay by what they do, noble natures by what they are." And what is more noble and holy than a child? It is we, really, who go to school to be taught of these children. The older we grow, and the deeper and richer our life becomes, the more readily do we understand and appreciate the sayings of the world's inspired teachers; especially of that quiet, unassuming carpenter, who once drew a little child to Him, and told His listening disciples that they must attain to the same purity of heart before they could enter the kingdom of heaven. What a great spiritual truth the Master spoke! We are apt to think that these wondrous eyes of childhood are given to them to con over the books we place before them. It is well for us to dwell sometimes on the thought that these eyes are theirs to let out the light of the pure soul within. Was it not Wordsworth who said:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

In this appeal for the divinity in the child, I believe I am making a plea for the most essentially practical and true order of education. I go back again to the original idea of sympathy; and such sympathy exists, I have endeavored to show, only where there is a giving and taking. Let us, as teachers, not forget that we are pupils as well. Let us strive, in our time and place, to learn the lessons which shall fit us also for the highest life.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

BY ROBERT FORMAN HORTON, M. A.

THE uneasiness which is occasioned among fervent believers in the Bible by the work and the results of what is called the Higher Criticism of the book, would possibly be lessened, if not removed, by a simple and untechnical statement of what the work actually means. It does not mean any attempt to discredit the Bible; it does not mean any repudiation of its authority; it does not mean the rejection of Inspiration or the denial of Revelation. It does not mean the sapping of the foundations of Protestantism. Whatever truth there ever was in Chillingworth's famous *dictum*, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," remains unaffected by the toil of the higher critics. Luther and Calvin handled the Scriptures in the same way, though not with the same results, as the advanced scholars of to-day. They did not hesitate to reject this book or that from the sacred Collection. It would not have occurred to them that the message of the Bible was discredited because certain parts of the Bible did not contain that message, and had a very doubtful claim to a place in the canon.

It is probable that a New Reformation will before long dawn upon the longing eyes of the church. And supposing that this reformation should linger until criticism has attained some finality, and its results are generally accepted, the Bible, in its new acceptation, will still be the source and the instrument of reform. Another Luther, trained even in the schools of the critics, would appeal with unquestioning certainty to the word of God — probably to some of those sayings of Jesus Christ which have been lost to the church for centuries in the ceremonies of tradition. Another Calvin will demand the reconstruction of society, and will seek for an actual theocracy, on the authority of this book; and the sanction will be not lessened but indefinitely strengthened by the lucidity, the perspective, the naturalness, which criticism will have secured in the sources of the authority.

But what does the work of higher criticism really mean? It means, briefly, as applied to the Old Testament, the revision of certain traditions concerning the structure, the date, the authorship of the books — traditions which had their origin in the fanciful and uncritical circles of Judaism just before, or soon after, the Christian era. And it means, as applied to the New Testament, the revision of certain corresponding opinions which obtained currency among the almost equally fanciful and uncritical writers who are known as the Fathers. It should certainly calm the anxious fears of pious minds to recognize that this dreaded criticism is assailing, not the Bible and its writers, but the rabbis and the Talmud on the one hand, and the patristic traditions on the other hand.

When, for example, criticism concludes that the Pentateuch is not the work of Moses, it is not questioning any statement of the Pentateuch itself — there is not a word in the Pentateuch as such concerning its authorship — it is only questioning the Jewish tradition which, in the most uncritical and arbitrary way, attributed the composition of the book to the person who occupied the foremost place in it.

Now few people who are born with the modern sense of truth, with its rigorous demand for evidence and its sharp distinction between fact and fancy, can form an idea of the light-hearted and irresponsible confidence with which Jewish rabbis were accustomed to settle the meaning, the origin, the nature, of the sacred books. Piety took the place of evidence. One rabbi would suggest some monstrous miracle of interpretation or of fact, and for centuries after his opinion would be quoted as a proof. It may be well to illustrate this unscientific character of Jewish piety in its dealings with the ancient Scriptures. In the apocalyptic work, The Fourth Book of Esdras, there is an absurd story put into the mouth of Ezra himself. Ezra narrates how, on the return to Jerusalem, all the Scriptures had been lost, and he went into the field with five men, and in the course of forty days miraculously rewrote the whole body of the lost books. In Talmudic tradition Ezra was a second Moses. "The Torah was forgotten by Israel until Ezra went up from Babylon and reestablished it" (Succa 20. a). "'And Moses *went up* unto God' (Ex. xix. 3); of Ezra it is said, 'And Ezra *went up* from Babylon' (Ezra vii. 6). What is the meaning of this expression, *go up*? It has the same meaning in the

one passage as in the other, and refers to the Torah." Here is a characteristic piece of the rabbinical wisdom. Ezra is the restorer of the law. The author of IV. Esdras implies that he restored it miraculously, when every vestige of it had disappeared. The Old Testament which existed at the commencement of the Christian era was written not by Moses or the prophets, but by Ezra and him alone, Ezra marvelously recalling the whole of the lost literature.

Now it shows the critical acumen of the early Christian writers whom we call the Fathers, and it fairly illustrates the way in which opinions about the composition of the Bible have been propagated and preserved in the church, that this legend about Ezra was piously accepted and unquestioningly believed by the principal church writers for more than a thousand years. Irenæus says, "God did inspire Esdras, the priest, who was of the tribe of Levi, to set forth in order all the words of the prophets that had gone before, and to restore to the people the law that had been given to Moses," or, to quote Tertullian, "When Jerusalem had been taken and destroyed by the Babylonians, the whole canon of Jewish literature was restored by means of Esdras." The story is referred to by Clement, Origen, Eusebius, Basil the Great, Chrysostom, Jerome, Theodoret, Leontius, Isidorus. It was current, undisputed, until a writer at the end of the twelfth century, Petrus Comestor, so far suspected it, that he tried to reduce the miraculous character of the event by referring to great feats of memory in his own time. This was the first dawn of rationalism. But it was not until the Reformation, and the birth of higher criticism, which is the child of the Reformation, that any one seriously disputed this baseless tradition, and ventured to appeal to Scripture and to reason in refutation of it.

This is only an illustration. But it must be remembered that most of the ideas about the composition and authorship of the Old Testament books, which were current in the first century and passed down the sluggish tide of tradition to our own time, were formed in the same baseless way, by the wholly uncritical minds and methods of Jewish piety. Incorporated into our English Bibles, appearing in the headings or the margins of the Bible, they have been accepted for generations as part of the book itself. But they have no more real connection with it than the solemn dedication to

"The Most High and Mighty Prince James." Let us see the spirit in which the questions of authorship were determined, and the amount of evidence which was considered necessary. Professor Ryle, in his book on the Old Testament Canon, gives a translation from the Baba Bathra, in the Talmud, on this subject. This is a part of it:—

And who wrote [the books of Scripture?] Moses wrote his own book, and the section about Balaam and Job. Joshua wrote his own book and eight verses in the Torah. Samuel wrote his own book and the Books of Judges and Ruth. David wrote the Book of Psalms for the ten elders, the First Man, Melchizedek, and Abraham, and Moses, and Heman, and Jeduthun, and Asaph, and the three sons of Korah. Jeremiah wrote his own book, and the Book of Kings and Lamentations. Hezekiah and his company wrote Isaiah, Proverbs, Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes. The Men of the Great Synagogue [who, it may be observed, are themselves a fiction of rabbinic lore] wrote Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets, Daniel, and the roll of Esther. Ezra wrote his own book, and the genealogies in Chronicles down to his own time. . . .

Whereas it says, Joshua wrote his own book and eight verses in Torah, its teaching agrees with those who affirm, "Eight verses which are in Torah Joshua wrote": for the reading is, "And Moses the servant of the Lord died there"; is it possible that Moses should have in his lifetime written the words, "and he died there"? Was it not that Moses wrote so far, and from that point and onward Joshua wrote? The words of Rabbi Jehudah, or, as others say, of Rabbi Nehemiah, when Rabbi Simeon said to him, "Was it possible that the book of Torah lacked a single letter, when it was written, 'Take this book of the law'?" Verily up to this point the Almighty dictated and Moses wrote; but from that point onward the Almighty dictated and Moses wrote with tears. . . .

Whereas it is said, "Moses wrote his own book and the passage about Baalam and Job," that agrees with the words of Rabbi Levi bar Lachma, who said, "Job lived in the days of Moses," for it is written in one place, "Oh, that (Hebrew *êpho*) my words were now written!" It is written in another place, "For (*êpho*) wherein now shall it be known?" But he might be said to have lived in the days of Isaac, for it is written, "Who then (*êpho*) is he that hath taken venison?" Or again in the days of Jacob, for it is written, "If it be so now (*êpho*), do this." Or again in the days of Joseph, for it is written, "Where (*êpho*) are they feeding?" But you are not to think so, for it is written, "Oh, that they were inscribed (*veyochaku*) in a book," but Moses is called "*the Inscriber*" (*mechokak*), Deut. xxxiii. 21. — "Canon of the Old Testament," Ryle, pp. 274-276.

This naïve attempt to settle the date and authorship of Job by the chance occurrence of a single word, that has an ambiguous meaning, in various passages of the Bible, and

the arbitrary determination of the authorship of the Pentateuch, with little epicycles of imaginary suggestions to meet and overcome some obvious difficulties — may be taken as specimens of the manner and spirit in which the pious rabbis settled these literary questions. It was not a matter of evidence at all, but simply a matter of fanciful and cabalistic argument, starting from fictitious premises and ending in conclusions which, to say the least of it, carry no authority.

It is chiefly owing to the conservative instinct of religious tradition — and perhaps partly owing to the fact that the question involved is not, and never was, really vital — that these judgments about the dates, authorship, and composition of the Scriptures have been allowed to go unchallenged for so many hundreds of years. And it is no wonder that when first the spirit of inquiry began to touch these venerable and crusted accretions, most people thought that the matter itself, the Bible as such, was being assailed. But this dreaded higher criticism is simply an attempt, disregarding the worthless judgments of tradition, to discover by a careful examination of the writings themselves how, when, and by whom, they were composed.

Setting aside the tradition, and looking at the books themselves, it may safely be asserted, for example, that no reader would ever have supposed that the Pentateuch was written by Moses. The fact that it describes his death, the fact which, staggering as it was, was so heroically overcome by "Rabbi Jehudah, or, as others say, Rabbi Nehemiah," would in itself have been decisive. Who ever would dream, but for rabbinical extravagance, that a book which recounts the death and burial of a man was written by the man himself? Or, setting aside the arbitrary decisions of Jewish canonists, would not any intelligent reader perceive that the book of Isaiah is a composite work? At Chapter xl. a new theme begins, and it is treated in a new way. The historical situation has entirely changed. Literary criticism, left to itself, would unhesitatingly have pronounced that here were two distinct books, of different date and authorship, bound up together. Or, when Professor Cheyne takes the Psalter, and, ignoring all the arbitrary headings, which are merely the idle guesses of the scribes, endeavors by a careful study of the Psalms themselves to fix the probable period and

circumstances of their composition, is he not proceeding on the only method which common sense would dictate? Of what value is the rabbinical assertion that "David wrote the Psalms for the ten elders"? And what have we, apart from these baseless traditions, to settle the questions of date and authorship, except the substance and the style of the poems?

It may, however, be said that the work of criticism is not confined to the Old Testament, and the rejection of worthless rabbinical traditions. The more vivid alarm centres in the application of the same method to the Christian documents. It was hinted, in the illustration from the legend of Ezra at the beginning, that the Fathers were almost as uncritical as the rabbis. So far, therefore, as the higher criticism simply challenges or sets aside church tradition on the subject of the New Testament, there is no occasion for alarm. The ordinary biblical scholar to-day, with the vast critical apparatus, which ages of study have provided, in his hands, is in a far more favorable position for determining questions of literary genuineness than the Fathers of the second and third centuries. The unanimous opinion, for instance, if it existed, that the Epistle to the Hebrews was a letter of Saint Paul's, supposing this opinion had come down in an unbroken tradition from the first century to this, would not be decisive against the plain literary and theological evidence contained in the epistle itself to the contrary. Or, again, no patristic authority, though it were unanimous as it is divided, could prove the point that the author of the fourth gospel also composed the Apocalypse.

But, indeed, in New Testament matters the work of criticism is confined within very narrow limits. Questions of authorship are evidently quite secondary. The four gospels, which form the backbone of the book, are anonymous, and no uncertainty about their date or composition can in the least affect their essential message. It is but a fictitious sense of security that pious souls have derived from calling the authors Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, Saint Luke, and Saint John. It tells us nothing more valuable than that the books come from the first century, and so much is substantiated on other grounds. There the books are changeless and inviolable. No critic is tempted to-day to deny the veracity of the delineation of the person of Christ;

for he knows that he would be called on to explain how such a picture came to be painted, and who was the author of the fiction, if fiction it be. And the silenced school of Tübingen, and the discredited attempts of Strauss, remind the critic how difficult a task that would prove.

There is no space to treat the question of the New Testament at all; but this one assertion may be hazarded: The higher criticism has already done both its best and its worst in that department, with this result, that Christ is more real, His doctrine more commanding, and His abiding influence in redeeming and saving the world more rationally and spiritually assured, than in the days before we had heard of the higher criticism.

THE LAND QUESTION, AND ITS RELATION TO ART AND LITERATURE.*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

It is a significant and interesting thing to me to see the actors of America beginning to inquire into the causes of social trouble and to take part in the discussion. Their invitation to Mr. Herne and myself I regard as the most indubitable evidence of the power of a great new idea to reach every class of people, notwithstanding it has been said the actors will never take any interest in a question of this nature. I love the actor's art, the world of the drama. I love its past. When a mere child, far out on the prairies of Iowa, I climbed into my father's lap on many a winter's evening to listen to him as he told me of the great names of the theatrical Boston forty years ago. He was a hard-working man—a man who hardly knew what a fair chance was, with no time for rest or culture, but as I listened to his reminiscences of the elder Booth, of Edwin Forrest, of Charles Thorne, of Edmund Stone, and others of his favorites, it seemed like some far-off fairy land.

I love the past of the stage, but I believe in its future still more. Two sublime ideas are already entering the drama—truth and sympathy, and already there are signs that the novel will have side by side with it an equally true and equally human play. The stage will yet be the exponent of its sister art, fiction. I want every artist and writer able to be true to himself without regard to what has been done. I want him *free*! And this is why I am deep in the great land reform called the single tax. I believe it will free art as well as labor—for freeing labor will free everything. I love the cause of labor because of the value of freedom to the laborer, but I love and fight for this freedom because it is the whole battle that frees art, literature, and science. In the fate of the wage-earner is the fate of all.

* The substance of this paper was given by the author in an address delivered in New York City before the Actors' Order of Friendship.

I think every true artist, because he is a loyal citizen, looks upon the struggle of life here in America with pitying eyes. Art cannot rise out of the weltering smother of our daily tumult. Our socialist brethren would say, Blot out your "competitive system." But it is the lack of competition as a matter of strict fact. It is the war of the man who is disinherited with the man to whom government has granted special privileges to tax his fellows. But we are all agreed—all reformers—that the unrest and toil and brutalizing struggle to win standing room are making art false and insecure, are crippling the dramatist, and starving out the poet and novelist. We differ only in our plans of social redemption.

If you would raise the standard of art in America you must raise the standard of living—that is my first proposition. The comfort of the common American must be secured. He must have leisure and he must have means to buy to his taste. It is a physiological law that the tired, hungry man cares nothing for beauty. What does a sick man care for Millet's "Angelus," or for the view from Mount Washington? A Japanese fire-screen would be as impressive. What are the charms of parks, of landscape gardening to the poor tramp, haggard with hunger and desperate with need?

The great mass of people in America toil from ten to fourteen hours per day, and each day of the year. When they are able to gratify a desire for art, what sort of patrons would you expect them to be? How is it possible for such worn and warped natures to appreciate a quiet play, a fine actor, a thoughtful novel? They absolutely require force, farcical acting, ranting unreality. And yet their taste is better than their means; they must content themselves even then with chromos when they would buy paintings. The general public cannot buy to its taste, and its taste is kept low by the terrible drain upon the nervous system and the complete absorption of each waking hour in the struggle to live. There is much talk just now of over production, but the whole trouble is, rather, *under consumption*.

In the whole of our vast population of sixty-five millions, the audience to which the actor or novelist can appeal is very small. First we have fifteen millions of farmers, living in semi-solitude, exposed to the hardest conditions, and forced

to work from sunrise to sunset, while their wives and mothers walk a ceaseless round of toil, from sleep to sleep, lonely prisoners of poverty. There are ten millions of poor whites and negroes in the South, who must also be counted out of the question; and, last, there are ten millions of artisans in the Northern states essentially cut off. These figures are all under rather than over the fact. Then counting out the children and the aged, you can see that practically the public to which the writer can appeal in America is pitifully small — relatively a handful. Because of the poverty of the mass of the people, because of the toil and worry and poverty everywhere the common inheritance of the rising generation — because of these things it is that the artist's best pictures hang on his studio walls, the novelist's best thought is unsold, the dramatist's best play is refused by the manager, and the actor is forced to play the buffoon.

We all dream of somehow touching this great, strange, wallowing, hydra-headed something called "the public" and waking its better nature into life. We dream of playing upon its heartstrings as a lute, and all the time we passively acquiesce in conditions which keep all the devilish and sordid passions of our audience as an impenetrable barrier between us. We stand mournfully regarding the blind and suffering monster, and do nothing to help it rise. We see two millions of men and their families, who would be our eager patrons, out of work, and millions more working on reduced time and at reduced wages. We see the cities swarming with beings out of whose faces all humanity is passing. We see other men getting enormously rich without toil, while the vast majority of free Americans toil all their lives and get nothing. We see all this, and begin at last to wonder if there is not something wrong, and whether this condition of things is not a menace to us as artists as well as to the laboring man.

We begin to perceive that the nation is a solidarity, and that whatever produces disease in one part of the social body produces distress in the whole body; that the poor sewing girl, the farmer, the artisan, *cannot be crushed without a certain reaction upon art*. To this idea we owe the splendid awakening on the social subject among artists in America, led by Beard, Enneking, Inness, and Brush, and among literary men, led by Howells, George, and Bellamy.

The best artists in Boston tell me they are doing nothing. The sale of pictures is accomplished only now and then at ruinous prices. There is no money in the writing of fiction, especially the best fiction. People can't afford to buy books, and while the struggle for food and fire is so hard they will read cheap sensational or farcical stories. So in the theatrical world, the present moment is ominous. I need not tell you of the thousands of men and women out of work in your profession. You meet them in your daily walk.

But you have all admitted the presence of the wrong. Can there come a cure? I think so. But it must come to the actor and novelist indirectly. It must come from freeing labor. *It must come from raising the common man to freedom and affluence.* What is the great bar to the progress to affluence of the common man? There are many apparent, but they mainly spring from one great fundamental and monstrous system of injustice: speculative monopoly of the benefits of nature — mines, forests, or what the economists call *land*. And the cure is, I believe, to be found in the single tax reform, which is a handy name for the doctrine so magnificently advocated by Henry George.

Land is the prime necessity of life, and speculation in it is the most far-reaching curse of our nation to-day. To it can be directly traced the overcrowding of cities, the semi-solitude of the farms, the creation of tenement houses, the bondage and discouragement of art and the slavery of labor. These are grave charges, but I think they can be substantiated. Let us see if I cannot indicate, at least, the line of argument to convince.

The same principle operates to disperse the farmers of America, and also to pile men in buildings seven stories high in the cities. This principle is the desire to escape rent. In the city, rent is lessened by many people occupying the same house, by whole families living in one or two rooms. In the country, rent is lessened by dispersion, by pushing out further into the wilderness.

Rent is made unnaturally high by the speculative holding of lands out of use. Men get and hold more land than they can use, and wait till the bitter need of some other man makes it necessary to pay the price which satisfies the speculator. Everywhere is an artificial scarcity of land. Ground rents being enormously increased because of artificial

scarcity of land, the rents of houses rise in proportion, and the tenant must pay the annual increase in ground rent as well as an interest on the capital in the house. Our coal lands are monopolized by speculators who mine only here and there a part of coal tract, and regulate the price of coal at the same time that they pay labor a pittance for heaving it to the surface. Thus the poor man of the city pays tribute to the landlord in ground rent and tribute to the coal king through the monopoly price of coal, and, worst of all, finds *his wages kept at starvation point by the bitter competition of people like himself seeking a chance to work* and a chance to rent his miserable tenement.

There is no real scarcity of land — we have only twenty people to the square mile as a nation; but the *artificial* scarcity of land is already to the danger point. Land in New York is worth \$14,000,000 per acre. And there are 330,000 people to the square mile, with greater pressure and more acute misery than in any city on the earth. I say speculative holding of the earth is the greatest barrier to progress. It is a survival of the feudal system; it is a despotic tribute levied upon the helpless men and women of our time. It opposes all advance in science, art, and religion. It must be abolished. *We must raise the standard of living to raise the standard of thinking*, and to do that means attacking the supreme cause of the present low conditions of living. We must make labor free. We must destroy the tenement house and make America a nation of homes. We must keep down the number of millionnaires and raise the number of the well-to-do.

Speculation in land means the getting from some one else a value which we have not earned. It means living upon somebody else. I am a teacher, for example. I get a little money laid by from my teaching. I feel the necessity of investing it somewhere. I buy a piece of land in a growing town* for a thousand dollars. I go on with my teaching. At the end of five years the city has grown about my land. Its value has doubled; it is now worth two thousand dollars. I have paid a small tax each year on the original value of the land. My industrious neighbors have been taxed upon their industry, while I have been allowed to go comparatively

* The late Benjamin F. Butler, in a symposium on "How to get Rich," counselled buying land in the suburbs of growing towns.

free of tax — yet my investment has paid me one hundred per cent. At length a man who needs my land very much offers me twenty-two hundred dollars, and I take it. I pocket the extra eleven hundred dollars though I have done nothing to earn it. It was a value which the growth of the city had made; it belonged to the city for public purposes. To the extent of \$1,000, clear, I have lived upon the labor of somebody else. I have, in fact, taken a tribute which another man was forced to pay me before he could use a plot of ground whose value was measured by the industry and enterprise of the whole community.

Do you not see that there is a clearly-defined line dividing what is really mine from that which is not mine? Do you not see, moreover, that to tax the man upon the house which he proceeds to build, is to make it just that much more difficult for him to build? that it keeps him just that much longer in a tenement house? If he is a business man, it makes it just that much harder to start in business. If he builds a tenement house the tribute which he paid me must be added to the cost of the house, and thus comes at last out of the pocket of the person least able to pay it — the poor tenant.

Take another illustration. I own a lot on a street in Boston. Mr. Jones thinks it an excellent place for a theatre. He comes to purchase it. I charge one hundred thousand dollars for a lot upon which I have never put spade. I bought it twenty years ago for one thousand dollars. I have paid a very small tax upon it yearly. It has been assessed at thirty per cent of its value because I've left it unused. Mr. Jones can't pay my price, but rents it at a large rent for a term of years. This is the first tribute to monopoly. He proceeds to build, and in every foot of lumber, and every pound of iron or coal he pays tribute to the land speculators, from whose land the coal, iron, and lumber came, and a tribute to the railway monopoly in high freights. Every article that goes to build that theatre is artificially enhanced in value by ground rent, by tribute to monopoly. At last the theatre is built; then comes the electric monopoly, the gas monopoly, the heating monopoly, and, last of all, the tax collector, who claps a fine upon Mr. Jones for his enterprise in the shape of a round yearly tax, while I continue to draw my ground rent.

Now Mr. Jones, to get even, must cut down on the wages

of his hands, scrimp on gas and lights, and narrow his dressing rooms, etc. He must also charge the travelling manager larger rent. The travelling manager, in order to meet this advance, must cut down the salaries of his men. The actors find their salaries being cut and wonder at it. The travelling manager wonders at it, and gets to be a monopolist himself as soon as possible.

It is the increase in the value of theatre sites which makes the production of a new play each year more difficult. It increases the cost of production just that much. It keeps down competition just that much. Therefore the local manager books those plays only which are "assured successes," which cuts off the original playwright and fosters imitation and timidity, precisely as in the novel. This sad condition will increase in hopelessness so long as land monopoly exists unrestricted. The single-tax idea, applied to theatres, would release the theatre from tax, but would tax the land value. More theatres would be built. One manager told me he had twelve applications for his open time for every one he booked. Another placed it seven to one. This does not mean that the best were selected, but that the manager believed they would fill his theatre.

The whole problem resolves itself down to a question of monopoly of benefits which nature designed for all men, for *land* means natural resource, mines, forests, mill-privileges, as well as farms and theatre sites. As a question of abstract right, the single tax lays this down as a cardinal principle: *Whatever a man produces by his skill, economy, or foresight is his without tax, and without molestation.* So far it is individualistic, not admitting the right to tax even. *But the natural value of land, the site value, the value of the mere monopoly of any mine, lot, or location is not a product of individual skill or industry, and belongs to the general community, to be so held and its value taken as a tax.*

To bring the change about, to set industry free, and to discourage monopoly, the single tax would levy all taxes upon the site value of land, having no regard for improvements. It would do this by a *gradual exemption of all personal property from tax, and correspondingly increasing the assessments on land values*, and especially upon land values held out of the market for speculation. It would exactly reverse the present system of things. It would bear heavily

on the speculator, and lightly on the industrious and enterprising man.

It would tax a man according to the exclusive advantage which he held over his fellow-men—according to his privileges and not according to the value he produces. It would tax railways as all other monopolies—upon the annual value of their monopoly, not on the value of their accommodation to the public needs.

This simple reform is one of the most radical and far-reaching of changes. The first effect would be to cheapen land. The speculator, seeing that his taxes were being raised in proportion to the industry of the community, taxed just the same as if his land were in use, would begin to use or sell to some one who will use. Land would everywhere seek a market. Money will seek "to get out of land and into houses." The result of this would be to immensely benefit the man of moderate means, and especially the working man, and this will react upon the drama. For with cheapening of lands the working man will find it easier to buy a lot, and with no tax on houses will find it easy to build a house. Material will be cheaper, because mines and forests will be open to labor. Coal will no longer cost the laborer eight dollars a ton in Boston, while his brother toiler gets thirty-nine cents for mining it. The "getting out of land and into houses" will of course decrease rents, and will at the same time increase wages.

Cheap coal, cheap lumber, cheap clothing, will be cheap because of the prodigality of our great mother, Nature, rather than because flesh and blood are cheaper than coal and cheaper than shingles. God alone knows what the "cheap" clothing of to-day means.

But the greatest effect of all will be the opening up of opportunity for capital and labor to employ themselves without first paying tribute to the mere land owner. Let it be observed that there is no war against capital, against legitimate business. Labor and capital are allies; their common battle is against the land-monopolist who stands ever in the way of progress.

I come now to the law of wages. There is but one law of wages. As long as there are two men seeking one job, wages will be low. As long as the mass of laborers are shut out from the opportunity to employ themselves they are essen-

tially bond, and not free men, and must take what such hard conditions offer. What matters the glory of literature and art, the inconceivable advances of science in locomotion, labor-saving machinery, and sanitation, to the white slaves in New York city to-night, or to the millions of farmers far out on the lonely farms of the West?—for the farmers are as surely wage-earners as the city mechanic. They are not land-owners, that is sure. There are more than a million men out of work to-day. These men are seeking work. They crowd the doors of employers, they bid for work by offering to take lower wages. They keep wages down, in spite of invention and the infinite goodness of mother Nature.

The solution of the whole problem lies in freeing labor, by breaking down monopoly in mines, forests, building lots, and farms, and opening wide to labor a thousand natural opportunities to employ itself. With twice as many jobs as men, labor will demand and get its proper share of its product. The laborer under the single tax would have no tax upon his industry, no tax upon his home. He could make his own contract then, and his fear of poverty would be gone.

His prosperity would instantly react upon all art and all lines of legitimate business. Wages would go up in every branch of trade, while trade would be placed on a healthy and safe basis of corresponding activity. As Mr. Herne has indicated in his remarks, there can be no over production as long as men have opportunity to satisfy their reasonable wants. When men have enough to eat, they turn to art and literature. There is no over production of theatres; there are not too many actors. The whole trouble, I repeat, lies in the inability of the farmer, the mechanic, the doctor, the teacher, the millions of common Americans, to gratify their taste for the stage. Remove this disability, increase the wages of these men, and instantly art and literature would feel the effect of the reaction of the mind of the common man to buoyancy and hope.

Under the single tax, with lands taxed on site value irrespective of improvements, the man holding land out of use would use or sell; his motive for holding would be gone. The farmers would draw closer together. The growth of towns into cities would be accelerated, and as they grew in popular affluence they would become centres of

light and civilization. Schools, concert halls, theatres, would spring up, and the domain of art be everywhere illimitably extended. This prosperity of the farmer, like that of the mechanic, would react upon the dramatist, the actor, and the novelist in a most inspiring way.

Over production! It is impossible. When you have raised the standard of living of the common American till he can go to the theatre when he pleases, he'll demand better plays and be willing to pay for them, just as he'll buy paintings and not chromos. The dramatic millenium will come when the laborer receives the full reward of his labors, and not till then.

In the general renaissance of trade and improvement in material things, art and literature will bloom like the rest. With leisure to enjoy and means to purchase to his refining taste, the common man would be no longer a common man, and art, genuine art, with free and happy intellects before it, would no longer be the poor, begging thing it seems now.

And, finally, and most glorious of all, that horrible waste of human genius, so common now, would lessen. Some of the finest voices I have ever heard are swallowed up in the roar of machinery, or wasted on the wide prairie air. One of the most gifted families of musicians I ever knew, lived all their several lives out on the border, and the world knows nothing of them. There are superb young actors deep in the forests, singers in the depth of mines, painters toiling on lonely farms. This waste of human genius would not go on under the new system of things. With leisure and full opportunity to select a vocation, each man or woman would gravitate to that vocation for which he or she seemed best fitted, and only those best fitted would or could remain. With countless avenues of employment open to him, the man would not find experiment a fear and a menace.

In summing up, let me say that as artists we are addressing only a handful of the great democracy. Just now you are playing to a minority that does not grow. Times are hard, and growing harder. There is no expansion, no widening, of your field or my field; it is rather narrowing. The whole country is like a factory town when the engines are all cold.

The cause of art is the cause of humanity. The dignity of the drama depends upon the comfort and leisure of the

common man. The whole social order must undergo change before American art will become the jubilant and perfectly wholesome art it should be.

O the brave future! when the mouth of hunger shall be filled, and every child be flushed with warmth. In the future we all hope for, there is the most beautiful drama and the most human fiction. Men and women of the drama, your art is not supported by the few, after all; it rests upon the support of the many. Its fate is bound up with that of the working man. You too must become reformers. You too must stand for equal rights, with all that the fearless leaders of present-day thought have made that phrase mean.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART II.

I.

THE foregoing experiments prove that we have within us a faculty for acquiring from without a knowledge that is independent of either words or sound. Patients regard this as an ability of the *ego*, the individuality. We also learn that this individuality is so susceptible to the influence of other individualities that it can by our consent be taken possession of by others, and absolutely mastered for either good or evil. They also indicate that this faculty in acquiring its knowledge in any part of this world is not affected by distance.

It has been said that if all cables and wires were connected, an electric message would circle the world instantaneously — that is to say, if an operator telegraphed from his right hand to his left, with the whole world between, the letters of the message would come in from the east as soon as they are sent out to the west. We have here a natural fact as to annihilation of distance. Yet it is not suggested that the soul in acquiring knowledge at a distance is a current. Nor is it suggested that electricity is a current. Evidently it is one of the life principles. A telegraph line, when in use, is a wire vivified — that is to say, it is throughout its length permeated by an immaterial essence possessing a capacity for such inconceivably rapid vibration that a shock or alteration in one spot is immediately felt along the whole wire. In other words, it is as sensitive in its entirety as in its part. One spot cannot suffer anything unfelt by the whole at the same moment. This is sympathy sublimated — sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree. It is a power of nature. We can make it — or rather educe it — while still ignorant of what it is.

Similarly the soul, which is a higher, or more extensive, existence than electricity, may be expected to contain among its qualities some peculiarities of that principle with which we are best acquainted. It seems probable that the soul or life of man also possesses, in a similar way, a capacity for inconceivably rapid vibration. But there is no vivified wire or other material channel of communication between the soul of a mesmerized patient and a person inquired about, say in San Francisco. And if the patient's soul knows enough to discover the presence of the San Franciscan, and how at the same time to report of him fully in New York, it surely knows enough to stay at home and do its work as a resident. In other words, the abilities required in order to make the flight would be more extensive than a resident intelligence would require, and the economy of nature does not favor any unnecessary power, people, or entity.

The facts and reports of patients which tend to support the theory of "flight" are given at some length, because it is interesting to see what grounds orientals and others have had for believing that some part of the human makeup was projected through space. The usual explanations of patients almost necessarily lead to some theory of this kind. Yet it is to be understood that the person whose interior faculties are witnessing a distant scene could speak in no other way than in the first person. The theory of the resident intelligence accounts for all the facts, so that there seems to be no sufficient reason for suggesting any such further peculiarity as is asserted in oriental systems. The reader may, therefore, so far as this work is concerned, divest his mind of Buddhistic suggestions as to "astral bodies," etc. People who have not grasped the most deep-set truth of nature have imagined different existences to explain such phenomena as are here exhibited.

What, then, is this intelligence which is resident in man, and which is possessed of these fearful and wonderful, and yet most peaceful and natural, powers? On the way to an answer, a few *dicta* of celebrated men may be considered. Let us go first to the region of material science. Here, Mr. Herbert Spencer indicates that all human study and research finally bring us to the one absolute certainty — "that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." The above is not the voice of

uneducated religion, or of any kind of dogma, but is the *ultimatum* of the most material and scientific methods of research. Let Mr. Spencer continue: —

Historical evidence shows that the religious consciousness began among primitive men with a *belief in a double* belonging to each individual, which, *capable of wandering away from him during life*, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that from this idea being eventually distinguished as supernatural, there developed, in course of time, the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest.

Let us now take a definition of Professor Max Müller, and then combine the different sayings and ask a few questions. He says, "Religion is the faculty for realizing the Infinite." What we understand from his remark is that "There is in man a faculty for realizing the Infinite, of which the outcome is religion." No one seems to mention that this faculty for partly realizing the Infinite will also comprehend the finite, as the greater includes the less. Yet it is of importance to understand that the same faculty which, with its marvellous and wordless knowledge, may be conscious of great truths and aspirations, is also capable of comprehending the smallest and most trivial things. To suppose that the faculty only apprehends great matters, and not small ones, would be placing an unnecessary limitation on it.

Now what gave rise to this "consciousness which began among primitive men with a belief in a double belonging to each individual, that is capable of wandering away from him during life"? What gave rise to the Buddhist belief that some part of the human makeup could be projected through space to acquire knowledge at a distance? The answer is a simple one, though it requires further explanation. It is merely this, that "Truth lies at the bottom of the well," — that the internal depths are in unity with an all-pervading knowledge which simply knows because it knows. Whenever a savage or a civilized man (and in questions of soul science there is no separation), has been in a deep sleep, and his soul has apprehended some facts that were occurring at a distance, he has, very naturally, thought he possessed a double, which "wandered away from him during life." Similarly, in the East Indian methods for producing trance, the soul is divested of the bodily sensations and passions, and thus may without difficulty be made to witness distant

affairs. Consequently they all think that a spiritual double of the human body is projected to remote localities. The mass of information collected by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his assistants incidentally includes this point; Professor Huxley has also assisted; all the religious literature of the world has more or less contributed. In fact, the stories of vision at death and vision during sleep, no matter where they come from, turn on this same point.

Now consider Max Müller's statement, which (with not improper alteration) reads thus: "There is in man a faculty for correspondence with the Infinite, of which the outcome is religion." Clearly, religion is only one outcome of this faculty, for it is the medium through which every living thing is assisted towards living as it should, and towards acquiring its own necessities. The Controller of evolution has not produced an infinity of living creatures while cutting off all *media* for communication. To suppose so would be to suggest that everything had been left to chance.

But, in nature itself, what do we find? Every child's book on natural history teems with anecdotes regarding the instinct and peculiar traits of animals. Not only do these stories refer to the instincts which are assisted by heredity, but they point to the exercise of faculties which are outside of heredity. How are those creatures in Texas made aware that if they seek and eat a certain plant they will be cured after being bitten by rattlesnakes? In this case there can be no heredity, and not even, as a rule, any previous experience. And supposing previous practice had existed, through their having been previously bitten, how was the practice first learned? Now the fact is, that, in unnumbered cases of the above kind, the reason of man has been entirely halted; no explanation has been given. The high priests of science are silent. Those who are not brave enough to say they do not know, take refuge in the idea of heredity. They might as well explain it by astrology.

Again, why does the hunter who is lost on the prairie drop the reins on his horse's neck, so that the beast may take him back to the encampment? The horse knows no more than the hunter about the proper direction to take; but a certain faculty in him *does*. Who ever heard of a full-blooded American Indian, of the older times, being lost in the woods? Enclose your dog in a box, and after sending

him a hundred miles by rail, loose him, and see how soon he will return to his home.

An Irish fisherman had a tame seal—an affectionate thing—which became rather a nuisance about the cottage. He sent it away for long distances on board ship, but it always came back. Then he, or some other men, tried a fiendish experiment. They put out the creature's eyes and shipped it on a sailing vessel. When half way across the Atlantic the seal was thrown overboard. It was now unable to procure food, being blind. But it reached home; and one morning was found dead of starvation at the door of the cottage.

Now, what explains all this? You may call it the "homing instinct," or give it any other absurd name. Of what use is "homing instinct" to a blind seal in trackless waters? or even to a seal that sees? The answer is simply this, that fish, bird, and animal, can in the pressure of their necessities make draughts upon the all-knowledge that assists evolution. Instances of the same truth can be multiplied. The migration of fish, birds, and animals; their methods of defence, escape, and attack; the ability of the condor and other carrion birds to reach the distant carcass; the knowledge of the desert camel that a pool is within a day's journey—nearly all the strange records of natural history are explained by the fact of the correspondence between the animal soul and the all-knowledge. These things are precisely the same on the lower planes of life as the correspondences artificially utilized by the mesmerist, when he makes the soul of his patient describe with certainty events which are happening elsewhere. Throughout animal nature, these processes seem to be brought into action solely as a result of necessity. Glutted animals lose that alertness which the correspondences demand. Everywhere is found necessity, in countless forms, begetting that which nature and all achievement demand, namely, effort.

If the French school, whose experiments corroborate those here given, succeeds in convincing the public of the utility of mesmerism, it may be applied in a number of ways. For instance, any one who can fully mesmerize a blind person can make him see more than one sees with ordinary sight; for the actuator can show him all he remembers, and, indeed, any part of the world which he has never seen, or, apparently,

anything else. To the blind, the joy of this would be inconceivable. We wait for science to do this — for men do not know how they may help each other.

Again, it may be used in reducing public expenditure in criminal trials. After the usual trouble and delay over them, we are not always free from a doubt as to their correct termination. There should be no uncertainty. Of course the liberty of the individual will not be readily tampered with, but there seems to be no reason, when a large amount of condemnatory evidence is taken at the preliminary examination, why the accused should not be made to tell as to his guilt or innocence. It remains to be proved as to whether anæsthetics can produce the sleep of body which liberates the interior faculties. If, in this way, as by the mesmeric processes, the accused can harmlessly be placed in the condition here described, he can be forced by will power to tell everything. He then would give every detail, and say where he buried or secreted the *corpora delicti*, etc. The truth of all these details could be ascertained at once by reliable persons. Then the culprit could be immediately tried and this evidence of these persons taken. After this, the condemned one could be sent at once to the chair, and there could be no uncertainty as to the justice of the result. It was stated in the newspapers that this process was lately utilized by the Parisian scientists in the case of the murderer Eyraud. They mesmerized his accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard, and she told the story of the murder with every detail. When Eyraud went to the guillotine there was no doubt of his guilt.

The other channels in which the faculty may be used are infinite — for instance, among shipwrecked people, in a boat at sea, or on a desert island. If the man of strongest will can mesmerize the most submissive woman, she will tell what ships or lands are near, the proper direction to steer, or any other knowledge of the like kind. It must always be recollected that where you have a human being you have a machine which can transmit to you all the knowledge you require in any such case. And if there be a woman present, especially a maiden, you will discover in your scientific process that you have with you a very wonderful being. If she brings men to a knowledge of the wonderful alliances that are within her, she will be only fulfilling part of her mission in life.

The following anecdote is believed to be true. James Doyle, formerly a foremast sailor on the Canadian Lakes, had a wife and family living in Hamilton, Canada, where probably they still remain. Doyle was coming down Lake Erie one night on a sailing vessel. He went below at eight bells, and while in his bunk thought that he was at his home in Hamilton. In his wife's room his child was dying. A doctor, who was a stranger to Doyle, was attending the child. The wife and several of Doyle's acquaintances were there; also several people he did not know. He woke in a fright and rushed on deck in an excited way. The captain told him not to be a fool, and sent him below. I think Doyle said that on returning to his bunk the vision appeared again. When he reached the Welland Canal he got paid off and took the train home. He found that his child had died on the night of the vision, and that every person had been in the room as he saw them, including the strange doctor, whom he visited and recognized as the one he had witnessed in the vision. Doyle had felt the loss of his child. He spoke of the occurrence with difficulty. It was not a matter about which a father would conjure up a lie. He was a sailor on the yacht of the writer's uncle, and was for many years known as an honest fellow.

When the wife and the assembled people, and perhaps the dying child, were all lamenting the father's absence at such a time, what a strange effect it had upon his soul while he slept! Here was a case which almost necessitated a belief in a double. Mr. Herbert Spencer's collection of *data* on this subject show that these visions have occurred in all ages and among all peoples, both savage and civilized. There may have been some imposture, but large baskets of fish are undoubtedly caught, in spite of the frequency of exaggerated stories. If any one doubts that visions have occurred, let him experiment on these lines; and he will find that he can artificially produce as strange visions as ever were related. Not only will he produce them himself, but he will see how simple and apparent is the explanation of all the others.

II.

Probably most people are tired of attempted reconciliations between religion and science. There is here no desire to contribute another of such attempts. We need fewer

opinions and apologies; we want facts, and the only facts are in nature. One might think, from the appearances of late years, that science and religion would continue to run as parallel lines and never meet. And if science does not extend its own methods into the region of the immaterial life, they will, evidently, remain as strangers. But, as George Eliot's old innkeeper continually told his quarreling guests, — "The truth lies atween ye, gentlemen, the truth lies atween ye!" La Rochefoucauld said, "*Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un cote,*" and the trouble between science and religion is that they are both wrong; or, rather, as the old innkeeper oracularly said, "Ye're both right and ye're both wrong—the truth lies atween ye, gentlemen!"

Huxley says:—

By the term "science," I understand all that knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions; and if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science.

It will remain for the reader himself to experiment, and then say whether his knowledge thereby gained "rests upon evidence of like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions." If the methods are of this character, they are sufficiently scientific to gain a hearing; and although it is not suggested that one man's evidence (even when corroborated by French scientists), is of the kind which may be accepted as "valid" (in the sense of all-sufficient), one may still hope that the truth here produced may at least lead others to the same channels of inquiry and proof.

If any acquiescence of readers has been accorded, they will, of their own motion, go further, and think out for themselves a number of corroborative facts which could not be included in a short treatise of this kind. They will see that this work is chiefly addressed to those who have made at least some study of the laws and history of evolution, because without this study people are at sea regarding comprehension of life; and it must be assumed that readers possess some knowledge of material evolution before an attempt can be made to describe nature's advance into its spiritual grades.

What we require most is unity of conception. In life there is such infinite variety of phenomena and such infinite complexity of relation, that what we require most is great simplicity of law. In this work we are not concerned to prove that either science or religion is right. No personal opinion, nor any centuries of opinions, are worth a rush unless these seem to leap into the heart as truths. Yet no one will attempt to undervalue the enormous accretions of *data* which have become ranged at the sides of both religion and science. These are the powers which, by pressing on both sides, finally squeeze the truth out from between them.

The aspirations, incentives, and confidences of all the hosts of religious men, together with their clinging to "the evidences of things not seen" which were to them realities, will never be lost, and their value will never be denied — because they were right, in the main. Yet their "right" was so pervaded with unnecessary *et ceteras*, and they all so insisted on the necessity of these *et ceteras*, that many thousands of the best and most educated men have turned away feeling sore.

On the other hand, the aspirations, incentives, arduous researches, and successes of all the scientific and carefully thinking men who clung to the evidence of things *that are seen* — men who starved spirit rather than accept untruth — the work and the downright honesty of these persons will never be lost, and their value will never be denied — because they were right, so far as they went. Yet their "right" was so hedged with unnecessary limits, and they so insisted on these limits, that many thousands of the best and most religious of men turned away feeling sore.

It will be seen, though, that in the present state of things there can be no reconciliation between science and religion. One clings to the true and intangible, and the other clings to the true and tangible. The only solution of the difficulty, therefore, seems to be for both to emigrate to a new region in which both parties may retain some of their most cherished principles. It is the endeavor of this work to show where that region is. To reach it, the advocate of science must extend his limitations and the religionist must drop some of his *et ceteras*. This will be no reconciliation. It will be a new land to which emigrants pass because truth has its abode there. The inhabitants will care nothing for

the previous opinions of the new immigrants, and the whole region is governed by law and truth. The simple name of the region is "the future"; its legal code is the same eternal law of evolution, with further volumes added concerning the spirit life; and its God is the God of nature, who insists upon things being done in His way and not in the ways set up by priests of either science or sect.

No matter what our beliefs or unbeliefs may be, we all have to face one great truth, and the sooner we face it the better. It is this — that the only possible God is the God of nature. Many religious people will say that they have always admitted this. In a way — yes. But they have been continually apologizing for nature, criticising nature, and hating some parts of it. For instance, when Paul advises against marriage, he is flatly opposed to the God of nature; that is to say, he opposes and is evidently ignorant of those processes which God uses to teach the majorities of men. No fact of nature is opposed to religion, and any religious idea which cannot be made to fit in with nature is *ipso facto* wrong. Paul, therefore, while right as to himself, did more than most men to make Christianity in some respects the most stupendous critic of God that the world has known. All teachings which are out of harmony with the bulk of humanity require adjustment. Teachings which are quite proper, and a necessity, for those on the highest human planes, are of little use to those who know next to nothing of the spiritual life. Indeed, for the vast majorities who are in the lower grades, the teachings do harm, in creating despair. Proper study of nature cures all these things. In the region of the future they are understood.

It sounds almost childish to speak of the future being direct successor to the present, and of the present being the lineal descendant of the past. Yet, apparent in their truth as these statements are, it may be doubted whether people will, as a rule, pay much heed to what they suggest. People are apparently unwilling to believe that that which has continually ruled in the past and present will continue to rule in the future. We have with us the modern ages of the present, and behind us we have a past which resembles an eternity. We are able to see that throughout the whole of this time the same principles of law for progress have been at work. And yet most people think that man is so impor-

tant that in his case nature will make a jump, and land him after death in some blissful abode of purity and refinement for which, clearly, he is not fitted. The conceit and improbability involved in this idea become apparent by ascertaining how free from "jumps" nature has been.

Nothing so impresses a student as the solidity of nature. When a law of nature teaches of itself, its power for producing conviction is like the silent and resistless force of a tide. We gain such a complete sense of its reality that any infringement of it seems absurd. Infringement is generally called sin; but it is also absurdity, even when coupled with unspeakable tragedy. Indeed, it is a wide thought that there is nothing in nature but nature. In different terms, some religions express the same idea, when saying, "There is nothing in nature but God." And the material scientist comes very near the same thing if he says, "We know of nothing in nature but law." All these expressions are merely the various attempts to give verbal expression to the existence of that which all opposing parties are agreed upon. Therefore in the region of the future one speaks of nature or law or God when one refers to that existence regarding which there is no dispute. For the purposes of this work these terms are usually employed as if they were synonymous.

Taking, then, the subject matter of this consensus of opinion, we ask, What is this nature, or God, or law? Appalled by the magnitude of the question, the first answer is that we know nothing. But this is wrong. We *do* know something. Where, then, is the knowledge? We turn inquiringly to science. Science answers that it knows of laws and effects, and nothing more. We then turn to religion. Here we find countless works of honorable men of all recorded ages who agree on one point. They may contend with each other about trifles and *et ceteras*, but they are, one and all, agreed on one point — that we have within us an inward monitor which guides our life correctly. In other words, they agree that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some all-knowledge which is continually present; also that the intuitive impressions received in these correspondences, whether for prohibition, incentive, aspiration, or otherwise, are always right. The belief is that this outside all-knowledge is never wrong.

Now the universal agreement of all the hosts of religious men is, to say the least of it, very singular. One would think that they might have fought over this point as they have over every other. But so far as the facts appear, they never have. Material science looks on, and says: "This belief, to these religious men, seems to be a great reality; but it is not contained in our system for research." Then the religious very properly reply: "The spiritual man has as good a right to tell of the spiritual world as material science has to speak of the material world." To this, Professor Huxley, speaking for science, gives a limited consent. In effect, he says that science has always been willing to discuss and profit by any proofs that the religious could bring forward. He says that "If any one is able to make good the assertion that this belief about the soul rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that the soul and the study and knowledge of soul must take a place as a part of science." (In the last sentence, which is quoted correctly near the commencement of this chapter, the word "theology" is removed, and words concerning "soul" substituted, so as to extend the professor's meaning to our point—and in a way he would not, presumably, object to.)

The trouble is, however, that the religious have not been able to produce such proofs of the existence of soul as are recognized by material science. For many years there has seemed to be no hope that the religious would be able to prove a reality which to them was only present in the intuitions. And in the meantime the whole educated world has been divided into two classes—those who acknowledge the spiritual world and those who did not.

At this juncture an experimenter says: "If you deal with a suitable human patient in the ways described, you can prove for yourself, beyond all doubt, that the belief of religious people is correct when they say that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some outside knowledge which apparently knows everything, and which is continually present." This experimenter gives the details of his experiments. He is not ignorant of the values or worthlessness attaching to human testimony. He, however, asks for no further credence beyond that which will place other students in such courses of inquiry as will exhibit to them the same truths. If others thus accomplish similar

results, and publish them truthfully, then the whole field of natural religion must "take its place as a part of science." As religion is gradually shown to be a scientific necessity and a proved reality, the resulting gain to the world will be seen to be so immeasurable that others will also feel it their duty to publish assisting facts.

SILVER IN ENGLAND.

BY HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

THE first form of trade in the beginnings of civilization, was barter—exchanging this for that—pigs for potatoes, corn for cattle, land for labor, service for service, and so on in the most crude and inconvenient manner. After that came money—intrinsic money—giving value for value. This was a vast improvement in the line of commercial progress, but intrinsic money was often scarce and costly; it was, also, cumbersome and risky in transportation. Then came the paper substitute, depending on intrinsic money for its value. This was another step in advance, but not always safe, as very often coin was not to be had for redemption purposes.

The first form of robbery was with the sword. This was a bold and sanguinary process, usually tragic, and always hazardous. When money came, robbery took another form and another name. It was called speculation, and the brigands were called speculators and financiers. The robbery was by wholesale. No blood was shed, but the victims were crushed and slain by distress, privation, cold, and hunger.

Money is the best and the worst thing known to man. It is both the root and the offspring of civilization. Without it civilization can have no existence or progress; with it civilization may be either perfected or destroyed. With money men may enter upon a career of enlightened progress, utterly impossible without it; and, on the other hand, through the manipulations of money, mankind may be reduced to the lowest and the least merciful form of slavery. The slavery of the lash has its elements of mercy. The man is the property of the master; he must not be driven to death, nor reduced to worthlessness. The slavery of the purse is without mercy; the death of the man is no loss to the master. Money, then, is good or bad as we use it, or as we suffer it to be used.

The monetary function may be attached to gold, silver, copper, or paper. Silver money was first used in England by the Saxons. The coinage was rude, and the weight inexact. Clipping and filing became a business by the silversmiths and the speculators. This was the first form of monetary robbery. Light coins were swapped for heavy. The latter were melted down for use in the arts. It was an easy way for the silversmiths to procure bullion, and for the speculators to make a profit at the expense of society. Melting the coins contracted the money of the realm, and inflicted on society falling prices, idleness of labor, and public distress. A shrinking volume of money always produces falling prices of labor and its products. Trade becomes hazardous, commerce languishes, and business men fall into bankruptcy. No man will build a house, start a factory, or enter into a future contract during a time of falling prices; labor ceases to find employment, and general public suffering is the result.

The bad results were ascribed to many causes, but seldom to the right one, that being silent and unseen. It was for the interest of the money changers to perpetuate the errors. Finance was called by them the most difficult of subjects, which only the money changers could understand. The error was in line of public apathy. Men went to sleep while "the speculators" picked their pockets, and turned humanity out upon the highways, idle and destitute. "The brigands thrived, but the people perished." Error was made immortal, and the spoliation of society became a profession.

The history of coinage in England is a history of progress in the arts, and of political changes from reign to reign of the monarchs. The devices on the coins show the political changes, and the style of the workmanship the progress in the arts. At first, the bits of silver were flattened by a stroke of the hammer, and the devices and inscriptions were impressed with a die, or blunt punch, on the face of which had been engraved the desired figures. By a heavy stroke of the hammer the die was driven into the metal, and the engraving was communicated to the coin. A similar die with the proper devices placed beneath the metal gave the lower side of the coin the desired impress. Thus both sides of the metal were "coined" or "struck" at the same time. It was from this circumstance that the new coins were said

to be "struck" by the minting process. These rude coins were seldom perfectly round or of the same thickness or exact in weight or shape. Hence the ease with which they were counterfeited, filed, clipped, and otherwise tampered with.

The earliest silver coin in England was the *skeatta*. It seems to have been the unit of account among the Saxons. It contained from twelve to twenty grains of silver, but its intrinsic value is not exactly known. The first silver pennies were those of Egbert, in the beginning of the ninth century. By turning the leaves of an illustrated work on the coinage of England, the various stages of improvement in the shaping and stamping of silver pieces may be traced with interest. The improvements were slow, and the irregular forms and the rude letterings continue from the time of Egbert to the reign of Elizabeth.

During all those ages, from the ninth to the seventeenth century, the silversmiths and the speculators preyed upon the coins to the damage of society. Filing and clipping were punished with hanging and burning; men and women were tortured in the most refined and cruel manner. Yet the filings and clippings went on, and so did the hangings and the burnings; the love of gain was stronger than the fear of death. Confusion in trade from having coins of different weight was general, and the wranglings, quarrellings, and fightings at the counters and on the streets were continuous. Nor were the speculators idle. The trade of the light coins for heavy was profitable. The heavy coins were sold to the silversmiths as bullion. This reduced the currency, and all taxes, debts, and every form of deferred payments became more and more burdensome as the currency was reduced.

Milled money was first seen in the reign of Elizabeth. Milling improved the shape and regularity of the coins. The screw took the place of the hammer. A collar or hollow ring was placed around the metal which was to be coined, and the edges of the coins were grained and lettered. This was a great obstacle to the clippers and filers; their work was more easily traced from the obvious defacements, and the tampering with the coins became more difficult. But the process of milling was not adopted very readily. The screw was worked by hand, as was the hammer, and the speed of

one was little greater than that of the other. The principal gain was in the quality of the workmanship, and it was not the will of the speculators nor of the clippers and filers that the workmanship should be improved. Hence, ill-shapen and poorly executed coins were common until the time of the Commonwealth, and even till the reign of William III. The gradual adoption of the screw instead of the hammer opened up a new field of thought and experiment, and, in the course of time, the hand of man applied to the lever was superseded by horse power; thus, ultimately, by the use of horse power, milled money became common.

In the reign of Elizabeth, we find the silver coinage of England to be as follows:—

Shilling	96 grains.
Sixpence	48 “
Groat	32 “
Three-penny piece	24 “
Half-groat	16 “
Three-half-penny piece	12 “
Penny	8 “
Three-farthing piece	6 “
Half-penny	4 “

In the days of William I., the pound of silver was coined into twenty shillings, but, by successive reductions, the weight of the shilling had been gradually reduced. During those days of the dearth of the money metals, before the influx from the American mines had been felt in Northern Europe, the only way to keep the supply of coins from wearing away was to reduce the weight of the pieces from time to time when the recoinages were taking place. It was thus that the number of money units was partially preserved. The milling of the coins was greatly improved during the reign of Charles I. and in the time of the Commonwealth; yet, after the Restoration, Charles II. found the coinage in such bad condition that he resolved on recoinage. Little or no progress was made, however, till the reign of William III.

There were many obstacles in the way of recoinage. What should be the weight of the new shillings? What were the people to do for money while the metal was passing through the mint? Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, advised that the new coins should be about the average weight of the old ones. This would be a reduction below

the former standard, but it would be above the weight of the lighter coins as they were then in use. It was estimated, by repeated weighings and calculations, that the average loss of weight among the old coins was from forty-five to fifty per cent. Lowndes proposed that the new shilling should be the weight of nine pence, standard weight—or that the new coins should be twenty-five per cent below the former standard. Such a policy had been adopted on former like occasions with no bad results, except that it had excited the wrath of the money changers, who scolded the king who did it for “debasing the coin of the realm.”

If this plan were adopted, all who had coins heavier than the new standard would hasten to send them to the mint, as it would turn out for them an increased number of pieces, and would make them richer by a small percentage. And when all such pieces had been recoinced, the lighter pieces could be declared no longer a legal tender, and they would hence be compelled to come to the mint in self-defence. Then as the coinage would turn out to the owners of the light coins a less number of pieces than the old coins, it would be a small matter for the government to reimburse the loss which they would suffer by the minting of their silver. As to the relation of debtor and creditor, there would be no injustice. Though the creditor might get a less weight of metal than if he had been paid in the heavier old coins, yet he would have received money of the average weight of the old coins which he had loaned, or which he had expected to receive when he became creditor.

Then there is another thing which was, and always is, the main point. Both the old and the new coins being of greater monetary value in England than the commercial value of the bullion abroad, the new shillings would stay at home. They could not be shipped abroad except at a loss. If any man desired to make foreign payments, he would use bullion instead of coin. This is always done, even when the coins are shipped—the coins must go at their bullion value; the money of one country is not money in another. This plan of the secretary seemed in every way just, equitable, and practicable. It had the advantage also, of precedent, having been practised in former times with little difficulty.

It may be added, also, that the later experiences in both England and America have proven that light-weight coins

of both gold and silver have uniformly been the safer and better ones. The shilling in England was reduced in 1816, making its value in coin six per cent above its bullion value, and at the present moment the silver shilling of England is at least fifty per cent more valuable as money than as bullion. The same is true with the subsidiary silver coins of this country. Even our present standard silver dollar is about forty per cent more valuable as money than as bullion, with no evil effects. It merely converts these coins into a domestic money which can be relied on to stay at home, while payments abroad are made with bullion, as has been the custom in all countries where gold and silver have been used as money. The coins are for home use, the bullion for use abroad. There is nothing new in this.

But, however just, however reasonable, and however supported by the experiences of men and nations, the plan of the secretary did not suit the money changers and speculators. They procured the services of the philosophers, who upset the reasoning of Lowndes. I will give their arguments in the words of Macaulay, the historian, who condemns and ridicules the plan of the secretary of the treasury. He says (vol. v., pp. 62-80):—

Happily, Lowndes was completely refuted by Locke in a paper drawn up for the use of Somers. Somers was delighted with this little treatise, and desired that it might be printed. It speedily became the text book of all the most enlightened politicians of the kingdom, and may still be read with pleasure and profit. The effect of Locke's forcible and perspicuous reasoning is greatly heightened by his evident anxiety to get at the truth, and by the singularly generous and graceful courtesy with which he treats an antagonist of far inferior powers to his own. Flamsteed, the astronomer royal, described the controversy well by saying that the point in the dispute was whether five was six or only five. . . .

Locke recommended, as Dudley North had done, that the king should by proclamation fix a day after which the hammered money should pass only by weight in all payments. The advantage of this plan was doubtless great and obvious. It was most simple, and, at the same time, most efficient. What searching, fining, branding, hanging, and burning had failed to do would be done in an instant. The clipping of the hammered pieces and the melting of the milled pieces would cease. Great quantities of good coin would come forth from secret drawers and from behind the panels of wainscots. The mutilated silver would gradually flow into the mint, and would come forth again in the form which would make mutilation impossible. In a short time the whole currency of the realm would

be in a sound state; and during the progress of this great change, there would never at any time be any scarcity of money. . . .

Locke declared that he lamented the loss which, if his advice were taken, would fall on the holders of short money. But it appeared to him that the nation must take the choice between evils. And in truth it was much easier to lay down the general proposition that the expenses of restoring the currency ought to be borne by the public, than to devise any mode by which they could, without extreme inconvenience and danger, be so borne. Was it to be announced that every person should within the term of a year and a half, carry to the mint a clipped crown, to receive in exchange for it a milled crown, and that the difference between the value of the two should be made good out of the public purse? That would be to offer a premium on clipping. The shears would be more busy than ever. The short money would every day become shorter. The difference which the tax payers would have to pay would probably be greater by a million at the end of the term than at the beginning; and all would go to the reward of the malefactors. If only a very short time were allowed for the bringing in of the hammered coin, the danger of further clipping would be reduced to little or nothing, but another danger would be incurred: the silver would flow into the mint so much faster than it could possibly flow out, that there must during some months be a grievous scarcity of money.

Finally the matter came before Parliament. It had been discussed by the king, and by the wise men who believed with Somers and Locke, but none could see their way clearly through the difficulty. When Parliament met, the money question was the first in every mind. Describing the situation, Macaulay says:—

All were thinking of the state of the coin; all were saying that something must be done. "I am afraid," said a member who expressed what many felt, "that the nation can bear neither the disease nor the cure." . . .

At length Montague, after defeating first those who were for letting things remain unaltered till the peace, and then those who were for the little shilling, carried eleven resolutions in which the outlines of his plan were set forth. It was resolved that the money of the nation should be recoinced according to the old standard both as to weight and fineness, that all the new pieces should be minted, and that the loss on the clipped pieces should be borne by the public. That a time should be fixed after which no clipped money should pass except in payments to the government; that a later time should be fixed, after which no clipped money should pass at all. . . .

Thus far things had gone smoothly. But now came the crisis which required the most skilful steering. The news that the Parliament and the government were determined on a reform of the currency produced an ignorant panic among the common people. Every man wished to get rid of his clipped crowns and half-crowns. No

man liked to take them. There were brawls approaching to riots in half the streets of London. The Jacobites, always full of joy and hope in a day of adversity and public danger, ran about with easy looks and noisy tongues. The health of King James was publicly drunk in taverns and on ale benches. . . .

Early in February the panic which had been caused by the first debates on the currency, subsided, and from that time till the fourth of May, the want of money was not severely felt. The recoinage began. Ten furnaces were erected in a garden behind the treasury, which was then a part of White Hall, and which lay between the banqueting house and the river. Every day huge heaps of pared and debased crowns and shillings were turned into massy ingots, which were instantly sent off to the mint in the tower.

On this same subject, Henfrey's work on English coins (p. 251), says:—

The recoinage of hammered money was, in 1696, determined upon by the government, as it had never been withdrawn actually from circulation, and the abuses of clipping, counterfeiting, etc., were, in consequence, carried on to a great extent. In order to facilitate the more ready dispersion of the money, when coined, over the kingdom, and to effect its more speedy striking, mints were established at Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and York, besides the one of the Tower of London. Half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences of both 1696 and 1697 were coined at all these mints.

Let us now pay a visit to the mint in the Tower, as described by Macaulay:—

The horse in the tower still paced his rounds. Fresh wagon-loads of choice money still came from the mill; and still they vanished as fast as they appeared. Great masses were melted down, great masses hoarded; but scarcely one new piece was to be found in the till of the shop, or in the leathern bag which the farmer carried home from the cattle fair. In the receipts and the payments of the exchequer the milled money did not exceed ten shillings in a hundred pounds. A writer in that age mentions the case of a merchant, who, in a sum of fifty-five pounds, received only a half-crown in milled silver. Meanwhile the shears of the clippers were constantly at work. The coiners, too, multiplied and prospered; for the worse the current money became, the more easily it was imitated. . . . It was to no purpose that the rigorous laws against clipping and coining were rigorously executed. At every session that was held at the Old Bailey, terrible examples were made. Hurdles with four, five, six wretches, convicted of counterfeiting or mutilating the money of the realm, were dragged month after month up Holburn Hill. One morning seven men were hanged and one woman burned for clipping. But all was in vain; the gains were such as to lawless spirits seemed more than proportionate to the risks.

This mill and the effects it produced by coining money of full bullion value were, probably, prior to 1696, but it is a fair

illustration, showing that a full-weight money will not circulate freely, and that an overweight money will not stay at home, but will go to foreign lands, or into the shops of the silversmiths, because its bullion value is greater than its coin value.

At the close of his discussions, Macaulay runs into the common error of many historians who describe events with accuracy, but when they turn philosopher, and try to state the causes which produce certain events, they are quite at sea, and make the gravest mistakes. As an example, I quote further:—

The evils produced by this state of the currency were not such as have generally been thought worthy to occupy a prominent place in history. Yet it may well be doubted whether the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments, and bad judges were equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings.

That strong statement is, doubtless, true; but the question arises as to *which* were the “bad crowns and bad shillings”? Evidently Macaulay meant the light coins. Yet, by a moment’s thought, it will be seen that it was the light money that remained in circulation, serving the purposes of business; while, on the other hand, it was the heavy money which fled to the miser’s hoard, or into the shops of the silversmiths and to foreign countries.

By long experience it has been found that the least reliable of all moneys are the full-weight or overweight coins of gold and silver. It is never known when their bullion value may overmatch their monetary value, causing them to fly from the circulation as a traitor or a coward from the enemy in time of battle. Money is a domestic device; its only service as money is in the land of its birth. Money with bullion value greater than its monetary value is not a domestic money. In fact, it cannot serve as money at all. It is a cosmopolitan commodity which has no abiding home; it is a soldier of fortune with no country, no home, and no patriotism; it is the tool of the speculator; it serves the master who will pay the most, and betrays the people who cannot pay so much. So, then, with this view of the case, Macaulay’s statement is true. It was the “bad shillings”—that is, the heavy shillings—which caused the evils he mentions.

For a hundred years the policy of Somers, Locke, and

Montague was persisted in, with continually recurring disasters and losses, by the exportation and melting of the full-weight and overweight coins, with only the worn and light pieces serving as a home currency; and even these were a subject of dispute at every counter and in every market. All this could have been avoided by following the advice of Lowndes. In after years this was proven to be the true policy by the law of 1816, which directed that sixty-six pence should be coined from an ounce of silver, instead of sixty-two. The light shilling, under the law of 1816, was six per cent below the bullion value, and was never melted down or exported. The new shilling stayed at home, and the people had a good, clean, new money for home use, for the first time since the old kings had been so unmercifully scolded for "debasing the coin." Mr. Ernest Seyd has discussed this subject in his work on bullion and foreign exchange (pp. 618-21), as follows:—

Up to 1816, silver had been the true standard of value in England; at that time the relation which the British silver coin bore to the gold coin was as $15\frac{1}{4}$ to 1. . . . It was at that time in contemplation to reorganize the system of the British currency. The first step which the government resolved upon was to devise efficient measures to put a stop to the exportation of silver; this object was most effectively achieved by reducing the value of the silver coins as compared with gold, the proportion being fixed at $14\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, whilst the rest of the world kept it, as they do to the present day (1868), at $15\frac{1}{2}$ or 16 to 1. . . .

This was the first movement in favor of the single gold valuation. It was, as we have just shown, entirely practical, being based on no theory, for the very simple reason that no theory on the subject existed at that time. . . .

In England the proportionate value of gold and silver coin, as fixed by the mint law (of 1816), is as 1 to $14\frac{1}{2}$, whereas in most other countries it is as 1 to $15\frac{1}{2}$; the value of silver coin in other countries is thus artificially raised by about $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. The mint issues coin at sixty-six pence per ounce standard, whilst bar silver sells in the open market at $62\frac{1}{4}$ to $62\frac{1}{2}$ pence per ounce standard. The artificial excess of value thus given to silver coin in England is upheld simply by the operation of the law of legal tender. Now how far does this law of legal tender extend? We find, as the case stands at present, that it supplies $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the nominal value of the British silver coinage, making $93\frac{2}{3}$ parts of silver pass for 100 parts full. Could not this law be made to go further in its value-creating and supplementing action? Might it not supply 25 or 50, or even 75 or 95 per cent of the nominal value of the coinage, leaving only 75, 50, 25, or even 5 per cent of actual metallic value in the pieces of our currency? Have we not, indeed, in our copper coinage proof positive that the

operation of the law of legal tender is sufficiently powerful to supply at least 75 per cent of the nominal value of the pieces, leaving only 25 per cent intrinsic metallic value. Nay, why should we not dispense altogether with the silver coinage, and substitute a non-metallic paper instead, as is actually done in certain countries where they have a forced paper currency?

Mr. Seyd thinks a paper currency depending entirely for its value on the law of legal tender would not be a success in England. But further along in his discussion (p. 657), he says:—

As differences in value declare themselves, the law of legal tender, as we have shown before, is strong enough to cope with them to a certain extent. No difference has as yet appeared exceeding the one-tenth part of the proved power of this law.

According to that statement, Mr. Seyd is of the opinion that the law of legal tender can supply ten times $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the lack of bullion value of the coins of England. The bullion value of the English shilling at present (1894) is full fifty per cent less than its monetary value. The same is true of the subsidiary silver coinage of the United States, as already stated; and there is no difficulty as to that difference under the law of legal tender, in either country. If this fact had been known and acted on in the days of William III., what an untold amount of loss and human suffering would have been avoided, at the time of the recoinage of silver described by Macaulay. Yet when this reasonable and just policy was proposed by Lowndes, he was laughed to scorn and his advice rejected. All the great financiers, statesmen, philosophers, and even the historian Macaulay, with the plain facts of the nineteenth century before his eyes, were against the secretary. Yet time has vindicated Lowndes and his policy respecting light shillings. All the great men of England and America practically agree, now, that light coins alone can be relied on to remain at home as a safe currency.

This costly lesson has been learned as respects silver, but in the matter of gold the theory of the dark ages still prevails. It is still insisted that gold coin must not exceed its value in bullion. This creates and perpetuates the danger of exportation of coin, deranging the finances of gold-using countries, as was formerly the case in England

as to silver. This is the theory as to gold, but in practice it is so absurd that by English law an ounce of gold bullion is worth one and a half pence less than when it is coined into money.

In the light of all the facts, it is plain that the monetary value of gold coins should exceed the bullion value to an amount sufficient to cover the ordinary fluctuations of gold bullion. It should be greater than the one and a half pence per ounce, as in England—say about one or two per cent. This difference can be maintained by a small reduction in the bullion weight of the gold coinage, and a charge of one or two per cent for the mintage of gold coin.

I have not discussed the devices on the faces of the coins. Some of them are instructive, some comic, and all interesting. On pages 444-45 of Donnelly's work on "The Lost Atlantis," are illustrations of two ancient coins, dug up, one among the ruins of Tyre, the other in Central America. Each of them has on its face the figure of a small tree with a serpent loosely coiled about the stem; which, suggests the writer, may have been "the original source of our dollar mark (\$)." Starting with this, it is not difficult to imagine that the old-fashioned pound mark (£), representing the English pound sterling, may have been suggested by a serpent partly coiled, with head erect, looking for game, or in the act of striking its victim; and it has been further suggested that the serpent on the coin was meant to convey the secret and quiet dangers of the money power, and the poisonous and biting nature of usury.

On the shilling struck in the reign of Philip and Mary (1554-56) are the faces of the two monarchs, turned toward each other, with noses nearly touching. The humorists were not slow in observing the situation, and, ere long, the street urchins were singing:

Still amorous, fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary upon a shilling.

When the matter of placing the eagle on the American dollar was being discussed in Congress, one member earnestly objected, on the ground that, the eagle being the king of birds, its image was not a proper design for the money of a republic. Another member suggested that the objection could be avoided by using the image of a goose instead. He

argued that the goose was a humble republican bird, and that the consistency of the matter could be maintained by placing the goslings of different ages on the halves, quarters, and dimes. This discussion created great merriment, which highly enraged the first speaker. He resented the suggestion of the goose and goslings as a personal insult, and immediately sent a challenge to the second member. The challenge was not accepted.

"Why," said the friends of the challenged man, "he will brand you as a coward."

"Let him do so if he pleases," was the reply. "I always was a coward, and he knew it, or he never would have risked sending me a challenge."

The trouble ended, as it began, with a laugh. The irate challenger very soon came to his senses, and said: "Well, I cannot fight a man who fires nothing but jokes."

There are many things in this money question which are comic, many more that are tragic, and the whole subject is of paramount importance. The law of 1816 was a new step by the speculators for the spoliation of the English people. It demonetized silver in all payments above forty shillings. Loans of cheap money during the Napoleonic wars were to be paid in gold only, when money was scarce—made scarce on purpose by the laws of 1816 and 1819. The plan worked well for the speculators, but for the people it was destitution and death. The robbery of the English people whetted the appetite of greed, and increased the power of the speculators, who are now known as "the great fund holders of the world."

In the seventies the same scheme of speculation was perpetrated by the same agency, and in the same interest, in Germany and in the United States; and still later in several of the minor countries of Europe, and in all of the British colonies. This made the question international. The Rubicon was crossed when British power and influence closed the mints of India against silver coinage. There will be no retreat. The greed of the usurers is aggressive and merciless. Like the serpent in August, they are blind with venom. Their object is to double their own wealth, through the contraction of money and the appreciation of gold. In gold, alone, they demand all payments.

This means falling prices, increasing burdens, and indus

trial slavery for the world's workers. It means the paralysis and decadence of modern civilization. We have already entered the penumbra of the eclipse. The producing and useful classes of civilized countries must rally to the rescue, or human liberty and human progress will be matters of history only.

AMONG THE ADEPTS OF SERINAGUR.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

PART I.

It may be doubted whether any work of philosophical import, published within the last decade or so, has been more widely read and discussed than A. P. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism." No less than six editions have appeared in England and the United States, and probably as many more may be confidently expected before the singular fascination of this book has worn away. And yet the literary merit of "Esoteric Buddhism" is not a conspicuous one, nor is its philosophical significance of a very high order. In fairness to Mr. Sinnett, let it be borne in mind that he makes no pretensions to personal scholarship or philosophical acumen; he merely claims to have been the fortunate recipient of information volunteered to him by one of India's great adepts, not under promise of secrecy, but with the distinct injunction to communicate to the western world certain marvellous truths in reference to questions which have puzzled the wisest of mankind from the very dawn of reason.

Herein lies the great fascination of Mr. Sinnett's book. It appeals to the mystic faculty, the sense of wonder—one of the deep-rooted instincts of human nature—and such appeals are seldom in vain; they will command the attention even of those who would fain deny the possibility of phenomena that lie beyond the narrow scope of their personal experience. Besides, what can be more alluring than the prospect of obtaining a clue to some great secret, nay, the very cardinal secret, which has confronted us during all these ages with its stubborn reality? We find ourselves—some two billion unfortunates, companions in misery—inhabiting the outer surface of a gigantic body, which rotates at a furious rate, while it plows its way through pathless oceans of space. Over us presses a sea of air, the thickness of which has been variously estimated at from forty to four

hundred miles, so that we may well be compared with tiny crustaceans, crawling about slowly at the bottom of a mighty ocean.

Whence we come we know as little as we know whither we go, or why we are here; we only realize that we are burdened with an existence which none of us desired, and which, far from being an advantage, is a veritable curse to ninety-nine out of every hundred of our race. Even the favored few, who deem themselves happy in their fool's paradise, and who hug the lash which sooner or later must descend on their flesh, while cruelly shutting their eyes to the horrors which surround them: are they indeed to be envied? Is not their comfort a very poor and ephemeral one — a mere lessening of momentary sorrow, at the cost of greater misery elsewhere? Would one of them desire a *repetition* of all this felicity? Verily, instead of a pæan of thanks there rises a universal cry of anguish to that "heaven" which was looked for beyond the clouds, and which our benighted and deluded forefathers tried so desperately hard to believe in.

The riddle of existence has not been, and probably never will be, completely solved, although it would be an unwarrantably dogmatic assertion to pronounce as absolutely impossible so gigantic a triumph of the human mind. But the knowledge that a certain much-travelled road can never lead us to the desired goal — no matter with what speed we may pursue it — is a decided gain, and, as I shall endeavor to show in my essay on "The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins," we may rest assured that our methods of scientific inquiry will never bring us an inch nearer the solution of any fundamental philosophical problem. Whatever physical science may still accomplish in the way of increasing our material comforts, it will never solve the hoary riddle of the Sphinx. We may analyze and dissect matter for another million years, yet the result will be merely an extended knowledge of observed sequences, a vast accumulation of so-called facts, an ever-growing complication of the already bewildering maze of recorded phenomena, for "Within the charmed circle of matter there is no hope for redemption." *

I venture to assert that this conclusion will ultimately

* An utterance of Tsong Shéra. This remarkable philosopher and esoteric initiate, in whose society the author travelled from Darjeeling to the Lamaserai of Boran-chú in Thibet, will be dealt with in a special paper.

force itself upon every genuine follower of science, if he pauses long enough to generalize and survey his accumulated treasures of knowledge. My own struggles in the search for truth are, perhaps, typical of a class; and although, as a matter of delicacy, I would avoid biographical details, yet, in the interest of greater clearness, it may be well for me to give here a very brief outline of my pursuits during the last twenty years. It will render many things intelligible which might not, otherwise, be fully understood.

Although the educational advantages were great which, as a boy and student, I enjoyed in Germany, yet I may say that I owe the store of my information to my own efforts in later life, viz., to an intense craving for knowledge, which caused me to enter deeply into various departments of science which, under ordinary circumstances, are mastered only by specialists, working in particular grooves. It has been my fate to travel rather extensively, and this also opened my eyes to many things which are not, usually, learned from books. I left Germany when still a youth, accompanying Dr. F. Goldschmied, a distinguished archaeologist and Sanscrit scholar, to the island of Ceylon, to explore the ruined cities of Anuradhapoora and Pollanarua, now buried in the jungle, and spend two years in that land of mystery, of which I could tell a tale. I afterwards travelled, as a naturalist, over the whole of India, then through a part of Thibet, Bhotan, and British Burmah, and, in 1883, from Rangoon to Mandalay, being at that period the first European who ventured alone through the wilds of the Irawaddy.

Of my subsequent travels in Madagascar, South Africa, and on this continent, I will only say that they enabled me to amass a store of knowledge which no amount of book study could have conferred; yet this knowledge, for a long time, was exclusively confined to natural phenomena and their classification—that is to say, a knowledge derived from experience and direct observation, recognizing no other guide, and denying, or refusing to believe in, the existence of anything which could not be rendered tangible, as it were, or expressed in number and quantity. In fact, I had developed into a materialist, in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term, and although I was fully aware that an almost unlimited field of the unknown still surrounded me, yet I was at times sanguine enough to hope that physical science would

eventually pierce the gloom and reveal the fundamental secret of this great world puzzle. At other times I would recognize the illusory nature of such an expectation, and drift into a kind of Schopenhauerian pessimism.

In penning this record I am, in a measure, stating the case of the typical modern scientist. One half of these — chiefly the younger element — are sanguine and self-sufficient, living in a sort of fool's paradise, and imagining that if they only classify, gauge, weigh, and measure long enough, they will ultimately measure out the causes of their own being. The other half, older and wiser, have given up the struggle and surrendered to Schopenhauer, holding that there is an insurmountable limit to our understanding, that some things must remain unknown forever, and that all we can do is to submit quietly to the inevitable. There is, of course, a third (and, unfortunately, very large) class, composed of those who look upon science as a trade, and who never bother their heads about anything beyond getting a living. These are here left out of consideration.

Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," as an attempt to solve the world mystery, is an egregious failure. It contains absolutely nothing that is calculated to throw a new light on the question as to man's origin and destiny; and the wide attention which this work has attracted is simply due to the fact that it presents the Indian doctrines of reincarnation and Karma for the first time in a language devoid of the traditional vagueness and obscurity. There is enough of fascination in these products of the oriental mind to ensure the success of any rational effort to discuss them in popular language. These doctrines are of hoary antiquity, and have been entertained, with various modifications, by a considerable section of the human race, from as far back as history has yet been able to feel its way. The Egyptians were notably imbued with the belief in reincarnation, and their whole mode of life, down to the minutest details, was regulated by it; while at the present day it may be said that throughout the Buddhist world (under which we must include India, for modern Brahminism is only a modified Buddhism) reincarnation and Karma are accepted as matters of course — so much so, indeed, that no one ever dreams of raising a doubt in this direction.

And, in truth, there is nothing preposterous in the idea of

reincarnation, even in the light of western science, and the worst that can be said about it is that it cannot be verified by ocular demonstration, so as to satisfy, for instance, a chemist or physicist accustomed to his laboratory methods. Surely, the fact of being born into this world once is quite as wonderful as the prospect of reappearing a hundred or a million times. Nay, if we are to take any stock in the so-called "law of probability," it would seem grotesquely unreasonable that we should only once flash into a momentary consciousness, to be extinguished forever in the night of non-existence; for our experience teaches us that the occurrence of an isolated phenomenon has been, practically, excluded from the scheme of creation. Everything in this cosmos is apparently destined to repeat itself, not once, but an endless number of times.

Now, as to the rest of Mr. Sinnett's elaborations, I am constrained to declare that they are far from presenting anything like the generally accepted cosmogony of either esoteric or exoteric gnosticism in the land of the lotus. The merit of "Esoteric Buddhism" begins and ends with the popular presentation of the ancient doctrines of reincarnation and Karma. All the rest of the volume—viz., the chapters dealing with the "planetary chain," "septenary laws," and the "seven principles of man"—is idle speculation, the dream of a small philosophical school, which flourished some three hundred years ago at Bhurtpoor, and now deemed of as little importance by enlightened Hindoos as Captain Symmes' demonstration of his "hollow earth," or the scientific arguments of the Duke of Argyle by western scholars. The author of "Esoteric Buddhism" carefully avoids disclosing the source of his information, although it is clear that if these revelations were made to him with a view of his giving them wide publicity—as distinctly claimed—concealment of authority was, to say the least, a singular method of promoting their credibility. All Mr. Sinnett has to offer in the line of credentials is the somewhat vague assertion that these tidings had been "destined for communication to the world through the Theosophical Society," by "certain persons who are among the custodians of esoteric science."

Now, I have travelled in India for a number of years, and have yet to learn that a Vedic scholar, Pundit, or Arhat

ever imposed the condition of secrecy (regarding his own personality) as the price of information of a purely philosophical character. Hindoo *śavants* are ever ready to plead for and discuss their cosmological theories, of which an incredible number has been elaborated among a people passionately fond of speculative reasoning. That which forms the subject of my paper on "The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins" is merely the one which, in the struggle for existence among theories, has triumphantly come to the front, and is now regarded by the foremost Brahmin scholars as the crown and flower of their theosophic lore. I have never, while in India, observed among the adherents of any of the philosophical schools a disposition to keep their tenets secret, although, as a general rule, they wisely abstain from discussing abstruse topics with those who are either unable to understand them, or who manifest a hostile, strongly-biased attitude towards them. The profound and marvellous cosmogony erroneously styled "the *secret doctrine*" is indeed unknown to the ordinary Hindoo, not because of alleged precautions on the part of initiates, but simply because the average oriental can no more grasp these conceptions than the ordinary westerner is able to follow the subtle reasoning of Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, or Herbert Spencer.

Those who, in the true sense, deserve the appellation of "adepts" in India, are not the speculative philosophers or elaborators of cosmogonies; their tenets are open to all, and although there has not, until very recently, existed a printing press, worthy the name, in India, or any other agency which could materially assist in the dissemination of knowledge, yet it was a matter of constant surprise to me to notice how well-informed the better class of Hindoos were of everything worth knowing in the field of their philosophical literature. The real adepts are often men remarkably deficient in philosophical and even general information. I have found among them individuals who would be deemed exceedingly ignorant, if judged by our western standard of education; men, for instance, who had not the haziest knowledge of geography, and to whom even the history of their own country was, in great measure, a sealed book. Yet these men were the custodians of secrets for which many an intellectual giant would readily exchange twenty years of his life — secrets which, so far, have successfully baffled the re-

searches of the best western thinkers and experimenters, and which not only enable the possessor to suspend or defy the ordinary "laws of nature," but to triumph over time and space, with an ease and readiness which the Greeks hardly dared to attribute to their Olympian gods.

There are, among the adepts, men of vast mental calibre, philosophers in the highest sense, men whose society is coveted by the foremost Hindoo scholars, and who bear the stamp of genius in their countenances; but they are rare exceptions, like everything else that is great and noble in this sorrowful world. What I desire to dwell upon is the fact that adeptship in the real esoteric science of India does not presuppose great learning or intellectual superiority on the part of the initiate. The years of probation, and the almost incredible hardships which are often inflicted upon the neophyte before he is deemed worthy of reception into the "Brotherhood," are more intended to test his physical endurance and observe his trustworthiness, than to increase his store of information.

In the following I will briefly relate how, when in Northern India, I tried to secure initiation into the mysteries of "Raj Yog," and my experiences among the adepts of Serinagur.

Serinagur, or, as it is more frequently styled, Srinagar, is located in the beautiful vale of Kashmir, and is the capital of that unique mountain paradise of the northwestern Himalaya. The Jhelam River here gathers its crystal waters from the pure snows of the uplands, viz., from the labyrinth of majestic peaks, ridges, and furrowed slopes which encircle the incomparable "valley of roses," and which send down rivulets, streams, and cascades in bewildering profusion. This Jhelam River is the famous Hydaspes of ancient lore, on whose banks Alexander subdued Porus, one of the most powerful princes of the Punjab, in the year 326 B. C.*

The city of Serinagur itself is of remote antiquity, and, during the last eighteen centuries, has been venerated by the Northern Buddhists, because here, under the auspices of the great King Kanishka, the fourth Buddhist council was held, in the year 9 of our era. At this council a new version, in Sanscrit, of the sacred canon, known as the "Tribitaka,"

* This battle took place at Chillianwallah, about one hundred miles to the southwest of Serinagur. The Jhelam is one of the five rivers from which the Punjab derives its name (Panj-ab = five waters.) They are all tributaries of the Indus.

was made, and translated into Thibetan, the translation filling one hundred volumes.

In March, 1881, when on the point of leaving Umballa for Jalandhar in the Punjab, my learned friend Chenda Doáb, a Pundit to whom I am greatly indebted for information which, for a long time, I had vainly sought to obtain, advised me to visit Kashmir, and offered to furnish me with a letter of introduction to Coomra Sámi, "one of the adepts of Serinagur." Up to that moment I had not thought of including Kashmir in my itinerary, my plan being to proceed only as far to the west as Lahore, and thence south to the Aravali Hills, a region which, in a geological sense, is still *terra incognita*, but I readily altered my programme. I would not have deemed it likely that favorable opportunities for studying the problem of Indian occultism would present themselves in that northwestern corner of the peninsula.

My letter of introduction consisted of a rectangular strip of palmyra leaf, on which the Pundit, in my presence, traced four lines of writing, with a sharp-pointed stylus. The writing at first was almost invisible, but when Chenda afterwards rubbed the leaf with a piece of burned linen, moistened with cocoanut oil, the characters came out black and distinct, and proved to be Nágari letters, seemingly devoid of meaning, and interspersed with curious hieroglyphics.

Of the incidents of my long journey to Kashmir I will say nothing on this occasion. The scenery through which it led me was perhaps the grandest I ever beheld in any of the four continents through which it has been my lot to travel. It seemed to grow in magnificence, in proportion as I approached the goal of my wanderings, and I shall never forget the hours whiled away on the borders of idyllic mountain lakes, and in the groves and gardens of secluded valleys, nor my lonely camping days in the great cedar forests, where the stately deodar raises its crown to the purest of skies. These memories alone would have been ample reward for the journey to Kashmir.

I arrived at Serinagur* about the middle of May, and at once inquired for the great Coomra Sámi, intending to take up my quarters as near to his habitation as possible. I had never dreamed of any difficulty in finding the adept, whom

* There is another Serinagur in India, viz., on the Ganges, near the sacred city of Hurdwar.

I had imagined to be a person of social prominence in the city; but to my astonishment and dismay, I found that he was practically unknown. The few European residents had never heard of such an individual, and the local authorities directed me to a one-eyed Mohammedan shopkeeper, whose name (Rásami) slightly resembled that of the person I was in quest of. All inquiries which I instituted in the bazaars proved in vain, and I already began to suspect the integrity of my friend Chenda, and to think that he had played a huge practical joke on me, when my apprehensions were ended by a Beloochi shepherd, who informed me that Coomra Sámi lived three miles to the northwest of Serinagur, and was known among the local sheep raisers as Sámadhi Múnshi ("the man who speaks seldom"). I at once engaged him as a guide, and within two hours afterwards I stood in the presence of the adept.

The abode of Coomra Sámi was a singular one. It was formed partly of the walls of an old pagoda, of the earlier Buddhist type (semi-elliptical), of which several fine specimens still exist in Eastern Nepal and Thibet. This pagoda had been turned into a monastery, after having been ruined at least once by the Mongols, and after having doubtless served numerous other purposes during the course of the centuries. In 1738 the monks were driven out by Nadir Shah,* and the building was again partly destroyed, and for more than a hundred years after this, Kashmiri shepherds might have been seen driving their flocks into the deserted rooms, to take shelter from storms. All around the neighborhood the valley is studded with ruins, and for nearly a mile higher up I could trace the foundations of houses, sometimes covering half an acre of ground, and almost concealed from view by a tangled vegetation of ferns and creepers, in which the lizards were holding high carnival.

These were the ruins of Kanishkapúra, the old city of the great Kanishka, the valiant champion of Buddhism and hero of a hundred legends, who may be termed the Indian King Arthur, and this also was another vestige of the fatal work of Tamerlane. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The old building to which my guide had brought me was the only habitable

* The invasion of India by this fierce Persian despot, who brought the Mogul empire to destruction, was perhaps the greatest calamity India ever suffered since the days of Tamerlane. Among the spoils carried away by this miscreant was the famous peacock throne of Delhi, valued at thirty million dollars.

corner in this strange wilderness, which nature had once more rendered beautiful by covering the dreary memorials of man's ferocity with her mantle of verdure.

Coomra Sámi was not the only inhabitant of this vale of ruins; he had with him four companions — men of perhaps as many different Indian nationalities — and this singular household was completed by two dusky menials, of which one acted as cook, while the other served in the joined capacities of gardener and keeper of a small herd of goats. As I approached the "hermitage," which externally presented a most uninviting appearance, a tall individual, who apparently had been on the lookout for somebody, rose from behind a row of huge earthen jars, placed in front of the entrance, and, slowly descending the broken steps, held out his hand in token of welcome. This was no less a person than Coomra Sámi, *alias* Sámadhi Múnshi, the object of my pilgrimage, the man on whose account I had traversed nearly four hundred miles of mountainous country, and under whose tutelage I expected to augment considerably my knowledge of Indian occultism.

His figure was exceedingly slender, and his face perhaps the most emaciated I ever beheld; yet the features were by no means repulsive, and might even be called pleasant, were it not for a certain forbidding expression, chiefly noticeable about the lips, which denoted sternness and an uncompromising individuality. The dress of Coomra Sámi was certainly not selected on æsthetic principles; he wore a dark brown caftan, which covered the greater part of his body, sheepskin slippers at least four inches too long for him, and a yellow skull-cap of superlative hideousness. Altogether his appearance struck me as singularly odd, even in that strange corner of the strangest of all countries, where the unusual and unexpected meet one at every turn, and where the traveller from the far West often finds it difficult to realize that he is not dreaming.

"You are the white *múnshi* from Lanka" (Ceylon), he addressed me, in Tamil, which, at that time, was the only Indian language that I could speak with some degree of fluency.

"The country of my birth lies further west," I replied, "but I lived two years in Ceylon."

Coomra Sámi nodded twice, and after an embarrassing

pause, during which we remained standing at the foot of the stair, he said, "Yes, your home is in Frankistan, but the Devas guided you, and you came as a pilgrim to the sacred island."

"Not as a pilgrim," I protested, "my voyage to Ceylon had no religious background." I then took pains to explain to the recluse that, previous to my departure from Germany, I had not even been aware of the fact that Ceylon was "holy land" (so little had I known of the religious history of the Orient); that I was a student of natural science, who had accompanied a Sanscrit scholar on a tour of exploration, and that my presence in the far East was, in great measure, due to accident.

"You talk like a true *sutu káran*" (man from the West), said Coomra Sámi, when I had finished, as he led the way to a tree close by, at the foot of which a rude bench was located, on which we both sat down. "With you everything is accident; you come into the world by accident, and you are short-sighted enough to imagine that the union of your parents also was due to accident. Your whole life is a series of accidents, and, when finally the soul quits the carcass, your death is, in most cases, attributed to accident."

"You are mistaken as to the latter point," I answered, impressed by the solemnity and dignity of Coomra's manner. "We only speak of such deaths as due to accident, as are entirely unforeseen—for instance, when a person is drowned, shot, or killed by lightning; and these, after all, are rare exceptions."

"I have lived among your people," said the adept thoughtfully, "and I noticed that even in ordinary cases of death through disease, they would say: 'Oh, if he had not caught cold on such and such an occasion,' 'if he had not drank that ice-cold water when he was perspiring,' or 'if he had not spent two days in that fever-stricken village'—as if a man held his destiny in his own hands, and could act contrary to the decrees of fate."

"Here is a letter from Chenda Doáb of Umballa," I said, handing him the thin wooden case which contained the palmyra leaf, "but I see that he has already advised you of my coming."

"Chenda has sent me no message of any sort," replied Coomra Sámi; "it is more than two years since I received a

written or verbal communication from him," and he carefully inspected the curious document.

"Then how did you learn about my arrival, and who told you that I had been to Ceylon?" I replied, now indeed astonished, but still positive that some one had informed him.

"I knew you were coming," said the adept, "and nobody advised me of the fact. I saw you cross the Sutlej River, and will describe some of your experiences on the way through the hills; after that you shall judge for yourself as to whether my knowledge is derived from other parties." And to my amazement Coomra described, step by step, the journey I had made, the localities where I had camped,* and even *the character of my musings*, challenging me to ask him anything I pleased in this direction, and answering with an unhesitating accuracy and precision which fairly bewildered me.

"You have come here to study our wisdom," he resumed after a long pause. "There is great merit in such an undertaking, and we turn nobody from our door. Many years ago two white *múnshis* came here, and stayed with us for a long while; one went to the summit of yonder mountain, where he perished, and the other lies buried behind that wall," and he pointed to a low ruin across the stream, where half a dozen black goats were busily engaged in botanical research. This was cheerful information, and something like a chill crept over me as I thought of the day when Coomra Sámi would probably point out *my* lonely grave, with the same unconcern, to some future pilgrim to the shrine of Isis.

"You must not stay in Serinagur," said Coomra Sámi, rising. "I have a room here ready for you, close to mine; you cannot learn much while you remain in contact with yonder cattle" (meaning the inhabitants of the city). "Send for your belongings — or, rather, leave them where they are, for the less you bring with you into this retreat the better. There is no greater folly than that of having a multitude of things around one that are useless and draw away one's attention."

My sensations, as I arose, may be described as a mixture of fear and curiosity, but the latter feeling predominated. I thought of the two dead *múnshis*, and the prospect of find-

* I had not followed the route usually taken by travellers, but had proceeded according to my own whim, sometimes zigzag fashion, exploring hills and river-beds that led me miles out of the beaten track.

ing an early grave in that solitude repelled me, at a time when I still looked upon life as a boon; but, on the other hand, my desire to penetrate the veil which obscures the ordinary vision was so intense that I would have faced almost any risk to secure so great a privilege. The Rubicon of doubts was crossed, and I followed Coomra Sámi into the building.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM.

BY C. H. LUGRIN.

THE dominant factor in the growth and development of the United States has been the existence of an immense domain of public land, whereon every person desiring a home could procure one, and out of which new states could be carved from time to time. The treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783 left this nation in possession of 830,000 square miles of territory, over one half of which settlement had extended more or less continuously, but reached nowhere more than 250 miles from the Atlantic coast. To the west lay what seemed a boundless, unoccupied domain. A few venturesome spirits had explored the Mississippi valley. The Missouri was unknown. If the existence of the Rocky Mountains had been established, they had scarcely a more prominent place in the thought of that day than the mountains of Mars have in the thought of to-day. A dozen courageous souls had contemplated the Pacific coast as a possible arena for profitable ventures. But the nation consisted of less than 5,000,000 people, living on the Atlantic slope of the Alleghanies.

The territorial growth of the country may be noted * :—

Area ceded by Great Britain in 1783	830,000 square miles.
Louisiana purchase in 1803	1,182,752 “
Florida purchase in 1819	59,268 “
Annexation of Texas in 1845	274,356 “
Treaty with Mexico in 1848	522,568 “
Texan claims from Mexico in 1850	96,707 “
Gadsden purchase from Mexico in 1853	45,525 “
Alaska purchase in 1867	577,390 “

Total 3,588,566 square miles.

It is interesting to note that only twice in the history of the country have more than twenty-five years elapsed with-

* I take the figures from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*.

out the acquisition of new territory—once between the Florida purchase and the annexation of Texas, and the second time since the Alaska purchase. There is no apparent reason to anticipate any further territorial extension. Mexico has no disposition to part with any more territory by purchase, even if the United States were disposed to buy, and if any one can discern indications that Canada desires or that Great Britain would consent to the extension of our domain to the north, he must be able to read more deeply beneath the surface than the great majority of people. Indeed, I think it may fairly be said that this country does not desire further territorial aggrandizement. Therefore I assume that, after a period of unprecedented territorial expansion—from 830,000 square miles to 3,588,566 in sixty-four years—we have come to a limit at which we must expect to remain for many years to come.

This marvellous growth has been, I repeat, the dominant factor in the development of the nation, for it has facilitated the solution of every social, political, and economic problem which has arisen—nay, more, it has prevented grave problems from arising. But an abundance of fertile soil available for settlement and other vast natural resources have led to the following among other results:—

1. National extravagance in land and products of all kinds approaching wastefulness.
2. The acquiring of large areas by private corporations to be held for speculative purposes.
3. The incurring of an enormous indebtedness on the faith of the future development of the country.

I specify these three results because the first two seem to have an important bearing upon the third, and because all three have a bearing upon the question of providing means of subsistence for the great and growing army of the unemployed.

It is my purpose to consider first the third of the above specified results. The national, state, county, and municipal indebtedness of this country, the stock and funded indebtedness of railway and other corporations, the securities of loan and insurance companies, and the various other descriptions of interest, rent, or dividend paying properties existing in or charged upon fixed property within the United States, and held abroad, is very large. The aggregate of these

amounts, which may be generally described as the indebtedness of the country, is variously estimated, some persons putting it as high as \$30,000,000,000, or one half the estimated value of all the property in the country. Probably this estimate is excessive. The best approximation I have been able to make leads me to place the amount of this indebtedness held abroad at \$10,000,000,000. I do not think it is any less; it may be very much more. I am aware of no reliable data as to the amount of interest, dividend, and profits foreigners derive from their investments here, but if the average is four per cent, it means an annual draft upon this country of \$400,000,000, which is about equal to our exportable surplus of farm produce, and animals and their produce in the producer's hands. The actual amount is not material for the purposes of a general argument, for it is undoubtedly enormous, and we have to pay it every year out of our exports.

If the development of the country had not created new opportunities for investment, the ability to import anything after paying these charges would have been exceedingly limited, unless we had been able to send away actual bullion to pay for our imports. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of foreign capital invested in this country and the great payments which we have to make abroad in the nature of interest every year, the amount of bullion exported and imported is comparatively small. As is generally known, only balances are settled by payments of bullion, the bulk of financial transactions being accomplished by the transferring of credit. This point is worth further amplification now, when so much attention is being paid to financial questions.

Let it be supposed that there is due foreign holders of our securities for interest, \$100,000,000; that we have purchased abroad \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise to be imported; that we have exported \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise; that foreign capitalists have invested \$100,000,000 in this country, and that these amounts represent the transactions of a certain period and can be isolated from all previous or subsequent transactions. The account would be balanced so far as remittances went. We would pay the interest by our exports, and would pay for our imports by investing their price here for foreign capitalists. We would

be \$100,000,000 more in debt at the end of the year than we were at the beginning, but we would have received foreign merchandise to represent the amount of that indebtedness. This merchandise, it may be noted in passing, would be largely consumed as received, while the indebtedness would be permanent. If in the supposed case the foreigner did not wish to invest anything in the country, we could not import anything unless we sent away bullion to pay for it, and if our exports did not equal our interest in value, we would have to send away bullion to make up the deficiency. In actual business, of course, these transactions all run into each other, and balances are carried over from one year to another, but the illustration shows the principle underlying the commercial and financial relations of all countries. In the case of this country, two very large factors have to be considered in addition to those mentioned, namely, the freights paid foreign ship owners and the money expended in Europe by Americans. Our foreign trade and financial relations may be thus expressed:—

Dr.

To payments in the nature of interest abroad
 value of merchandise purchased abroad
 freights paid foreign shipowners
 expenses of tourists abroad

Cr.

By merchandise exported
 investments made in this country by foreigners
 expenditures in this country by foreigners

It is evident that if there is a falling off in either of the items on the credit side of the account, it will be necessary for us to meet a greater part of the payments on the debit side by the shipment of bullion, and that if the items on the debit side fall below those on the credit side, we will receive shipments of bullion. Therefore it becomes important to inquire if there is likely to be any serious falling off in either of the items on the credit side. I suggest that there is.

Our exports consist principally of the produce of the soil, and of these, breadstuffs and cotton form the chief items. In regard to breadstuffs, several things are to be noted:

We cannot materially expand the area devoted to the production of breadstuffs without utilizing lands requiring irrigation. I concede that there is a large unoccupied area in the South, but the production of cereals there in competition with the products of more northerly regions will, I feel assured, be out of the question, the low yield per acre being of itself a sufficient obstacle. I do not think that it will be found profitable to devote irrigated lands to the production of grain for export in competition with the vast natural wheat fields of Canada, Australia, and Russia. We can greatly increase our product of maize, but while we may find a somewhat enlarged market for it and its secondary products, it will not be likely to take the place in European markets now occupied by our wheat. A careful review of the situation convinces me that our export of breadstuffs has practically reached high-water mark, and as population increases we must look for a substantial decrease. A new competitor will shortly be in the field. I refer to Siberia, across which the Russian government is now constructing a railway. Here are millions of acres of the finest wheat-growing land in the world, and that their products will find their way to Europe can hardly be questioned.

I think that the estimates which indicate that the balance between our home supply and home consumption of wheat is likely to be reached in 1895 are somewhat astray, though not seriously so. The increase of our population, if it continues at the rate of the decade 1880-90, will be sufficient to call for over 60,000,000 bushels of wheat more in 1900 than were needed in 1890, with other products in proportion. It will be a subject for congratulation if the country is able to produce any considerable exportable surplus of wheat in the year 1900.

Is there any likelihood that there will be a falling off in foreign investments in this country? I suggest that it is at least advisable to contemplate the possibility of this. The events of the past few years in the stock market have not been calculated to promote confidence in what are called American securities; but it is not to the uncertain value of some of our best stocks that I refer when considering the influences which may operate to decrease the amount of foreign capital seeking investment here. We have clearly passed a period of maximum railway construction, or at least

what will be the maximum for many years to come, for the very sufficient reason that few if any great railway projects within the United States remain to be undertaken. I venture, of course, no prediction as to the possible effects of progress in electrical engineering. There is no present prospect of any large foreign national loan. The disposition of the people is against incurring any increase of national, state, county, or municipal indebtedness, and while new loans will be made from time to time, the expansion will, I anticipate, be small in comparison with existing loans. Uncertainty as to the financial policy of the country will make investors timid in regard to new securities which we may have to offer.

There is an element which is not much considered in this connection, but it cannot be safely left out of our calculations—namely, the Populist agitation. If the extremists of that party have their way, the value of all our securities will become problematical. We have already heard them talk hopefully in Kansas of being able to legislate to prevent the collection of debts and the foreclosure of mortgages, also to place the whole burden of taxation upon foreign property holders and corporations, in the hope of being able to confiscate such property to the state for non-payment of taxes. If by any combination of circumstances these extremists shall be able in any one of the states to give even a partial effect to their revolutionary ideas, the effect would be disastrous as far as the chances for future investment of foreign capital are concerned. The constant agitation of the Populist party, followed by any substantial political success, will have a tendency to cause distrust among foreign capitalists as to investments in this country.

I am not discussing whether or not such investments are desirable for this country as an abstract proposition. I only point out that the fact that they have been made in such enormous sums is one of the reasons why our national balance sheet does not every year show an overflow of bullion so great that it would speedily take every ounce of gold coin and bullion out of the country. It may be that it would be well to stop the investment of foreign capital, but if so we must either be prepared to stop importing, to make default in our interest payments, or to ship abroad a vastly increased amount of bullion every year.

There is yet to be considered a side to the great economic question confronting the country, which appeals not only to the humanity of the people, but to their self-interest. This I propose briefly to indicate.

I saw in a recent New York paper that there were in that city more than 100,000 workmen out of employment. The late mayor of Chicago has said that there were 200,000 out of employment there. By workmen out of employment is not meant the tramp or criminal element, but men who would willingly work if they could get anything to do. From every part of the land comes a story similar to that which reaches us from our two greatest cities, so that it appears not unreasonable to estimate that there may be in the whole country a million unemployed workmen. The habit when speaking from a military point of view is to estimate one able-bodied person for every five of the population. If this holds good as respects our workingmen, we may set down the army of the unemployed as representing 5,000,000 people, or one third the male population of the nation. Marching four deep the unemployed workingmen would make a column three hundred miles long, while the women and children, the aged, sick, and infirm dependent upon them, would trail along for twelve hundred miles in the rear.

Such a host may well excite our pity, for in its existence is implied much present and more future want and suffering. But is it not also a menace? Necessity knows no law. Men have strange thoughts when want pinches the faces of their wives and children. Here are two instances which lately came under my observation:—

A woman whose husband was out of work went to the grocery where she usually dealt and asked for a sack of flour (fifty pounds) on credit. The grocer refused. She asked if she had not always paid her bills promptly, and he replied that she had, but he really could not give credit. Thereupon she picked up a sack of flour and walked out of the store with it. The grocer called to her to bring it back, but she replied that her family were hungry, and, to his credit be it said, he allowed her to go on her way with the much-needed food.

In the other case a man went to a grocer and also asked for flour on credit. He was refused for the same reason, whereupon he seized a sack of flour and ran home with it.

The grocer summoned a policeman and sent him to the man's house. In a short time the officer returned and placed the money for the flour on the counter.

"Did he pay you?" asked the grocer.

"No," was the reply, "but when I got there I found that his wife had hastily made some bread and was putting it into the oven, while the hungry children were snatching the raw dough from the pan and eating it. Both the man and his wife were weeping. And," added the officer, "I thought I would do better to pay for the flour myself."

These two instances came under my notice in the regular course of newspaper work, and it would be easy to give others, equally significant, of the straits to which poverty is driving honest men and women. Shall we say that the mother in the one case or the father in the other did wrong? I yield to no one in respect for law, but when children cry for bread the first law of nature will assert itself, and to the credit of the race be it said that not self-preservation, but the preservation of the little lives which owe their being to us, is the first law with most of us.

No one who takes note of what is going on in the country to-day can have failed to observe that there is an increasing element which is disposed to question the validity of existing social relations. So long as this element was made up of men who would not work, the strong arm of the law might well be invoked to suppress them. But it is being reinforced by men who are willing to work and can get nothing to do, and it has an immense amount of sympathy from the army of employed workmen. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the Homestead affair, to the railway strike in New York last year, and to the *Cœur d'Alene* strikes, to prove that the assertion just made might be stated in far stronger terms than I have used.

It may be well to indicate one of the causes which have contributed to bring about this unfortunate condition of affairs, because it is one which has done much to alter the general character of the people of this country. A quarter of a century ago the nation adopted the policy of protection. I do not propose to discuss the merits of that policy, but simply to indicate an effect which it has had. Those who recall the *ante-bellum* days will remember that the invitation which this country sent out to the world was that it would

give farms to all who would take them. Since the adoption of protection the invitation has been changed, and we have been advertising to the world that this is a country of high wages. The result has been that young men and young women have crowded into the cities and towns to work for wages, instead of remaining on the land and becoming self-sustaining. In addition, hundreds of thousands of foreign laborers have entered the country to seek an opportunity to earn these high wages of which we have boasted so much. The result is told by the census, which shows a steady appreciation of the urban population at the expense of the rural population. These workers for wages in the towns and cities have married and reared families, and their children are now rapidly coming to the age when they want to enjoy the new American birthright—the right to work for wages. The people have been “divorced from the land,” not so much because land has grown so much more difficult to obtain, but because they have been wrongfully persuaded that there is greater ease and freedom from care in city life as wage-earners than as toilers on a farm, and because millions are growing up who know nothing of farm work and would be unable, if they were willing, to sustain themselves by it.

But whatever may be the reason for the existence of the army of the unemployed, the fact that it does exist is only too painfully apparent, and to seek to find labor for willing hands, and to bring more of the people into a position of individual independence by making them tillers of the soil for themselves, is, I venture to suggest, as high an ambition for statesmanship to aim at as the achievement of a signal diplomatic triumph. We have, as a nation, stood shoulder to shoulder behind the administration in its effort to protect American seals. Shall we be less united in an effort to protect American men, women, and children? Is not the time ripe for the exercise of the highest statesmanship? Is not the hour at hand when the energy, industry, and enterprise of the nation should be afforded a new arena?

My suggestion is that we must return to more natural conditions. I do not say that the return should be sudden. Doubtless it would be better that it should be gradual, but the dominant features of the new policy should be:—

1. The opening of new markets for the produce of our

factories, so that employment may be found for the capital invested in them and for their full complement of employees.

2. A return to the old idea that this ought to be, not a country of wage-earners, but one of independent producers.

To bring about these conditions, the law-making power and the wealth of the country must coöperate. Neither can reach them alone.

As we are unable to expand the country territorially, the first condition implies that we shall endeavor to provide a substitute for territorial expansion. I find by reference to statistics that in the year ending June 30, 1892, we exported in round numbers \$200,000,000 worth more of merchandise than we imported. This gave the country this large sum to draw against to defray its obligations maturing abroad. Yet in order to settle our debtor balances abroad, we had to remit in bullion over and above our imports of bullion \$39,000,000 in that year, and in the year ending June 30, last, \$87,500,000. We exported in the year ending June 30, 1892, an abnormally large amount of agricultural produce. Bradstreet's puts the excess over the average export at \$179,000,000. Let me emphasize this point, that although in that year we exported over \$179,000,000 in excess of our usual export of agricultural produce, and \$39,000,000 in bullion in excess of our bullion import, our account abroad stood in such a way that in the next succeeding twelvemonth we had to part with \$87,500,000 of bullion in excess of our import, besides a surplus of merchandise over our imports. It seems from this that if it had not been for this abnormal export of produce in 1892, many millions more in bullion would have been shipped abroad to make our accounts balance.

If, instead of abnormally large exports of produce, our shipments begin to fall below the average, is it not evident that the country will be confronted with a very serious condition of things? To contemplate not the possibility but the certainty of such a condition arising in the near future, and to devise a line of policy whereby we may be prepared to meet it, is, I submit, the subject which demands attention from our legislators more urgently than any other that can be suggested. We have no guarantee that the drafts of our foreign creditors will decrease. We have no reason to believe that foreigners will increase the amount of their

annual investments in this country for some time to come at least, and if they do we will only be discharging a floating indebtedness by creating a new permanent debt, which would add to our annual charges to be met abroad.

One who is about to suggest a new line of policy ought to do so with reserve, and it is with no little hesitation that I venture, upon this branch of the subject, to propose that the president shall invite all the nations of the American continent to a conference at which shall be discussed:—

1. The adoption of bimetallism by all the nations of America, by a joint agreement fixing a ratio between silver and gold; by making the silver and gold coins of all the members of the union legal tender to any amount anywhere within the union; by placing an import duty on all silver imported into the union from any country not included in it, and an export duty on all silver bullion exported to countries not included in the union. Such a union, embracing all the silver-producing countries of the world, would be able to regulate the price of silver as compared with gold, and as the old world must have American silver, it would take it in coin at coin value—that is, at the ratio established by the union.

2. International free trade between the several countries of the union in all natural and manufactured products.

I suggest that by the adoption of this line of policy, the industrial development of the American continent would be given a new impetus; that this country would find itself in a position to control a large part of the trade of Asia, and would be able not only to pay the interest on our annual charges maturing abroad, partly in silver and partly in merchandise received in exchange for its manufactured products, but in time to redeem the principal of them, not indeed by paying it, but by purchasing and holding the securities ourselves.

How best to stimulate a return of the wage-earning class to the position of land owners and independent producers, is a problem which requires separate treatment. I believe, however, that in the utilization of our vast irrigable area its solution will be found. Irrigated land can be most profitably used when divided into small holdings, cultivated thoroughly. Thus utilized, it will prove a source of almost incalculable wealth.

THE DIVORCE OF MAN FROM NATURE.

BY ANNA R. WEEKS.

"A flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

MAN'S love of nature, their divorce, and the wickedness of a social scheme which causes this, have haunted me all through a long summer and autumn. Until I speak my mind the ghost cannot rest.

If theories of evolution are true, if the new belief of life in all things be true, then is man, as to earth, "bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh." That wonderful allegory in Genesis once more flashes a response to science and the inner light when it says, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." And it is that which is dear to man, whenever he has been allowed to come in contact with it in its pristine state.

There is no time of year in which one may get away from the city that this love of nature does not assert itself.

Go out in January and see how the heart thrills at the purity of the snow, unsoiled by city grime; how the eye feasts upon the grace and tints of the bare tree branches, and on the tasseled pines beplumed with snow; what velvet in the mosses, what peace under the stars.

Watch the leaves come out in May; call to the answering chipmunk, hide to watch the birds at their love making and nest building.

Each little form celestial seems,
Untouched, unspoiled, a harp with wings;
Each little sprite a message brings,
A glimpse of heaven while he sings.

The flashing gulls above like silver stars on wing, the snow of the rabbit's breast, the flirt of the squirrel's plume, the rain on the cottage roof, the rustle of the wren, the warm breath of the pines, the rattle of the nuts on the crisp brown leaves, the chatter of departing blackbirds;—what are all these but messages of brotherhood from the humbler of God's creation to the higher?

Go to the Great Lake beaches in midsummer and autumn; press joyful feet upon them, breathe full and free in unison with the jubilant waves; read ancient stories in the stones they toss you. But ever between all this and you comes the face of the proletariat; it dims the sunrise, it gazes from the incandescent sumach, from the soft glory of the maple. When lingering cottagers sat on the grassy bluff that September Sabbath eve, when the moon rose from the lake, when they sang soft evensongs to her, where were the toilers? *Not there.* Have they, then, no ear for these lofty tidings from nature? Alas! only those at the court may receive the envoy. Man is in the great city, struggling with his brother. What to him can all this beauty bring? Can a fighting man stop to enjoy the sunrise? To him it means only another heroic day; it is but his battle reveille.

The child who should be like the squirrel peers through the grime of the factory window to envy the sparrow. Even the field mice are happier than the poor babes in Chicago; they gather their seeds and berries, they lack not for acorns and nuts, they sip the dew from the fallen leaf. The very cows are better cared for than is the poverty-stricken mother in Babylon. While the summer was in its glow it came to her only as a fierce fiend of fire on the attic roof; it made a place of death of her miserable alley rooms when the steam of her washing stifled her. Or mayhap she sat with her babe on her lap to watch it die, while her faith in man — and so in God — went slowly out.

Some spirits are blind and some are heartless; either of these will dismiss the complaint with the *ipse dixit*, "But the poor flock incessantly to the cities." Aye, they do. Is it not better to starve with one's fellows than alone? But thoughtful and gentle hearts will continue to ask, "Whence come these wrongs?"

The competitive system is responsible. The man of the peasant class or middle class is compelled by misfortune to mortgage his little farm, and never is able to get ahead enough to redeem it; at last the mortgage is foreclosed, and his means of production gone. Or his place was paid for, and he does not mortgage, but the ground becomes a millstone round his neck; the crops fail, or he can get no market, or the usurpers of the public highway exact such freight tribute as leaves him to famish. At the same time

the chicane of the "village promoter" puts a fictitious value on his land; the tax becomes excessive and yet he cannot sell. Then he "strikes for his altars and his fires" by a desperate flight to the city. Surely there is much work where there are so many to be served.

But there is another force which makes exiles of the farmer class; that is, the barrenness of their lives as regards music, literature, the drama, pictorial art, and society. All love these things more or less, in the degree that they are aware of their existence; but to pursue them in the country costs much, and is only possible to a limited degree, as country life now is. In the city the young man or woman who has these tastes can find libraries and night schools, and he supposes that he will also find choice society. He has heard of the charms of that great centre; he dreams of the parks, the boulevards, the theatres, palaces, schools, picture galleries; neighbors all about one, instead of half a mile away. He has seen but the hard side of nature and is as yet somewhat unconscious of her beauty, or, associating it with his Dead Sea life, he really hates it. The gregarious instinct masters him, and the "earth longing" is for the moment eclipsed. He, too, embarks in the municipal whirlpool.

Here, then, are the two classes of men and women who are so rapidly shifting from prairie and village to the city, and it is poverty which drives them both; in one bodily hunger, and in the other soul hunger. But they soon discover that one cannot enjoy even the public parks, the drives, the schools, unless he has at least a little money; even a car fare is frequently more than they dare to take from the rent coming due; it takes time to go to those distant fairy fields — they do not live in a quarter near them. Only the prosperous can do that. To the children of these families the schools are naught, for the child, too, must toil in Vanity Fair.

And society? One place opens its doors — aye, two; the saloon and the house of hell. These are always filled with light, music, games, and gayety. Neighbors? He finds that in cities people seldom have neighbors, unless on those magnificent streets where wealth allows one to live a lifetime. His dearest may die, and those on the other side of the wall may not know it until they see the hearse. He seems not to understand that, while every man is at war

with his brother, Ishmael cannot guard his munitions too carefully. And so in the urban maelstrom he is more pitifully alone than on the bitter barrens of the Dakotas. He sees at last that he is driven not only from agrarian life, but even from human relations. Thus does the two-edged flaming sword of industrial war bar the gate of his Eden, from whence he becomes doubly exiled.

Is man, then, to be permanently separated from the earth? Not only has he left the pasture and wood, but in the towns his shelter lifts higher and higher, nearer the stars, but surely not nearer heaven. He helplessly talks of roof gardens, he accepts for his little ones the pitiful dole of the Fresh Air Fund.

"The Fresh Air Fund"! Can the successful class imagine what that means? Had we not once a phrase, "as free as air"? It is obsolete. Few commodities now cost as much as air. The monster office buildings increase in number and in grotesque want of symmetry. They shut out the air and light of day from adjoining houses and from the street. Men work constantly by artificial light till they

Scarce can hold it true

That in distant lanes the lilies blossom under skies of blue.

The herding goes on. The crowds in the street congest travel until local transportation seems a Sphinx riddle. Citizens' committees are appointed to consider it; every solution but the right one is tried, and proved ineffectual or palliative only. And yet in all that throng there is scarcely a man who does not dream of a little home under the skies, with trees and vines and birds! Should the masses at last conclude that this dream is but a phantasm, then may our *quasi* civilization beware. But let us hope that ere the giant awakes he will be restored to that which he loves, the society of nature.

There is but one way to do this with absolute success, and that is, the great city of to-day must go. This is to be brought to pass by a socialistic order which shall conduct its manufactures, its schools, its society, on such a basis as will for a time convert centripetal forces into centrifugal; an order which shall set the stream of life flowing back again in its natural channel, and make it possible for men to live without this dragnet huddling. The modern metropolis is an enormity, and must be decentralized; as there should

be no vast wastes untrodden by man, neither should there be any wilderness of masonry where myriads of prisoners stay out their weary years. Says August Bebel:—

No one can regard the development of our large towns as a healthy product. The present economic and industrial system is constantly attracting great masses of the population hither. . . . All round the towns and immediately adjoining them, the villages are also assuming the character of towns, and an enormous mass of proletariat is collecting within them. Meanwhile the villages increase in the direction of the town and the town in the direction of the villages, until at length they fall into the town, like planets that have come too near the sun. But their mutual conditions of existence are not improved thereby. On the contrary these aggregations of masses, these centres of revolution, as one might call them, were a necessity during the present phase of development; when the new community is constituted, their object will have been fulfilled. Their gradual dissolution becomes inevitable.

To those who have never thought that the capitals of the competitive age could vanish, the suggestion of such a thing may seem as a foolish dream. Certainly none of us shall see it in the flesh, but there are conditions foreshadowed which, if considered, will lend to this conception an air of feasibility.

Cumulative modern invention and cumulative psychic light are intensely unifying the race. To be in and of the world it will not always be necessary that we shall be piled above one another in brick and mortar, or that we shall every day behold the tangible faces of the crowd. Electricity, aluminum, and the thought force promise to serve us far more in the future than as yet.

The Adam and Eve of the new Eden will have a home for life, with its plot of ground or its share in the common park about the dwellings. Factories will be, not in a few congested, barren spots, but wherever the raw material is produced. Improved roads, the bicycle, the telegraph, the telephone, the ocean cable, pneumatic tubes, air ships, electric cars, and telepathy will keep us near one another and near our needs. Immense concourses of people can in an hour unite in great auditoriums scattered here and there, but they need not gather thus for daily work. Each public building will be not a tower but a palace; its harmony will be restored, and the space about it will allow its proportions to be understood at a glance. Its inner beauty, too, will be

increased by the freedom with which shall enter light, air, and odors of flowers.

The prophet of humanity still insists that there shall be a New Jerusalem, but it will have neither walls nor gates; its streets shall be not of gold but of grass; flowing through it no stream of filth, death laden, but "the river of the water of life, clear as crystal." On its banks are the trees of life and their "leaves are for the healing of the nations." The coming age shall be a perpetual feast of tabernacles without the sacrifice of helpless beasts, "and all the congregation of them that are come again out of captivity" shall "make booths and sit under the booths." Behold, the tabernacle of Good is with men, and she will dwell with them. "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

THE WORLD-MENDER.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

A man who loves God with that holy zeal
Which works for human weal;
A man who knows himself God's instrument
For faithful and eternal service meant,
And feels in all good wrought,
The moving fire and pulse of his own thought.

He sees the glory shining from afar —
A Bethlehem star,
Toward which he presses with unfaltering feet,
Heedless of lions roaring in the street,
And men that, scornful, shout,
“Fool, fool, thy jack-o'-lantern goeth out!”

Unshaken ever he pursues his light,
By faith more sure than sight,
Believing, while he walks the dusty way —
Himself a herald of the promised day —
That Truth at last shall reign,
Triumphant, though her advocates lie slain.

NATURAL MONOPOLIES AND THE STATE.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

IN accordance with the theory of evolution, the gradual development of one species out of another becomes possible only by way of a gradual development of the organic systems of each progressing generation. The more highly developed or the more complex the arterial, nervous, muscular, or respiratory organism of a being, the higher will it stand in rank among its fellow creatures. From the mollusk to the fish, from the fish to the reptile, from the reptile to the insect or the bird, until the *genus homo* is reached, we may follow a gradual development, and the increasing complexity of organisms in general and of the arterial and nervous systems in particular. This is a fact which biology and natural history have so well illustrated that it requires no further explanation.

If it be true that the whole universe is a unit in which each part serves to hold the other in position; that mankind is not a conglomeration of individuals but a body to which the individual compares as does the cell to the tree or the zoöphyte to the coral-stock; if, finally, that human society does not form an exception, but has developed in accordance with the laws of evolution from an original germ to what we find it now to be,—that march of progress must be traceable also by the appropriate and simultaneous development of the internal organs that make the manifestation of a higher life possible.

The more rudimentary were the facilities with which each cell, each zoöphyte, could come in contact or communicate with its neighbor, the less did the whole organism manifest its full vitality. With the unfoldment of means that drew the atoms together, brought them into touch with one another, and permitted an interchange of forces, human society naturally assumed a position which is best known by the name of civilization. Or in other words, the more mankind evolved

out of itself a network of roads which made possible the ready intercourse of the most distant nations, or the better people succeeded in spreading thought all over the earth by improved methods of transference, the higher rose the standard of culture. Man was a barbarian at the time when it was difficult for him to travel a hundred miles or to exchange the products of his labor with people who lived at a distance, but he rose to a higher civilization with every new invention that facilitated his intercourse with his fellow-beings. In a word, he grew more intelligent, more prosperous, better even in a moral sense, in the same ratio in which means of intercommunication, of transportation, thought transference, etc., increased, and the more complex became the system that intertwines human intelligences and activities.

Mankind of today, with its network of railroads that spreads over almost all the habitable parts of the globe; with its facilities to transform night into day, and to secure warmth even in mid-winter; with its elaborate banking system, by means of which payments can be made thousands of miles away without the need of transporting the medium of exchange—money—to and fro; with its methods of manufacture improved by division of labor,—compares with mankind as it existed even a few hundred years ago, as does the organism of a higher species with that of the lowest grade.

As every cell of an organism is served by the arterial, nervous, and respiratory systems that touch it, and as this dependency increases with the increased development of these life-bringing organs, thus are railroad systems, telegraphs, telephones, and the rest of our modern improvements an absolute necessity to the well-being of every individual who helps to form society. Every stagnation in its circulation, every defect in its management, is felt at once by the humblest citizen, precisely as interrupted circulation of blood or a defect in the nervous system or an impediment in respiration, affects at once every cell in the human body. These things have become part and parcel of society, precisely as nerves, arteries, and lungs are part and parcel of the human body, and as these latter organs cannot be separated from the body without causing its death, or at least producing unhealthy conditions, so the former institutions cannot be separated from the social body without at once disturbing its prosperity.

Moreover, as the whole human body evolved and now manipulates these life-giving organs, so it is most natural that a nation, which has evolved these means of intercourse, ought to own and govern them. It would be absurd even to imagine a human organism in which bones, muscles, digestive organs, and others would be governed by one power, and nerves, arteries, senses, by some other, especially if each of these forces endeavored to exist at the expense of the others. It is equally absurd to consider railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and similar institutions as not belonging to the social body, but instead as being the rightful property of private corporations.

Society, as it has developed so far, needs for its life and prosperity a great many things, which it creates through its labor out of the manifold resources which nature has placed at its disposal. Some of these necessities can be produced, and, therefore, ever have been produced by individual efforts or by the efforts of a combination of people. Others, on the other hand, are of so widespread utility, and affect individual well-being to so great an extent, that the interests of all are best served when society herself, as represented by the nation and its government, undertakes the work of supplying the demand.

There are, therefore, monopolies and monopolies. A combination of many for one effort is a monopoly; but there are many efforts which in their results will reach only a number of people, and others which in their results will reach *all* people. The first class might be called artificial monopolies, while the other class should be termed natural monopolies. It remains at the option of the individual whether to indulge in luxuries, and if he chooses he may create and exchange them for such as are made by others; but whenever even a luxury has become a necessity, without which life would be miserable, such efforts fall into the realm of natural monopolies. The protection of life, limb, and property against hostile forces from within or without, is one of these common needs, and hence the nation, through its government, has always handled the army and the police force. Education was found to be necessary for the well-being of every member of society, and thus the community undertook to teach the young. Transference of thought by letter turned out to be more than a luxury. It affected, by its

results, the humblest member of society; it became, therefore, a natural monopoly, to be managed by the government.

More and more have people in our day come to see that the arterial and nervous systems of society—that is, its railroads, telegraphs, telephones and various kindred institutions—are natural monopolies; that though they may have been luxuries in the beginning of their career, they have grown to be necessities now; that the welfare of every individual depends upon their efficient management, and the question is under serious discussion: Should not these natural monopolies be given over to the management of the state—should they not be nationalized? If heretofore, the governments of the nation, of the state, and of the cities, have been successful in managing some such natural monopolies, as the protection of life and property or the mail service or public instruction, or the water supply, yea, even improvements of harbors and rivers, why could they not be as well intrusted with the management of similar natural monopolies? Why should they not transport parcels and persons as effectively as they do letters? Why should cities not be able to supply their citizens with light and heat, which are necessities to every one, as they supply them with water or endeavor to purify the air by means of sanitary regulations?

I have been asked by the editor of *THE ARENA* to discuss this burning question of the day in a series of short articles. I will, therefore, treat in consecutive order, the nationalization of what may be termed natural monopolies, those great monopolies which hold the same relation to the social body as the arterial, nervous, and respiratory systems hold to the human organism. I will endeavor to explain why and how the public would be materially benefited by the nationalization of railroads, of telegraphs and telephones, of land, and—last but not least—of insurance.

The readers of *THE ARENA* may weigh my arguments against possible counter arguments, and I have full faith in the intelligence of their judgment.

ACCELERANT.

BY JAMES H. WEST

For evil or for good we live each day;
Accelerant the good or ill speeds on.
Brothers and sisters! ere earth's hours be gone
What will ye answer while the nations pray?

His high dream was some gift to Coming Time.
But he was powerless — what great deed could he!
Modest in name and mien, his brain was free
And his heart willing. Was there aught sublime?

Temptation came to him. He did not lack
The taint of blood from old heredity
Urging him — spelling him. Yet valiantly
On the alluring ill he turned his back.

Later came one he loved, and they were wed.
His children had far less the taint abhorred,
While brain and will were trebly in them scored.
They led the world on after he was dead.

Unto himself alone no man may live.
Accelerant his strength or weakness grows,
In blessing or in curse, where'er it flows.
To coming ages what wilt Thou, friend, give?

THE VOICE AS AN INDEX TO THE SOUL.

BY JAMES R. COCKE, M. D.

THE least agreeable part of writing this study is the necessary allusion to myself, which I will make as brief as possible before passing to a discussion of the subject in hand.

Let me tell you, O readers of *THE ARENA*, my reason for writing this paper is that I have always lived in a world of sound and touch, and not a world of light, as men ordinarily see it. A physician's mistake cost me my sight in early infancy, so that all the memories which I have in that storehouse we call consciousness, are distinctly memories of sound. All the loves of my early life were for the voices of those whom I knew. All my childish aversions were caused by harsh, unpleasant tones; and the earliest recollections I have of nature came to me through her myriad voices. The birds spoke to me from the tree-tops; the cricket chirped to me at night, and they were, during the earliest part of my life, only creatures of sound to me. When I first, by the sense of touch, acquired a knowledge of the forms of these things, it was exceedingly difficult to associate them with the sounds they made. The earliest recollection I have of a horse, is not of his arching neck and exquisite form, but simply his neigh and the clatter of his hoofs.

As I sat beneath an old tree when a very small child, I used to wonder where the breezes came from, that caressed my cheeks; and as they rustled the leaves of the grand old tree, it seemed as though they were whispering and trying to reveal to me that world which was around me, but of which my restless spirit could not conceive. And as the warm rays of the sun fell upon me, I would fancy they were beckoning me onward somewhere into a strange land, of which I seemed to dream, but could get nothing definite.

My earliest memories of sound are tender memories. I remember well the voice of a nurse who had the early care of me; and those around me noticed that I had the same childish aversions and the same childish trust, as did those children who were fortunate in having their sight. I began early to analyze my reasons for liking and disliking people, and found it was not from what they said or did to me, but that it was a quality inherent in their voices which affected me. I distinctly recall the voice of one

whom I met when I was five years of age, for whom I took an intense dislike without apparent reason. Let me describe this voice, as it will illustrate a type of which I shall have occasion to speak later on. Musically speaking, it was a sweet voice (a contralto). It was a warm, passionate, liquid voice, that told of a deep emotional nature; and yet when that voice spoke to my soul, there was something in it false and treacherous—something that told me, more plainly than words, that its owner's life had no place beside mine. I remember asking permission, one day, to feel of her face; and the warm, rich life-glow upon it, the exquisitely delicate texture of the skin, the beautifully moulded features (for I could tell by my touch that she was beautiful) gave me a most singular impression. I fancied that my ears had told me a lie, and as I had received a strict religious bringing-up, I wondered if God would be angry with my ears for lying to me; I kissed her and said I never knew how beautiful she was until my hands told me. But, alas! it was the touch and not the ears that lied to me.

Again, after listening to the voices of the negroes (for I lived in the South), I was surprised to find on touching their faces that their voices were wholly out of keeping with what I felt—for their voices were usually pleasant to me, and the feeling of their skin was horribly repulsive. I made friends with the lower order of the animal kingdom by their voices; certain chickens, which were pets of mine, I knew well in this way, and when I passed my hands over their silky feathers, touch and sound seemed to be in sweet accord in the stories they told of these beautiful creatures.

I early discovered the difference between the voices of the educated and the illiterate. I recall the voice of an old minister, for whom I at once conceived a great affection, on hearing him preach; and although but six years of age, asked permission, when his sermon was finished, to be allowed to speak to him. Let me describe the impression it made upon me. The voice, as I remember it now, was a bass-baritone, mellowed by age, but every tone of it was replete with tenderness, warmth, and the deepest love; there was in it, also, an element of sternness, which put me a little in awe of him. I was allowed to touch his face, and the deep lines which old Father Time had made in his forehead seemed strangely out of keeping with that tender voice; but his noble features, his high forehead, his silky, curly locks, told me that my touch and my ears were indeed telling me truly this time, and that my friend was one of nature's noblemen.

Again, I remember the voice of a lawyer; this, too, was a baritone, brim full of merriment, fun and good humor. With pain do I remember that, as I grew older, and read this voice better, I heard in it something earthly, sensual, not to say

devilish; and yet, speaking to me so plainly, it seemed, many times, to reveal more good than was borne out by my subsequent experiences. This man's voice illustrates a type. I have learned that voices similar to, if not just like that of this lawyer, are possessed by men who embody in a marked degree both the emotional and the sensual. They are always kindly and full of color—if I may be permitted the figure of speech; they are seductive voices. Their possessors have usually dark complexions, with features handsome, but somewhat heavy, particularly the lips and nose. This voice is capable of the most subtle modulations; and in certain moods, it may become perfectly dull, monotonous, and passionless. This question of mood affects voices very materially; and yet persons with pronounced moral traits will invariably show them in their voices, no matter what the state of mind may be. But to return to the type of which I was speaking, I can recall from my memory's sound-gallery, some fifty voices similar to that of the lawyer. Professionally or otherwise, I have known the lives of these men pretty well, and while the characters of a few of them were out of keeping with their voices, the great majority were emotional, false in a measure, kindly in impulse, passionate in the extreme, and intellectually above the average of their fellows.

As I shall have occasion to speak of many of the human emotions as represented in the voice, I will call upon my memory to make a composite tone-picture on my mind, of all the types of voices I have ever heard, and if I can make this conception clear, I can perhaps give a better idea of what I am trying to express. As I sit and recall in fancy the voices of the thousands whom I have known in one way or another, they come to me like the notes of a mighty symphony, and awaken not only every varying shade of emotion, but appeal to my faculties of intellection as well. I can reproduce in my own mind, not only the memory of the quality, the *timbre*, aye, even the individuality of each voice I ever knew, but I can arrange them into distinct classes, and assign to each its definite place.

Of course, training, age, health, or disease of the vocal organs, alter alike all voices. In general, those of children show less of their real character than do the voices of adults. The voices of women are, as a rule, more difficult to read, because they are naturally sweeter than those of men. Those of the Northern races have less warmth and passion in them and are sterner than those of Southern races. I shall have occasion to speak of a great many qualities of voice which are exceedingly difficult to account for; as I believe the voice to be a better index to the soul than is the face, and as the moods of the soul are more variable than the fancies of the poet, it follows that if the voice

is to be its moral spokesman, it must be capable of infinite expression.

There are national, as well as sectional voice-characteristics. A few examples will suffice. The Scottish voice is whining, sad, and at the same time, stern. The predominating qualities in the Irish tones are warmth, great emotional intensity, and, among the lower classes especially, one is painfully aware of a certain tone of fawning treachery, while among the better classes, the voices show great strength of purpose, coupled with a warm kindness, and a musical tone of refinement which I have never observed in any other nationality.

The voices of the people of England vary much in different sections of the country. Not taking into account the peculiarities in pronunciation of the cockney, his voice is usually flat and expressionless; while the peculiar harsh, brazen note of the Lancashire man has in it absolutely no expression of anything but vulgarity. There are three prominent types of voice among cultivated Englishmen—the exceedingly courteous, but cold, quiet one, of which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is typical; the kindly but egotistical voice, usually found among the better class of merchants and business men; and the cold, affected, self-assertive tone, of which Oscar Wilde is a representative.

The voices of the French people impress one first with their strength and loudness. This is particularly true of the women, whose tones seem to lack in softness and beauty and in womanly tenderness, more than any of the nations around them. The voice of a cultivated French gentleman, speaking his own language, while it is impetuous and passionate, is courteous, warm, and kindly beyond description.

The voices of the Spanish men belie much the character of the people; unless they are in action, they are mostly cold and passionless, but when in angry discussion, ill-bred and harsh; and they lack at all times the courteous tone of the French. The speaking voice of the Spanish maidens is exquisitely beautiful; that of the older women has in it the predominating element of pride. The national voice of Italy is at once musical, pleading, pathetic, and childlike; of course, like that of all southern nations, it is passionate.

The voices of the German people, although harsh, are usually kindly; and a careful study of over a hundred German ones, shows a less complex emotional life than is found among their brethren of adjoining nations. With the German aristocrat, towards his inferiors, the voice is arrogant in the extreme; towards his equals or superiors, courteous, deferential, and refined. The voices of the German maidens are generally simple, kindly, and rather musical. One finds among the better

class of the Viennese, the most musical and, above all, the most cultivated voices of any of the nations of middle or northern Europe.

The Turks, and orientals generally, have high-pitched voices, so far as the musical key is concerned. They show also an intense emotional life, while approaching in courtesy the tones of the French. The voices of the Chinese, as a people, vary in musical pitch less than those of any other nation I have studied; one can get no idea of their real emotional lives from their voices. They, however, use more inflections and intonations than any other people on the globe. The men's voices are usually a low tenor, while the women speak in a mezzo-soprano key. The Japanese voice is exceedingly courteous, not very musical; that of the women is full of coquetry, and rather kindly.

Is there a typical American voice as well as accent? This question I have endeavored for a number of years to settle to my own satisfaction. Now let it be understood in what I am about to say, I do not refer simply to peculiarities of pronunciation, but to the quality of the voice, and to the characteristics of the people as revealed by it. In fancy, let us picture ourselves in Maine, and imagine that we can be transported, at will, by some impalpable agency — first from Maine to California; we will fancy that we only drink in the voices of those we meet along the way. Shut out from your minds, if you can, the ever beautiful and varying landscape, and only listen with me to the thousands of voices, and realize, not simply what they are saying, but what their souls are feeling.

Starting in Maine, we hear amid all the varying musical pitch of the many voices, certain dominant characteristics, which stand out clearly. As a rule, the voices, are somewhat harsh and nasal, energetic and full of bright, intellectual life, but rather devoid of tenderness and kindly feeling. This is not as true of the women as of the men; I have heard, indeed, a great many sweet voices among the girls and women from "Down East," as they express it. Of course, culture and refinement make the same difference here as elsewhere. Let us travel along to Boston, and we find, in its busy hum of thousands, many varieties.

One can scarcely say that the people of Boston have a typical method of speaking; the voices, however, are generally sharp and rather cold, and their habit of clipping their words heightens and intensifies this quality. I remember a peculiar impression made upon me, when I first came to this city. I had occasion to see a person by the name of Newhall, and when I was presented to Miss *Noohull* (as it was pronounced), I at once replied that this was not the person I wished to see; but matters were soon

set right for me. I will describe this voice, as it well illustrates that of the average Boston lady. It was a mezzo-soprano, clear, with a certain element of kindliness; a little too self-assertive, but cultivated and full of strength of purpose. Of course every large city, with a cosmopolitan population, is not only cosmopolitan in art, literature, and music, but in the voices of its people as well.

Let us leave the "Hub" and go, in fancy, to "Gotham." Has the New Yorker a distinctly characteristic voice? Amid all the babble of different tongues, amid the rush and hurry and whirl, have circumstances of one kind and another so shaped themselves as to leave their imprint upon the voices of a large number of the population? Emphatically, yes. A very interesting type is that of the New York commercial traveller, especially if he be of Hebrew ancestry. His enunciation is rapid; his tones, when among his companions, are kindly, but the whole manner of the man, as expressed in speech, has a sort of snap to it, like a cold winter's day. In the hotel his voice to the waiters is usually arrogant, and bespeaks ill-breeding and plebeian origin. The New York business man of American parentage has a voice full of life; it is courteous, but every tone of it speaks plainer than the words he utters: "I am here for business; now, what can I do for you?" But besides this, if anything in the public administration of affairs displeases him, you know from the tone of his voice that he means to resist, and not to stand it. How different this is from the Boston people! How many times I have stood on the street corners, on cold, wild winter nights, waiting for the street car, which did not come, while around me stood men and women shivering from head to foot, who bore the inconvenience patiently, with scarcely a complaint; whereas in New York, under similar conditions, I have heard, not only murmurings of angry discontent, for much less cause, but a warm discussion of measures for remedying the nuisance. O patient Boston! How long will your citizens wait — and wait — and wait?

Pass with me now from New York, skipping Philadelphia, and we find ourselves in the great city of Chicago. Here again is a greater conglomeration of races and types of people; but standing out prominently in all the din and confusion, we hear the clear, sweet tones of the western girl; at once healthy, kindly, and, though not quite tender enough, as true as her own loyal heart; and when she asks one, at dinner, to have "more butter" — with an unmistakable accent of the *r* — one feels (at least I would if I were that one — and I have been), as though those rosy lips were made to kiss as well as to say pleasant things. Then, too, we have the unmusical but frank, kindly

voice of the farmer, as he tells us how many "fut" of lumber he wants to build his house with. The voices of the people of Illinois are rather more pleasant than those of Michigan, her sister state. The people of Indiana speak, as a rule, more like eastern people.

Let us now go to the sunny Pacific slope, and voices seem to speak to us, as though they had caught the spirit of the golden sunshine; when we listen to the daughters of California, we can fancy that some fair goddess had stolen the music from Orpheus, and instilled it into their voices. What kind, what pleasurable memories are brought back of the voice of one from California, who read to me in early life! This one had embodied in itself all the joyous freedom which the air of that sunny state gives, all the truth which her grand scenery teaches, and all the purity and modesty reflected in that glorious region of flowers.

We will go now across the country to the Lone Star State. We find the sons and daughters of Texas with a distinctly characteristic and unique type of voice. The men's voices impress one as a little brusque and harsh at first, but that soon wears off, and gives place to a feeling of hospitality; still there is ever present a want of perfect culture and refinement; one can hear, even in the tone, something that suggests the horse-pistol and knife. The voices of the Texan women are kindly, not particularly sweet or musical; and in and around Galveston those of the younger women are a little too languid in tone, this effect being heightened markedly by their rather peculiar pronunciation of the vowels *a* and *e*; it is impossible to represent these sounds upon paper.

Passing on to New Orleans, that sunny city of the South, we find great differences in the voices of her people, which characterize them distinctly from the other sections of this great country. Those of the men are languid, somewhat musical, and yet one can feel that a hidden fire of passion is concealed under this languid tone. There is a want of noble and high purpose; these are not the voices of men of whom saints and martyrs were made. The voices of the younger women are beautiful, kittenish, tender, as soft and sweet as the balmy breezes that fan their cheeks. Those of the older Southern women seem to break earlier than their age would warrant, when one considers that the climate and their habits of life ought to preserve them much longer than those of Northern races.

The accent and quality of voice vary much in different sections of the South. The voices of the Georgians seem to me to express at once the most hospitality, manliness, and straightforward purpose of any of the Southern types. In the northern

belt of the South, including East Tennessee, western North Carolina, West Virginia, and a portion of Kentucky and Alabama, they vary more, according to the degree of cultivation, than in any other section of our country. The tones of the mountaineers of this district express, in a marked degree, their well-known characteristics. They are at once ignorant, passionate, strong of purpose, and, in some unaccountable way, they impress one as exceedingly conservative. This may be due partly to the association of ideas. The voices of the F. F. V's are somewhat too haughty, but hospitable and kindly to their equals. Those of the women, particularly, are refined and full of high moral principle.

Having considered the national and sectional characteristics, we will now listen to voices in disease.

THE VOICES OF THE INSANE.

Tell us, O Science! what is that demon so foul, which defaces and debases God's image, the soul, and renders that beautiful house, the intellect, a dungeon dark, where ghastly spectres hold high carnival, feeding upon man's wits, his reason, and his love? Alas! our answer too often comes back only as an echo. I have, in my post-graduate courses, studied the voices of some hundreds of insane people, in the hospitals, and I would that I could convey to you in language, the piteous, moaning, wild, discordant effect they produced. The tones of patients suffering with melancholia contain the sound of all the misery that one can imagine. Their tone-color is dark, and the sound as sad and as fervent as the wild wind blowing on a winter night through a deserted forest. The voices of those suffering with the disease known as dementia, seem to exemplify Darwin's law of *natural reversion*. Their aimless and meaningless chatter resembles much the noises made by the apes. In acute mania, they are feverish and wild in tone, showing at once that the baser part of the man is dominant.

The voice of the crank or paranoiac illustrates the fact that the soul finds expression in the tone as well as in the speech. I have now in mind, a man confined in an insane asylum, who, like many others of his class, believed he was the recipient of a special revelation from God. Having learned the nature of his delusion, I requested him to tell me all the good news of which he was the bearer. He began in a low, monotonous voice, resembling that of the Sioux Indian, when speaking quietly, but as he became enthused with his idea, the voice grew steadily more ringing and passionate, and his speech more incoherent every minute, showing in a wonderful manner the mental emptiness;

and only echoes of what had once been thoughts rang from and through the hollow channel of his soul.

The voices of those simply afflicted with delusional insanity are not, as a rule, unpleasant; they are self-assertive and sometimes have in them a tone of insincerity, coupled with unbounded egotism. One man told me very complacently, and was evidently much pleased with the idea, that the attendant shot him in the head three times every morning, with a revolver, before serving him his breakfast, — and then laughed as though he had told a good joke. While he was telling this prodigious lie, I placed my hands gently on his face, to see if, by touch, I could tell the expression. Poor, thin, wan, ashy-pale face! What a strange light illuminated that countenance! What an incomprehensible smile of self-approbation came from the vacant, reasonless soul within!

I studied the voices of several cases of paralytic dementia in the early stages; in this strange disease, the victims are at first deluded by visions of wealth, power, beauty, and grandeur. These are the patients upon whom the treacherous fairy acts with her magic wand, summoning illusions which give exquisite joy; then, striking her victims harder and harder with that fatal wand, she breaks down the mind, and makes of the reason a charnel-house, in which thoughts and ideas madly chase one another, while the helpless victim trembles and moans and chatters, singing a strange funeral knell to the death of that divine thing, the mind. I well remember a patient under my care, who, in a haughty, stentorian voice, informed me that he was the Heaven-sent successor of Maximilian, and the pleasure it gave him, when, humoring his delusion, I asked him to let me be his secretary of state. He wrote me a formidable document, abounding in legal phrases — for he was a scholar — constituting me his adopted son and successor. No words can describe the self-complacency, the satisfaction, the perfect happiness, that were in that voice. I believe Kant, the philosopher, said, "The world is to man but a projection of his inner consciousness." What an immense world this man's consciousness must have been in the early stages of his disease! But alas! the fatal magician had him, and one by one his golden dreams of beauty vanished, and gave place to a sleep, only broken by visions of the hideous monsters conjured from the vast depths of possible human misery, by his disordered brain.

THE VOICE IN TYPHOID AND OTHER DISEASES.

Picture now the clean wards of the hospitals, with their polished floors and painted walls, and the white-capped nurses as they go about their angelic ministrations. In one bed you will

see a man lying with a dark, flushed face, cracked, parched lips, and a peculiar heavy expression. Speak to him and try to arouse him; you will find that he will answer you very slowly, in a dreamy, low voice; or if he be a little more feverish, he will be muttering incoherently, showing the disordered, rambling condition of the mind. Imagine his temperature a little higher, and his nervous system more profoundly affected; he will be talking wildly; his voice will tell you that nature's machinery is going too fast, and, unless its speed can be checked, must soon carry its victim into death's dateless night.

Go with me into the children's ward; in one bed you see a little patient suffering with chorea (St. Vitus' Dance); the little one will be writhing and twisting and jumping. Speak and it will answer you in a frightened, peevish, irritable tone of voice. Listen to the whine of the little one in the next bed—a low, piteous, moaning sound, not a cry; the trained ear of the physician knows at once that the child is singing its own death-knell. Hear the peculiar, wild, shrieking cry of the next child; look at its drawn, convulsed features; place your hand upon the enlarged head, and find the open seams between the bones, and, if you be a physician, you will know that the dreadful disease, hydrocephalus, is taking the little victim away. Listen to the impatient, irritable cry of the next small patient—and, if you be a mother, and have felt your own heart yearn for your little one, your instincts will tell you better than any physician can, that the digestive apparatus is here at fault. Hear the brassy, croupy cough and hoarse voice of the next child, and without looking at its little, blue, anxious face, you will know that the terrible disease, membranous croup, is strangling the little one.

Go with me, now, into the wards where nervous diseases are treated. Look at the girl over in the corner—a blonde; listen to her as she speaks, or alternately laughs and cries, and you will know that hysteria, that dread disturber of psychic life, is hammering upon her nervous system, like an unskilled pianist, and evoking from her consciousness harsh, discordant notes. See, a little farther on, an old lady, seated in her reclining chair,—even the untrained eye would say “paralyzed.” Speak to her, and besides her difficult articulation, you will find the voice low, toneless, and monotonous.

THE VOICES OF CRIMINALS.

Let us now leave the sadness of the hospitals, and go to a yet darker place—the prison—wherein the offenders against society are kept. Let us talk to the men and listen to their voices, and ascertain, if we may, whether they reveal the darkness

of their souls. Among the more habitual and hardened criminals, you will find that the voice portrays, in its ever-varying mood, ever-changing tone, the want of moral stability in the man. What is the makeup of the average criminal? Is he some monster, which cruel nature has predestined before his birth to a life of crime and misery — or does he but differ from his fellows in degree only, and not in kind? This is the vital question of to-day, which the men of science must settle. I would that my experience with the voices of this class had been larger, but will give you the best that I have.

There is a type of voice characteristic of the kleptomaniac. It is low, not wholly unmusical, if its possessor be a man; if a woman, it has a peculiar, whining ring, impossible to describe. It is apt to be deceitful in quality, has a half sentimental, abused character, and strongly indicates a want of moral tone.

I have studied the voices of a number of professional burglars, and have endeavored by this means to determine their moral status. They are usually cunning, cowardly in quality — sometimes boastful. *I never heard one remorseful.* Occasionally they have a canting, whining, hypocritical tone, and the good that one hears is of an impulsive character. They are frequently emotional — sentimental, if you please. Sometimes, owing to their brutal mode of living and their long incarceration, they are dogged, stubborn, and cold. I have in mind the voice of a young man, who has been four times imprisoned for forgery. When one hears it first, it is sweet and kindly — a voice that would make a mother's heart rejoice; sweethearts would love to listen to it; it is versatile, and would stamp its possessor at once as a man of capacity; it has a mercurial tone, an ever-varying mood; and yet, in listening to it, one is conscious of a certain false ring, a something that causes one to shudder. As this man's physician, I stayed with him one night when he was suffering severe pain, and his resigned, patient manner, his liquid, low, sweet voice, his childish trust and obedience, would, if I had not known better, have made me think him a saint.

THE VOICES OF THE SISTERS OF VICE.

Speak, O ye annals of crime and sin! Call back from the beyond those who have seduced man and wrought his bodily and spiritual ruin! Repeat again, O ye sisterhood, your accursed song of sensualism! Let us read again in its merry but mocking, heartless music, the story of shame; and amid the chorus, so fearful, which has sounded for ages, there are certain notes that are clear, certain refrains that are unmistakable. The note is one of shamelessness, the refrain is in praise of Bacchus, and inordinate vanity is your principal

theme. Having had this study in mind for several years, I have talked with a number of persons of wide experience, and have studied, in and out of the hospitals, the voices of fallen women. Do they differ from their virtuous sisters? Do they show their depravity in the voice? Most certainly they do. I believe that I can tell the voice of a professionally bad woman under almost any circumstances. They are generally, musically speaking, pleasant, emotional, but unsympathetic; betraying an enormous amount of vanity and selfishness, and always showing an erratic, untrained mind. At the same time, I think these people have more ability to control their voices than any others I ever knew. I have in mind one woman who can throw into hers a rich, warm tenderness, a deep love and pathos, which is rarely heard; and yet she informed me with her own lips that she never felt genuine affection in her life, — but as her life was a living lie, this may have been also a part of the lie. These women frequently betray in their voices a sort of sympathy, and we all remember how kindly De Quincey speaks of "Ann." I would like to have studied her voice, and read in it, if I could, that which De Quincey discovered in her character.

You ask if I have heard this type of voice in women who are not bad. Yes, modifications of it. I have heard in the voices of many women, a rich, warm, amorous tone, which went too dangerously near the sensual. I have heard, too, from ladies who were noted flirts, without being "bad" (in the ordinary understanding of the term), and who had social position, money, and all that life had to give, tones which were far more deceptive, far more misleading, than were heard in those of the daughters of adultery. But in the voices of the women of vice, there is a certain want of restraint, a brazen boldness, which I, at least, have never heard in any other class of women. The difference is, however, in degree and not in kind, and the effect is intensified by the total want of refinement which is usually found among depraved women.

THE VOICES OF A FEW PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN.

Among the finest voices that America has ever produced, stands that of James G. Blaine. I heard it in 1876, when he was in full vigor — clear as a silver bell; rich in color as a golden summer sunset; ever and anon proud and imperious, and again, tender as a mother's while caressing her child; above all it was full of frank, hearty kindness. This could not, of course, be said in the later years of his life, as disease told sadly upon his voice.

Again, the voice of Edwin Booth, when in his prime, was perfect of its kind — broadly intellectual, deeply emotional, and

showing a constant struggle within his own soul; as strange, weird, and withal fascinating, when he read Hamlet, as were ever the strains of Chopin's music.

The voice of Sara Bernhardt was, to me, silvery, passionate, but not quite tender and sympathetic enough. The sweetest-voiced actress on the American stage at the present time is, in my judgment, Agnes Booth. Her voice suggests the incomparable Adelaide Neilson; it is so natural, so merry, so womanly, so true.

Among the voices of clergymen, stands out prominently that of Phillips Brooks. His exceedingly rapid enunciation prevented his full, rich voice from showing at its best; but one who studied its tones could read in it the deep religious fervor of the Heaven-sent messenger. The voice of Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, is earnest, clear, convincing, and strong. Rev. John Cuckson, who has recently come to our city, has a voice which bespeaks his character in an exceptional manner; it is that of a sensitive man, and is filled with kindliness—a voice that would invite you in distress, and from which you would catch glowing, warm, sweet comfort.

The voice of that representative man, Robert G. Ingersoll, partakes of the western freedom; it is musical, full of the deepest pathos, and at the same time, strongly combative. It is honest, too.

A typical illustration of the voice of genial old age, is found in the great inventive genius, Dr. Gatling—the well-known inventor of the “Gatling gun.” His is rich, clear, and has that wonderful mellow softness, which a ripe old age, with a healthy body, can alone impart. I had a conversation with him recently at the Hartford Club, and as he recounted a description of the development of his marvellous gun, and related his various interviews with the monarchs of the old world, his voice was warm and glowing; every tone was replete with Promethean fire, which age could not quell.

The voice of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, when speaking in public, is at once strong and full of purpose; it shows a broad culture, and, with all its strength and earnestness, is full of womanly tenderness.

I have shown that race, national and climatic influences, all leave their unmistakable imprint upon the voice. I have studied with a view to ascertaining what effect the passions and emotions have upon it; and I know that I can tell the voice of a villain wherever I meet him, also that of a sensual man; and again, a beautiful character is easily recognized in the sweet voice which is an index to the soul, as it rings forth from the life of the noble, the generous, the brave, and the true. I believe,

too, that the voice has more to do with the misleading of mankind than has the face. Nature shows her marvellous unity of purpose in the voices of her various creations.

Listen to the pleading, tender, earnest tones of the lover while wooing; even the roughest, harshest, coarsest, aye, even a brutal voice becomes mellowed. Hear the soft, gentle cooing of the mother, as she calls into life the intelligence of her infant; it seems as though she were pleading with the spirit of the child to leave the dreamy, eternal land of the past, and promising it a brighter home, newer and sweeter loves, in the land of the present.

Listen to the artfully modulated, carefully studied voice of the rascal in business, as he swindles and deceives his victim. In sharp contrast, hear the disappointed, whining one of an old man whose life has been stranded upon misfortune's rocky shore.

Listen, oh fellow-man, whenever you will, and you find the voice telling truly the real condition of the soul. Learn to discriminate between the good and the bad, the noble and the base, the intelligent and the illiterate, those in health and those in disease—and it will help you the better to know your fellow-men.

Study, too, the tones of your own voices, and you will find them the true indices of your own souls. You may thus understand how you affect your fellow-men, and by this study, may find your true place on life's vast stage.

THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

BY GERTRUDE SAVAGE.

A MAN, a brother-soul, may come and go in the midst of us, and we may deem him "commonplace." He probably *is* so. But what is the "commonplace"? With almost all human souls, it may be found to be an intense and living experience of the emotions. The man we meet in "common" places, and who has not in "common" with us the trifling details of outward seeming, may yet have in "common" the deep experiences of the spirit, the "common" throb of the heart which is in us all the "common" manifestation of the Divine.

In a certain part of the city of Boston there used to be seen regularly once a week, always on Saturday, a scissors-grinder,—his clumsy yet simple machine upon his back, his brightly-polished bell in his hand, hanging loosely and ringing as it would, responsive to his movement as he walked. To a casual observer, he was like any other scissors-grinder, more or less indifferent, waiting for custom to demand his services, rather than soliciting it even by a glance at the windows of the houses that he passed; not especially remarkable in any way. I had noticed him, now and again, ever since I had lived in that part of the town. He was an old man of about seventy years, always wearing a light, dull-brown corduroy suit like his fellow scissors-grinders, the Italians; but *he* was not an Italian. His face was distinctly German, in mould, in feature, in expression—there was no mistaking the German characteristics; and when, one day, I saw him approach a group of children, out at play on their school-holiday, and stop and watch their game with sympathetic interest, I thought to myself, "Yes, he *is* as German as he looks!"

The softening of his face-expression as he leaned against the fence and rested awhile, watching the children, kept my attention, and I stood at my window and watched, in my turn. Among the little ones—all children of about six and seven years—was one laddie with yellow hair and blue eyes, a round little face and a sturdy little figure; on this boy, the German kept his eyes, following him with his gaze in a look so intense that I thought a grown person, more nervously susceptible and less unconscious, would surely have been uneasy under it. But

the child played away at his game of tag and did not even see the old man. Pretty soon, tired of the play, the children became aware of the scissors-grinder and interested in his machine and his bell, which he held dangling in his hand. They raced up to him, and began plying him with questions, evidently, for he stooped down to them kindly, and even let the little yellow-haired boy take his bell.

I noticed that the man had changed radically. From being a listless, tired old scissors-grinder, going his round of would-be-business, he was now all interest and kindness and eagerness. He unfastened the crude machine from his back, and sat down on a step of the house. When I went out at my door, a few minutes later, he was at work in the midst of the children. His old blue eyes were bright and eager, as are those of some old men who have lived on and with the sea. His face, thin and with sunken cheeks, although broad in its structure, was without beard but not smooth — rather rough and furrowed; his upper lip was a little sunken, but not enough to destroy the strength and firmness of the mouth-line, the expression of which was singularly sweet and tender as he smiled at the children's chatter. His white hair was cut straight and abrupt across the neck at the back, and he wore an old brown fur cap that made the hair look even more silvery. As I went along on my errand, I wondered what his life had been.

When I returned up the street, some half hour later, I met the old man, his bell ringing idly and in unison with his walk as he passed slowly along. His work was finished. I could see the children behind him, away up the street, again at their noisy play. All the light was gone from his face; his shoulders were bowed; his air was listless, even forlorn; his eyes were no longer clear, but as I passed him and looked into his face there was vacancy even in his gaze, and his mouth was drawn and most sad.

The next time I saw my scissors-grinder was some three weeks after this. Late one afternoon I received a note from my friend, Miss Faunce, matron of the city hospital, asking me to come over there as soon as I possibly could. I went immediately, for in such a place no delays are possible. Miss Faunce welcomed me eagerly and told me the case abruptly. An old man, a German, had been brought in three days before with both legs broken, and he was not to live. He seemed quiet and resigned now, but at first had been very wild and almost unmanageable. He talked in a low voice almost continuously and always in German; he seemed to know English, but the English words became fewer and fewer as he grew weaker, and all his speech and his thought now seemed to be German. Only one of the doctors understood German well, and the old man had taken a dislike to him; so she

had sent for me. As she told me these things, she went with me out across into the surgical wing of the hospital and up to ward N; there, about two thirds of the way down, on the right-hand side, lay my old scissors-grinder, the soft light from the setting sun streaming through the opposite windows over his bed. He opened his eyes — dull and dreamy — as we approached. Gradually the dreaminess drew away and his look wandered inquiringly to my face. Miss Faunce said: "This is the German lady that I told you would come to see you." Immediately a startling eagerness came into his eyes; rapidly, vehemently, he began questioning me in German — did I understand *all* the German, *his* German? These people could not understand him! He must tell some one about his little Anton before he had to die; for Anton, when he came, would never know where his poor old father was — that he was dead! He listened to me anxiously, and with an expression of tense relief in his face as he heard my familiar German speech, and smiled with a sort of impatient content as I moved away to get a chair for myself. I sat there by the old man's bedside, in the fading light of that October afternoon, and listened; and this is the story of his life: —

The man's name was Löbel Wohlfart. Until he was thirty years old, he had lived in the little village of Ostrau, near the Oder. He had married, when he was twenty-two years old, one of the country maidens, Sabine Jordan — a fair-haired, blue-eyed Dorothea-maiden, as good and true as she was sweet to look at, and on their little farm they had lived happily and worked hard; more happy yet, when the little son, Anton, had come to them, to make rich and bright the poor little home. They had worked together; they had rejoiced together; they had sorrowed together, when another little one had come, not to stay, but to go again, leaving an empty place in the two hearts which could only be filled by increased love for each other and for the one little son, Anton.

And then had come another sorrow which the man had to bear alone, for she who would have shared it with him was gone — it was the losing her that was the sorrow; and, after that, all the man's love and devotion were given to his and her little son. The two had stayed on at the desolate home; the father had struggled on alone for a time, without the help of the love and sympathy which had made the home, and the child had grown sensitive to the feeling of the father. Only the memory remained to guide and strengthen the man, and this was a great comfort; but against the memory of the past was the thought of the future. It all was too hard, there. So, when the little Anton was six years old, Löbel Wohlfart sold his farm, with its tiny house (the home, he kept in memory in his heart), and taking his

child started out for America to try anew to solve the problem of life. The little one should not be kept there, dearly though he loved the fatherland, to be taken into the army and away from him, for Anton was his all. Even for his country he could not spare him: it was not right.

They had taken passage for America in the fall of 1851, and had come into port at East Boston. The little Anton, in the confinement and bad air of the steerage, had been very sick. One of the women there had befriended him, and had promised Wohlfart to look after the boy when they landed, while he went to find the boxes containing the household goods he had brought over with him; for they were going right on, to the West, there to make a new home as like to the old one as possible, with the same simple furnishings and all. The man would be a farmer on the new soil, and would teach the boy all the simple, healthful knowledge of the life; for he had no love of the town. So when the great steamer poured forth its load of humanity from its every part on to the wharf, the man and little boy were among the first of the steerage passengers to land. All was noise, rush, confusion! Wohlfart knew some English, which he had been trying to learn preparatory to his new life and its work; but he could understand few of the volley of words that were being yelled and half-pronounced by this crowd of people. He stood there, helplessly, pushed and elbowed; now and again trying to ask information of some man whom he would grasp by the arm, and who would impatiently and heedlessly shake him off. The little Anton he held carefully in his arms, shielding him from the crush of people. He waited and waited, getting more and more bewildered and uncertain. Nowhere could he see the woman who had promised to look out for Anton. No one seemed to take the least interest in him; no one would answer him; and he was too confused to know what to do for himself.

Suddenly, from out the crowd, a man came towards him. Wohlfart thought he did not look as though he had been on board ship, but more as if he had come down to the steamer to meet some friend or simply to watch its coming in. This man was looking attentively and admiringly at the little Anton — who was a very beautiful child, having one of the ideal child-faces of Germany, as nearly like to those of angels as there are in all childhood. Wohlfart remarked the admiration in the man's face, and felt a thrill of pride and pleasure. The stranger was well-dressed, very well-dressed; he was a handsome man. Wohlfart felt a certain awe of him and of his dignified manner as he approached. Still, he decided to ask his advice about obtaining his boxes, and what he must do to get across the city to the train which was to carry him to the West; for in those days the

steamship companies did not ship their human freight, like their cattle, straight through from one side of the Atlantic to the other side of anywhere and everywhere. Wohlfart bowed, hesitatingly and timidly, and the man answered his salutation.

"That is a fine boy," said the stranger, "does he belong to you?"

"Yes, he is my boy," said Wohlfart, proudly, looking down on the child's beautiful face, more lovely even than usual in the pallor of the sickness, and with the blue eyes large and soft. "I do not know how to get my things," he continued; "could you tell me the way?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man readily, "but you cannot take the child into that crowd. I haven't anything to do; I will hold him for you, if you like."

To Wohlfart this was most kind, and his homesick heart felt a thrill of gratitude, responsive to the friendliness of the man. He thanked the stranger deferentially, saying that he feared to trouble him. But the man said no, it was no trouble; his friend had not come on the steamer; he was in no haste; he was very fond of children, as he had three of his own; and then he told Wohlfart just where to go and what to do. Wohlfart placed the little Anton in his arms, as he stood there waiting, and started off.

"Vater, vater," called the child in a weak, frightened little voice; but Wohlfart only turned and smiled at him reassuringly, and saying, "Father will be back in a moment," he hastened into the crowd.

He could not seem to find anything as the man had told him, and after trying for a few moments to follow the directions given him, he turned back to find the stranger and ask him more definitely as to what he should do. But he could see him nowhere. He looked and looked. Then he began to rush about among the people and to ask questions of them. But no one understood what he wanted, or even half listened to him. He stood still and looked about. This was the very place where he had left the man, with Anton in his arms; there were the same trunks and boxes and bundles and all; he was sure of it. A poor woman, noticing his face and its expression, came up and inquired what he had lost.

"Have you seen a man with a little boy in his arms?" asked Wohlfart.

"Why, yes," said the woman; "he got into a carriage and drove off a few minutes ago."

Wohlfart gave a cry of instinctive terror; he *felt* more than he *realized*. His child was gone—that was all he *knew*; but something told him that the boy was lost to him, that *all* was lost.

The agony of his face and that cry of anguish had frightened the people into a consciousness of something more vital in their midst than their own immediate interests. Eagerly they crowded around, questioning and trying to grasp the situation, as Wohlfart, in wild speech, half German and half English, told what had happened. When they finally understood, many of them became as excited and filled with amazement as was Wohlfart — for the moment; and all offered different suggestions and incoherent surmises. The father, wild, distracted, at one moment, and stunned at another, tried to grasp some possibility of action, in this strange country, among these strange people, speaking a language strange to him.

Finally, one man, quieter than the rest, took him by the arm. "Come," he said, "I will go with you to a police station: that is all you can do. Tell them what has happened."

Mechanically Wohlfart allowed himself to be led away. Some of the people followed; it was not very far to go. When they were there, the man led him in and up to a desk, behind which sat an officer with a face not unkind. The man with Wohlfart spoke a few words which sounded to him to be far, far away; he did not know what he said, but stood there dazed. Then the man shook his arm, and he became conscious that they were waiting for him to speak. He could not think what he was to say. Suddenly, overwhelmingly, it all rushed over him, and in a wild, strange voice, he began to cry out in his German tongue this thing which had come to him. They could hardly stop him, and make him understand that he must speak in English. Poor man, at a time when his heart was struggling for utterance, when his *heart* was all there *was* to speak, it must speak in a tongue foreign to itself, of a thing that was absorbing him, crazing him! At length, with the help of the other, the officer was able to grasp the meaning of the occurrence; that was all, of course.

"Some devil of a child-stealer!" he muttered; "they never tried *this* before, though." And he said aloud: "Well, my man, we will do what we can. It's a bad case! Where are you going?"

Where was he going — the father without the child? "No-where," said Wohlfart.

"You can stay here to-night," said the officer. "I want to ask you more about this."

Slowly the people went out, as they were ordered. The one man stayed and made Wohlfart sit down in a chair: they were frightened by his face. The officer brought him some brandy, but he could not drink it; he could not swallow; suddenly, but slowly and heavily, he fell over in a sort of stupor. After some

days in a hospital ward, his energies partly returned. As much of a search as was possible was made, but all to no avail.

Wohlfart, broken and at times crazed, hovered about the police station. He never once thought of going to the wharf for his things, but he did go down there and sit for hours every day, in the place where he had put the little Anton from his arms. And the remembrance of that man's smiling face would drive him to such fury that he would dare to stay no longer, lest he should throw himself into the water in despair, and so desert his child. Then he would drag himself back to his poor attic in an old tenement house near the police station; for he could not go away from the place. Visions of what his child might be enduring of cruelties and hardships, came ever before his mind. In his ears rang always the boy's cry, "Vater, Vater!" and the maddening thought of those might-have-beens that come so near to realities, almost killed him. The trustful, childlike soul of the peasant became filled with bitterness and rebellion against God and man.

One night, while wandering through a narrow, dirty street of East Boston, near to the wharves, a woman's voice reached him from the open window of a Bethel, near by. The words she spoke in a full, mild voice, although heard vaguely by Wohlfart yet seemed to stay in his mind: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The first word, "Father," had made him hear the rest; he began to think of them; they took possession of his soul, and brought a certain resignation and peace with them. Softly, the woman's voice seemed to Wohlfart to modulate into the loved tone of Sabine's voice: "Vater, vergieb ihnen, denn sie wissen nicht was sie thun." And faith entered into his being and abided there — faith that the little Anton was not alone among strangers, but that the mother was there, watching over her son. He knew it. And he went back to his attic, and slept.

It was not for him to sorrow longer in idleness; his money was gone; he must earn enough to keep him alive and strong, to look for Anton. Peasant as he was, he could not do work that would keep him indoors; besides, he must wander about, for any day he might see the face, hear the voice, that he had lost. He wanted only a little money — *he* did not need much. And he must be ever on the alert to see and hear all there was — not with his attention concentrated on some hard labor, such as working on roads or on buildings. Some one told him, half jestingly, to be a scissors-grinder. So he had started out, taking a certain route each day, and always going back near the wharf in East Boston at night.

Thus the years of his life had gone. He had come to dwell

more and more in the past; as old age had crept upon him, the thought had taken possession of him that it was his little child he must find, and the knowledge that the boy had grown into manhood had gone out from his mind. Any belief that Anton might be dead was never with him. For the last ten years of his life Wohlfart had cared only for little children, and they all seemed intuitively to love him. His mind became more and more concentrated on the thought of the little six-year-old son, and at the last there had been no convincing him that he was not soon to find him as he was when he had been stolen from him. Now and again a child's face or voice roused him and set his poor old heart to beating wildly; but never had he seen or heard *his* child.

Going one day dreamily along, the bell tolling slowly at his side, Wohlfart had started to cross a broad street. Suddenly there rang out on the air the sweet voice of a child. "Father, father," it called. Wohlfart stopped short, his heart throbbing, his breath coming quick and fast, and stared wildly about him.

"Look out!" yelled a voice. A man half rushed from the sidewalk to drag the old scissors-grinder out of danger; but there was not time, so he leaped back again himself. The horses tore up the street; the old man was thrown down, with his clumsy, heavy machine—his cross—upon his back, and the wheels of the carriage passed over him. The woman in the carriage covered the eyes of her little son, that he might not look on the dreadful sight; but she offered to do all she could for the poor old man.

Eight days later, Löbel Wohlfart died at the city hospital, his mind clear and peaceful, and with the words, "Vater, vergieb ihnen, denn sie wissen nicht was sie thun," upon his lips and in his heart.

GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THIRD PAPER, THE MYSTIC.

THE prophet and mystic must not be confused with the priest, for, speaking broadly, the two represent widely divergent spheres of thought. The prophet is the herald of progress. He assails outgrown beliefs, entrenched wrongs, and conventional injustice. He points from the half truths which were once helpful stepping stones, but which now retard man's onward march, to the broader vision which the future presents. His eye rests on the luminous peaks which lie before. He has unbounded faith in freedom. He is often a destroyer of the old, but it is that the new may rise in fairer forms and be of more enduring character. If he tears down the log cabin, it is that he may erect the marble palace.

The priest, on the other hand, is the defender of conservatism. He distrusts the new. To him the prophet is a destructionist who ignores that which age has sanctified and time made venerable. He fears that wider liberty and greater knowledge will prove dangerous. He worships at the shrine of the past. What is written, or what other ages have believed, is, in a certain way, sacred to him. The question, Is it true? breaks powerless as waves before the precipice, when it beats against his prejudice and the veneration with which he views the established order which has been sanctified by time. The priest is the bulwark of conventionalism.

This contrast is strikingly illustrated in the history of Israel's prophets. But nowhere does it find so impressive an illustration as in the life of Jesus. Here we see the relative attitude of the two great spheres of thought represented by these classes. On the one side was Jesus, the prophet and mystic; on the other, the priesthood, upholding the past and defending conditions as they existed. Jesus cried, "Ye have heard it said, 'An eye for an eye,' but I say, Love your enemies." Jesus disregarded the ceremonials, the dogmas, and the forms held sacred by the church. He was a Sabbath breaker. He mingled with publicans

and sinners. He healed the sick in a way entirely irregular. His teachings were regarded as sacrilegious and essentially dangerous to the established order. The great prophet and mystic pointed to the higher altitudes of spiritual attainment. He drew inspiration from the lily of the field. The gold of morning and the flaming scarlet of evening, the stars and blue Galilee, spoke more eloquently to him of his Father than did the stories of bloody strife in which the God of love was represented as ordering defenceless women and innocent babes to be mercilessly slain. The priesthood then, as has ever been the case, worshipped at the tomb of yesterday's thought and drew inspiration from the ideals of earlier ages, which time had made first venerable and then sacred in the eyes of man. It naturally regarded him at first with apprehension, later with alarm, and finally the fear of its members expressed itself in a deadly hate which ended in his martyrdom. It was repetition of history. The reputation and life of the prophet are always in danger. He will be misrepresented, slandered, and misjudged, if he escape the penalty of the death sentence. At rare intervals the soul of the prophet and mystic has been found under the robes of a priest, but here usually the priesthood has been arrayed against the iconoclast. Savonarola was a conspicuous example of this class.

In the sphere of religion the prophet is ever the advance courier of truth. He blazes the way for the groping multitude. He is impelled onward by the divine afflatus. He is always disquieting. He stimulates reason. He awakens the soul life. He points to the lily and says, Consider. He turns to the sky, glorious in the splendor of dawn or spangled with the silver of night, and exclaims, Behold! He takes up the record of the past, and, in a word, warns against unlimited scepticism and blind credulity. Do not, he urges, reject as wholly worthless, or accept as entirely divine, the accumulated wisdom and follies of ancient days, but employ God's most sacred gift to man — search for the truth. He looks into the faces of the thoughtful and says, Come, let us reason together. Consider — behold — search — reason! Thus does the prophet awaken the soul of man. He calls to the sleeping ego to be something more than an animal. He arouses the divine life, calls into action the higher potentialities of man's being, and in this way is a saviour to the individual as well as a torch bearer to civilization.

I speak of the prophet and mystic as one; for in truth the distinction is rather of degree than of nature; or, to be more accurate, they are different manifestations of the divine in man. The prophet is an engine in action. He is an aggressive power for righteousness now and here. He mingles with the surging tide of good and evil, a warrior for justice and truth. The

mystic ascends the mountains of spirituality and drinks deeply from the divine fountains. The truths of God steal into his soul silently and with an all-pervading influence, as the evening dew or the soft light of day comes to nature. We are told that Jesus on occasions, doubtless when weary with battling against the powers of evil on every side, and sick at heart for poor, suffering humanity, withdrew into the mountains to pray—that is, to commune with the Infinite.

The mystic craves the inspiration of solitude when torn by the discord of human strife. He possesses a strong intuitional nature. His interior vision is preternaturally developed. He hears, sees, and within his soul *knows* many things which elude the grasp of the self-seeking, business-enthralled struggler upon earth's restless highways. Some time ago I visited a friend who is a scientist and a deep student of the vibratory law. Taking down an instrument somewhat resembling a horn, he handed it to me. I put it to my ear and instantly I heard a great roaring in the room—a noise suggestive of a coming storm. I had merely been able to gather some of the noises present, which without the instrument had escaped my hearing. Doubtless the reader has often tried the same experiment with a shell. Now, the interior nature of the mystic is so thoroughly awake that his vision penetrates farther than those in whom the spiritual nature is less sensitive, and in moments of exaltation he beholds humanity with face set toward the sky—humanity moving slowly, and often with halting step, but ever moving Godward. He hears the voice of the Infinite, and knows that the ultimate end of all is *Good*. He speaks the words he hears unto those whose eyes are fixed upon the stars.

Sometimes he descends to the seething, struggling world below, where, tiger-like, man devours his fellow-men. Then the mystic not unfrequently becomes the prophet and reformer. In Jesus, we see the perfect blending—the mystic, prophet, and reformer; and in our own time we have frequently seen this trinity in unity. The poet Whittier affords a striking illustration in point. When confronting injustice and inhumanity the sweet-souled Quaker poet became a veritable Isaiah. His anti-slavery verses reveal a soul lost to self and fear, a brain on fire with holy indignation. His words burn into the heart; they fire but do not sear the conscience. They reveal to us a man whose love of justice and freedom has consumed all baser thought. Hear this heart-cry for the honor of the Old Bay State:—

O my God!—for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros
down!—

For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry:

“Up for God and Massachusetts! Set your feet on Mammon's lie!

Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your cotton's latest pound,
But in Heaven's name keep your honor,—keep the heart o' the Bay
State sound!"

So also, in this stanza from "The Crisis," we are reminded of the prophet, who speaks with an authority from within, in bold contrast to the diffident, retiring, and mild-mannered Quaker:—

The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

From the heat and turmoil of the great moral battles which so profoundly aroused the prophet soul, we turn to the poet after he has withdrawn from the forum of public contention—after he has ascended the mountain, if you will—and hear the calm-voiced mystic utter thoughts which flood his soul as the moon-light floods the snow-crowned mountain peaks:—

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse!

O friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of morning-land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac—
What more could Jordan render back?

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

And again he asserts, with that all-sustaining faith which characterizes the true mystic:—

There are, who like the seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down His pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by His tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

In Gerald Massey, as in Whittier, we find the union of the prophet, reformer, and mystic. We have seen with what superb courage he has assailed entrenched wrongs and popular injustice. We have noted his lofty faith, and caught glimpses of the future triumph of right through the mirror of his soul. We now pass to notice the poet as a mystic. In the following lines we have a great thought beautifully expressed:—

God hath been gradually forming man
In His own image since the world began,
And is forever working on the soul,
Like sculptor on his statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some semblance of the Eternal thought.
Race after race hath caught its likeness of
The Maker as the eyes grew large with love.

Here is a companion thought:—

What you call matter is but as the sheath,
Shaped, even as bubbles are, by the spirit-breath.
The mountains are but firmer clouds of earth,
Still changing to the breath that gave them birth.
Spirit aye shapeth matter into view,
As music wears the form it passes through.
Spirit is lord of substance, matter's sole
First cause, formative power, and final goal.

It will be seen that the poet, while discarding the crude ideas and conceptions of creation which were born in the childhood of the human race, opposes the views popular among certain thinkers, who hold that the human brain is merely an expression of physical evolution, and that the law-governed universe, with art, design, and intelligence visible in its every phenomenon, is merely the result of force, working blindly and without intelligence. The wonderful facts demonstrated through hypnotism, and the results which have crowned the painstaking and careful

research of leading scientists in the fields of psychical phenomena, have by external evidence and incontrovertible facts greatly strengthened the position arrived at by the mystic through the intuitional power and acute interior perception.

Mr. Massey believes that the tree is to be judged by its fruit; that according as you have performed the will of the Infinite One, or expressed the best and truest in your life, you shall be rewarded — or, rather, that every good deed bears the doer upward, every real sin lowers the soul. He teaches the high and wholesome morality that, precisely as we help lift and benefit our fellow-men, our souls blossom into the likeness of divinity; that it is by *deeds of service that the spirit is made royal*. His teaching touching the future of the soul is thus clearly set forth: —

Both heaven and hell are from the human race,
And every soul projects its future place:
Long shadows of ourselves are thrown before,
To wait our coming on the eternal shore.
These either clothe us with eclipse and night,
Or, as we enter them, are lost in light.

There is a striking similarity of thought between the above and these lines to Whittier, although the imagery is entirely different: —

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Mr. Massey, while holding that law runs through the universe and that sin brings its own punishment, does not hold to the frightful old-time doctrine that man, envired by sin and surrounded by temptation, having only a few fleeting years in which to obtain wisdom, is nevertheless doomed to be lost for eternity if he fall by the wayside. Such a belief is abhorrent to so broad, tender, and noble a nature as his. On this point he says: —

I think heaven will not shut forevermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated traveller should come
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, far off, turn them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day.

I could not sing the song of harvest home,
Thinking of those poor souls that never come;
I could not joy for harvest gathered in,
If any souls, like tares and twitch of sin,
Were flung out by the farmer to the fire,
Whose smoke of torment, rising higher and higher,
Should fill the universe forevermore.

Our science grasps with its transforming hand,
Makes real half the tales of wonder-land.
We turn the deathliest fetor to perfume;
We give decay new life and rosy bloom;
Change filthy rags to paper, virgin white;
Make pure in spirit what was foul to sight.
Even dead, recoiling force, to a fairy gift
Of help is turned, and taught to deftly lift.
How can we think God hath no crucible
Save some black country of a burning hell?
Or the great ocean of Almighty power,
No scope to take the life stream from our shore,
Muddy and dark, and make it pure once more?

Dear God, it seems to me that love must be
The missionary of eternity!
Must still find work, in worlds beyond the grave,
So long as there's a single soul to save;
Gather the jewels that flash Godward in
The dark, down-trodden, toad-like head of sin;
That all divergent lines at length will meet,
To make the clasping round of love complete;
The rift 'twixt sense and spirit will be healed,
Before creation's work is crowned and sealed;
The discords cease, and all their strife shall be
Resolved in one vast, peaceful harmony.

Another truth which Mr. Massey frequently expresses is the presence of the Infinite One here and now, in opposition to the narrow view that God spake to His children only in ancient times. Like Whittier, he ever teaches that God is with us now and here, and that none of the glory of other days is absent from our own. In one notable poem he thus sings:—

There is no gleam of glory gone,
For those who read in nature's book;
No lack of triumph in their look
Who stand in her eternal dawn.

And again, with the calm assurance of the mystic, he says:—

Not only in old days He bowed
The heavens and came down;
We, too, were shadowed by the cloud,
We saw the glory shown!
The nations that seemed dead have felt
His coming through them thrill:
Beneath His tread the mountains melt:
Our God is living still!

He who in secret hears the sigh,
 Interprets every tear,
 Hath lightened on us from on high,
 Made known His presence near!
 The Word takes flesh, the Spirit form,
 His purpose to fulfil;
 He comes in person of the storm —
 Our God who governs still!

We saw — all of us saw — how He
 Drew sword and struck the blow,
 And up and free through their Red Sea
 He bade the captives go:
 Yea, we have seen Him, clearly seen
 Him work the miracle:
 We know, whate'er may intervene,
 Our God is with us still!

The veil of time a moment falls
 From off the Eternal's face:
 Recede the old horizon walls
 To give fresh breathing space:
 And all who lift their eyes may learn
 It is our Father's will,
 This world to Him shall freely turn,
 A world of freedom still!

The traveller in the valley sees little of what is around him. He journeys for a day up the mountain slope, and his vision is marvellously broadened. Another day's journey toward the peak reveals a still more glorious panorama, and when he reaches the highest crest an almost infinite expanse stretches on every side. So the barbarian caught a contracted and very partial view of God's love and beauty — his own limitation of vision and the animal passions which overmastered him dulled spiritual perception. But as the race rose through countless ages, the conception of the Infinite became expanded, and as the spirit grew more and more sublimated, the real character of the Deity, uncolored by human prejudice and passion, became apparent to the most royal natures. A hint of this thought is given in the last stanza of the above lines.

Few poets have ever thrown into simple words a more beautiful conception of man's relation to God, or God's broad love and sympathy for his children, who through past ages have been struggling upward toward the light, than is found in these lines of Mr. Massey's: —

This human life is no mere looking-glass,
 In which God sees His shadows as you pass.
 He did not start the pendulum of time,
 To go by law with one great swing sublime,
 Resting himself in lonely joy apart:
 But to each pulse of life his beating heart.
 And, as a parent sensitive, is stirred
 By falling sparrow, or heart-winged word.

As the babe's life within the mother's, dim
 And deaf, you dwell in God, a dream of Him.
 Ye stir, and put forth feelers which are clasped
 By airy hands, and higher life is grasped
 As yet but darkly. Life is in the root,
 And looking heavenward, from the ladder-foot,
 Wingless as worms, with earthiness fast bound,
 Up which ye mount but slowly, round on round,
 Long climbing brings ye to the Father's knee;
 Ye open gladsome eyes at last to see
 That face of love ye felt so inwardly.

In this vast universe of worlds no waif,
 No spirit, looks to Him but floateth safe;
 No prayer so lowly but is heard on high;
 And if a soul should sigh, and lift an eye,
 That soul is kept from sinking with a sigh.

All life, down to the worm beneath the sod,
 Hath spiritual relationship to God —
 The Life of Life, the love of all, in all;
 Lord of the large and infinitely small.

In these lines our poet gives expression to the new religion which is taking possession of the most exalted minds of our day. It is all very well to say that God is so much more than the finest expression of the divine in man that we cannot comprehend Him; but we cannot use this reasonable assumption to bolster up the unreasonable and impossible one that God's attributes are not in alignment with the most perfect ideal which haunts the noblest brains of the best civilization. There are certain eternal verities, the highest and most splendid of which is love. These verities are immutable and unchanging; they form a constellation upon which the eyes of the noblest and most truly divine in all ages have been fastened. And as humanity in her slow ascent rises to higher altitudes of civilization, a greater number come to appreciate the supreme truth that it is only that which is divine in essence which can yield enduring happiness and spiritual peace. The Golden Rule is not peculiar to any one religion. It has been taught in spirit by philosophers, poets, and sages throughout the ages. There are certain fundamental principles in ethics which, by common consent, the highest and purest souls of all lands and periods have regarded as divine; and in proportion as man has given expression to the godlike attributes in his life has he approached earth's highest dream of divinity. The lofty ideal which this dream embodies runs like a thread of gold through every civilization. It was taught by Zoroaster and Confucius, by Gaudama and Pythagoras, by the prophets of Israel, and the Stoics of Greece and Rome; it found glorious expression in the life and teaching of Jesus. God, compared with earth's noblest man, may be as the ocean to the

rivulet, as the Himalayas to the ant mound; but His nature must, if He is the incarnation of what humanity holds as highest, sweetest and truest, be all that the most divine expression of manhood is and inconceivably more than this in *the expression of the divine attributes*. He must be the infinite reservoir of all those virtues which make manhood divine; and being this, He could not do things which would be abhorrent to the noblest man. If at any point throughout the cycle of eternity He should draw the dead line across which even the weakest of the children He has called into an eternal existence might not fly from darkness and pain into the light, purity, and love of a better life, He would be guilty of a crime so abhorrent to an exalted and humane earthly parent that the parent himself would rather die than condemn his offspring to such a fate.

This supreme truth, that God must be better than the best man instead of worse than the most cruel savage, is the keynote of the new evangel which our nineteenth-century prophets and mystics have given the children of men. This is the thought which Whittier, who, in the truest sense, was a mystic, so forcibly put in the following lines:—

I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

* * * * *

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

* * * * *

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

This same thought is further impressively taught in the exquisite little allegorical poem, "The Two Angels," in which Whittier gives voice to the conception of God which is the burden of the song of the great poets of our time:—

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above;
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! A wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light, and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sounds of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

In one of his last poems, Tennyson, while the light of the other
world was silvering his brow, thus expressed this same conception:—

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,

* * * * *

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Through the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.

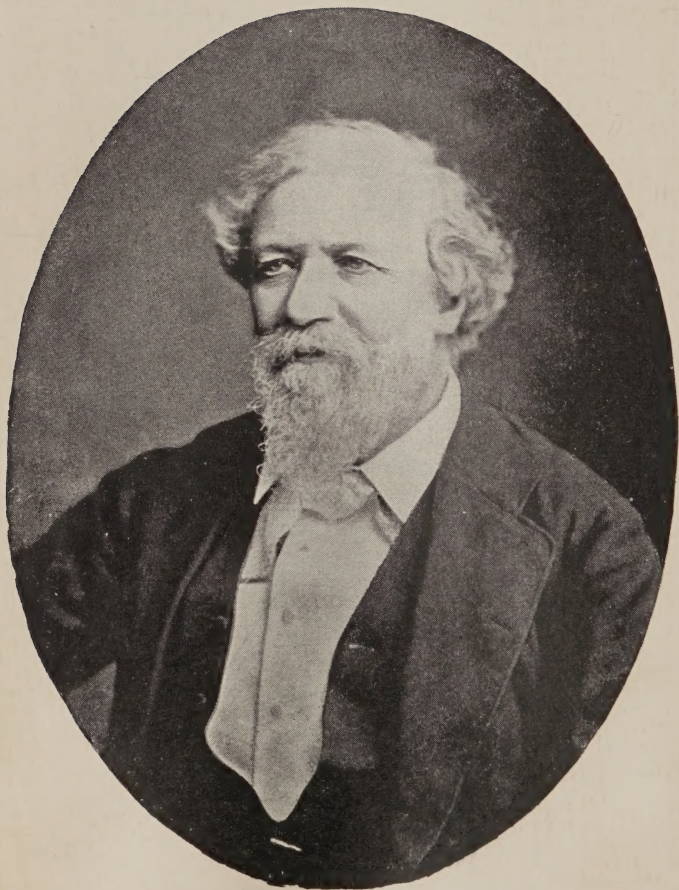
Wait till death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

The idea of the Eternal Goodness, in varying phraseology, has been presented by almost all the great poets and prophets of our own time. Gerald Massey, in one of his terse sentences, says: "*Any God who demands the worship of fear is unworthy the service of love.*" The new religion goes out in love to all life. It binds up the bruises of him who has fallen by the wayside. It extends the hand to the sinking. It calls aloud for justice for the weak and oppressed. It denounces tyranny, injustice, and whatsoever lowers manhood or degrades womanhood. It demands that the rights of the child and those of the mother be sacredly and inviolably kept. It whispers hope and love to the despairing. It gives voice to the words which come from above in the most exalted songs of our time. It teaches the kinship of man to God in such a way that the old-time nightmare disappears. And as the child, with open arms and joyous cry, rushes to meet the loved parent, so do earth's children go to the Father above for

that sustaining power and holy peace which through all past time sages have drawn from the Infinite. This thought is beautifully set forth by Mr. Massey in the following lines:—

There is no pathway man hath ever trod,
By faith or seeking sight, but ends in God.
Yet 'tis in vain ye look without to find
The inner secrets of the eternal mind,
Or meet the King on His external throne.
But when ye kneel at heart, and feel so lone,
Perchance behind the veil you get the grip
And spirit-sign of secret fellowship;
Silently as the gathering of a tear
The human want will bring the Helper near:
The very weakness that is utterest need
Of God, will draw Him down with strength indeed.

In the province of religious thought, Mr. Massey has been a herald of the new day. His utterances are deeply spiritual, yet charmingly rational. While recognizing the interior self as the true ego, and fully appreciating the spiritual forces underlying creation, he abhors superstition, and is filled with a holy passion for a more complete knowledge of life. He cannot understand why men should place prejudice above truth, and believes it to be the sacred duty of every man, woman, and child, to use the divine torch of reason to guide his steps. He is a thorough believer in evolution, and hails modern science as the handmaid of progress. In a word, Gerald Massey is a child of the dawn.



Robert Browning

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THE RELIGION OF BROWNING'S POETRY.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

PERHAPS my title ought to be "Mr. Browning's Religion as Shadowed Forth in His Poetry" — for this is really what I have in mind. It is well known by every careful reader of Browning, that, as a dramatic writer, he frequently represents or sets forth ideas and beliefs which are appropriate to a character or situation, but which are not his own. No one would think of supposing the man, Shakespeare, to hold, as his own, all the opinions put into the mouths of Lear or Hamlet or Macbeth. So, in looking for Mr. Browning's opinions, critical care must be taken to distinguish between his own beliefs and those of the characters which stand out from his pages. Yet in some whole poems, and in parts of many others, we can find the man himself. Of course we are helped in this, as we are not in the case of Shakespeare, by the fact that we know the man, with at least some degree of accuracy, outside his poems. We may, then, hope to be reasonably sure of our ground as we try to find what were the essentials of Mr Browning's religious life.

In a paper like this it will, of course, be impracticable to go very much into detail. Many points will have to be left untouched altogether; and those which are not left out will have to be treated in broad and simple outline. His general religious attitude, what he thought about God, Jesus, life, and immortality — these will be about all that we shall find time even to notice.

I. What, then, was Mr. Browning's general religious attitude? He was not a churchman; he was not a Chris-

tian, in any dogmatic sense; but he possessed an intensely religious nature. He was never formally connected with any religious organization. He was not a habitual church-goer. When in London or in the great cities, he was naturally attracted here and there, to listen to special men, who, for one reason or another, interested him. When in the country, however, it was more common for him to be seen in church, where he appeared among the simplest and most devout of worshippers.

That he was not a Christian, in any technical sense, we are assured by Mrs. Orr, his biographer; and it appears in the fact that he denied the doctrine of "original sin," or that condition of human nature on which the whole structure of dogmatic Christianity rests. The superficial reader of "Christmas Eve" or "Easter Day," might think their author to be a devout Christian of the common sort. But both poems are dramatic renderings of certain phases of popular religious life. Besides, the two contradict each other, and he could not hold the positions of both. The argument in "Christmas Eve" is "in favor," as Mrs. Orr well says, "of direct revelation of religious truth and of prosaic certainty regarding it; while the Easter Day vision makes a tentative and unresting attitude the first condition of a religious life." It is true, also, that Mr. Browning often said that the undeveloped mind needed religious certainties, but that a receding and uncertain light was best for the maturer intelligence. So, Mrs. Orr says, "He denies the positive basis of Christian belief." He accepts no such supposed certainties as go along with the idea of a written revelation. But that he was earnestly religious, reverent, devout, and profoundly interested in all the deeper problems of life and destiny, is apparent throughout his entire life work. He can be claimed, then, by no sect, and classified in nothing narrower or smaller than the religion of humanity.

II. Pass now to the second point we have proposed for consideration, and let us see what was his attitude towards God.

All his life long Mr. Browning was an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley. The subjective, intuitive, inspirational quality of this rapt poet appealed strongly to similar qualities in himself. And, in his callow youth, he was naturally drawn most strongly to those writings of Shelley which were most

revolutionary; for it is natural for the inexperienced enthusiasm of youth to dream of some sudden way of bringing about the ideal condition of the world. The generous young heart is impatient, and wants the "kingdom of God" in a year. So, for a time, Browning read "Queen Mab" and thought he was an atheist. His ideal God would do the things which Shelley and Browning thought ought to be done; and, since they were not done, the ready inference was that there could be no such God as he dreamed of, and, therefore, no God at all. But, as usual in such cases, this was only a passing phase of thought. For a modest man, however sensitive to suffering and wrong, comes at last to reflect that, in an infinite universe, there may be a good many things which he does not know; and which, if known, might modify his way of looking at things. There may be a good many agnostics, who bow, silent and baffled, before the infinite mystery; but the dogmatic atheist must be either very young or very foolish.

Mr. Browning, then, ceased to be, or even to think himself, an atheist; but he never became a "Christian" in his ideas of God, nor a theist at all, in the ordinary, prosaic sense of the word. He did, indeed, believe in God with all his soul; but he never believed that we had any clear or intellectually comprehensible revelation of His nature, character, or purposes. Indeed, in his dealing with all the great problems of life, his peculiar cast of mind prevented any consistently logical course. He was a compound of the purely rational and the transcendental, and frequently mixed the two in dealing with the same theme.

There are two remarkable poems in which Mr. Browning's thoughts about God are revealed with much clearness to the careful student. It is practically impossible to quote from them; they need to be taken entire. Single passages would do no justice to his course of thought. The better way, then will be to indicate the lines of his thought and argument.

The first one to be noted is his "Caliban upon Setebos." The suggestion of this most remarkable poem, doubtless, came from Shakespeare's "Tempest," and from Eden's "History of Travaile," published in 1577. Eden is quoting from an account of Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe; and it is from some story of this sort that Shakespeare took the hint of his play. Caliban, with Browning, is a wild, abject,

half-human, half-brutish, grovelling, superstitious creature, but endowed, for the purpose of the poem, with a very subtle, Browning-like power of reasoning. Into this creature's mouth he puts such speculations concerning Setebos, his god, as a being so constituted would be likely to indulge in. In this way he works out a terrible, scathing satire on the theological creeds and supposed knowledge of the people who, with their little seven-by-nine salvation schemes in their hands, think they know it all. The motto of the poem, from the fiftieth Psalm, is the words, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." And, indeed, Caliban's portrayal of his god Setebos might almost be taken as a summing up of the teachings about God of the old-time and still published "Confessions of Faith." He is the wilful, capricious, jealous, easily-angered, and revengeful deity about whom we all of us know. He does as he pleases, and because he pleases, and has a standard of good and evil so mysterious that his subjects must not presume to have any opinion about it.

Of course, "the moral" of the poem is that each age of the world is likely to create its god in its own image. Nothing is clearer in the history of religious thought than this. But Browning would have us go so far as to see that our own cherished ideas may be relatively as false, or at least as inadequate, as those of Caliban. If beings below us have conceptions of God that we can see to be so partial and poor, why — our poet would ask — may we not think of beings above us in whose sight our best conceptions are poor and perhaps degrading? But, while he would press this question on us, he does not, for a moment, doubt the existence of God. The broken reflections of the Perfect still witness to the great fact that the Perfect exists. And though he thinks that any logical statement we may make about God must be so far short of the truth as almost to be a denial of the very truth we are trying to utter, he yet sees that any statement honestly made, as an attempt to express the inexpressible, must be nearer the truth than negation or silence. So he comes back to the practical, and recognizes that, since we are men and not something else, we must think and speak as men. Even a higher truth, for some higher being, might not be so nearly true, for us, as is our own best thought and aspiration.

This practical side of the truth he discusses in the fifth of "Ferishtah's Fancies." Ferishtah is only Mr. Browning in Oriental disguise. Let us now trace a little this practical side of the matter. In this poem he discusses the fact that we receive good from some source, and that there is in us an instinctive impulse to thank and praise the giver. We feel the universal tendency to look up and worship. Now the gifts and goods of life have some source and author. How shall we think about this source? Being men, can we think except in terms of the human?

Whom have I in mind,
Thus worshipping, unless a man, my like
Howe'er above me? Man, I say — how else,
I being man who worship?

So, in our present stage of development, this is as near the truth as we are likely to come. A child's ideas of father, mother, and the grown-up life of the world might be logically indefensible; and yet the child is on the road towards the truth, and his refracted, incomplete, and broken reflections of the truth are proof positive that the truth is. In the disturbed surface of a pool the reflections of objects on its banks and of birds flying above it may be distorted and incorrect representations of all these things; but they prove that something, of which these are some kind of reflections, is there.

III. Come now to the third point — Mr. Browning's thought about Jesus. It is not easy to be clear and sure as to this. He does not accept any infallible revelation, and he regarded the popular theology as only a caricature of divine realities. But he is fascinated by the personality of Jesus, and he loves to dwell, as in "Saul" and other poems, on what may be called the humanity of God. Mrs. Orr tells us that he quoted with approval the saying of Charles Lamb, "If Christ entered the room I should fall on my knees." But, in the same connection, she also says that his "attitude towards Christianity" was "heterodox," and that "Christ remained" for him "a mystery and a message of divine love, but no messenger of divine intention towards mankind."

IV. We are now ready to consider his general ideas as to the meaning and purpose of life. It will be difficult to keep this part of our theme entirely separate from his views as to immortality; for life, whether longer or shorter, is all of

one piece. I shall, however, come as near to treating the two points separately as I can.

When "Sordello" was published, it was introduced by a dedicatory letter to his friend J. Milsand, of Dijon. In it he says, "The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires, and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." Here, then, is the key to the purpose and meaning of human life, as held by Mr. Browning — "the development of a soul: little else is worth study." Everything else, then, in life is staging and accessory; the one thing it is all for is "the development of a soul." Now Mr. Browning did not believe that anything was essentially or permanently evil. It follows that he believed that, through the strange, dark or bright, processes of life all souls were, somewhen and somewhere, to be developed. He believed, then, in a full strong, active life. He held it better and more hopeful that all the powers and possibilities of a soul should be brought into full and active play, even though misdirected, than that the life should be negative and undeveloped, even though innocent. For the positive, active man becomes something and gets somewhere. Though wrong at first, he becomes a power, and power is capable of good when the good is found; while weakness is not only incapable of good, but may get in the way and become, negatively, the cause of more evil than are the strong in their misdirected efforts. Whatever the doubts or speculations of our poet, one great faith runs, like a keynote, through all the harmonies and discords of his life. This faith he utters in the famous song in "Pippa Passes"; and it rings out like the clear tones of some unseen bell: —

God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world !

His philosophy of life and its great meaning is most clearly expressed in "Rabbi Ben Ezra." This is too long to quote entire, though I must make a somewhat liberal use of it: —

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

* * * * *

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

* * * * *

Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
 Be our joys three parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence — a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks —
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me:
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

* * * * *

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw Power, shall see Love perfect too:
 Perfect I call Thy plan:
 Thanks that I was a man!
 Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what Thou shalt do!"

* * * * *

Let us not always say,
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a god, though in the germ.

* * * * *

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

* * * * *

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved

To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:

Here, work enough to watch

The Master work, and catch

Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

* * * *

Now who shall arbitrate?

Ten men love what I hate,

Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;

Ten, who in ears and eyes

Match me; we all surmise,

They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

* * * *

But all the world's coarse thumb

And finger failed to plumb,

So passed in making up the main account;

All instincts immature,

All purposes unsure,

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount!

Thoughts hardly to be packed

Into a narrow act,

Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be,

All men ignored in me,

This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

* * * *

Fool! All that is, at all,

Lasts ever, past recall;

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:

What entered into thee,

That was, is, and shall be:

Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance

Of plastic circumstance,

This present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest;

Machinery just meant

To give thy soul its bent,

Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

* * * *

So, take and use Thy work!

Amend what flaws may lurk,

What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!

My times be in Thy hand!

Perfect the cup as planned!

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same.

Take what comes, regret not overmuch the past, grow not sour over the present, fear not the future, but use all in the great work of building up the soul,—this is the lesson of the poem.

V. It is time to turn to the teachings of Mr. Browning on the subject of immortality. Though he touches on this theme in many poems and in many ways, the one poem devoted to a formal discussion of it is "La Saisiaz." It took its name from a villa near Geneva where he was spending a vacation with his sister and a friend. This friend suddenly died, as described in the poem, which was written soon after. This work is remarkable chiefly as a revelation of the attitude of Mr. Browning's own mind. Its arguments and reasonings are the old and common ones, and would not be likely to convince any one who was a serious doubter. But it shows clearly his own strong belief, and his fearless facing of the unknown.

It will be well here to note his attitude towards the only movement in the modern world which even professes a hope of proving that we survive the experience called death. Mr. Browning did not live long enough to get in touch with the work of the Society for Psychical Research. Perhaps he would not have entered into it, even if he had; for his habits of thought were pretty well fixed, as he grew older, and he never showed the patient, scientific turn of mind that is needed in seeking and sifting evidence. But he did come in contact with the earlier forms of spiritualism, and was violently repelled by them. Mrs. Orr tells us that the only serious falling out he ever had with his wife was over this subject. She was a believer, and he believed only that she was being fooled. His general opinions he has put, with his characteristic bluntness and vigor, into "Mr. Sludge the Medium." To him it is all vulgar fraud, mixed, possibly, with a little self-delusion. But, proved or unproved, he believed, what Mr. Whittier sings,

"That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own."

This faith is most beautifully portrayed in "Evelyn Hope":—

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name —
 It was not her time to love: beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir —
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew —
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love —
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay?
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me —
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could hold —
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
 And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
 So, hush — I will give you this leaf to keep;
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

VI. As now we near the close, it will be well to note one more phase of Mr. Browning's work — how he looked on life as one, here and hereafter, and treated this only as prelude to that. In so doing I must quote from two of his most remarkable poems.

Abt Vogler was a priest and musician, born in 1749. Among other things which he has done, he has invented a new organ, with what he regards as great improvements on any then existing. In the poem called by his name, he is represented as sitting at his organ and musing over his work. He builds his palace of music out of the invisible sounds that come and go at his bidding, as the old legends said the unseen powers of the air came at the order of Solomon, to build for him a palace to please his favorite princess. He sits there at the keyboard, and builds and unbuilds his structures of sound. He wonders if there is no reality matching them — if they are gone forever. And so he falls to thinking on life, its dreams and aspirations, its high hopes and ambitions; and he wonders if these are ever to be realized. So the poem runs on: —

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;

Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;

For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind,

As good, nay, better, perchance: is this your comfort to me?

To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind

To the same, same self, same love, same God: aye, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more,

On the earth the broken arc; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;

Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized? Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome — 'tis we musicians know.

The outcome is that all our high hopes, dreams, aspirations, are prophecies of what shall be; and in this great faith he rests. This life may be "a broken arc," but somewhere the "perfect round" shall appear. So this life is only beginning, and runs on into the unseen.

But are there no complete wrecks? Is nothing cast to the rubbish heap as the final place of its disposition? Browning's great hope, that clasps the universe in its arms, that includes even the wrecks and outcasts of humanity, that despairs of nothing and of no one, is most forcibly brought out in his poem, "Apparent Failure." Wandering about Paris, on a hot day, he comes to the Morgue — that place back of Notre Dame, on the bank of the Seine, where the unknown dead are kept for a limited time to give opportunity for their recognition by their friends, provided they still have any. Omitting the first two stanzas, let us hear the poet: —

First came the silent gazers; next,
A screen of glass, we're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves; and now enthroned,
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

Poor men, God-made, and all for that!
The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch; each had his berth,
His bounds, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
Some arch where twelve such slept abreast, —
Unless the plain asphalt seemed best.

How did it happen, my poor boy ?
 You wanted to be Buonaparte
 And have the Tuileries for toy,
 And could not, so it broke your heart ?
 You, old one, by his side, I judge,
 Were, red as blood, a socialist,
 A leveller! Does the empire grudge
 You 've gained what no republic missed ?
 Be quiet, and unclench your fist!

And this — why, he was red in vain,
 Or black — poor fellow that is blue!
 What fancy was it turned your brain ?
 Oh, women were the prize for you!
 Money gets women, cards and dice
 Get money, and ill-luck gets just
 The copper couch and one clear, nice,
 Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,
 The right thing to extinguish lust!

It's wiser being good than bad;
 It's safer being meek than fierce :
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That, after last, returns the first,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched;
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed.

Browning, then, despairs of nobody. Whoever God has brought into being he believes God will bring, through all experiences, until, sometime and somewhere, he attains the best. Here he is at one with Tennyson's great hope,

“That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.”

A grand theism, life a battle and a victory, spanned by a bow of hope that arches all the future — such is the religion of Robert Browning.

THE RELATION OF THE LAND QUESTION TO OTHER REFORMS.

BY J. BELLANGEE.

WHEN, a few years ago, the intelligence was flashed along the wires that Henry George and his associates had organized an Anti-Poverty Society, the world greeted the announcement with a laugh. To-day we find his followers greatly multiplied; thousands have taken up the cross of the new crusade with a zeal seldom equalled in any other cause, and the claim is stoutly made that the single tax is a fundamental and essential preliminary to all other reforms. This claim is worthy of our careful examination.

Two ideas have in recent years made wonderful progress in the thought of the world, and have done much toward clearing the way for an appreciation of the single tax in its true relations. The first of these is the recognition of the fact that every reform is related to every other reform, and, to be successful, must take into account other reform forces working with it towards a resultant end. This idea has found most complete recognition in the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which, beginning with the single reform of temperance, now embraces more than forty departments of reformatory work.

Again, thoughtful reformers are recognizing that the domain of the moral is not confined to the sphere of individual action, but that the higher growth of the soul is inseparably connected with the social and economic conditions that surround the body. We are beginning to hear from the most enlightened pulpits such sentiments as these: "Every economic question is a political question; every political question is a social question, and every social question is a religious question." With this broader view of the forces of civilization, comes the thought that God has a purpose and a plan in the development of our economic and social life, and that a failure to follow that plan will bring individual deteri-

oration and national decay. The old theory that life is a state of probation, in which good and evil spirits struggle for the mastery of souls weighted with the burden of depraved natures, has utterly broken down, and the world stands to-day confronted with the alternative of the skepticism of despair, or the discovery of some faith that shall give practical recognition to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. How opportune, then, is the discovery and setting forth of a principle in political economy, which, while recognizing the infinite bounty of a God of love, distributes that bounty to all mankind with a father's impartial hand, and establishes as the fundamental relation of men, that equal brotherhood which the highest instincts of religion teach.

We hold that God's gifts to man inhere in the land upon which we must live ; that each child of God has a right to an equal share in that bounty, and, hence, that human law concerning the tenure of land should secure that equal right. To preserve that equality, society should take by taxation from each, for the common benefit of all, such a sum as is needed to make the holdings of each of equal value. Thus by the simplest of means, not only is equality established, but it is preserved through those changes which are brought about by the increase of population, and the advantages which social and industrial development bring. Since the rise in value of land and the need of public utilities both spring from the increase of population, it follows that the public revenues for common use can best be supplied from that fund which must be taken in order to preserve the needed equality of individual opportunity.

Again, equality having been established by means of a tax on land values alone, it follows that to tax any other forms of wealth, which are created by men in the enjoyment of that equality, disturbs the equilibrium and is therefore subversive of justice. Hence we plead for a single tax on land values only as at the same time the simplest and most just system possible.

There are those who see in this system merely a measure of fiscal reform, but there is in it much more. Grand as it is when viewed in that light, it is still grander in its moral aspect. Its chief claim to our enthusiastic support, as well as the strongest proof of its divine origin, is the fact that it establishes that equality of opportunity which renders im-

partial God's bounty and conforms to that strict justice which should exist between man and man.

By the application of this truth, every relation of life, stripped of those artificial conditions which spring from the unequal distribution of natural opportunities, undergoes a beneficial change. The arrogance of the landlord is no longer met by the fawning sycophancy of the tenant. Labor, free to employ itself, no longer sells its birthright for the pottage of a miserable existence ; and genius, no more the pampered prostitute of power, rises in the dignity of its own intrinsic worth to bless the world with its godlike creations. A democracy, such as the world has never seen, takes the place of the aristocracy which now curses society with its social arrogance. The equality of man is expressed in a new equation, from which is eliminated the selfish egotism of the present, and in place of the formula, "I am as good as you are," we have the nobler one, "You are as good as I am."

In the light of this truth the dark passages of the revealed word take on new meaning. The prophetic inspiration of the Scriptures receive new interpretation, and their blessed promises are enriched by a deepened sense of God's wisdom and goodness. Providence is relieved of the dark imputation of a fateful cruelty, and, with the clearer vision of a stronger faith, we see no more the arbitrary vengeance of an angry God, but the loving tenderness of a heavenly Father. I think much of doubt comes to all of us, who, seeing the misery of the world, the degradation, crime, and filth which are the inheritance and unavoidable lot of many under existing conditions, cannot reconcile their fate with the theory of an overruling Providence which parcels out to each his lot in life. But when we comprehend God's impartial purposes, and realize that society alone is to blame for the maladjustments of life, how quickly does the perspective change, and the elements of responsibility, duty, and reward arrange themselves in a new alignment.

What, then, can be more fundamental in the work of reform than the establishment of a system that shall distribute impartially the gifts of God to His children, and guarantee to each an equality of opportunity in working out the problem of individual life? Under such a system, must not every element of good that God has implanted in our natures find the conditions most favorable to its highest development?

But we are told that the struggles of life are given for our discipline, and that by contentions with difficulties our powers are strengthened. This is true only so far as it applies to our relations with nature. When man contends with his fellow-men, the results are evil only, and instead of the better elements of his nature being strengthened, his natural and God-given appetites become abnormally developed into fiendish passion.

In his dealings with the elements of nature, in his mastery of the resources that God has placed within his reach, there is much to call forth his greatest efforts and his noblest powers. Hope lures him on. Success fires his ambition to attempt greater things, and temporary defeat but sharpens his weapon for the final conflict. In this struggle with nature there is nothing that embitters the heart or destroys the powers of mind or body, but with each successive victory, his faculties are enlarged, and his faith is strengthened by fresh testimony to that all-pervading love which is the source of all life.

But in his battle against injustice it is not so. In that conflict the generous qualities of his nature become atrophied by disuse, and the passions are stimulated to an abnormal development. Defeat brings a discouragement which weakens, and success an excitation which narrows the sympathies and hardens the heart. Envy, revenge, and hatred supplant the nobler sentiments of coöperation, confidence, and love, and distrust of his fellow-man is soon followed by doubt of the goodness of God. Where injustice prevails, human governments are mocked and religion is despised. Where the streets are full of beggars, the churches are full of hypocrites, and earnest men begin to ask, "Is there a God?" Can it, then, be doubted that the establishment of a condition that guarantees to all equality of opportunity, will bring into play the better attributes of man's nature, and go far toward checking the growth of those evil passions whose abnormal development has rendered necessary many of the reforms which are to-day pressing for solution?

From whence comes the evil passion of greed? From what soil does avarice spring? Come they not from that condition of society which gives to one the fruits of another's toil, and makes success, not the reward of merit but the gift of chance and favoritism? And whence comes that indo-

lence and sloth which destroy the natural energy of man, and transform him into a beggarly tramp? Do they not come from a denial to him of his birthright of equality? Did the merited reward of duty well performed ever beget sloth? Did pride, avarice, and ostentation ever spring from a condition where equal merits were sure of equal pay? By no means. These passions are the inevitable fruit of that system that destroys equality of opportunity and confers special privileges.

With equality guaranteed, with equal access to the storehouse of nature secured to all, human energy would find no occasion for the clash of interests, no scope for the passion of greed. With the disappearance of want, avarice would cease, and ostentation would give place to magnanimity. The desire natural to each human breast to win the approbation of his fellows, would find employment in the promotion of good works rather than in the accumulation of riches. The almighty dollar would be dethroned and nobility of mind proclaimed. Envy would disappear, for where all might enjoy the blessings and luxuries of life, each would rejoice in the prosperity of others, and the waste of energy now expended in maintaining our position in the shifting sands of favoritism and chance, would be employed in the coöperative upbuilding of a noble civilization.

I have dwelt at length upon this phase of the single tax, because it is not only its central idea, but it is the line along which it touches all other reforms. Not only is equality essential to the free play of those natural forces which make for the right, but since every blessing that can be brought to mankind becomes quickly localized, its benefits attach at once to the land, insomuch that until opportunities are equalized, the coming of any good thing, even a reform, will but emphasize the inequalities that now exist.

A moment's reflection suffices to show that everything that makes a community a more desirable place in which to live or a more profitable place in which to do business, is at once reflected in the values of land and is added to its rent or selling price. Every dealer in real estate knows what the churches and schools of a community contribute to the price of land, and how much more readily property will rent or sell in neighborhoods where culture and sobriety give character to the social life. It is not claimed that the single tax would

hinder this advance in rent. But since it would be wholly absorbed in taxation, it would go to a common fund for the use of all instead of into the pockets of land holders.

Under our present system, since wealth alone can secure locations free from corrupting influences, many an honest and decent man or woman is compelled to live amid contaminating surroundings, simply because poverty forces them to chose localities where rents are cheapest. Thus with our present system, the rich, who are able to seize with their wealth the most desirable locations, by that means monopolize the good things of earth which God has given, and the benefits which come from the labor, skill, and intelligence of man as well.

It is clear that whatever would equalize the benefits which inhere in the land, would also equalize those which inevitably attach themselves to the land. Thus the brotherhood of man will be exemplified in the same system that shows forth the fatherhood of God. Are we, then, claiming too much when we say that the single tax is the divinely appointed way through which justice can be established upon the earth, and that because it is divinely appointed it is an essential preliminary to all other reforms, and must be established before their benefits can be fully utilized for the blessing of all? Are we claiming too much when we maintain that until such equal distribution of benefits is secured the advent of any reform will, by accentuating the inequalities which now exist, produce by injustice evils as great as the one it has sought to cure?

We may not claim that under a condition of absolute equality of opportunity the evil passions would wholly die, but it is beyond question that many of the forces which under our present system act as powerful stimulants and promoting causes of crime would be wholly wanting. Take the evils of licentiousness and intemperance. How are they related to the reform we advocate? I believe the Scriptures are right when they say that the love of money is the root of all evil, and I believe that in the end these questions will be found to be economic questions, and their solution most easily effected by bringing about conditions of economic justice. With equality of opportunity guaranteed to all and the vast storehouse of nature utilized for the benefit of all, there will be no need for any to engage in a business so revolting as

keeping a saloon or brothel. From that side, surely, much of the pressure toward evil will be removed, while on the side of man's depravity much will be accomplished by removing the causes which stimulate his passions, and building up the hope and ambition which always spring from a just reward of honest effort.

I believe the conditions of society now existing, creating classes of the very rich and very poor, produce debauchery on the one hand and degradation on the other, augmenting the forces of intemperance beyond the power of prohibitory or restrictive law to subdue or check. Can we expect sobriety and restraint to be the effects of an economic system like ours, founded on the ethics of the hog-trough and dominated by a competition that knows no limit but the death of the competitor, no law but the demands of success, and no restraining influence that is not measured in dollars and cents? Can we expect moderation and purity of life from men gorged with wealth that has been wrung from the toil of others? Or that the discouragement and defeat of ill-requited labor will make men manly and strong to resist temptation?

With the single tax in operation every reform would be more easily established and become more fully operative. While it stands in the way of none, it will greatly assist them all. But there are some reforms which are capable of at least a partial success without the single tax. By way of illustration I will mention such changes in our franchise laws as the ballot for women, proportional representation, the initiative and referendum, and the election of our chief executive and senators by direct vote of the people. All of these, it will be observed, have for their object the securing to the individual his equal political rights; while the single tax seeks to secure equal distribution of benefits, these aim to distribute equally the powers of governing. Their claim to our support lies in the justice of that equality.

Again, there are other reforms which will be imperatively needed under the single tax system, but which until that fundamental condition is supplied, will be either of only partial utility or positively injurious. Of these I may mention government ownership of the instruments of commerce and the transmission of intelligence. It is undoubtedly true that equal rights and justice require that public functions should be carried on at public expense for the public benefit.

But since these public services render more valuable the lands of a community in which they are exercised, it is clear that until land values are equalized by the single tax their benefits will be unequally distributed. It is also clear that landed interests will seek to control the development of these government functions to the advantage of land speculation. This corruption in government would be stimulated, and the solidity of the superstructure would be destroyed by the insufficiency of the foundation.

The same observation applies, though in a much less degree, to improvements in finance. Undoubtedly the single tax would forever remove the curses of the land-mortgage system; but it is folly for us to maintain that it would cure the evils of a depleted currency, or stay the ruin that must come upon the business world by a sudden and enforced contraction of credit, such as we are now experiencing. Even were the single tax in operation, these evils would have to be met and overcome. With our financial system founded upon debt and our business customs in open defiance of the divine command to owe no man anything, what wonder that our folly should terminate in an utter collapse of confidence, and a sudden though disastrous destruction of that system of credit through which the elements of our business life have been placed in unnatural relations?

But what shall we say of the merits of socialism as a rival of the single tax system? Both claim as the object of their effort the establishment of equality, and, consequently, of justice; and because of such claim both are entitled to our profound respect.

To my mind, socialism ignores that principle of individual action and development, which seems to be the key of God's government, and the importance of which He has emphasized, not only in His dealings with His creatures, but in the strong and indestructible love of liberty that He has implanted in their hearts. It seems to me that socialism, seeing the evils which spring from competition caused by artificial conditions, seeks to remedy those evils by making life more artificial rather than less so. It seems to me that socialism ignores the two fundamental truths of creation, viz., God's love and man's equality. It ignores God's love in so much as it would supplant the laws that God in infinite wisdom implanted in the nature of man, and institute

in their place the imperfect regulations of human wisdom. It ignores man's equality in so much as it would destroy his individual liberty and subject him to arbitrary regulations.

It is not the effort of man to gratify his wants in an unrestricted field, where nature's bounties have far outrun his necessities, that has given to competition its bloody and relentless aspect, but it is the restriction of that field and the monopolization of those bounties. All of the monstrous injustice expressed in the word monopoly, all of the fierce hatred that finds its exercise in the boycott, and all of the filth, degradation, and vice that are the concomitants of poverty, spring not from the innate wickedness of men, but from a denial of their natural rights, and call not for restrictive measures, but for the repeal of unrighteous statutes.

One lesson, however, all nature teaches, and that is the lesson of unity — the correlation of every existence with every other existence. It is taught by every leaf that yields to the influence of a passing breeze, by every bee that carries the fruitful pollen from flower to flower, as well as by the radiant star whose constant light guides the belated traveller through the trackless waste. All true evolution must be along this line. Antagonism and destruction cannot be the highest expression of human energy. If love be the fulfilling of the law, then coöperation and mutual service will be its highest expression in the realm of human activity.

THE NEW BIBLE.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

WE read in the Bible of a vision of One sitting upon a throne who said, “Behold, I make all things new.’ And he said ‘Write; for these words are faithful and true.’” This is the simple statement of the law of life. It is no mere prediction of a cataclysm, in which all beings are to be magically transformed into something unlike themselves; it is the formula of a process which is as familiar as seed-time and harvest. All living things are constantly undergoing such changes, and the law holds good in the spiritual world, not less than in the physical. Paul speaks of the Christian believer as “the new man.” He ought to be a new man, not merely once in his life, but every day of his life. And that is precisely what the apostle says about him: “The inward man is renewed day by day.” It is only thus that he could continue to be a new man. He must have new ideas, new hopes, new purposes, new vitalities, every day.

What happens to all things, if the Bible is true, ought to happen to the Bible itself. If it is, as we often say, the Book of Life—the Living Book—then in some way it must conform to the law of life. It is not a crystallization or a petrification; it is an organism, and must thus be undergoing some kind of organic changes. This does not signify that there is need of any important alteration in the bulk of the book. The area of the well-tilled garden does not change, and there is not much addition to or subtraction from the amount of the soil; but the forms of life are constantly changing. So, if the Bible is a living book, the spirit of life, working upon its materials, will be constantly changing its forms, and presenting its truths in new aspects to men.

The Bible is not the same book to the men of the nineteenth century that it was to the men of the sixth or the men of the sixteenth century. It was a new book when Luther discovered in it the saving love of God for men. It was a new book when the Wesleys and Whitefield brought its message home to the individual. It was a new book

when Garrison and Whittier made it thunder against human slavery. Always it has been taking on new forms and new meanings; the wonderful thing about it is the constant response which it makes to the changing conceptions and the changing needs of the human soul.

A great many men and women who are now on the shady side of fifty are feeling that they have in their hands to-day a new Bible. It is not the same book that they studied in Sunday school, and that was read through more than once, by course, in their hearing, at the family altar. They cannot conceal from themselves the fact that their view of the book has greatly changed. Their habitual thought about it is not what it once was. Is it less sacred now than formerly? That depends on what you mean by sacred. It is less distinct from other books than once it was; it is not quite so much in a class by itself; it has more affiliations with other good books. We find less of magic and mystery in it than once we found; a great many of the difficulties over which we stumbled are now quite removed. It is not less divine than it was when we were children, but it is much more human.

This, indeed, is the change which has passed upon the Bible. We have come to understand much more perfectly its human elements, and to make proper allowance for them. We have learned that the treasure is in earthen vessels, not less when it is written in a book than when it is embodied in a man. If Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul and James and John were erring men, we think it probable that the books written by them are not inerrant. We believe that they were true witnesses, and that they had some sublime truths to communicate; but we find no evidence that they were ever guaranteed against mistakes. This does not lead us to cast them aside as valueless. We put the utmost reliance on the word of many whom we know to be fallible; if they should assert their infallibility, our confidence in them would be weakened; though they make no such claim, we trust them utterly. We listen with the utmost reverence to the words of Isaiah and Paul, because we have found them to be men of the deepest spiritual insight, profoundly learned in the lore of the spirit—nay, because we believe that the very truth of God abides in them and finds utterance in their words. We cannot help

recognizing their defects and limitations; we see that they sometimes make mistakes in their history and slips in their logic; but this in nowise discredits their message when they speak of those deep things which they do know, and testify of the truth which with the inward vision they have seen.

There is, then, a human element in the Bible, a fallible element. The treasure is in an earthen vessel, and it is not very difficult for one who has any spiritual insight to distinguish between the vessel and the treasure. That is the task always set for us, in the discipline of life, and we are by no means released from it when we begin to deal with the Bible. To separate the husk from the kernel, the chaff from the grain, is the constant lesson of experience. We are not discharged from this responsibility when we enter the realm of the spiritual. Are we not told that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life? What can this mean but that there are different elements in the revelation which must be carefully discriminated—lower terms which must be subordinated to the higher; imperfect conceptions which must not be confounded with the perfect?

It is the realization of this truth which has given us our new Bible. The Bible which we handled in our childhood was not like this. Every word of it was absolute truth. The suggestion of a geographical or a textual error would have been positively shocking. We were perfectly ready to say that if the record of the rocks contradicted the Biblical chronology, the rocks must be in error. With the post-Reformation theologians, whose dogma we had inherited, we believed that not a word was contained in the Scriptures which was not in the strictest sense inspired; that even the punctuation was divinely determined; that the admission of any verbal or grammatical error was a denial of God's omniscience. It is to be supposed that there were Biblical scholars in the orthodox churches who knew that this theory was untenable, but they carefully concealed their knowledge from the people. The popular view was that of the absolute inerrancy of the Book.

The first shock which this popular theory experienced may have been the publication, about 1869, of Tischendorf's English New Testament, with various readings from the three most celebrated manuscript of the original Greek text. This New Testament had a considerable sale, and its readers had

before their eyes facts which to many of them were as novel as they were astounding. They learned, in the introduction, of the great number of Greek manuscripts, no two of which are exactly alike ; they saw, at the foot of every page, the proofs that the three most ancient and trustworthy manuscripts differ in thousands of words and phrases from our infallible Bible and from one another ; and in the mind of every man who could put two and two together, the dogma of inerrancy at once went by the board. Those who had this book in their hands knew, then, that what they had been taught concerning the absolute verbal accuracy of the Bible could not be true. A human element there must be ; the theory that omniscience had guarded the Book from the possibility of error was simply blown to fragments.

The proposition to revise the Authorized Version, which was made not long after this, brought all these facts into clearer light. It became evident that textual criticism was a necessity ; that it was the duty of Christian scholars to compare these various manuscripts, and to form a text which should be as nearly accurate as possibly. Yet the fact could no longer be concealed from persons of ordinary common sense that this text, when formed, could make no pretension to infallibility ; that the only guarantee of its correctness was the judgment of good scholars, no two of whom would agree upon every word.

Some of us can remember very well with what horror the results of this textual criticism were received by many good people. A remark, in a sermon preached about 1875, that the text, Acts viii. 37, was undoubtedly spurious, being found in none of the three oldest manuscripts, brought me a letter from an indignant hearer, reminding me that any man who took away anything "from the words of the book of this prophecy," would have his name erased from the book of life. In a group of ministers who were discussing, about the same time, 1 John v. 7, there was not one who did not think it unwise and perilous publicly to admit the spuriousness of the text. This was because the devout mind was still so exceedingly sensitive to any imputation upon the inerrancy of the Received Version. The publication of the Revised Version practically put an end to this panic. Quite a number of spurious texts were expunged from this version ; a great many words and phrases were omitted or materially altered ;

and the highest and most devout scholarship of the English-speaking world stood forth to repudiate the traditional theory of the Bible. Since that day, all but the most ignorant of our orthodox Christians have had a new Bible in their hands. The corrections and emendations which have actually been made, demonstrate that it is not the kind of book which in our childhood we were taught to consider it.

The work of the textual critics and the revisers has made room in the popular mind for the work of the higher criticism. Very crude and confused are the notions of many devout people concerning the higher criticism. Many persons suppose that the term is synonymous with infidelity, or perhaps atheism; that it describes a movement whose purpose it is to destroy the Scriptures. In truth this phrase, the higher criticism, signifies only the work of those men who study the Bible as literature, rather than as language; who compare one part of it with another, and seek to make its record clear by reading it in the light of contemporary documents and monuments. Paley was one of the first of the higher critics: his "*Horæ Paulinæ*," in which he sought to find confirmation in Paul's epistles of the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles, is a very skilful bit of higher criticism. Professor Green, of Princeton, is just as truly a higher critic as is Professor Briggs of New York. This fact might as well be borne in mind by those who sweepingly denounce the higher criticism. They might just as rationally denounce the Hebrew grammar since it is by the use of the knowledge obtained from this grammar that Wellhausen and Keunen have done their destructive work upon the Old Testament. It should be remembered that the higher criticism is used to defend the traditional view of the Bible as well as to assail it. The phrase simply describes a method of investigation which is common to all the students of literature.

Doubtless the application of this method of investigation to the Biblical literature did seem, to some of the devout, a rash and profane undertaking. But the careful student soon found abundant reason for such thorough investigation. As soon as questions began to be asked concerning the authorship, the date, the integrity of the Old Testament books, it was discovered that the traditional theories on many of these questions were absolutely unfounded. Says a recent writer:—

The early fathers took over from the rabbis a collection of baseless theories, which by mere lapse of time had proceeded to the higher but undeserved degree of traditions. They are now, doubtless, sufficiently antique, but once they were as brand-new and as purely hypothetical as the latest theory to be found in the most recently published monograph of a German professor. A guess made centuries after the period it refers to, does not become contemporary evidence by being repeated for two thousand years. Modern scholarship cannot be bound hand and foot by the casual and otiose conjectures of Jews living in the centuries immediately before Christ. The traditions claim to be of immemorial antiquity, stretching back to the times of which they speak. Unfortunately, the only evidence in support of their claims is found in the traditions themselves, and traditions have never been remarkable for modesty. These particular traditions are in themselves improbable: they do not hesitate, in the case of the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Samuel to ascribe books to authors whose deaths the books record. A slight examination shows that the traditions as to authorship are often obviously at variance with the characteristics of the books referred to, and are discredited by the first real critical investigation. These traditions owe their long tenure of authority, and the remnant of consideration still accorded to them, to the dogmatism of an infallible church, over which the spirit and principles of the Reformation have only gradually prevailed.*

I cannot undertake to detail the results of this careful study of the Bible. Much of it has, no doubt, been irreverent and destructive; but a great deal of it has been patient and candid and utterly devout. No right-minded man can accuse scholars like Driver, Cheyne, Gore, Briggs and Ladd of rashness or irreverence; they are men whose love for the Bible is deep and genuine, and who are constrained, by all their inherited sentiments and all their associations and all their dearest interests, to give the Bible all the honor that belongs to it. They have only come to the conclusion that the Bible is not honored by making claims for it which its own pages repudiate, or by permitting superstition and tradition to overshadow its own simple truth. And such men, by their faithful study of the Bible itself, have brought forth many facts concerning it which can never again be hidden. They have shown us that several of its books which were formerly ascribed to single authors are compilations of documents; that many of them appeared at a much later date than that which tradition had assigned to them; that much which was once thought historical is poetical or allegorical. They have shown us that most of

* "Faith and Criticism," pp. 8, 9.

the Pentateuchal legislation must have originated after the time of Samuel, and could not have come from the hand of Moses; that some passages in the prophets, formerly supposed to be predictive, were written after and not before the events which they describe. They point out to us in a large number of cases the same story twice told, with very important discrepancies in the narratives; the composite nature of the books is thus indicated. Thus it becomes absurd to ascribe such a product to omniscience; the traces of human imperfection are over it all.

And yet the real value, the real divinity, of the book is not obscured. The earthen vessel, with all its flaws, is plainly visible; so is the treasure it contains. The divine leadership of Israel; the constant disclosure to this people of the great facts of the spiritual realm; the flood of light which constantly poured upon them from on high, purifying their ideals, kindling their hopes, and leading them onward in the way of righteousness — all this is written large over all this history. There is no book like this — no book in which the thought of men is so steadily fixed on the moral and spiritual realities. Through all the intellectual crudity and moral imperfection the increasing purpose runs; and we trace the gradual preparation, through lawgivers and singers and prophets, for the coming of Him in whom the Life was manifested; who spake as never man spake; whose words were spirit and life. He is the culmination of an age-long process — the fulfilment of the law and the prophets. That progressive revelation which comes to its completion in Him must have passed through many stages of partial knowledge and misconception, and the record of it is here in the Bible. In the light of His teaching we judge all the rest of the book.

It is plain, then, that the new Bible is quite different from the old. It is less magical and marvellous; it is far more intelligible. Let us see what we have parted with, in our change of view, and what is left to us.

1. We have no longer an infallible book, in the ordinary sense of that word. Professor Briggs says that he regards the Bible as an infallible revelation from God. What he means by that is not that every part of the Bible is equally inspired, nor that every sentence is free from error, but that when you have compared Scripture with Scripture, and have

sifted out the erroneous conceptions, and have brought the whole under the light of Christ's teachings, and have thus got the complete verdict of the whole book on any question of morals or religion, you have a result on which you can perfectly rely. With such a definition of infallibility probably very many of us would agree. But this is not at all what was formerly meant by Biblical infallibility.

2. Our new conception of the Bible delivers us from a great deal of uneasy apprehension and timidity. The old notion that the Bible would be discredited if a single error could be found upon its pages kept us always in fear lest some such discovery should be made. Such fears no longer trouble us.

3. We are happily delivered, also, from what a recent writer calls "the rabbinic method of apologetics." He continues:—

This method consisted in an ingenious manipulation of inconvenient details, a subtle sophistry as to facts, a remarkable casuistry in regard to ethics. In the interpretation of the Old Testament, white might be understood to mean black, or, at any rate, white and black were explained to be alternative terms for an intermediate shade of gray. . . . Those who surrender the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and other untenable positions, are relieved from the use of arguments as questionable as they are ingenious. It is impossible to overestimate the relief thus given to the Christian intellect and conscience. Harmonizing apologetics of the Old Testament have constantly tended to destroy intellectual candor, and to deaden moral susceptibility. They have been a stumbling block to inquirers, a fertile source of scepticism, and a continual occasion of triumphant blasphemy to unbelievers. Modern criticism would have amply justified its existence if it had done nothing else but remove this enemy of the gospel.*

4. Turning now to what is left to us, we have the Bible as the Book of Life, the Book of Conduct, the Book of Righteousness. We are no longer chiefly concerned with miraculous accounts of its origin; we are free to study its contents. What men have told us that we ought to think about the Bible, is not now our main inquiry; we have time to attend to what the Bible has to say for itself. At once we find in histories, in prophecies, in laws, in psalms, a great testimony for righteousness. As one has said:—

Its record is in large part the record of a national life; it is historical. Now the inspiration of the recorder lies . . . primarily in

* "Faith and Criticism," p. 38.

this, that he sees the hand of God in the history and interprets His purpose. Further, we must add, his sense of the working of God in history increases his realization of the importance of historical fact. Thus there is a profound aim of historical truthfulness pervading the Old Testament record from Abraham downward. The weaknesses, the sins, of Israel's heroes are not spared. Their sin and its punishment are always before us. There is no flattery of national pride, no giving the reins to boastfulness.*

Thus the book, when it is studied with simple mind and open heart, keeps us always in the presence of the great spiritual verities; it shows us ourselves; it shows us our sins; it calls us from death to life; it lifts up before us the hope and promise of salvation.

Indeed I think that the chief significance of the new view of the Bible will be seen in its turning our thought away from the marvellous to the ethical, from the preternatural to the spiritual. Being relieved from the task of reconciling discrepancies and of justifying iniquities, we are left free to ask what lesson there is for us in these biographies and these counsels. When we use the book in this way it will speedily prove its value.

Does the Bible indeed contain a veritable revelation of the truth of God? Is it the bread of life which satisfies the hunger of the human soul? So I believe; and if this be so, the solicitude of some good people about the Holy Book is quite superfluous. The Bible is in the world; it is in the hands of hundreds of millions of men and women of all kindreds and tongues; it has entered into the very life and thought of the foremost nations of the world; it can no more be put out of the world than gravitation can be put out of the world; and being here, and possessing such powers, does any one imagine that it can be prevented by the arguments of critics from exercising them? There is the sun in the sky; certain theories are held of its origin, of its present constitution, of the nature of the force of which it is the magazine. Suppose that these theories should be successfully assailed; suppose that it should be proved that the sun did not originate in the way that we have been taught; would that blot the sun from the heavens or weaken his power over the earth? Should we not still see and feel his genial might, breaking the fetters of the frost, kindling life in the clods, clothing the fields and the forests with verdure and

* "*Lex Mundi*," p. 293.

fruit, painting the lily and the rose? How much difference would it make with the light-bringing, life-giving empire of the sun if the physical theory of his origin were overthrown?

Is not the case of the Bible something like this? If the life and the love of God are in this book will they not make themselves known? Can unbelief hide them? Can any mistaken criticism shut them out of the hearts of men? The people who have this Bible in their hands, and who know that it brings to them wisdom, hope, and strength — will they not bear testimony? If life and healing and comfort are in the Book, and men and nations are finding them there every day, how can that fact be concealed? It seems to me that those who are in constant panic for fear that the influence of the Bible will be impaired, show themselves to be profoundly skeptical as to the real worth of the Bible. The Bible is its own best defender. Men's theories about it well may change; men's theories about the starry firmament have often changed since the creation, but Sirius is just as bright to-day as when Adam walked in Eden, and Orion's Belt and Cassiopeia's Chair have lost none of their lustre since Abraham watched them from the Mesopotamian hills.

THE RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT.

A SYMPOSIUM.

I. THE RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT IN THE COLUMBIAN YEAR,
BY MRS. FRANCES E. RUSSELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE DRESS
COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

"LARGE bodies move slowly," but they do move, sometimes, though precedent and prophecy are both to the contrary. Dress reform at the World's Fair, last summer, was not all that the most sanguine had hoped, but it was far from being a failure. Little did those who laid the plans realize the difficulties in the way — the immense amount of work before the planners, the delays of printing and publishing, the incapacity of average dressmakers outside their regular routine, the call from all parts for patterns! patterns! when there were *no* patterns.

The chairman of the committee on dress, who could not be present at the "dress session" or at any part of the Columbian Exposition, has no criticism to make on anything pertaining to our dress exhibit there; but she shares the regret of many that the eager desire manifested by visitors at the Fair, all summer, to see specimens of the styles recommended by the national committee on dress as "suitable for the activities of life," had not been met by "dummies" or



MISS J. WESCOTT
In costume worn at World's Fair.

large dolls, — some dressed in the American costume, others in the Syrian skirt. Many women and some men went home from the Fair disappointed because they saw not a single woman dressed in the new styles. But a great many did see them — one, two, or several — on the grounds, in the street, or on the trains going to and from Chicago all summer long, and the idea of woman's release from cumbersome, hindering skirts is now familiar to the public.

The programme of the dress session was sufficiently catholic, at all events. Not only were the styles of business dress recommended by the committee of the National Council of Women represented practically by Mrs. Sewall, the chairman of the meeting, and president of the council, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Jenness-Miller, Mrs. Ecob, and Mrs. Morris-Smith, but artistic dress as studied by the Physical Culture and Correct Dress Society of Chicago was represented by Mrs. Steele's quiet "symphony in gray," as one of the reporters described it; and Mrs. Henrietta Russell, a leader in the Delsartean cult, appeared on the programme as an illustration of the modern idea of Greek drapery. A hygienic adaptation of the conventional dress was worn by Miss Bates and Mrs. Lister. A sudden expansion of the programme admitted the welcome presence of Mrs. Korany of Beyrout, Syria, in her native dress. However the speakers differed in principle and practice, they all agreed on one point, — not one wore a corset.

One precious part of that programme was the gracious presence and winning voice of dear Lucy Stone — so near her peaceful passing to the "other side" in happy expectation of finding "more work to do," and thankful that she had done what she wanted to — "helped the women" whom her advent on this planet found in woeful plight, and who are to-day much more free as women, because of her efforts. She spoke frankly of her early experience in the "bloomer" dress. That is what she was there for — not in the least ashamed of the experience, and never regretting it, so far as I have heard. Her latest testimony was this: —

The bloomer was abandoned, not because of any fault in the garment itself. The bloomer costume was excellent. It did not fatigue us. When we undressed we felt no great sense of relief, as we do when we put off these heavy garments. We could walk in the streets without getting our clothing all mud, and come home without having great heavy skirts to brush. We could go up stairs without stepping on ourselves, and go downstairs without being stepped on. But useful as the bloomer was, the ridicule of the world killed it. It suffered the usual fate of anything that is forty years ahead of its time. We laid it aside with regret, but the freedom we had gained for our feet did not make amends for the torment of our spirit, and we had to go back into long skirts. Times have changed since then. Now dress reform can be talked about

without bringing ridicule and abuse on the heads of its advocates. Dress reform is discussed by the newspapers without being sneered at. This is as it should be. We who fought the first battle do not repine at victory's tardy coming. We were ahead of our age and generation.

A Chicago woman, who was one of the great crowd unable to get seats at the dress session, wrote me :—

I was amazed at the reception of the short skirt. In the crowd standing around the outer edge, which couldn't see or hear, so many women expressed their great desire to be free from the bondage of skirts—women, too, who would; one would suppose, rather *die* in long skirts than let the world know they had legs. I think it was what some one has called "the psychic moment" for the theme to be presented.

Some have expressed disappointment or criticism because the leading officers of the National Council of Women who appeared in the new styles on the platform did not continue to wear them more frequently. They had many different duties and diplomatic relations, and, in this latter-day campaign, no one is asked to make a martyr of herself. No one is expected to wear a dress which hinders more than it helps her. What we seek especially is a wide awakening and the impetus of numbers, so that those who want the freedom of their limbs may find liberty and not social ostracism. During the hot weather the high gaiters worn with the American costume were found to be uncomfortably warm. The dress worn by Professor Hayes of Wellesley College when she read a paper on "Dress and Sociology" before the general Congress of Women—a blue serge reaching to the



AMERICAN COSTUME.
(Mrs. Russell, who furnished this cut, does not mention the wearer's name.)



MISS LAURA LEE
In Boston Rational Costume.

tops of very high boots — was said to have ten pockets. Counting the two sleeves (if loose enough) as pockets, like Topsy's, this dress ought to satisfy Miss Willard, who requested the committee to "build the dress around a dozen pockets."

There was, all summer, at the Columbian Exposition, an exhibit which I much desired to see, but which no one whom I have questioned seems to have observed — the dress exhibit of the Physical Culture and Correct Dress Society of Chicago. On the proportions of Venus di Medici were shown a working dress and apron, a street suit, a reception gown, and several evening dresses — these designs intended to emphasize the beauty of woman's form when unbound by the corset. This exhibit was in the room of societies in the Woman's building. There was no dress exhibited short enough to clear average stairs; but Mrs. Steele's book on "Beauty of Form and Grace of Vesture," the accepted expression of the most advanced ideas of the society, gives two designs for such short dresses.

So far as freedom of the waist region goes, the Physical Culture and Correct Dress society has taken the most advanced ground. The corset and even the "health waist" are condemned, and one of the "rules for determining the artistic value of gowns" is this: "Is the dress loose enough to permit free and graceful movement, allowing a possible suggestion of the play of muscle? Does it appear to be easy by the absence of

seams stiffened by whalebones?" Mrs. Steele says much about the importance of studying "classic sculpture"—for the same reason that all genuine artists fall back upon the classic sculpture for models of womanly beauty of form—because no living models are to be found! The follies, not to say sins, of feminine dress are responsible for this state of things. Mrs. Steele says:

"If one wishes to be truly beautiful one will try to hate and forget a fashion plate." Think what a change it is, what a genuine "revival of religion" in one department of human life, when women not only feel unwilling to be suspected of having had their gowns fitted over corsets, but even desire as beautiful, like the form of the Venus de Milo, a "gentle outward curve" of the "front line below the bust," where the corset steels have long been wont to produce a hollow. It is utter hypocrisy—unconscious, perhaps—for any one to profess admiration for classic sculpture who admires a fashionably dressed woman. When any one insists that unhealthy and deforming styles of dress are necessary to make woman beautiful, I cannot avoid the feeling that the speaker is both false to art, and at heart an atheist. Artists go to Paris, it is true, for help as artists, to catch if possible the spirit of Millet; but Millet had to abandon Paris and make his great studies among the peasants of far-away Barbizon. Parisian fashion expresses not at all the spirit of Millet, but the falsity and impurity



Boston Rational Dress—
Home Costume.



MISS MARGARET CONNOLLY,
Boston, Mass.
Boston Rational Dress.

of Parisian society. William Hunt found Millet poor and obscure among his peasant neighbors, and by his appreciation and patronage helped to make him famous.

"Won't you give us an example of what you call art in literature?" asked one of Hunt's art pupils.

"Well," answered Hunt, "Edward Everett's speech at Gettysburg is what passes for 'elegant literature,' but Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg was *real* literature; and *real* literature, like *real anything*, is *art*!"

The highest beauty is the expression of a beautiful soul, a noble character. Unconsciousness of its own beauty is its most subtle charm. Among my sacred possessions, on a pencilled scrap of paper, meant only for the eye of a most intimate friend, is this sincere expression of a young woman's beautiful soul: "There is nothing I long for so much as a perfect self forgetfulness and sympathy for others." This aspiration is a prophecy of an evolution of humanity when the now uncomfortable self consciousness will settle to its proper place in a happier social or race consciousness, "as it is in heaven." If only we might be clothed like the lilies of the field! But "all we like sheep have gone astray," under the leadership of fashion, and we must now—at least some of us, for ourselves and others—give careful consideration to the

subject of dress. If we begin in the spirit we may find the true letter. To reach the spontaneous or æsthetic life of the soul, where duty and delight are one, we have to be first of all faithful to duty.

The object of the Physical Culture and Correct Dress Society is "mutual help in learning the highest standards of physical development, and mutual counsel toward realizing those standards in practical life." Like the name (though rather long) and I

like the object of this society. There is a call for, and there is need of, local organizations to carry forward the work of woman's emancipation in dress. If, as Emerson says, "Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days," why not organize, as simply as possible, societies like the one in Chicago? The scope and character of each such society would depend on the quality of its membership.*

Neither physical culture nor correct dress can stand alone; certainly not the former. As a modern cult, it has not sufficiently realized the necessity for *habitual* freedom in dress—not only freedom to breathe and to bend the body without restriction from clothing, but freedom to go up and down stairs without carrying skirts in hands designed for nobler work. There is great waste of human energy and drain upon nervous force in the incessant care of long skirts, so habitual that many women calmly declare that their skirts are no burden or hindrance. Such declarations always remind me of Tennyson's lines:—

I envy not in any mood,
The captive void of noble rage;
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the leafy wood.

As "the body is more than raiment," correct dress is for the sake, especially, of physical development; and physical development is itself a means to nobler living. Correct dress, then, cannot be postponed till physical culture is achieved. It must be physiologically correct to begin with, though full artistic satisfaction must wait for physical culture to do its work.



Boston Rational Dress—Street Costume.

* There are already societies of this name in various places. One in Albany, N. Y., has among its active members Mrs. Helen G. Jacob, author of "The Well Dressed Woman," an interesting manual of much use, informing concerning health and dress, a good text book for such a society.



MRS. MARIE REIDSELLE in her Bicycle Costume.

(This costume won the prize recently offered by the New York *Herald* for the best bicycle costume for ladies.)

As I look up from my desk I note the fact that since mid-forenoon several inches of damp snowflakes have silently covered the ground, and snow is still falling. My first thought is, how opportune! For I have learned, from more than one source, that this evening, at our state university, two young women and two young men are to unite in a symposium on the subject of woman's dress, all favoring a reform. In such weather no one can fail to see the disadvantages of woman's usual dress. At this hour the teachers and pupils in the city are making their way home from school. They need a "rainy-day dress," but when

they left home this morning the need was no more apparent than on numerous occasions of false alarm within a month. To accept a short dress only as a rainy-day dress would be a most effectual side-tracking of the short-dress movement, as no one would know when to wear it, unless she deliberately went out in a long rainy season. One would not like to keep an umbrella raised all day because of a short shower in the morning, or to wear out of season a dress considered unsuitable for bright hours. Let us be careful how we handicap our lives by the necessity for frequent changes of apparel. A long dress worn in the street may be unsuitable for home wear, because too dirty; but a short dress (short enough to escape the floor when sitting in a car or office chair) comes home reasonably clean, and is convenient for carrying the baby up stairs, or for the manifold duties of mother and housekeeper — perfectly suitable in shape for a “house dress,” or it would not meet the general requirements of a “business dress,” such as every woman needs who has anything more useful to do in the world than to pose as an ornament of society.

Though we have to look to the past for models of physical development, we must remember that the ideal of woman intellectually has changed very greatly, and no woman need mourn because her head is proportionately larger than that of a sculptured Venus. So is the head of Sappho. It is useless to ransack antiquity in search of a costume for the busy, mentally developed woman of our day. “Time makes ancient good uncouth.” Art says that the lines of the dress should follow the contour of the body, but art never recommends that cloth be cut and pieced together into a “glove-fitting” costume. “Glove-fitting,” except in elastic goods, is an impossibility, unless you first make a hard, unyielding, artificial figure to fit exactly with firm cloth carefully cut and sewed together, as the men milliners



Wm. B. MARTIN
The American Costume.



MRS. DAME of California in her costume for horseback riding.

of Paris do. It is not a human being that they attempt to dress; it is a Parisian doll. What womanly excellence can such a figure express? If the lines of dress should follow the contour of the body, they may certainly express that body as divided in the lower half. We could not go about our business dressed like any sculptured Venus I have ever seen.

It was help to our cause when the New York *Herald* awarded a prize of fifty dollars, for the best bicycle costume for a lady, to a young woman who wore a divided skirt of two breadths of black cashmere (forty-eight inch goods, one breadth in each division), with tan leather gaiters meeting the divisions half way from knee to ankle. It seems a pity that this young woman, riding her wheel to her business in this costume, feels obliged, because of its oddity, when off the wheel to cover it with a long skirt. I cannot agree with those who say that this is wholly a matter of individual choice, unless we take into consideration the

social pressure that is so large an element in deciding one's "choice."

But the social pressure is now more imaginary than real, at least so far as men are concerned. There is no opposition to a woman's wearing whatever she chooses—even the dress of a man, as most of us do *not* choose. Some day women will have as rational a costume for habitual wear as men now have—possibly more so—a costume with which freedom-loving girls will be content, feminine and not masculine, but meeting all our needs as man's dress meets his. We have the basis for such a dress in the two forms presented by the committee on dress, but fashion has taken a leap beyond us, in the mountain-climbing dress lately pictured in the syndicate fashion articles and actually in use among fashionable people on the European continent.

It is a belted sack coat, buttoned in front and ending at the knees, where it is met by high top boots or long buttoned leggings. The divided bicycle dress is so common in Paris as to excite no remark. In various parts of this country women are now riding astride their horses, to the greatly improved comfort and safety of both horse and woman, dressed in the divided costume devised by Mrs. Dame of California—a dress which looks like an ulster when the wearer stands, concealing the divided skirt, which reaches the feet, loose at the bottom. A great many women are wearing the Syrian skirt in their homes or studios, or even in the streets of cities.

But most women are so accus-



Boston, California—Street Costume.



COSTUME WORN BY MRS. FLOWER
AT WOMAN'S FAIR.

alone; it is for the human race. We need new ideals and must destroy the old ones. "When half gods go, the gods arrive." We need new leaders, not to tyrannize but to teach. What is our highest education for, if college women should fail us in this emergency? Civilization waits for woman to take a step in advance—she will do it!

St. Paul, Minn.

tomed to their fetters, they have so "learned to love despair" that they cannot believe that a day of deliverance is at hand. Their "doubts are traitors," and perhaps men will have to come to the rescue of the human race at this juncture. A paper started last spring and laid aside more than once as probably unnecessary, reads thus:—

The undersigned are among the men of America who approve of the effort of women to secure for their sex a comfortable and healthful dress for walking and for work.

The paper has been signed by Dr. E. C. Sheldon, principal of the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School, Dr. W. S. Davis, long president of the National Medical Association, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor G. H. Palmer of Harvard University, Dr. Sargent of the Hemenway (Harvard) gymnasium, Drs. Bowditch and McKenzie of the Harvard medical college, Bishop Gilbert of Minnesota, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor of *Unity*, Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of *Outlook*, Bishop J. H. Vincent, chancellor of Chautauqua. From every trip it comes back with expressions of cordial sympathy. On its next return it will probably go to print, and then circulate by numerous copies.

This is not a work for women alone. This is a work for the human race. We need new ideals and must destroy the old ones. "When half gods go, the gods arrive." We need new leaders, not to tyrannize but to teach. What is our highest education for, if college women should fail us in this emergency? Civilization waits for woman to take a step in advance—she will do it!

FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

II. A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW, BY EMILY A. BRUCE, M. D.

In the midst of progress in all other directions, the cycle of extravagant and deforming fashions in female apparel turns untiringly, each new revolution only presenting a modification of some former thing of ugliness and unfitness.

One in vain asks why woman, in her struggle to raise herself and thereby the human race, has not courage adequate to throw off the self-imposed shackles which retard her individual progress and delay the normal evolution of the race; for so long as mothers drag out a diminished existence physically, and, as a consequence, intellectually also, through unsanitary dressing or other cause, just so long must the offspring be less in the scale of being than they have a right to be.

I have made the statement elsewhere, and venture to repeat it here, that more women die annually in our country from the effects of faulty dressing than from all contagious diseases combined, and that the invalids from this cause alone form a great host that no man can number. This statement is certainly startling and may seem to the uninitiated incredible, but experience as a physician has forced upon me the conviction of its truth. From the impossibility of obtaining statistics in regard to the matter, the statement can neither be proved nor disproved.

There are those eminent in the medical profession who believe that a large percentage of the abnormal growths which develop in the abdomen and pelvis of women, from which, on an average, at least one in every five suffers, of whom not a few die, are induced mainly by pressure of tight and heavy clothing upon important vital organs, by which their functions are directly



M. D.,
World's Fair.

disastrously affected, organs more remote from the region of pressure, together with the circulatory and nervous systems, becoming secondarily deranged. The condition of congestion and blood stasis below the compressed waist offers an admirable field for the development of neoplasms, always dangerous and often fatal, and here they are most frequently found, far more rarely above the point of pressure.

If the causation of tumors and other pelvic disturbances were the only evil arising from this form of unsanitary dressing, the picture would not be so sombre; but this is only one of myriads of evils almost equally threatening from this prolific source. Respiration and the heart's action are disturbed, and, as a consequence, the brain as well as less important tissues suffer from imperfectly oxygenated blood, digestion is impeded, and the whole nutrition is depressed, entailing inevitably, sooner or later, serious results.

The long, heavy skirt is scarcely less dangerous than the tight bodice. It impedes free and graceful movements by embarrassing and entangling the lower extremities, and picks up all sorts of evil things from the street and elsewhere, carrying them home to be distributed to all the family without their knowledge or consent. It aids the wicked bodice in compressing the waist, and drags upon spine, hips, and abdomen, producing a state of exhaustion very conducive to the development of disease.

Until recently most of our country women have followed more or less uncomplainingly and perhaps unthinkingly the fashions dictated by Europeans, no matter how ugly, uncomfortable, or extravagant they may have been; and even now the dissenting voices form a minute minority. But a minority on the side of right and reason sometimes develops into a majority, and let us hope that here may be an illustration of that fact.

Now that something better in the way of dress for women than has existed in the past, in our country, at least, seems in process of evolution, the time has perhaps come to make apparent the dangers and disadvantages of past and present fashions, and to herald the merits of a simpler and more sanitary, comfortable, and artistic dress.

Let us consider what are the attributes of an ideal business and street dress. First of all, its lines should follow in a general way those of the undeformed body, giving ample room everywhere for absolute freedom of motion and for the ever recurring physiological congestions of the digestive tract. Its moderate weight should be supported by the shoulders, and the skirt attached to the waist should be sufficiently short to escape contact with the ground when walking, and stairs and steps in descending.

the minimum of weight, should be suitable and becoming to the wearer, comfortable, graceful, and picturesque, and form a harmonious whole, conveying to the observer some idea of the personality of the individual.

There ought, then, to be no prevailing fashion, but the costume of each person should be suited to her taste, character, and station; always, however, preserving the essential characteristics of the ideal dress, viz., amplitude in the waist for a well-developed, normal figure, contours not contradicting such a form, suspension of the whole dress from the shoulders, lightness, warmth, freedom everywhere from restraint and from all forms of stiffening.

The dress, more or less lined, with underwear suitable to the season fitting the form, should furnish sufficient warmth, without the use of separate skirts.

It is doubtful if the ideal is fully realized in any costume yet exhibited, but a near approach to it is found in the modified Syrian dress, regarding which so much interest has recently been exhibited, and which has been adopted by not a few women of taste and culture in our city and elsewhere. The corsage is varied, within certain limits, to meet the requirements of the individual.

The disadvantages of the long skirt have been discussed; it remains to point out the advantages of the Syrian over the open skirt of the same length. It affords greatly superior warmth with the same amount of weight; secures complete protection of the person from exposure under all ordinary circumstances; is powerless to sweep up noxious substances which are a menace to the family health, and gives greater freedom of motion — leaving out of account its pleasant association with the orientals, whose representatives have recently been such favorites with us all, its picturesqueness, and the artistic effect of the soft, wavy lines of its lower border.

Resting upon a tripod the supports of which are physical culture, careful diet, and correct dress, the American woman may attain to consummate beauty, grace, and strength, which, added to her already acquired intellectual preëminence, will place her in position to give oracular utterances to all the world.

Boston, Mass.

EMILY A. BRUCE, M. D.

III. THE POWER OF INDIVIDUAL EFFORT, BY MISS LAURA LEE, MEMBER OF DRESS COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The *spirit* in which one wears a reformed suit of any kind has a great deal to do with the impression it makes upon the public, as well as the comfort one receives. If a woman



MISS LAURA LEE.
(Member of Dress Committee of National
Council of Women.)

thinks her clothes are all right, or are fashioned according to the dictates of the authority which she respects, she never thinks of being stared at, and it does not annoy her if her clothes are noticed. But if she had to wear something that she did not approve, or in which she could not be happy, she would be sensitive to every glance, and it would hurt her to find that she was attracting attention. It is the same with wearing a rational dress. If one believes in the Syrian costume and thinks it the right and proper thing to wear, it should not make any difference whether people notice it or not. We can

be unconscious when we feel that we are appropriately and becomingly dressed.

That is the spirit in which I went to the World's Fair in the Syrian costume. I wore it as though it was a matter-of-course, every-day affair; and, so far as I could see, people generally received it in that spirit. Occasionally I would find myself thinking, "What are those people looking at? Oh, my costume!" And that would be the end of it with me. What they may have thought did not disturb me, because it is always best to *expect* the right thing of people. Sometimes a person would come and congratulate me on the courage which I was not aware of showing in wearing my costume.

Dress reform is a subject which I have been interested in, both theoretically and practically, ever since I first found myself in skirts, and realized the inconvenience and drawback which they must of necessity be to women. So when the National Council of Women of the United States circulated a paper to be signed by those women who would consent to give their influence in favor of an improvement in woman's dress, which would allow her the free and healthful use of the organs of her body when walking or taking exercise, I was not only glad to sign it but was

delighted to have an excuse and opportunity for wearing one of the costumes suggested by the pictures given in the "Report of the Committee on Dress" published last spring.

I believe in individual effort. The women who feel the need of a reform in dress should be the first to adopt it, without waiting until it has been generally accepted. I long for people to see, with Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, that "Women need no other one thing so much as freedom in dress."

Boston, Mass.

LAURA LEE.

IV. AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN SYRIAN COSTUME,
BY MISS H. J. WESCOTT.

Perhaps no one who has pictured the possibilities of some unusual situation, ever finds the reality akin to the anticipation. Sometimes, however, the disappointment is a happy one, and I think I can assure all who hesitate to join the crusade in favor of sensible, healthful, and artistic dress because fearful of unpleasant experiences, that theirs will be.

When our party of four started for the World's Fair attired in the Syrian skirt (made, be it said, as tastefully as possible), I think we all anticipated a severe strain upon our courage, and perhaps the possibility of showing the white feather may have occurred to some of us, for certain it is that we all went amply provided with ordinary skirts to fall back upon in a case of emergency.

Being duly mindful of all the warnings we had received, and also of the proclivities of the ever-present small boy (whose appearance, armed with a miscellaneous assortment of embarrassing epithets, we awaited with fear and trembling), we made our first appearance in some trepidation of spirit, though with as brave a front as we could muster.

O what lightness!
what comfort! what



MISS H. J. WESCOTT.

freedom and ease of motion! We felt that indeed we could "run and not be weary," we could "walk and not faint." Surely for all this comfort we might well overlook a few unpleasant remarks, and the other trials for which we waited — as it proved, in vain. Strange to say, from street to car, from car to boat, and from boat to grounds we went, and no glance was given us that might mean anything more difficult to bear than a respectful interest. On the contrary, as we began to look about us more confidently, with a feeling as though, after all, we belonged with our surroundings, we began to be addressed by weary women who sighed in vain for the freedom and comfort we had grasped.

"Where can I get the pattern?" was asked of us over and over again, by some woman who had toiled about the grounds all day, holding up her trailing skirt.

"Those are the suits," we heard one lady whisper, as we passed, "and they've come to stay."

"They are just the thing for walking; how I envy you!" said another.

"My husband has noticed you, and wanted me to see if I could get a pattern; he wants me to have one," said a handsomely dressed woman, holding up a train. "It must be so nice, and it certainly is so pretty."

Day after day this was what we heard, and in our whole trip of two weeks, during which we wore our suits on the trains, in the city, and at the grounds, not one unpleasant experience have we to record, of all that our conservative friends so confidently prophesied. We returned feeling that the time is ripe for such a movement, and that it must and will succeed.

Boston, Mass.

H. J. WESCOTT.

V. THE BONDAGE OF CUSTOM, BY MISS ISIS B. MARTIN, LIBRARIAN OF PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARY, WICHITA, KAN.

To try to change people's ideas as to the proper mode of dress is one of the hardest things to do. Women will cling to their old devotions, even when they know them to be radically wrong. I have been severely criticised by the good people of this city for adopting my present style of dress, but I overlook their remarks, and down in my heart pity them for their ignorance. People somehow get the impression that whatever is custom is right, and were it not for the reformers and "cranks," as some people please to call those who take an advanced view of things in this world, we would still be grovelling in the dark ages. I try to be as charitable as I can with all my critics, but fully realize that the time has come when a more convenient dress will be adopted by women.

My style of dress is getting to be an old thing, and the people do not stare at me with nearly as much impertinence as they did at first. Occasionally some brilliant youth, whose highest ambition in life is to smoke a cigarette and loaf on the street corners, will make some remark as I pass by. Young misses who have been poorly reared will "te-he," and I am sorry to say it of my sex, but I have had women call after me and make insulting remarks about my costume. I have taken particular notice to mark the classes of people that criticised me most severely, and I find them to be principally "codfish aristocracy," and the low class of people, both being rated among the most ignorant.

On my business trip to Kansas City, my reform dress did not call forth critical looks or sarcastic remarks. The people just simply minded their own business. They had too good manners to do otherwise. Did I not have the higher class of people to deal with in my work, I would be somewhat in danger of losing my position through my change of costume.

Wichita, Kan.

ISIS B. MARTIN.

VI. EIGHT MONTHS' EXPERIENCE IN THE SYRIAN COSTUME,
BY MRS. B. O. FLOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

During the last few months I have received many letters from ladies and gentlemen deeply interested in the present movement for rational dress for women; the former fearful that should they adopt the new garmenture they would be subjected to unbearable indignities from ill-bred individuals. I have been beset with inquiries as to my own experience. Therefore instead of devoting the space allotted me to the pleasanter task of giving at length my reasons for my radical change of attire, I will answer interrogations, regretting that my observations must of necessity be so personal in their nature.

For several years I had beat the bars of my clothes prison, and after mature deliberation I determined



HATTIE C. FLOWER.

to make the final effort that would set me free. Knowing full well that no reform can succeed without persistent, tireless effort in living it, to me the step once taken could never be retraced, even if one must live it alone.

In the latter part of the month of May I adopted the modified Syrian, now better known as the Boston Rational Dress. During the summer I visited Maine and also Martha's Vineyard, spending a short time at Cottage City, and some days in the little, extremely old-fashioned and quiet port of Edgartown. It was with some fear that I looked forward to encountering the denizens of this primitive nook, but to my delight the very simplicity of my garb seemed to appeal to their Arcadian tastes. Later in the season I went in company with my friends, Mrs. James A. Herne and Miss Laura Lee, to Bar Harbor. Here once more I was pleased that we could go our way in peace and the enjoyment of nature. One Sunday as we sauntered along the popular narrow sea walk that girts the shore, Mrs. Herne, who was in the rear, caught the voice of a husband describing to his wife in animated tones the utility of such a costume as ours. Like unmanageable sails, the woman's voluminous silken skirts occupied her sole attention, so that sky, sea, and flowers were all forgotten in ill temper and the vain endeavor to keep her dress from the cutting stones that bestrewed the dusty path.

Occasional remarks indicated that we were judged mountaineers. Had time permitted we would only too gladly have scaled the heights. The Appalachian Club of our city invites its members to such an outing once every week; we learn that skirts and petticoats as a rule have prevented the lady members from joining their friends and husbands in this recreation. One of their number has decided to adopt the "rational dress," and we hope that others will soon follow her example. The Parisian fashion papers report that many women of high social standing, while indulging in mountain climbing in Switzerland the past season, adopted a costume much more radical than any yet used in America.

I was complacent in expectation of my visit to the World's Fair, realizing that the Midway had prepared visitors for any American dress reform contingent. On entering the car soon to start for Chicago my eyes immediately fell upon four young ladies attired in costumes like my own; they were entire strangers but also *en route* for the White City. Having much in common, we soon became as one family, and this proved one of the happiest experiences of my journey.

It was a disappointment to note how small a percentage of women took advantage of the great opportunity offered by the Fair to break their bonds. I saw few dresses that did not touch

or drag on steps and the oft-sprinkled paths unless ungracefully held aloft by their owners. Fringed and frayed pantaloons evidenced a same lack of common sense on the part of the masculine element.

Thus at the Fair, in city and village, frequented as they are by the pitiable undeveloped street loungeur, on steam car, boat, and horse car, I have yet to be subjected to aught that would be revolting to one's soul, although of course my costume has in numerous instances awakened natural curiosity. Occasionally an ultra-conservative, fashion-deformed defender of conventionalism would feel it incumbent upon herself to express her burning but harmless indignation in tones especially elevated for my ears. Others deep dyed in blue Puritanism have at times looked askance, but confusion has even overtaken them, as our steps have simultaneously sought a street crossing lost in mud and slush into which their skirts have swished and dipped. As to the children, their smiling faces usually seem to indicate that an inward intuition tells them it is the correct and legitimate thing.

Concerning the false judgment of the world, in this step as in all those which leave the beaten track of social usages, the motive can only be left with God, and one must trust to time to reveal its purity. My own experience proves to me that there is no obstacle to absolute freedom in dress, which fact should prevent monotonous and uninteresting uniformity. Different individualities call for characteristic attire, just as various occupations and professions call for appropriate apparel. In the future the person will fit the dress as well as the dress fit the person. Woman has entered almost every industrial field in which man is engaged, but she cannot successfully compete with him or command his wages until she discards conventional skirts.

As to character and nature, the rational dress will not make women anymore unwomanly than the Roman toga made Seneca, Burrus, and Aurelius unmanly. It is not morally lawful for woman to superinduce disease and thus devitalize herself and posterity by ceaseless endeavor to assume with the change of the seasons every shape but her own; or to be so out of harmony with the thought of the Creator as to regard with shame any one portion of her body, the shrine of the soul, more than another. "Religion of the body is as sacred as that of the spirit." Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead says truly that "Until woman is allowed to have ankles, there is no hope for her brains." She is a biped, and the free, easy, unrestricted motion of her brother pedestrian should arouse her courage to take and enjoy the same health-giving privilege. There is no physiological distinction as regards the organs of locomotion, though Mr. Ward McAllister would have it so when he says, with unintentional humor, that

"Women should adopt the fashion of wearing hoops in order to conceal the fact of their bipedity." One cannot but feel that our "minister of fashion" and other such extremists would be more at home at the court of Spain. It is related that "A stocking manufacturer sent some of his wares as a present to the queen of Spain, and the minister returned them with the message, 'The queen of Spain has no legs.'"

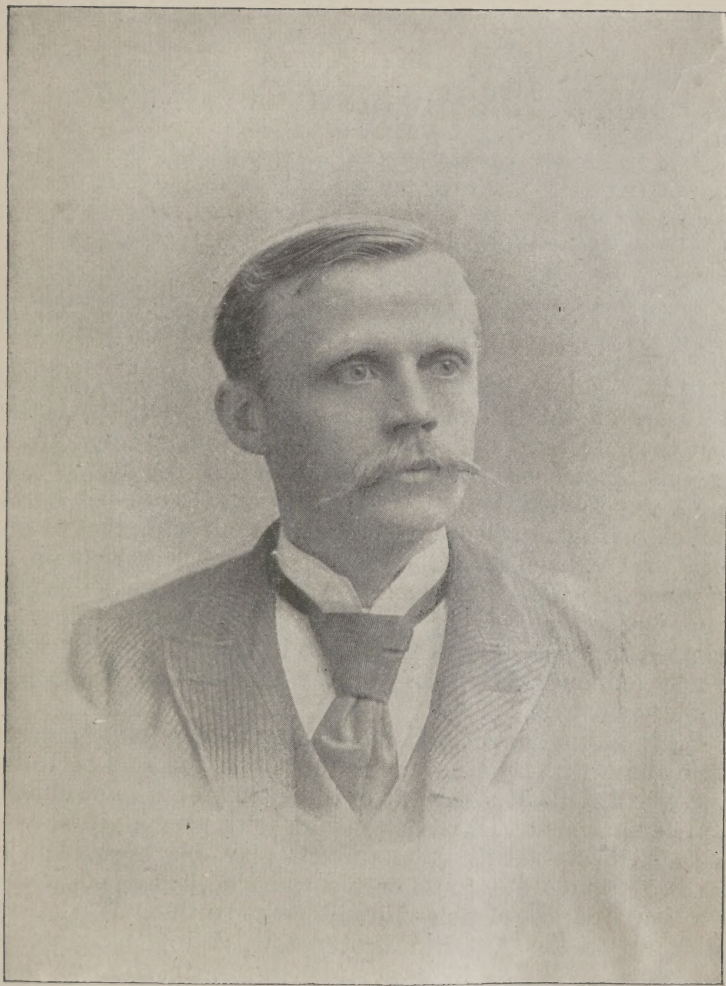
Only the divided skirt can answer all requirements. Some say, Why not wear it under a short outer skirt? But the latter is entirely superfluous; it increases the expense of the wardrobe and adds unnecessarily to the weight of the garments worn. Such a concession to conventionalism would no doubt end in a complete surrender to the caprice of fashion. As to the advisability of a short skirt alone, it could scarcely reach below the knees in order to escape stair and car steps. It would prove a source of annoyance when blown by the wind, and its tendency to work up when one is seated is a very serious objection.

The nearest approach to comfort in skirt form is the Grecian robe. It is especially appropriate for pulpit or platform service and also for drawing-room use. Aside from this it is a symbol of inactivity, suitable only for dream moments—rare but refreshing seasons in the busy life.

Opinion is divided as regards the beauty of the bifurcated garb; but Ruskin holds that "Adaptability or utility is the first law of beauty in costume." This is an age of development and use, termed by many the era of woman.

Our goddess of liberty should be no mere emblem; but woman must through culture, growth, and service raise herself to the "high dais of perfect equality with man"; nor must she rest until she likewise raises him to the high moral and spiritual plane her soul demands. That woman's present mode of dress retards progress towards this divine consummation is a truth acknowledged by far-visioned people. It is proven that there is in this day manhood grand and noble enough to encourage this righteous rebellion against the tyrannical dictator, fashion. Woman, so long enslaved, is to a certain degree what man has made her, and his hearty endorsement will give an added impetus to a movement of so deep and holy a significance.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.



Very sincerely yours
H. Hensoldt

AMONG THE ADEPTS OF SERINAGUR.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

PART II.

If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well-deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. — *Max Müller, in "What Can India Teach Us?"*

It has, of late, been repeatedly asserted by essayists and lecturers on this, as well as the other, side of the Atlantic, that the culture of India, at no time, had equalled that of our present nineteenth-century civilization, that the literature of India was vastly inferior to that of ancient Greece and Rome, and that Hindoo science could barely rank with that of our mediæval alchemists. One captious critic has gone so far as to pronounce the Puranas and the entire Vedantic philosophy "pure humbug," while another has declared that "There is no such thing as an esoteric science in India," and that "this whole fabric merely exists in the imagination of modern mystery-mongers."

Such exhibition of pitiable ignorance can only proceed from those who have never set foot upon the soil of India, and who are utterly ignorant of the history of Hindoo culture and achievement. It is easy enough for a person gifted even with mediocre faculties, to furnish plausible arguments in favor of almost any cause or theory he desires to champion, whether from conviction of its inherent truth or as a matter of policy — the latter, unfortunately, being usually the prevalent motive. Essayists rush into magazines or flood the daily press with articles on subjects of which they know next to nothing, merely because there happens to be a temporary "demand" for information of a certain character, and experience has taught them that almost any kind of flimsy sophistry will go down with the "swinish multitude" and even pass for profound learning. The sorriest sight of all is that of a writer of real repute, who recklessly abandons

his legitimate field, in order to speak dogmatically on subjects which the wisest dare approach but reverently, and of which he has only the haziest conception.

The harm wrought by ill-informed critics and deliberate perverters is often past remedying; important truths are distorted, withheld, or suppressed for decades, while the enlightened few have the mortification of seeing the sorry work of the tyros lauded and eulogized by the thoughtless many. Let those who have been persuaded that the esoteric wisdom of India is "pure humbug," and that the records of Hindoo science and philosophy are interesting only on historical grounds, carefully read the lines quoted at the head of this article. They are from the pen of one who is not given to indulging in mere flights of fancy, and who for more than thirty years has ranked foremost as an oriental critic and Sanscrit scholar.

The present is a period of perplexity, embarrassment, and transition along the entire line of scientific and philosophical research. The fever induced by the discovery of the great principles of evolution has subsided, and some of the most distinguished inquirers have grown weary of their microscopes and dissecting tables, and have begun seriously to question themselves whether there has not been a lamentable overestimate of the possibilities of experimental investigation in this direction. Organic life has been traced from its most complex to its simplest product, viz., from man to the protozoic amœba, and stellar life from satellite and parent planet to solar orb and cosmic nebula. An accommodating ether has been postulated in order to account for the phenomena of light, and this ether is alternately described as the most rarefied and the densest of substances. It probably will prove as great an absurdity as the "phlogiston" of our early chemists.

Thought is declared a product of matter, and human thought, in particular, is attributed to molecular changes in the gray matter which lines the convolutions of the cerebrum. Matter, matter everywhere, but nowhere the ghost of a definition of what matter really is. In the face of our vast educational resources the prevalent paucity of ideas is truly astounding, and it would seem as if our over-great reliance on experimental research were largely responsible for this. The ancients experimented less, but they certainly thought

more, and to them we are indebted for our sublimest conceptions. (Even the evolution hypothesis was foreshadowed with astonishing accuracy by Lucretius in his famous "Essay on the Nature of Things.")

With all the facilities at our command and the experience of three hundred years of laboratory work behind us, we have not philosophically advanced an inch beyond the time of Rameses II. — nay, in more than one respect, our knowledge is of a decidedly inferior type. The philosophers of antiquity were men of great mental calibre, whose knowledge was not limited to a narrow groove in nature's vast domain, but who surveyed the entire field with eagle eyes and followed truth for its own sake. Our investigators are, almost without a single exception, specialists, who work like moles along certain furrows only, and whose very bent and training practically preclude them from pronouncing an opinion on anything beyond the narrow sphere of their "departments." Our learned professors follow science rarely for the sake of its inherent fascination, but they rather look upon it as a money-making business, and a means for establishing a cheap notoriety.

Buckle, the historian, in his well-known "History of Civilization in England," has admirably characterized the drift of modern science in the following words:—

We live in that predicament that our facts have outstripped our knowledge and are now encumbering its march. The publications of our scientific institutions and of our scientific authors overflow with minute and countless details, which perplex the judgment and which no memory can retain. In vain do we demand that they should be generalized and reduced into order. Instead of that, the heap continues to swell. We want ideas, and get more facts. We hear constantly of what nature is doing, but we rarely hear of what man is thinking. We are in possession of a huge and incoherent mass of observations, which have been stored up with great care, but which, until they are connected by some presiding idea, will be utterly useless.

It would be well if these lines were carefully read, marked, and digested by the army of conceited incapables who are now engaged at our colleges in comparatively useless research.

Now let us turn to India, whose claim to superior culture is so flippantly disposed of by our "critics." Fifteen hundred years ago our forefathers were barbarians, just on the

point of emerging from utter savagery in consequence of the persistent efforts of the Romans to civilize them. For two thousand years they were savages, not more advanced than, and in some respects as brutal as, the worst of red Indians now to be found on this continent. And three thousand years earlier still, that is, five thousand years ago, when our forefathers were cave-dwellers, tearing the raw flesh from the bones of animals in dark and dismal caverns, India was already at the height of her glory, covered with hundreds of cities and tens of thousands of temples and palaces, inhabited by the same noble race, the "children of light" as they named themselves, living in a state of luxury, and possessed of a degree of knowledge and refinement which we may never reach.

Whence did the Romans procure the light, which they carried among the savages who inhabited the dense forests of Gaul, Germany, and Britain? They got it, at second hand, from the Greeks. The latter, in their turn, derived their knowledge and their whole civilization from Egypt (as admitted by themselves), and the Egyptians were indebted for their culture to India, where it had flourished untold centuries before the first pyramid was built. Why, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, although justly admired for their beauty of form, are but poor imitations of the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, the great Hindoo epics of fabulous antiquity. Rama, the Indian hero, proceeded to Ceylon with his warriors, to fight against the king of Lanka, who had stolen his wife; and the entire story of the so-called siege of Troy is taken from this ancient epic, and was copied almost literally, page for page, from the Sanscrit, by the authors of the *Iliad*.

But then it will be asserted that the civilization of India is a thing of the past, that we have outstripped and left it far behind. It must, indeed, be admitted that the outward or material culture of India came to a standstill with the Mohammedan conquest, and that under the blighting shadow of the crescent even the intellectual progress of the Hindoos received an almost fatal check. The same spirit of fanatical intolerance which was capable of burning the huge and glorious library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, tried to crush and stamp out the wisdom and learning of India. But, fortunately, the task was beyond the strength of the malefactors, and although they succeeded in arresting progress, they

were unable to eradicate the vast records of the past. Hidden away in a thousand nooks and corners were the treasured manuscripts, to await the dawning of a brighter day. With the firm establishment of British rule in India a resurrection of the subtler life has, at last, set in, but the sleeping giant has hardly yet begun to realize the scope of his new vantage ground.

Surpass the culture of India? Why, it will take us another thousand years to reach the knowledge which the Hindoos already possessed at the time when Sanscrit was the spoken language. And as for the alleged superiority of our material civilization, my observations during many years of travel in all parts of Hindostan, constrain me to deny it. Our civilization is a different, but not a superior one, and if we have scored an advantage it is the very dubious one of having succeeded in disfiguring the fair face of our land with railroads, which have not contributed one iota to our happiness as a race, and with hideous telegraph posts, in order to enable Lombard and Wall Street rogues to plunder their kind with greater ease and alacrity. After all, "By their fruits ye shall know them." A civilization must be judged by the way in which it affects the average individual, and I am compelled to declare that I have found the average Hindoo, both intellectually and morally, a better man than the average Westerner.

In the interest of my narrative I have deemed it expedient to offer these preliminary reflections, as they may help to clear away some of the errors and prejudices which are still largely current. I will now resume the description of my experiences among the adepts of Serinagur.

Coomra Sámi led the way up the ruined stair and through a dimly lighted, low-roofed passage, where more than once I stumbled over broken flagstones, to a spacious courtyard located in the centre of the hermitage. Here I involuntarily halted for awhile, to take in the scene, which struck me as singularly quaint and picturesque. Before me, like a polished mirror, lay a sheet of water on which the sunbeams danced, and on which several magnificent specimens of an exceedingly rare kind of pond lilies at once attracted my attention. It was the dark-blue *Padma* of the Altai Mountains, the mystical flower of Sankarachárya.

The square tank was surrounded by a low wall, and a little further to the left I observed the crumbling foundations of an angular tower, which in olden times may have served as a campanile, or as a "Dhub Ghur" (literally, house of morning light), like the famous Kootub Minar of old Delhi, on whose summit the priests of yore greeted the first rays of Sûrya (the sun). A number of young fig trees of the "sacred" species* next aroused my interest, and I was just on the point of examining them a little more closely when Coomra Sâmi, whose patience was apparently exhausted, pointed to a door on the opposite wing of the building.

"Young friend," he said, "there will be plenty of time for you to inspect our yard and gratify your naturalistic tastes by and by; or would you really prefer to sit down at once and count the petals of yonder blue flowers? You are like Múnshi Gregory, who could never pass a stone without chipping off a piece with his hammer and looking at it with a magnifying glass, and who tore out plants by the roots, in order to dry them between sheets of paper. Let me show you your quarters, and if you like to take a bath afterwards, our *nookhar* (servant) shall bring you as much water as you may require."

We crossed the yard and approached a kind of portico formed by two pillars, between which a dark-green curtain was gracefully suspended. "We have no regular doors here," said the adept, while he pushed the folding aside and invited me to enter, "the Kashmiris have taken almost every scrap of wood out of the building which could be turned to any use. Blankets and curtains have to serve us as doors, and you will find them very convenient; they keep out the sun, and are impervious to rain." Three seconds later I stood in the apartment which, for a period of twenty-three weeks, was destined to serve me as bedroom, study, and laboratory, and in which it was my privilege to witness some of the strangest phenomena which probably ever came under the observation of a follower of western science.

My first impressions were not particularly agreeable ones. The room was too large and bare to awaken pleasant feelings even in one accustomed to the cheerless comforts of Indian *dâk* bungalows, and there was a peculiar cellar-like aspect

**Ficus Religiosa*. These trees are claimed to be derived from shoots of the identical fig tree, in Nepal, under which Gautama attained Buddha-hood.

about it, which was heightened by the circumstance that it was devoid of windows, and that the ceiling was slightly vaulted. It was tolerably well lighted, however, by a square hole in the opposite wall, about six feet from the ground, which, moreover, afforded a fine view of the ruins along the upper slope of the valley. The stone floor was partly overlaid with coir matting, and the only articles of furniture discernible were an old chest of cypress wood, richly carved and stained almost black, which stood in the left corner, facing the entrance, and in the right a bed or sleeping couch. The latter consisted of a camel skin, stretched between two wooden bars, so as to form a deep trough in the middle, and a coarse brown blanket, rolled up and deposited on the floor underneath. Pillow there was none, and Coomra Sámi almost startled me with the severity of his censure when I pointed out the deficiency.

"A man who must have a pillow to sleep on has but a very poor chance of rising beyond the level of the *bhayla*,*" he said; "you must try to do without one, my friend. It is of importance that, during sleep, your head be on a level with the rest of your body, and that you lie on your back. Only in that position can the brain be brought to develop that which it mostly lacks, viz., a perception of nature's unseen forces."

"Then you identify the brain with the intellect," I replied, "and admit that what we call mind, soul, or spirit, is a product of matter? This is exactly *my* standpoint, and here we have a common starting ground."

"Mind a product of matter?" said the adept, with a contemptuous smile, as he fixed his keen gaze on me, "is that really the outcome of your studies? I am sorry for a science which can lead its disciples to such comforting conclusions."

"Then in the name of Garaj, what better definition have *you* to offer?" I shouted, now thoroughly aroused and put on my mettle by the spirit of controversy. "Do you think we adopt a conclusion because it *pleases* us? We follow truth for its own sake, and although it would undoubtedly please us best to discover that which promises us most, yet we are

* *Bhayla*—cattle; this was Coomra's favorite term for the generality of mankind. Specifically, it was intended for those who are engaged in a monotonous routine of work, indolence, or frivolity, and particularly for so-called "men of business," who in their greed for transitory possessions never find time to ponder over life's great riddle, but act as if the accumulation of rubbish and the propagation of their miserable species were the foremost objects of existence.

prepared to accept even the most unpleasant revelations with resignation."

"It would be folly," said Coomra, "to attempt to answer such a question at the present moment. It is one of those questions which cannot be answered in a few words. Besides, you will first have to unlearn a great deal of that which now forms the bulk of your conceptions." Then, after a pause, during which Coomra Sámi paced twice up and down the apartment, he added (speaking, as it were, to himself): "Mind a product of matter! What a strange reversion of the truth! Why, it is your so-called 'matter' which is a product of *mind*. Without mind there is no such thing as matter."

I thought of Berkeley and Schopenhauer, but ventured nothing in reply. The adept then advised me to take a rest, promising to call me later in the evening. Thus was I formally installed as a member of Coomra Sámi's strange household.

It is not my object here to give a detailed account of my experiences during this remarkable episode of my life, or to furnish a chronological record of occurrences in a sort of diary fashion. A hundred pages of *THE ARENA* would not suffice to exhaust the wealth of material at my command, were I to proceed in the manner hitherto followed. There are some things, also, which I am under promise not to reveal. In the following, therefore, I shall endeavor to present and discuss such of my observations as I deem of special interest to the students of the Orient, and as most calculated to elucidate some of the darker features of Indian occultism.

It was on the evening of the second day of my sojourn at the hermitage that I witnessed the first manifestation of Coomra Sámi's occult power, or rather the first ocular demonstration thereof; for that he was gifted with singular and altogether unaccountable potencies of mental vision, was clear to me after our first memorable conversation. He had described to me—with an accuracy that was absolute—incidents of my journey to Kashmir that were known only to myself, and had, moreover, exhibited a cognizance of ideas and speculations (not always of a philosophical character), in which I had indulged at certain times and localities,

which he could not have acquired by any methods known to ordinary mortals. Still these might be termed mere manifestations of psychic power, referable to the dark field of cerebricity and clairvoyance, and so far I had not witnessed anything out of the common in a physical sense among the adepts of Serinagur.

It was about half an hour before sunset, when I returned from a protracted ramble amidst the ruins of the southern curve of the valley, where, among other things, a well-preserved portion of the ancient aqueduct, which was constructed of square blocks of greenish basalt, joined in a peculiar manner, had excited my interest and admiration. I found Coomra in the yard, reposing on a mat, with his back slightly reclining against the low wall which surrounded the tank.

"Samadhi," I began, "I am glad you are here; I wanted to speak to you this morning, but the *nookhar* who brought me my rice told me you had gone to the mountains. Surely, I would have been happy to accompany you. As it is, I have spent the day in exploring the ruins and collecting some rock specimens."

"And, pray, what would you wish to speak to me about?" said the adept, without rising, or in the least changing his attitude.

"Why, about my course of studies here. What would you advise me to do first? You know of my anxiety to learn the truth; indeed, I am thirsting for knowledge. Four hundred miles have I journeyed, in the hope of obtaining a spark of that which I have hitherto sought for in vain, and willingly would I travel six times around the globe, if by so doing I could secure but a momentary glimpse behind the curtain."

"Behind what curtain?"

"Behind the curtain which hides the solution of all the mysteries by which we are surrounded. So far, I have derived little satisfaction from the teachings of what we, in the West, term science, and I cannot see how its revelations — no matter how far extended — can ever affect the fundamental riddles of the universe."

"So there is a curtain?" replied Coomra solemnly; "I am glad your science has, at least, led you to this conclusion. Yes, there is a curtain, which all your learned *múnshis* in

Frankistan will never raise, unless " (he added after a pause, during which he glanced at the chips of stone which I had placed on the wall) "they leave off hammering rocks, and look into their own selves. And you are mistaken if you think that many mysteries are hidden by that curtain. It conceals *one* only, but that is an awful one, and I am afraid it would not flatter you much to behold it." This last sentence was delivered with increasing solemnity, and a sinister light shone in the adept's eyes, while his face assumed an almost threatening expression.

"Doubtless," I rejoined, "you have here a rare collection of *kitāba* (books), in which the thoughts and inspirations of wise men are recorded. Surely a great Arhāt would not wish to die without leaving a trace of his accumulated experience, for the benefit of later inquirers. I know that such books exist — there are hundreds of manuscripts in the great library of Bijapur alone — and I would like you to select something for me to begin with. I can read Sanscrit and Pāli, and want to start working in real earnest."

"We have a few books," answered Coomra Sāmi, "but they would help you very little. They are at your service. I know the Pāli library at Bijapur, and can assure you that it does not contain one manuscript of real importance. If you were to learn them all by heart, you would not be much the wiser for your trouble. They are much like the books of your own libraries in Frankistan."

"Then what am I to do, Samadhi? Do you really mean to say that no records exist of the most valuable discoveries of the past? Of what advantage is the treasuring of works of poetry and moral precepts, if the greatest cosmic revelations are allowed to be buried in oblivion?"

"You know not whereof you speak," said Coomra. "The wisdom you are in search of is not to be found in books. Young friend, there are things which it is altogether impossible to express in words. Could the *thorwa* (a species of mud-fish) understand the language of the heron? It crawls about at the bottom of its turbid pond, and knows of nothing but water, mud, and worms. If any one were to inform it of the existence of another, and totally different, world above this pond — a world of air and sunshine, of trees and flowers, a world inhabited by winged creatures with gorgeous plumage — would or could it form a conception of such? You can

only explain an object in terms which refer to similar objects, and" (he added with peculiar emphasis) "the world behind the 'curtain' is so utterly unlike the world revealed by our senses that the masters could not describe it if they would."

"But there must be ways of getting at such information," I observed, "or else how could any one ever hope to pierce the gloom? How did the masters come by their knowledge?"

"The method is a very simple one: *look into your own self*, and if you do this rightly you will *see* everything, and will be under no obligation to ask further questions."

These last words, although quietly spoken, seemed to denote that peculiar weariness or impatience which overcame the adept whenever a series of questions was propounded to him, or when his attention had been directed beyond a certain time to any subject — as confirmed by later observations. It soon became apparent that he disliked being interrupted in his meditations, and as I saw comparatively little of him during the course of a week, I found it indeed difficult to approach him. He had a prejudice against being interrogated, or even taken notice of, whenever design or accident brought him in my way; but he would sometimes seek me of his own free will, and talk, with evident pleasure, for an hour or longer. On such occasions he would squat down on the ground, inviting me to do the same; and many a strange truth, that has sunk deep into my heart, have I learned from his lips. As a rule I abstained from interrupting him with questions (which he never relished), and soon I found it practically unnecessary, for such was his marvellous intuitive knowledge of what was passing in my mind during his discussions, that he answered objections before they were uttered, and went to the length of explaining difficult points in such a manner that the objects stood "in relief," as it were, assuming all the beautiful reality of a stereoscopic view.

But to return to our conversation in the yard of the hermitage, which had just reached a point where I deemed it expedient to hold my peace and effect a well-timed retreat. Moreover, it had grown very dark in the meantime, and a few raindrops began to fall. I was therefore about to seek the shelter of my room, when Coomra Sámi rose, and, seizing

my hand, offered to conduct me to a part of the building where a number of books would be found.

"Come," he said, "and I will show you our library, such as it is. I know you will not be happy until you can feast your eyes on a lot of musty volumes. Most of your learned *múnshis* are great believers in books, and will even carry them about on their travels. We have such poor-witted freaks also among our own people here in India; they are ever seeking that information outside, which they should look for in the depth of their own being. You can tell your true duffer by the number of volumes he deems it necessary to study, consult, or surround himself with. Everybody wants somebody else to do his thinking for him, but there are some things which can only be understood by *seeing*." After this not altogether flattering observation, Coomra Sámi led the way to a curtained door in the wall on the west side, located about twelve yards from where we stood. It was now pitch dark and the rain was falling fast, so that I was glad to get under cover. We walked through several empty rooms and then ascended a stair, Coomra holding my hand all the time and piloting me through the darkness.

"Now," he said, as we had reached the end of the steps and had advanced a few paces, "here are some forty books — many of them three hundred years old — written in Páli and Devanágari, and you can come here as often as you like and study to your heart's content; or you are at liberty to take the whole lot to your own room." He released my hand and left me standing in the dark, while I heard him walk some distance and open what afterwards proved to be a large chest. "Here," he said, approaching me again, "look at this fine carving and at these pictures; this is the kind of thing which interests the duffers most."

"I beg your pardon, Samadhi," I replied, "how can I see anything in this inky darkness? What a pity we did not bring a lantern with us."

"Oh, I forgot," said the adept, and suddenly, as if at the fiat of some unseen power, a flood of light surrounded me, and I found myself in a high-roofed apartment devoid of furniture, except an old chest and two sheepskins in the middle of the floor. The light was certainly not produced by any artificial means; it was as bright as day, and of that unearthly refulgence which, on more than one previous occa-

sion, had startled me in certain of the feats of Yoghish in Central India. The objects in this light cast no shadows, which clearly proves that its source cannot be an incandescent body like the sun, or any other radiating point. The nearest definition — although a poor one — which I can give of this light is that of a luminous fluid, which is suddenly precipitated over a limited space, and in which the objects seem to be immersed. On this occasion the light did not extend beyond the threshold of the apartment, where it did not merge by gradual transition into the darkness of the corridor, but seemed cut off by a sharp demarcation line. The same was the case with the windows, which were square holes in the wall: there was inky darkness and the drizzling rain without.

Coomra Sámi stood in front of me, holding in his hand a book, composed of a large number of strips of palmyra leaf, about two feet long and five inches broad; these were held together by the usual strings and by two boards of teak wood, elaborately carved and decorated with multi-colored arabesques. The adept appeared not to notice my surprise, and I deemed it wise not to ply him with questions at that moment. My agitation, however, was such that I was in no fit state to examine the literary treasures of the hermitage that night.

This was my first opportunity of witnessing Coomra Sámi's occult power, as manifested on the "physical plane."

It will be remembered by the readers of the first part of my paper that the singular individual whose hospitality it was my privilege to enjoy for a period of nearly six months, was not the only denizen of the secluded hermitage among the ruins of Kanishkapúra. There were domiciled under the same roof, four other recluses to whom the name of adepts was more or less applicable, and two servants, so that the household, for the time being, consisted of eight persons. These four men were seldom visible, and seemed to spend most of their time in the seclusion of their rooms (each occupying a separate apartment in the dreary south wing of the building), and in errands to the neighboring hills, which for many weeks puzzled me exceedingly. Two of them, named Angûthi and Chôta, were old men of venerable appearance, but with a soured look and not over-polite bearing. They

wore enormous turbans and long brown caftans, and were usually in each other's company, although I do not remember ever having known them to exchange a single word or greeting. They acted like deaf mutes minus the sign language, and during the first two weeks I took them for such.

Angûthi, in particular, was difficult of access, and of an irascible temper; it almost seemed as if the presence of a stranger irritated or worried him, and for a long time he did not deign to take the slightest notice of me, even ignoring my friendly greetings when we happened to meet in the yard. Towards the end of the second month he condescended to speak to me, informing me, among other things, that he was a native of Rajputana and (inferentially) a person of high degree; but — whether owing to his unsympathetic nature or his ill-disguised contempt for white humanity — there was little mutual satisfaction in our short conversations. The other graybeard, Chôta, although somewhat less unsociable, was even more taciturn, and successfully managed to foil every attempt I made to draw him out or establish a friendly footing between us.

Of a totally different type were Arupánsha and Sinné Tambi, the two youngest of the recluses. They were kind and amiable men, whose memory will ever be among the brightest reminiscences of my Indian career. Arupánsha was an athletic Dravidian from the Malabar coast, about thirty-five years old, of very dark complexion and quite handsome features. He had been to the coffee plantations of Ceylon as *kangány* (head man of a gang of coolies), and could speak Singhalese, Tamil, Hindee, and Bengalee with equal fluency. Although not quite so communicative as I might have wished, he was invariably friendly, polite, and almost deferential; his entire behavior contrasting favorably with the persistent moroseness of his older colleagues. Intellectually, however, he was greatly inferior to Coomra Sámi, who towered high above the level of his surroundings, and who, although nominally their equal, was tacitly recognized as the chief of the little republic. Sinné Tambi, the youngest and humblest of the anchorites, was a bright-faced Thibetan with a strong Mongolian cast, and soft, dreamy eyes. He seemed to have but recently joined the fraternity, and to have become greatly attached to Arupánsha, who, apparently, had taken him under his wing.

There was an atmosphere of unsociableness and isolation at the hermitage which painfully affected me during the earlier part of my sojourn, and to which I could never become quite reconciled. The habits, nay, the entire mode of life, of the men who had discarded the frivolities and illusions of their kind, and had chosen this voluntary exile amidst the ruins of a forgotten past, were such as to foster a spirit of exclusiveness and asceticism. The meals, which consisted of boiled rice and fish curry, were not served at regular intervals in a general dining room, but had to be individually applied for in the kitchen, and were consumed by the adepts in the privacy of their own apartments.

There is a strange fascination in solitude. Man — that singular admixture of the bestial and divine — who in the society of his own species delights in being paltry and trivial, and in developing the more ignoble and clownish side of his nature, becomes a different being when, by necessity or choice, he is left to his own meditations. The silence of the forest, the stillness of the desert, the vast expanse of the ocean, or the unbroken quiet of some secluded nook, awaken in him thoughts and feelings which the bustle of every-day life can never engender. Then man is apt to propound to himself the great old riddle, and to descend into the abysmal depth of his own consciousness.

Several times, during my protracted stay, the hermitage was visited by travelling mystics, who, from the manner of their reception, were well known to Coomra Sámi and the elder of the adepts. These individuals seldom remained longer than a few hours, during which they were usually in conclave with Coomra. The latter — as if advised of the precise moment of their coming — would invariably receive them in person at the entrance, and conduct them to a small, empty room, close to Angûthi's quarters. These strange visitors sometimes arrived late at night, and departed again, shortly afterwards, irrespective of the darkness and the state of the weather. Among them was the subtle Ram Sûrash, a Rishi famous throughout Northern India, as well as in his distant home beyond the Himalayas. This great adept seemed to have reached the highest pinnacle of occult wisdom attainable by mortal man, and his very look was awe-inspiring and indicative of tremendous will power. He could perform the most astounding feats by the mere fiat of

his volition, as it seemed, and the "mango trick" referred to in my paper on "Hindoo Magic," in which the illusion was carried so far as to completely deceive even the sense of touch, was not the least of his marvels.

One day I had taken a stroll over the low range of hills to the north of the valley, and was on the point of crossing a barren expanse of gravel, after spending an hour or so in the shade of a delightful cypress thicket, where an interesting limestone formation had been exposed by the erosive action of a small creek, when my attention was attracted by a rock of singular aspect. It was dome-shaped, and had the appearance of a huge boulder, brought down by glacial agency, in miocene times, from the upper Himalaya. In the pure atmosphere of that elevated region it seemed only a few hundred yards distant, but it took me nearly an hour to reach it. It proved to be an erratic block of the dimensions of a small mountain, height about sixty feet, and total width at the base somewhere near forty. Its composition was that of a porphyritic conglomerate, with quartz and flesh-colored feldspar as chief ingredients, like many so-called "pudding stones."

But the extraordinary feature of the rock was a cave-like opening on one side, resembling a huge mouth, the roof of which was formed by an overhanging part, a few feet from the ground, so that, if seen in profile, the boulder appeared not unlike the head of some monstrous animal, with its mouth agape; the impression being heightened by a projecting portion of the base, which resembled a lower jaw. I entered the cleft and advanced some eight or nine paces, feeling my way along the cold, moist wall, when I came to what seemed the end of the short cavern. Here the sides and roof converged, and the space became so narrow that only by dint of extreme caution and much stooping could unpleasant collisions be avoided. This, added to the prevailing darkness and a strong odor of bats, soon determined me to quit the dismal hollow, and return to the bright sunshine of the outer world.

There was an unaccountable "something" about this rock which excited my curiosity in a more than ordinary degree, and caused me to linger in its vicinity. Five times, at least, did I walk completely around it, observing its dimensions, and chipping off small pieces here and there with my geolo-

gist's hammer. There was no vegetation in the immediate neighborhood, except a few bushes of thorny *chenâr* along the south base, and I finally took my seat on the projecting ridge in front of the cleft, placing the detached stone fragments at my side and examining them, leisurely, one by one. Ten minutes probably elapsed while I was thus occupied, when a slight noise, in the direction of the *chenâr* bushes, caused me to start as if in sudden fright, and, turning my head quickly, I beheld Coomra Sámi, who stood there like a statue carved out of ebony, quietly gazing at me. I had left him resting on a mat in the yard of the hermitage, and he could not well have passed me without my noticing it, thus his presence at this time and place was enigmatical; still I repressed my agitation and rose to meet him.

"What brought you to this place?" said the adept, in a voice which seemed to denote a certain irritation. "Did Arupánsha conduct you hither?"

"Nobody showed me the way, Samadhi; I noticed this hill from yonder cypress copse, and it is about the queerest boulder I ever saw."

"Indeed!" answered Coomra, "'the queerest boulder'! Are you not aware that this is the *Pathal Kasam* [enchanted rock]?"

"No, I never knew you had an 'enchanted rock' here. Is there some legend or tradition connected with this boulder?"

"Did you not enter the cavern?"

"Yes, I went as far as it reaches; it ends some fifteen feet from this spot."

"Let us explore that cavern once more; possibly it may extend a little further, after all," rejoined the adept.

"But it is pitch dark in there; we shall knock our heads against the quartz ledges."

"There are ways and means of procuring light, as you may remember," said Coomra, "although in this instance it will hardly be necessary." He then took my hammer and stepped into the entrance of the cavern, requesting me to follow him. "You shall be your own torch-bearer," he said, placing the hammer again in my hand. "Take hold of the steel end and let the handle be pointed upwards, as you would carry a candle." As I seized the hammer in the manner desired, Coomra Sámi lowered his head, till his lips were within a couple of

inches of the wood. Then he blew steadily against the extremity of the latter, when, after a lapse of about five seconds, a bright flame, preceded by a crackling noise, suddenly burst from the end of the handle.

I have seen this feat—which at the time greatly astonished me—repeated on numerous subsequent occasions, and in various modifications, by northern esoterics, and even common Punjaabee Fakeers, and shall revert to it in a future paper, as it is one of the few occult phenomena of which I am able to furnish a positive explanation.

The hammer handle made an excellent torch, in spite of its being composed of an exceedingly hard wood, and soon I had reached the extremity of the cave, when Coomra, who had preceded me by a few paces, suddenly disappeared as if by magic. His voice, however, at once assured me of his close proximity, and I soon discovered that he had merely entered a narrow side cleft, which during my first visit had escaped my notice. This cleft was so narrow that it could only be entered sideways, but the height seemed considerable. Moving along as best I could, it seemed to lead down a rather steep incline, and then again upwards, and soon I could see daylight once more, a short distance overhead. Here the tunnel widened, but the roof became lower, so that we had to resort to stooping, and Coomra Sámi was the first to reach the opening, through which I speedily followed, emerging in the midst of a cluster of *chenâr* bushes, and glad to breathe once more the free air. The hammer handle was more than half consumed, although the space traversed could not have exceeded twenty-five yards.

“Well,” said Coomra, as I shook the dust from my sleeves, “are you satisfied now?”

“Satisfied? What is there wonderful in this burrow? Such caves exist by the hundred, and I have seen far more interesting ones. Show me a limestone cavern that will at least contain some stalactites.”

“Yes, but where is the rock,” said the adept, “where is the *Pathal Kasam*?”

Slowly I turned round, and a weird sensation of dread came over me as I realized that the huge boulder was no longer there. It had vanished like “the airy fabric of a vision,” and nothing but an unbroken expanse of gravel extended between us and the cypress-covered bluffs beyond.

Of all the occult phenomema which I was privileged to witness in the East, this was perhaps the strangest; certainly of all the moments of surprise I ever experienced, this one has left the keenest impression. The boulder was gone, and no amount of searching would discover it; I scanned the horizon in every direction, but to no purpose. A mere trick on the part of Coomra Sámi was out of the question; the territory was perfectly level for a radius of two miles, so that even a moderate-sized ant hill could not have escaped notice, whereas the *Pathal Kasam* was a boulder of gigantic proportions, which if viewed from a distance of three miles still formed a striking object in its isolated position.

I made a careful examination of the spot where the rock ought to have been, while Coomra looked on with a provoking smile; but my labor was in vain, so far as the discovery of any trace was concerned. A slanting hollow in the ground, surrounded by a clump of *chenâr* bushes, was all that was left to commemorate the reality of the late adventure. From this hollow we had, but fifteen minutes ago, emerged, and it struck me as a good plan to creep in again and retrace my steps. The adept refused to accompany me on this second trip, although his manner was encouraging rather than otherwise. So in I went accordingly — this time without a torch, so confident did I feel of being able to grope my way — and in less than a minute and a half I reached the original entrance of the cavern, the “lion’s mouth,” thus finding myself once more in front of the huge rock.

This manœuvre I repeated over twenty times during the course of the next three months — always with the same result — and I regret that space does not permit my entering here more fully upon the details of my experiments with the mysterious *Pathal Kasam*.

Coomra Sámi, whom I found quietly sitting on the ledge, as I emerged from the cave, accompanied me to the hermitage, after patiently waiting till I had again minutely examined the rock, and had indulged in some rather fanciful speculations as to the nature of the phenomenon. He was very taciturn on the road, and seemed more than usually disinclined to answer questions. When we reached the bluff the sun was near the horizon, and I halted for a moment to take a parting look at the enchanted rock, which — though

more than two miles distant—loomed from the darkening plain like some yawning monster of the deep.

Far to the north and northwest rose the majestic peaks of the Hindoo Koosh, now glowing in the golden tints of a true Himalaya sunset. Dark cypress forests bounded the view on the east, while in the direction of southwest the eye swept over the vast plain of the Punjaub, till in the hazy distance it rested on the Suleiman Range, nature's grim demarcation line between the domain of India's gentle races and the rugged mountain world of the fierce and treacherous Afghan.

THE ORGANIZATION OF MORAL FORCES.

BY REV. HIRAM VROOMAN.*

THE ARENA having taken the initiative, there can be no doubt that *now* is the time above all other times for the earnest men and women of our country to unite in a simultaneous endeavor to perfect a National Union of Moral Forces that shall be permanent. In my opinion the promoters of the national organization can find no better model after which to work than the Baltimore Union for Public Good. This body is composed of delegates from nearly all the religious, philanthropic, and reform societies of the city, and its purpose is to make practicable concerted action on the part of all persons interested in the public good.

Men holding all shades of religious belief and unbelief have agreed to bury their differences and work shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. They have decided to separate all matters of common public concern from theological and sectarian interests, and to quiet denominational turmoil in a united effort to help those whose lives are made all but unbearable by criminal and destructive social conditions. Although the large majority of the workers in the new movement in Baltimore are intensely religious and are hard workers for their respective churches, the Union, as an organization, has nothing whatever to do with the supernatural. Most of the members receive their chief inspiration for work from thoughts of God and hopes of heaven, but the organization as such deals only with the affairs of this life and this world. We recognize that our convictions concerning eternity and the absolute are as numerous as our membership, and that the only possible basis of union for all conscientious people is the basis of common labor for our common race.

We have learned that there are among Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Spiritualists, and Materialists, persons whose sympathetic ears are pained by the cry of blighted childhood and womanhood from the factory, and by the consumptive's groan from the "sweater's den." And to rescue these millions of stunted children, oppressed women, and dying sweaters, will require the united effort of all the good Christians, all the honorable Jews, and all the high-minded infidels that can be gathered

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together. For the bad Protestants, the wicked Catholics, the heartless Jews, and perverse unbelievers are multitudinous and perfectly organized. To overcome them will require a fight intense and long. The struggle demands the service of every soldier that can be mustered.

It was in this spirit that the Baltimore Union for Public Good was first proposed, last March, and the organization was perfected in June. The following is the constitution adopted June 19 in the Y. M. C. A. Hall by the representatives of sixty-three societies, churches, and labor unions, the number having since grown to seventy-nine:—

CONSTITUTION.

1. NAME. — This association shall be known as the Union for Public Good.

2. PURPOSE. — The purpose of this association shall be to promote the good government, health and prosperity of the City of Baltimore, to secure useful and prevent injurious legislation affecting its interests, to correct public scandals, grievances and abuses, to restrain all forms of vice and immorality, and to encourage the coöperation of individuals, and existing societies aiming to advance these ends.

3. MEMBERSHIP. — Any congregation or society having for its object the moral or social improvement of the community may be affiliated to this association, and shall be represented at its meetings by three delegates, to be selected in such manner as each society may determine and provided with credentials signed by its chief officer.

4. OFFICERS. — The officers of this association shall include a president, a treasurer, a corresponding secretary and a recording secretary, to be elected at the annual meeting. These officers, together with the chairmen of all standing committees, shall compose an executive committee, which shall discharge such duties as may be from time to time delegated to it by the association. A vice-president of the association shall be chosen annually by each affiliated organization, at such time and in such manner as the said organization may direct. All the officers shall together constitute an advisory council, of which the president shall be *ex officio* chairman; it shall meet at his call, and discharge such duties as may be delegated to it by the association or the executive committee; ten members shall constitute a quorum.

5. COMMITTEES. — In addition to the executive committee there shall be such other standing committees as may be found necessary from time to time to carry out the work of the association; these committees shall be appointed by the executive committee subject to the approval of the advisory council.

6. MEETINGS. — There shall be an annual meeting to be held on the third Monday of November in each year, at such hour and place as the executive committee may direct. Special meetings may be called by the president or the executive committee, and shall be called by the recording secretary upon the written demand of any five affiliated organizations.

7. QUORUM. — Fifteen delegates, representing at least ten organizations, shall be a quorum of the association to do business.

8. AMENDMENTS. — This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the association by a vote of two thirds of the delegates present; provided that at the next preceding meeting of the association written notice of intention to offer some amendment shall have been filed with

the recording secretary. It shall be the duty of that officer to embody the substance of the notice so given in his call of the evening at which action is to be taken.

The first annual meeting of the Union was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, the twentieth of last November. Below is a part of the opening address delivered by President Charles J. Bonaparte. I wish to add here that the success of the movement in Baltimore is due largely to the inspiration given by his self-sacrificing example and lofty ideals, coupled with a genius for management that reminds one of the generalship of his grand-uncle, the first Napoleon. He said:—

“It is well for us to realize that we have undertaken a great work, but it is also well, it is indispensable, to understand no less clearly that the end of this work will come with the millennium, and that even appreciable progress in it can be reasonably expected only in a far future. For the moment our great achievement will be that of the French statesman in the reign of terror—to live. We are now not only small but of uncertain and fluctuating dimensions; like some of the marine animals disclosed by deep-sea dredging, it is hard to say just where we begin and where we end; we do not know the limits of our membership. Before we proceed to make the universe, or even the city of Baltimore, perfect, a preliminary task is to perfect our own organization.

“It is no less essential that we show in our acts and words a just sense of the disproportion between our resources and our mission. Every one has heard of the three tailors of Tooley Street, but of the disposition ascribed to them in legend, neither tailors nor residents of Tooley Street have the monopoly. If we would correct evils, no doubt the first step is to satisfy ourselves that they are evils, but our decision and its announcement will be very far from the last step. Could mankind dispense with artificial light during several hours more of each winter day, this would be a great boon to the poor; gas and kerosene are far less healthful than sunlight, and the story of contracts for street lamp supplies forms a chapter in our municipal history neither edifying nor pleasing. Finally, Joshua was an estimable as well as a notable character, and has in many respects set us a good example. Nevertheless, if this Union were, upon motion duly seconded, to resolve, even unanimously, that from September to March the sun ought to set every evening three hours later than is now its wont, I am disposed to question seriously whether that inappreciative luminary would pay any attention to the advice. The course of nature is not subjected to our control, however it may have been with Joshua.

“It may seem that as yet I have suggested rather what the

Union can not do than what it can do and should try to do—and, indeed, I consider the former a more important matter. I am not troubled lest we should idly rust, and I deprecate our making something to do merely that we may do something. If we make the Union in fact what it is in name, a parliament of all the varied agencies which seek to make our city healthy and prosperous, our government pure, powerful, and cheap, our people enlightened and industrious, virtuous and happy—a parliament wherein each shall have its voice and all may learn to work in harmony—if we do this and no more, we shall have done much. Surely there can be nothing more pitiable or more disheartening than the mutual jealousies and perpetual friction of associations with kindred aims, each of which turns aside from its own allotted task to make those of its neighbors the harder, and lives in voluntary isolation lest it may unwittingly help them in seeking help from them. When we see, as we do too often, the managers of some great charity give the cream of their thoughts to the problem of how to prevent a sister charity from receiving more credit or more money than their own, we can in some measure understand why the forces of evil in our midst are so hard to conquer.

“This Union is not a new society trying to crowd into the provinces and clip the subscription lists of those already established; it is, or it should be and means to be, a bond linking them all together. No one who is willing to see, can fail to see, that the health and the business prosperity, the good government and the good morals of the community, are all alike promoted and all alike retarded by the same influences for good or evil; we would bring home to all those striving to advance any one or more of these ends a keen and practical sense of their solidarity, and make each feel that he impedes his own work unless he aids that of every one else. To do this will much more than justify our existence. But, even as we are, we can do something more.

“English-speaking peoples have always distrusted their rulers. Our forefathers beyond the sea had no such reverence for their sovereign as their neighbors across the channel for the anointed of the Lord at Rheims. For a Frenchman of the old monarchy it was wellnigh an article of faith to look for a St. Louis and to find one even in a Louis XV. In England they hadn't the habit of crowned saints, and didn't particularly like them; the ideal of the English king was a bold, active, and rather grasping personage, with no great pretensions to disinterested philanthropy, but who made short work of evil doers and looked sharply after public servants principally because lawlessness and speculation touched his own pocket nerve. The traditional safeguard against

tyranny was not the king's love for his people nor his coronation oath nor any appeal to his conscience, but the readiness of any large body of Englishmen who felt themselves seriously oppressed to take down their bills and their bows; they escaped misgovernment because they saw to it that misgovernment didn't pay.

"We have no better reason than had our fathers to dispense with the sanctions on which they relied; whether a man be called a king or a 'boss,' whether he wear a crown or a plug hat, whether he be surrounded by his nobles in a palace or by 'the boys' in a down-town club house, he will abuse his power if he can do so with safety and profit. It is true that his subjects no longer wield bills or bend bows when they seek redress, but that is a matter of detail; it is still true, it always will be true, that only the fear of successful rebellion can render rebellion unnecessary.

"Some six weeks hence the General Assembly of this state will meet at Annapolis. An eminent authority has declared that no man's life, liberty, property, or reputation can be considered safe while the Legislature is in session. There may be in this statement some measure of exaggeration, but it is a sad truth that, in all human probability, much more harm than good will be done in the coming session, unless, I will not say the members, but those responsible in fact, if not in form, for the work done, are made to feel that this is no time to take liberties with public opinion. At a moment like this, while so many unclean birds are already trying their wings for the usual biennial swoop on our state capital, a good scarecrow may do modest but effective service to the community; for this office I endorse the Union for Public Good."

The practical work outlined so far by the Baltimore Union is a plan to oppose child labor and the "sweating system," and to attempt the suppression of obscene literature. A special committee has been placed in charge of each of these lines of attack, to gather information, draw up bills to be presented to the state Legislature, and outline methods for developing an enlightened public sentiment concerning these measures. In accord with the plans of each special committee, it is hoped that a certain Sunday will be set apart for concerted action by all the churches and societies represented, and on each of the evils named it is expected the cannon of a hundred pulpits of our city will thunder forth at the same hour such a volley of "divine fire" and "truth from on high" that the moral enthusiasm invoked shall be irresistible.

Let us imagine the effect, when the ideal of THE ARENA is fulfilled, and such a Union is perfected in every city of our country, with branches reaching into the agricultural districts

and all centred into one common national organization. A programme is outlined, the first point of attack agreed upon, one evil to be uprooted after another according to intelligent plan. On a given Sunday twenty thousand pulpits declare at the same hour against the Christian heathenism that permits each year the sacrifice of thousands of children, all innocent and lovely and of our own race, on the altars of mammon erected in our factories. Imagine this followed by a united cry from the press, which follows public opinion as the shadow follows the man, for the abolition of child labor; and then the combined action against this evil of all the thousands of affiliated societies. The result would simply be — the evil abolished.

Now think of an organization of this character being endowed with life and established permanently. One evil abolished, it turns its attention to another. The "sweat shop" with its train of evils — wrecked manhood, factory homes, consumptive workers, midnight toil, germs of pestilence thrown broadcast — is next attacked, and this monstrous production of civilization cut from the social organism. Then these mighty forces, that have learned to act together and at once, turn their batteries upon illiteracy, upon unsanitary tenements, upon the condition of the children without playgrounds, upon the evils that have crept into our public schools; and one after another, the things which the vast majority of men now agree upon are accomplished. In the *doing* of these things a public conscience is created, a general intelligence diffused, and a power for concerted action developed, before which the special interests that now govern society, control legislation, and dominate the world, will be scattered as an all-pervading fog disappears before the combination of the sunshine and a whirlwind.

And then when these smaller reforms are accomplished, and faith in God and Good renewed once more, larger and more far-reaching problems, now enveloped in midnight, would become as clear as day, and the world would have its youth renewed.

But this is dealing with fancy, not fact; possibility, not probability. No member of the Union for Public Good, no reader of *THE ARENA*, hopes or even dreams that in the near future any national organization can be made so perfect and formidable as that just suggested. But we do know that however successful or unsuccessful, the result of our efforts will be in exact proportion to the extent that we are able to coöperate and act concertedly. Another thing we know is that the evil forces of society, the special interests that fatten and thrive on the poverty, degradation, and death of the poor, are organized in just such an ideal manner — they are pushing their own ends in direct opposition to the public welfare, gaining one point at a time, and at a given

signal, the press of the country (with a few exceptions), and many of the clergymen, speak forth all at once in behalf of the particular measure most important to these combined interests. The only hope for civilization is that the moral elements of society shall also find some basis of union, and act as a unit in opposition to the belligerent activity of those interests whose very life depends upon the wholesale destruction of humanity.

The saloon keeper, the gambler, the brothel keeper, the extortionate rent taker, the professional politician, and the professional pickpocket do not discuss the different points of view from which they observe heaven, God, and the universe; but when they meet together they discuss the one all-important problem to them — how they can protect themselves from organized society and continue, undisturbed, their merry feast on women's hearts and the souls of men and children. But when conscientious, man-loving, God-fearing members of churches and unbelieving idealists congregate they immediately break up into numerous groups, — because one believes in mass, another does not; one knows that prayer is answered, another lacks any experience which gives such knowledge; the party is divided concerning the divine efficacy of water in the washing away of sin, Adam's ancestry, the age of Noah, the depth of the water that landed him on Mount Ararat, or the natural history of a peculiar fish in whose stomach a certain ancient traveller found convenient lodging for three days of severe and extremely wet weather.

But the modern conscience is becoming awakened, as well as the modern intellect, and there is developing a strong yearning in the hearts of thousands, that the war on evil be made as scientific, as carefully planned, and as concertedly and aggressively followed up as the struggle against society by the special interests that prey upon it, or the brutal wars against human life engaged in by the barbarous organizations of prejudice and stupidity called Christian governments.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Union for Public Good, held Dec. 18, 1893, the president was empowered to appoint a committee of five to secure information concerning all kindred societies or organizations with similar aims, elsewhere, and to communicate with such with the view of forming a national organization. The executive committee also discussed the advisability of forming an auxiliary club to be made up of all individuals interested in the public welfare, to aid in the agitation for improved social conditions, and to carry on an educational work among the young. The reason for this suggestion is that large delegated bodies necessarily move slowly, and many things can be accomplished by a smaller independent body while the delegates are presenting a plan of action to their respective con-

stituencies, and also to utilize the moral enthusiasm possessed by individuals not connected with societies attached to the Union.

A public meeting was called, and a club formed. What to name the new club was discussed at length, and finally it was unanimously decided that it should be called the Arena Club and that it suggest the formation of similar clubs or societies in other cities and country districts, and that they take the same name until a national organization is perfected. The appropriate name will best be supplied by common consent of the general public. It will be a word or phrase that most clearly symbolizes or defines the results and deeds accomplished by the society.

The belief of those who formed this Arena Club was that the first duty of similar clubs formed elsewhere should be to interest societies already formed, and aid in the formation of a delegated body modelled after the Baltimore Union and placed in correspondence with it. The clubs should also furnish a centre for the social intercourse and character building of all persons made uncomfortable in the churches on account of intellectual opinions. For it is true that many of the brightest and most generous of the young men and women of our country are unable to accept the creed of any Christian church. All of their instincts, sympathies, and early associations naturally incline them toward religious people. Still from conscientious scruples they cannot believe those things that the great majority of religious people hold to be essential, and on account of their views are often regarded as a pestilence by those who should be their friends. Denied the companionship of church people on any basis that they can accept and maintain their self respect, they separate themselves from all early associations. Not finding any other institution that supplies the merely human love and fellowship of the church and is actuated by a human morality, they often drift into circles by whose slow, subtle influence all that is good in them is destroyed.

The noblest boy and the brightest that I ever knew, my companion at college, my comrade in sport and the first awakener of my intellectual life, was such a one. Generous, affectionate, sympathetic beyond measure, he early in life became familiar with the popular scientific and sociological writers, and began to doubt much of the religious teaching of his parents. This young man, whose most intense pleasure was in doing good and in joining his enthusiasm with that of others in some common heroic purpose, was literally chased from the church. Extremely sociable in his nature, he sought other companions whose flowing cordiality was inspired not by the gentle spirits that hover about the prayer book, but by those destructive ones that come from the wine bottle. Within two years from the time he left

his parental roof and his early religious associations, his mangled body was picked up from the railway track in one of our large cities, after he had been crushed by the locomotive while attempting some wild act of bravado in a state of intoxication. As the remains of the once pure, lovely boy were being looked upon for the last time through the coffin lid by his old friends and relatives, there were many sad moans and bitter cries, all accompanied by the severest condemnation of the scientific and liberal literature that in their opinion had destroyed him. Nearly all of those who attended the funeral placed the guilt of the tragedy upon those scientists and writers who first provoked the spirit of inquiry in the young man's mind. They did not know that his death was in reality caused by their own frenzy and intolerance in driving him from their midst, and out of the pale of organized morality and religion, because of the peculiar activity of his intellect.

It is possible, as experience proves, for men and women to lead large and useful lives without enjoying consciously the love of God or the knowledge of Jesus Christ; but nothing is more impossible than for the average person to live a fruitful life when denied the love and affection of high-minded men and women. Which was responsible for the death of my friend—the spirit of inquiry or the spirit of intolerance? One thing is certain, the spirit of inquiry will continue forever, and intolerance must and will be destroyed by it. The sooner this process is finished the sooner this destructive friction will cease and this waste of human life be over.

But now that the churches are hospitable to the *practical* atheists, many of its pews being decorated in a manner especially intended to attract those who deny in every act of their lives the existence of God, I think that the formation of philanthropic clubs are needed that will furnish ennobling work and chaste social life to the poor fellows who deny Him theoretically, but who at the same time believe so intensely in the coming of His kingdom that they are willing to “work for nothing” in helping to bring it about. In the church of which I am pastor there is no place, except in a free pew, for such men or women, unless they change their form of conscious belief or say that they do. I know of no church that will welcome them. I think the Arena Club is the best place for them, and there a few of us church members, who are not afraid of having our faith shaken by the contact, can meet with them on common ground and in a friendly way talk over the large affairs of this world.

That the coöperation of such men is needed in the war against unchristian social conditions is proved by the fact that the majority of the foremost leaders in social reform, both in Europe

and America, have been creedless and churchless. It is often the case that the man who concentrates all his mental activities, his hopes and fears and loves, upon this world and its living inhabitants, succeeds in accomplishing as much practical good as the more devotional churchman who applies his leisure hours to prayer and worship and the striving after peace of soul. The first thing for us all to learn is that however exclusive we may be in our philosophy or in the sanctuary in which we worship, when we enter the great arena of the world, to combat corruption, poverty, and organized selfishness, we must be willing to work beside any comrade, whatever his race, his class, or his creed, without stirring up dissension by asking indiscreet questions.

Before a permanent union of moral forces is possible, the Protestants most interested must come to understand that centuries after our social ideal has become a fact, the Catholic church will still be the source of religious life for millions of our fellow creatures. The Catholics must learn that ages after the good things of civilization are made possible to all men, unnumbered hosts of conscientious people will still worship God without asking any advice whatever from the pope, and the great governments of the world will still be free from the domination of any religious sect, whatever that sect's claim to universality may be. Christians all must know that in a future dim beyond the realization of the social dreams of the present, some men, on account of their peculiar mental formation, will continue to look upon the universe without seeing the evidence of any perfect, creative intelligence; while the enthusiastic unbeliever and anti-religionist must learn that a million years after the realization of his wildest dreams of earthly bliss, the majority of the human family will still believe and worship and meditate concerning those deep and terrible mysteries of life and death which in all probability the human mind can never fully know but must ever speculate about and aspire toward without being able to grasp. But although no idea concerning these mysteries will ever again furnish to man an all-conquering enthusiasm or universal religion, the ideal of this world made heaven and living men virtuous and happy is something that all will sometime agree upon, while differing concerning other worlds and other states of existence.

The central idea of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, and of this proposed national organization of this social tendency long visible, supplies the basis for the moral enthusiasm that is to dominate mankind and give practical bent to the religious energies of our race. This is the one basis on which the brotherhood of man may become a reality. And now after the Congress of Religions and the world-wide impulse given to "large thinking"

by the World's Fair, I see no reason why an enduring foundation cannot be made for a permanent union of the beneficent forces of the world. Now is the time for every reader of THE ARENA to gather his or her friends together and form a centre, however small, to coöperate with the general movement and make a stand on the basis of absolute tolerance, for concerted action on the part of all who desire to help in the upbuilding of the new and better civilization.

HONEST AND DISHONEST MONEY.

BY HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

THE President of the United States, by calling an extra session of Congress; the members of Congress by their speeches during this special session; and the widespread and very earnest discussions of the subject in the public press and on the political platform, have given to the money question a prominence which it has always deserved but never attained in this country until now. By the repeal of the silver compromise measure of 1890, the gold standard party has crossed the Rubicon, and, in my opinion, there is no probability that it will retreat. After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise law in 1854, the slave power in this country would not consent to either halt or retreat. After taking that step it was doomed to win or die. It was proud, aggressive, and tyrannical. Slavery was declared to be "as old as the world and as universal as man," and the ownership of labor by capital was said to be the normal condition of the human race; it was argued that in all countries and in all times, slavery had predominated over peoples and governments; and its haughtiness knew no bounds.

So, now, the money power dominates all governments. It oppresses, and claims the right to oppress, all peoples; and there is no limit to its aggressions or to its greedy demands. The money power does not seize the man in person. It prates loudly of personal liberty. But it seizes all the means of life and the agencies of commerce, and then bids men to live or die as best they can. It has established a slavery less merciful than chattel slavery, comprehending all labor regardless of sex, race, or color; condemning all to death, or permitting life on the hardest possible terms. This is the money power, and the dangers in which it involves the peoples of the world constitute the importance of the money question in civilized society. With the accession of uninformed millions to the ranks of the men now willing to

study the question, we must begin our discussion at the very bottom of the subject.

Every enterprise, every special sort of work, and every invention or creation of man must conform to certain requisite conditions necessary to success, or it must prove a failure. Suppose the farmer plants a crop of corn. The land must be properly prepared for the planting, the planting must be done in the proper season of the year, and the crop must receive reasonable culture afterwards. If any one of these conditions is neglected, the crop to that extent will be a failure.

If the orchardist desires to plant a field with fruit trees, the land must be plowed, the trees must be wisely selected as to variety of fruits, they must be properly dug, with plenty of healthy roots, holes for the trees must be located to suit the sizes of the full grown trees, the planting must be done by men who understand the work, the after culture must be strictly attended to, and the field must be protected from the destructive inroads of cattle and other animals. If any of these essential conditions are not complied with, the enterprise will, to the extent of the neglect, be a failure.

When a mechanic makes an implement or a machine for any special purpose, as a plough, a wagon, an engine, or any implement or device whatever, it must have all the parts in proper place, well fitted and fastened as the purpose of the implement requires. Not an important bolt, screw, or crank can be omitted or misplaced without marring the value of the machine, and perhaps ruining it entirely. This is a law of mechanics and nature, which cannot be defied with impunity.

So money, which is the most important device of civilization, has its laws and conditions which must be complied with, and the system of finance which is constructed in defiance of the requisite conditions, must, to the extent of that neglect, prove a failure. Monetary laws are just as inexorable as the laws of nature, and they cannot be violated with impunity.

What, then, are the requisite conditions for a proper and successful money system? First, there must be a regularly established government, as the issuing of money is an act of sovereignty. The said government must be in practical operation, collecting and disbursing revenues, and perform-

ing the usual monetary functions of a civilized government. Then the money, when issued, must be receivable in the revenues of the issuing government, it must possess the quality of legal tender, and the quantity issued must be in reasonable proportion to the revenues collected.

Strictly speaking, money is not a material substance, but a function or office, which may be attached to any proper material by law, or by accepted custom. The material thus endowed with the monetary function is good money. Thus we have used gold, silver, copper, nickel, and paper. The monetary material should be cheap and easily procured, that society may, at all times, be able to supply itself with money. It should be easily concealed about the person, and light of weight, that transportation from place to place may not be difficult or hazardous; easy to count and handle, in large and small amounts; and, above all, difficult to counterfeit, so that the counterfeiters may not be able to inflate it to the point of worthlessness. For it must be borne in mind that money is valuable in proportion to limitation; an unlimited money is a worthless money.

There are two dishonest moneys. In a society where debts have been incurred on a given volume or basis, inflation cheats all creditors—it compels them to accept money of less value than they have agreed to take; and it may be added that the creditor classes have wearied the universe with their cries against inflation, against “dishonest money” and “cheap money”—money that is over-issued. But, on the other hand, the contracted money—money that is too much limited—cheats all debtors, compelling them to pay all debts and taxes with money of greater value than they agreed to pay. This is the money which the great creditors and fund holders call “honest money.” It makes them rich at the expense of all debtors and tax payers. Thus, in their view, the costly and scarce dollar is the only honest dollar. From before the time when Israel was an independent nation, it has been the policy of the fund-holding classes to loan cheap money and to collect dear money. At loaning time, cheap money is sufficiently honest for their purposes; they then believe in the cheapest possible currency, but when paying time comes, scarce and dear gold, only, is “honest money.”

In the minds of most men it would seem to be an axiom beyond dispute, that the proper and honest money should be

of such a nature and quality, that it would stay at home and serve the people when needed. The money that is issued for the service of society should be at all times ready for that service, and not absent at those times when most needed. Such a money may be truthfully styled "honest" or useful money. That which is never at its post of duty when wanted, which can never be had when most needed, surely cannot be styled honest or safe money. It is a traitorous and "dishonest money," and no milder terms will properly describe its qualities. By this rule I propose to examine the several classes of money which have made sufficiently important records to deserve attention.

A few of the colonial currencies of this country will first deserve attention. Some of them failed, some succeeded; just as did the experiments with the steam engine — some failed, some succeeded. All of the colonial moneys which conformed to the requisite conditions succeeded; those which did not thus conform, did not succeed.

The money of Pennsylvania was both a success and a failure, and deserves special attention. It succeeded as long as it possessed the quality of legal tender. It failed when the British government forbade its having that quality. Its use was compelled by the absence of coin, which had been drawn away by the British trade. Coin money, being an exportable article, was always a fugitive in those colonial days. It was usually a failure when needed. It could not be relied upon as a circulating medium, nor could it even be trusted as a basis for a non legal-tender paper. Having no coin, Pennsylvania adopted a legal-tender paper in 1723. It came to an end through an act of the British Parliament depriving it of the quality of legal tender. Being called before a committee of Parliament, Dr. Franklin described the Pennsylvania money system as follows:—

Pennsylvania, before it made any paper money, was totally stripped of its gold and silver, though they had from time to time, like the neighboring colonies, agreed to take gold and silver coins at higher nominal values, in hopes of drawing money into and retaining it for the internal use of the province. During that weak practice, silver got up by degrees to 8s. 9d. per ounce . . . long before paper money was made. . . . The difficulties for want of cash were accordingly very great, the chief part of the trade being carried on by the extremely inconvenient method of barter, when, in 1723, paper money was first made there (in Pennsylvania), which gave new life

to business, promoted greatly the settlement of the new lands (by lending small sums to beginners, on easy interest, to be paid by instalments), whereby the province has so greatly increased in inhabitants that the export from thence thither [to England] is now more than tenfold what it then was.

Franklin was defending his system of paper money and loans to individuals before the British Parliament, as the Alliance men are now defending the same system before the plutocrats of America. Dr. Franklin continued as follows:—

It seems hard, therefore, to draw all their real money from them and then refuse them the poor privilege of using paper instead. . . . The English bank bills being payable in cash upon sight by the drawer is, indeed, a circumstance that cannot attend the colony bills, for the reason just above mentioned, their bullion being drawn from them by the British trade; but the legal tender being substituted in its place is rather a greater advantage to the possessor, since he need not be at the trouble of going to a particular bank or banker to demand the money.

Governor Pownall, colonial governor of Massachusetts, discussing the subject in hand, said:—

I will venture to say that there never was a wiser or better measure—never one calculated to serve the interests of an increasing country; that there never was a measure more steadily pursued or more faithfully executed for forty years together than the loan office in Pennsylvania, founded and administered by the assembly of that province.

Peter Cooper, of New York, one of the most intelligent and successful business men America ever produced, discussed the colonial money as follows:—

These colonial notes being adopted by all the colonies, led to an unexpected degree of prosperity, so great that when Franklin was brought before the Parliament of Great Britain and questioned as to the cause of the wonderful prosperity growing up in the colonies, he plainly stated that the cause was the convenience they found in exchanging their various forms of labor one with another by the paper money which had been adopted; that this paper money was not only used in the payment of taxes, but in addition it had been declared legal tender. It rose two and three per cent above the par of gold and silver, as everybody preferred its use. One of its advantages was its security against theft, as it could be easily carried and hidden, on account of its having no bulk, as all kinds of specie must necessarily have. After Franklin explained this to the British government as the real cause of prosperity, they immediately passed laws forbidding the payment of taxes in that money. This produced such great inconvenience and misery to the people that it was the principal cause of the Revolution. A far greater reason for a general uprising than the tea and stamp act was the taking away of the paper money.

Sir Edmund Burke, one of the ablest, bravest, and best friends of the American colonies in the British Parliament, discussing the American finances and taxation, April 14, 1774, said:—

Nothing in the history of mankind is like their progress. For my part I never cast my eye on their commerce, and their cultivated and commodious life, but they seem to me rather as nations grown to perfection through a long series of fortunate events, and a train of successful industry accumulating wealth in many centuries, than the colonies of yesterday—than a set of miserable “outcasts” a few years ago, not so much sent as thrown on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness, three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse.

David Hume, England’s great historian, explains the cause of the wonderful prosperity of the colonies before the revolution as follows:—

In our colony of Pennsylvania, the land itself, which is the chief commodity, is coined and passed into circulation. A planter, immediately he purchases any land, can go to a public office and receive notes to the amount of half the value of his land, which notes he employs in payments, and they circulate through the colony by convention. To prevent the public from being overwhelmed by this representative money there are two means employed: First, the notes issued to any one planter must not exceed a certain sum, whatever may be the value of the land; secondly, every planter is obliged to pay back into the public office every year one-tenth of his notes. The whole is, of course, annihilated in ten years, after which it is again allowed him to take out new notes to half the value of the land.

Rev. John Twells, of London, an able English writer, speaking of the American colonial finances, said:—

This was the monetary system under which the American colonists prospered to such an extent that Burke said of them, “Nothing in the history of the world is like their progress.” It was a wise and beneficial system, and its effects were most conducive to the happiness of the people. Take the case of a family, industrious and enterprising, driven by persecution or misfortune to seek a refuge in the wilds of the New World. With their scanty means they purchase a tract of land. Many years of hard labor, privation, and anxiety would have been necessary to bring that family into a state of decent competency, had they been required to purchase gold and silver by labor and by the produce of labor, before they could effect the improvements of their property. But half the value of his land was advanced to the head of the family in notes, which circulated as money. With these notes he could hire labor and purchase implements of husbandry and cattle; and thus, where without these notes one acre could be cleared, cultivated, and stocked in a year, ten

would, by the assistance of the paper money advanced, be reclaimed from the forest and rendered productive. Thus hope entered the dwelling of the poor emigrant.

Ten years found him with the whole of his debt to the government discharged, the proprietor of a happy home. And the kind hand of a paternal government was stretched out still, to advance to him again one-half the increased value of his land, and thus enable him to clear more of the forest, and to settle his children in new homes. Such was the system by which "a set of miserable outcasts" were converted, in a short space of time, into happy, contented, and prosperous colonists. . . .

In an evil hour the British government took away from America its "representative money," commanded that no more paper "bills of credit should be issued, that they should cease to be legal tender," and collected the taxes in hard silver. This was in 1773. Now mark the consequences. This contraction of the circulating medium paralyzed all the industrial energies of the people. Ruin seized upon these once flourishing colonies; the most severe distress was brought home to every interest and every family; discontent was urged on to desperation, till, at last, "human nature," as Dr. Johnson phrases it, "arose and asserted its rights." In 1775 the Congress first met in Philadelphia. In 1776 America became an independent state.

That is a full and fair description of the honest money which served the people in the times of need, when dishonest coin had fled beyond the sea or was locked up in the miser's till. It will be observed that it rested entirely on the quality of legal tender, and it remained good and sound money until that quality was withdrawn by the British government on purpose to destroy it, and thus to render the colony dependent for money on the usurers of England. The Pennsylvania currency did not depend on the land for its value, as some suppose. The lands were merely security for the loans.

The general principles of money are exemplified also in the currency of the colony of North Carolina. In the United States Senate, in 1837-38, John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, said of government paper, in general, and of the North Carolina currency: —

I now undertake to affirm positively, and without the least fear that I can be answered, what heretofore I have but suggested — that a paper issued by government, with a simple promise to receive in all dues, leaving its creditors to take it or gold and silver, at their option, would, to the extent to which it would circulate, form a perfect paper circulation, which could not be abused by the government, that would be as steady and uniform in value as the metals themselves. I shall not go into the discussion now, but on a suitable occasion I shall be able to make good every word I have uttered. . . .

We are told there is no instance of a government paper that did not depreciate. In reply I affirm that there is none, assuming the form that I propose, that ever did depreciate. Whenever a paper receivable in the dues of a government had anything like a fair trial it has succeeded. . . .

It may throw some light on this subject to state that North Carolina, just after the Revolution, issued a large amount of paper, which was made receivable in dues to her; it was also made a legal tender, but which, of course, was not made obligatory after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. A large amount—say between four and five hundred thousand dollars—remained in circulation after that period, and continued to circulate for more than twenty years at par with gold and silver during the whole time, with no other advantage than being received in the revenues of the state, which was much less than one hundred thousand dollars per annum.*

That short discussion and that allusion to the money of North Carolina, show what all history proves, that, in all cases where a government paper money has had a fair trial, it has succeeded. It will be noted that the quality of legal tender begets a fair and full redemption of money with value. All true money is legal tender. Gold and silver coin without that quality is not money. The old trade dollar, after July, 1876, was not money, because the legal-tender quality was repealed at that time. Paper currency without the quality of legal tender is not money. It lacks one of the requisite qualities of money; it is like a steam engine without a piston—it will not work. But with the quality of legal tender for debts and dues, well-executed paper notes, issued by a responsible government which collects and disburses revenues, are good money. All men are eager to redeem them with valuable commodities. They rest, not on the value of the material of the money, but on the values that are behind it. That value with which the notes are daily and hourly redeemed, is not merely gold in the hands of shrewd and skinny bankers or unfriendly secretaries, but it consists of valuable commodities in the hands of all the people, who are willing and anxious to redeem all lawful money when they have the opportunity.†

It would be interesting to pursue this matter further, and to examine the money of each colony in detail, but space will not permit, and it is not necessary to the argument. It may

* "Money of Nations," pp. 64, 65.

† Mr. E. G. Spaulding, a banker of Buffalo, N. Y., and known in financial history as "the father of the greenback," has approved commodity redemption of money, as quoted in my article on "The Bank of Venice."

be stated as a general fact, however, that in all cases where the proper conditions were complied with, the money was successful. And it may be further stated, and should never be forgotten, that in each and all cases paper money was not issued until coin had first utterly failed, and the people were driven to barter and other devices of barbarism through lack of that vitalizing and cohesive agency of society called money. And in every case, when paper money failed through lack of compliance with the proper conditions, it left the people in as good, or better condition than it found them.

I now call attention to that much-derided money, known as the old "Continental currency," which gave us our American liberty. After my statement of the necessary conditions for the success of paper money, the matter will be easily understood. The old confederation possessed none of the conditions requisite for the success of a paper money. It was not a sovereign government, and it did not collect revenues. It could neither confer the quality of legal tender, nor receive its issues in the payment of taxes, as it collected no taxes. The bills were over-issued by the Congress, because their only resource for money was to print bills and ask or order men to take them. The notes were poorly executed and easily counterfeited. And they were counterfeited in ship-load quantities by the British government. The whole story is fully and truthfully told in Bolles' "Financial History of the United States" (1774-89), pp. 150-53, as follows:—

Counterfeiting, however, was not confined solely to individuals. The British government also embarked in the business. General Howe abetted and patronized those who were engaged in making and pushing these spurious issues into circulation. In the same papers which published British official documents and proclamations might be found advertisements like the following:—

"Persons going into the other colonies may be supplied with any number of counterfeited Congress notes for the price of the paper per ream. They are so nearly and exactly executed that there is no risk in getting them off, it being almost impossible to discover that they are not genuine. This has been proved by bills of a very large amount which have been successfully circulated."—*H. Gaines' Gazette*, April, 1777.

"A shipload of counterfeit Continental money," says Phillips, "coming from Great Britain, was captured by an American privateer. Persons accompanying an English flag of truce are known to have

largely made use of the opportunity for disseminating the fraudulent notes; emissaries from New York endeavored to obtain paper from the mills similar to that used by Congress for its emissions."

"Many in Great Britain and elsewhere believed that, if Continental paper money could be destroyed, the Americans would be obliged to submit from lack of funds to maintain their cause. This is why the British government promoted so extensively the business of counterfeiting. But General Clinton wrote truthfully in January, 1780: 'Every day teaches me the futility of calculations founded on its failure.' In his letter he said: —

"'No experiments suggested by your lordship, no assistance that could be drawn from the power of gold or the arts of counterfeiting, have been left unattempted. But still the currency, like the widow's cruse of oil, has not failed the Congress. My hopes on this head, I must acknowledge, were much higher twelve months since than to-day. With the appearance of an enormous quantity, still it is all the debt which the people have to struggle with; and in this view, and when compared with that of other nations, it shrinks into a very inconsiderable sum. . . . I shall, nevertheless, my lord, continue assiduous in the application of those means intrusted to my care; if they cannot work its destruction, yet they can embarrass government, and make the carrying on of the war more precarious, burdensome, and less energetic.'" — *Almon's Rememb.*, 1780, Part 2, page 40.

It will now be seen that the Continental currency was a revolutionary money. There were none of the conditions necessary for the success of a paper issue. It was founded on nothing but patriotism. It was over-issued, largely counterfeited, and thus brought to the point of worthlessness. Yet when it failed it left the common people in better condition than before the currency was issued. The Continental currency found our fathers at war with the longest purse and one of the greatest nations of Europe. They had no money nor any of the usual means of floating a paper currency; but they did the best they could in the emergency. The paper failed, of course, but it carried them through five of the most perilous years of the war: and in 1831, Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, said: "It cannot be denied that it saved the country."

In the light of uniform history, as already stated, it is a general fact that paper money has never been issued until coin has first failed, through its cost or absence, to meet the monetary requirements of the country. In all cases where legal-tender paper has had a fair trial, it has never failed while the issuing government remained intact, and continued to collect and disburse revenues. The shylocks who desire

to oppress the people through the scarcity and costliness of their gold, have never ceased lecturing the people on the failure of paper, in cases where the conditions of success were absent. They never mention the cases where coin has failed and where paper has saved great nations.

In future papers I will mention the assignats of France, the paper system of William Pitt, the financial system of Napoleon Bonaparte, the American greenback, the currency of Argentina, and some other historic moneys which deserve notice in the discussion of the finances of nations. Since the gold-standard men have crossed the Rubicon, and are now storming the citadel of American liberty under the false and deceptive flag of "honest money," it is the duty of the people to undeceive themselves on the paramount subject of "honest and dishonest money." All want an honest and safe money. Which is the honest system? That is the question now before the people.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE: OR PSYCHIC LAWS AND FORCES IN NATURE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART III.

THERE is one word which may soon be erased from our mental dictionaries—the word “supernatural.” We have so little further use for it. When we prove to ourselves, by scientific method, the existence of spirit and some of its powers in human beings—when we utilize it by artificial means and find that mesmerized patients can acquire knowledge through it as freely as water from a public tap—then we appreciate that spirit is as much a part of our makeup as our limbs are,—in fact, a more essential portion, for the limbs can be parted with, but that which is the life in us is the power of resisting death.

With even this much insight, the word supernatural begins to lose its meaning; but if we continue our studies into the lower animal world, and in other directions, it seems to lose its meaning altogether. And this, because almost everything we have called supernatural is merely natural.

Every-day matters become explained. If we take a dog, or cat, or any other animal, and tame it, train it, live with it, teach it confidence, fearlessness, and love, we know what processes are being utilized. Our will is continually imprinting itself on the animal soul which is submissive, till at last the correspondences become so complete that both master and beast understand each other in a really marvellous but perfectly natural way. In every grade of life we find these spirit processes. Wherever there is brain, even in the poorest creature whose sensorium is represented by the most primitive ganglion, there are the media to receive such impressions from the all-knowledge as will be necessary for its proper existence. Although in a different grade, the lizard, in his daily existence, is as near to God as the archbishop of Canterbury.

Let us keep before us the opening words of this work, that "Life, from its lowest forms to its highest spiritual existences, is a succession of grades or plateaux, each one intermingling with its commencing edges in the plane below, and with its later edges merged in the plane that is next above it." Life, in the animal grades, may be compared in an unsatisfactory way to a wide stair-carpet, woven of innumerable threads, passing up to and along its different plateaux, joining all together, and of one piece from beginning to end.

Now, why should life ascend? Let us imagine that all orders of living things were placed here by sudden creation, and then let us ask, "Why should they ascend?" Darwin's great answer as to the "survival of the fittest" covers an enormous field. But how did "the fittest" acquire their superlative fitness? The answer from soul-science is — simply by wanting it. How did the chimpanzee described by Darwin learn to crack a nut with a stone? No one taught him. He could not crack it with his teeth, and being hungry he brooded over his necessity. He so desired and yearned for success that at last he drew wordless enlightenment from the all-knowledge with which his animal soul was in correspondence.

This may sound absurd. But regard every kind of invention in man. What is invention? Will any quantity of "stored sensation" in the brain produce a new thing or a new idea? Will any apparatus give out more than it receives? To imagine a man bereft of his soul-powers recalls the case of the chicken running about without its head. Ask any inventor how he invents, and he will say, "I just brooded over it, night and day, until at last it all came to me." This is the truth. It was the same with the chimpanzee. No doubt he banged the nut against the stone in the usual method till he was tired, and then in a happy moment of inspiration banged the stone against the nut. The gaining of knowledge through the correspondences of the soul need not be accompanied by any sensation of holiness. Instances are subsequently given where the motive was entirely unworthy and even wicked.

To return. How did Darwin's "fittest" acquire their superlative fitness? The answer of material science is, "By the continual breeding among those fittest who survive

in the combat for existence." But how, with the same size bullet-mould, can you produce one bullet that will be larger than the rest? How with a pair of full-sized animals can you acquire offspring which will be larger than either its parents or ancestors? How in the continued breeding of bulldogs for a special object can you produce one with a more prognathous jaw than any of its family? These developments have often been accomplished with animals. But without the power as explained by soul science, this result would be as impossible as to turn out a large bullet from a small matrix.

This opens the subject of the power of spirit and ideals to alter form. This is too apparent in every-day life to require much comment. During earliest infancy, man turns towards his future with a face almost as blank as a new sheet of note paper. He writes his life on his face. As certain animalities become prominent in his nature, these are necessarily written in his countenance. Different creatures of nature are the material types of the passions and powers and weaknesses. Consequently any following of the same instincts as these creatures possess must necessarily produce countenances which will conform to nature's set types. If the babe in his subsequent life gives priority in himself to those passions which are typified in animal form, then he must necessarily take some of their likeness. If he becomes a lowest-grade lawyer, he will resemble the ravening wolf or the wily fox. If he be continually poised for some swoop, financial or otherwise, he will resemble a hawk. If he becomes a newspaper reporter who lives on the social garbage of unhappy homes, he will resemble the slinking scavenger dogs of oriental cities. If he becomes one of those creatures who haunt the lowest slums of all great cities, he will issue at night like his counterpart, the hyena, and like his terrible animal type he will be gaunt, fierce, cowardly, slinking, suspicious, restless, murderous, and inaccessible to the improvement of kind spiritual influences. The grown hyena is untamable.* He is the type of terrible and irredeemable qualities; he lives in ways from which other animals recoil. And the dough-faced baby may become a human hyena.

* In a late article, Sir Edwin Arnold claims that even the hyena is not untamable. But the sole instance he gives is rather amusing. While in India, he took home two new-born hyena cubs and brought them up. He says that they were "docile," but that both came to a violent end, having developed, with their molar teeth, an unfortunate taste for native babies.

There is virtually no limit to the extent to which spirit alters countenance. Some dog's faces are to human ones as Hyperion to a satyr. Some of them are so stamped with high qualities that no artistic picture of Christ could afford to entirely ignore them. For true love is there—that which has no background of passion; love so perfect that it idealizes submission; the love which beautifies and sanctifies the grandest and most womanly of women. Petty people dislike the suggestion that best love has in it some of the unlimited trust of a quadruped; and few understand how much better it would be if some sublimities of a dog's soul could be more often found in the masses of mankind. They do not know of the courage, reverence, readiness for hardship, readiness for anything, which a dog's love for a human contains. "Ouida" says: "Yes! a great love is a great holiness. It does not of necessity imply a great intelligence, but it must spring from a great nature."

While walking in crowded streets this soul's moulding of the countenance is continually before us. The effects produced in this way are familiar to all. Why is it that no one ever fails to recognize a thoroughly good and kind woman by her countenance? But men who have desired to be considered truly scientific have not, as a rule, attributed these effects to "soul"—the existence of which science is not yet quite prepared to admit. Every one knows how the same man's face may, even on the same day, resemble different animal types. But not every one is aware of what is going on while allowing himself to be swept away and altered by different passions. Nor do people pay much regard to the effects of spirit upon generation. Every one notices how a man's face grows swinish from overeating; but few understand that children will be born with this or other appearances when either of the generators is in the spiritual phase which can only reproduce in nature's set forms. Some children who are born with these unfortunate appearances afterwards outgrow the first effects of parental ignorance and perhaps temporary animality. Twins are alike because both receive the same spiritual formation. But the other children of the same parents, conceived at different times, may differ greatly.

Similarly, as an example of spirit formativeness, a genius is the offspring of parents who loved each other. Nature's

proofs are its results. Shakespeare created because his mind possessed the faculty of verifying itself in the truth abysses. He could run the whole gamut, from a hyena to a Hamlet, and he delighted a world because he was the spokesman of that which gives delight, namely, nature. That he was a child of love is proved even without the written records, because the greatest are produced when the conditions for reproduction are most complete. The most complete conditions necessarily include love, because love is nature's elevating principle, which she teaches through the sexual passions in order to lift human beings to the higher spiritual planes.

The more we study animal form, the more we see how it is moulded by the spirit formative powers. We see how the hind runs until caught, and how elegance of form and the requisites for speed are imparted to the offspring. Nay, one may take much of Darwin's work and understand further paragraphs to each chapter. Where he with infinite patience formulates great laws, they will seem insufficient. To take an imaginary case, he might ascribe development of the ant-eater's proboscis to the fact that those with the longest proboscis could procure food when others could not. This is so far reasonable. But to suppose that any elongation of the proboscis could arrive without further assistance seems absurd. He is right in showing that the snout grows longer in continuous breeding, but he utterly fails to show the reason for its elongation. He does not say that the animal's life-long desire and necessity to reach in through the ant-holes imprints itself on the shape of its offspring; or that this necessity is being continually experienced by the mother during the period of gestation.

Darwin failed to answer the question of this chapter (which was also the scientific question of his life), namely, "Why does life ascend, instead of always remaining at the same level?" He did not see, or failed to mention, two of the greatest laws of nature: First, That whenever a creature's sensorium experiences an urgent want, then its mind or mental essence receives from the all-knowledge such enlightenment as it is capable of requiring. And second, Where such a desire is the outcome of the creature's daily necessity (in procuring food, or otherwise) then such continuous desire is imprinted during the embryotic stages on the form of its offspring, thus accommodating its shape to the necessities of

its coming existence ; also that embryotic alterations result from the presence of ideals which are vivid in the parental mind.

The influence of the mind and ideals upon the embryo is exhibited in many ways. The children by a second husband often resemble the first husband. The fright of the mother, or the witnessing of some terrible deformity, or her being bitten by a dog, have (among vast numbers of other cases) produced lamentable results on offspring. The prevalence of the desire for beauty produces all the human beauty we see, and nothing is better capable of proof than that the highest ideals produce the highest beauty. No people possess beauty which suggests any higher ideals than their own. In England, where exalted virtues, propriety of life and love for all that is beautiful in art and literature combine to form the ideals of the refined classes, we witness a type of high-minded beauty that is rarely found elsewhere. Individual cases of it may be seen in Boston and Canada. But one may walk for weeks in Paris without discovering a single instance of it. Some few distinguished faces there are, but none that altogether transcend Parisian ideals. Paris is in them all. In New York it is the same ; though the faces, on the average, are somewhat more moral than in Paris. Elegance and prettiness abound in New York : but as art and literature are almost entirely absent, and as the local ideals are almost entirely confined to love of money, elegance, and pleasure, the faces of course show no more than that which is sought after. The New York countenances become fine in those who are fairly well on in years, and who have loved and suffered and won the high beauty by virtue of their spirits' development and supremacy.

It would be easy to show that in every country the same rule holds good—that people are simply that which they wish, that which they idealize and seek. The whole of it is a self-evident proof of the spirit formativeness.

The following line of thought will assist toward indicating reasons for these embryotic alterations. Let us first consider the creation of increased human beauty resulting from the presence of ideals and images of beauty in the parental minds. Science sufficiently shows that the brain is the product of sensation—an animal production which increases as sensation multiplies, and by continued use develops in

size, somewhat like the bodily muscles. It represents all the animal desires, needs, and sensations, which continually multiply as man evolves.

Apparently the brain is vivified by the life principle, which brings to it vibratory conditions possessing peculiarities analogous to those we notice in electricity. But we find all animal life surrounded by some principle of nature which has attributes of omniscience; and it is evidently the life's alliances with this knowledge-principle that produce in this combination the consciousness of personal identity. The brain registers its sensations on the ego, and the ego makes known to the brain the knowledge which is obtained through its correspondences. These correspondences are, as already proved, capable of being complete with other egos. We have shown that the mind of one person may be totally in the possession of the mind of another. And this result is quite certain, namely, that the ego may acquire knowledge in three ways:—First, through its bodily brain sensations; or second, from other egos, through the silent vibratory mesmeric processes; or third, by the same vibratory processes drawing knowledge from the knowledge-principle of nature.

An animal's knowledge, therefore, primarily came, and still comes, through the force of the animal desires compelling the spiritual part of the mind to acquire information through its correspondences and alliances with the knowledge principle. (While saying this, the author has no wish to seem in antagonism with the Buddhistic theory, that that which is here called the knowledge-principle of nature is a remote ability for omniscience which is latent in every human soul. Both researches are agreed as to the soul's alliance with an all-knowledge principle; and, at this early stage, it matters little in results whether this reality be a latent quality of the soul or an all-pervading principle of nature. The author finds it necessary to hold to the results of his own studies, because the Buddhist theory does not extend itself to the lowest forms of animal life and consequently fails to explain the earlier evolutions.) The above is only another way (though a very different way) of repeating what religion has always said—that the animal receives that which is necessary for it.

Therefore the ego may fairly be called the total of a man's sensations and impressions; and this, whether the

impressions come from the lower animal side, or from other egos, or be gained by mental effort or otherwise from the knowledge-principle of nature. Thus, when one lives among beautiful people and the highest art, these supply, by the mechanism of the eye and otherwise, a large proportion of this total which is the real man; and as all the life in nature reproduces itself, it follows that this total, this entirety of the man, must reproduce, to an uncertain extent, those impressions which form so large a part of itself.

Witness the fact that in criminal and low-lived districts the increase of beauty is hardly traceable. Both the women and the men who image each other in the soul are of low types, and must forever reproduce themselves as they are, and also animalities of all kinds, until they in some ways intermingle with or become assisted by the refinement of a human aristocracy. Nature points to an aristocracy that rules, and inferiors who are ruled. One will fruitlessly search both the Five Points and Seven Dials for any one showing the slim spiritual refinement and helpful loveliness of, say, a Canova statue. Yet where low-lived people with countenances no better than a Kalmuck's have become rich, we see, even in two generations, an almost miraculous difference, after the children have been led towards higher ideals (even if only social ones) and have travelled and employed their faculty for imaging among those things which refine, both in art and literature. We need not say that God produces lovely children. It is the god in man. The process contains neither miracle nor chance; it is evidently as certain as arithmetic. Thus it was said that the children of the painter Millais were, in early life at least, singularly beautiful. How could they be otherwise, after Millais has idealized and imaged beauty during all his life?—though in this case we must not forget that their mother was the person copied into that picture called "The Huguenots,"—a face that has created a lovely ideal for millions.

This faculty for imaging which has so much to do with a human ego, when this is considered as the record and total of a man's impressions, must be noticed when the question of embryotic alterations is before us. It is, of course, present in the animals; and in man indicates, often in the most trivial ways, its stupendous issues and possibilities. There would be no art or religion without it. The painter

and actor live upon the visualizing faculty. It may be the most dangerous or the most uplifting faculty in the human makeup. When intense and true to nature it is genius; when too intense and untrue it is insanity. It has brought man his best creations, as well as his hallucinations. As he idealized virtue or vice, this imaging faculty has swept him on, realizing for him the pictures which delighted him, whether of good or evil. When urged on the one hand by drink, drugs, perfumes, and hasheesh, or, on the other hand, by prayer, fasting, and concentration, it shows the extent of man's range. Sometimes it is the best of all servants; but with the opium, etc., it is a master which pretends to be a slave. With actors, who often assume the characters of other people more easily than exhibit any of their own, it is especially dangerous, for facts have shown that when one of these idealizes a vice, his faculty for imaging sweeps him away.

As in the little drawing-room experiments in mesmerism, these processes, which also have such unending issues, show themselves in every-day trivialities. An advertisement appeared for a long time on the back of the London *Graphic*. In a red disc, the letters of the name "Pears" appeared in white. You looked at it for some time, then closed your eyes tightly, and afterwards the letters vividly appeared to mind's sight in other colors. Somebody explained about the red color exciting the optic nerves, and the letters reproducing themselves through reflex action in supplemental colors. The explanation, whatever it was, sounded more learned than satisfactory. For what is "sight"? Are there two kinds of sight, or only one? My mesmerized patients, while asleep and with eyes closed, saw everything I saw or told them to see. Then, also, there is the sight of the eyes. But are there two kinds of sight? I think not. The system of nerves and lenses called the eyes seem like some delicate photographic apparatus to convey sensation or suggestion to the interior faculty, which, in both above cases, does the seeing.

In this advertisement for the selling of a soap, we see a trivial manifestation of a great scheme of nature, that is, moreover, as truly a vision in a small way as the appearing of the Virgin at Lourdes. While regarding sight solely as an internal faculty produced by the vibratory effects of mesmerism or those of the optic apparatus, we understand

how real some unrealities may appear. In this small experiment the effect is of course rather transient; yet it indicates the processes and how sights which produce excitement and shock may be almost indelible and may be endlessly reproduced until they form a large part, and perhaps an insanely large part, of a human being's total of impressions. With the lover of nature and of the beautiful, it will lead to the highest good, and with the vicious, just the opposite. This is why sensitive people instinctively avoid the sight of hideous things and deformities, unless they nerve themselves for the occasion, like a hospital nurse. Without knowing why, the effects thus produced are dreaded, especially as a surprise, though the spirit when strung can endure anything of the kind. Yet the aversion is intense—this being nature's safeguard from effects which may be so disastrous, especially to young girls and those about to become mothers.

This faculty for imaging can only be suggested here in a few words. Readers will follow the points and easily satisfy themselves with facts as they go along. This, and the presence of predominant ideals and desires, with all their registrations, both pictorial and otherwise, and whether helpful or hurtful, go to make that total of a human being's impressions, which must, to an uncertain extent, reproduce itself in the creation of offspring. For what is there of a man apart from his total of impressions? Absolutely nothing. The human soul holds its registrations. It is either sensitized to the higher spiritual grades, or it is not. As the seat of memory, it never forgets. This is shown under certain conditions, as in cases of almost complete drowning, when men see the whole of their lives spread out before them, including all those things which had been forgotten.

Exhaust or impair or live out the vital strength, and memory wanes or disappears for a time. But no man by growing old loses his memory. He only loses the animal passions and the force which they use to make the soul do its work. Thus old men approach death "babbling o' green fields," or of the most vivid impressions of early youth, such as hunting, which are so often the last to disappear because the remnant of animal virility keeps them in evidence to the last. Yet it often happens that old men in an access of anger, or under stimulant, will remember things which, as their families suppose, have been for long years forgotten.

Or, on their deathbeds, when their bodies have already grown cold, and are virtually dead, their souls acquire moments of such astonishing lucidity that every one is frightened. He who has been imbecile for years suddenly knows all his past, and shows his knowledge at once, though often too weak for speech. But there is here no reason for fright. In the study of soul, all these things cease to be phenomena, and take their place as that which must be expected and prepared for. It is simply the same truth which this work many times reiterates—that when the body is numbed to the point where its sensation ceases, there may be an internal illumination which transcends all the comprehensions exhibited at any other time. It is only by studying mesmerism that we gain a knowledge of what those last wonderful looks of the dying mean.

Darwin's great theory of "natural selection" is part of the answer supplied by him and science to the question of this chapter: "Why do the orders of life ascend?" Readers are aware of the arguments of this theory. It is said that in the animal kingdom males will be selected who are most competent to defend or provide for their mates—that the brightest-colored birds and best-conditioned animals will be preferred, etc. The facts shown in support of this theory are no doubt correct; and yet they explain no reason for improvement or ascent. No two parents will produce offspring more developed than themselves, unless spirit formativeness, through desire or mental ideals, is at work.

The answers intended to be made to the question put as above have in the foregoing paragraphs become sufficiently clear. The experiments of mesmerism show how the whole animal kingdom may receive such enlightenment as will serve to protect, guide, and provide. So far, and by virtue of this law only, there may not be much reason for ascent, because animals will not seek more enlightenment than their own necessities call for. But the proof of the formativeness of mind or spirit upon embryo, and even upon adult, can be multiplied *ad infinitum*. And when once this power is admitted, the development and ascent of animal life not only becomes possible, but also that which must of necessity occur. Once perceive that the longings, ideals, and mental pictures regarding daily necessities and of sexual passion have an effect upon the embryo, and then it will be seen that

progression must necessarily occur, even without being consciously sought. It will be discerned that in the contests of nature the victors would be pervaded with convictions as to their own strength and size exaggerated by the sexual vanity which is everywhere present. These ideals, and all the qualities which delight an animal according to his instincts, such as cunning, speed, power, agility, etc., would be often transmitted in increased degree to the offspring. At the time of breeding, the sexual vanities are always at their highest. The result of all this is that everything in nature seems to be perfect of its kind. There is no cause for wonder that the elephant, the type of power, should be as large as he is. The real wonder is that he is not much larger — as, indeed, the mammoth formerly was.

This being the case, it will be noted that as soon as the earliest animal humans began to recognize their ingenuity, it would not take a great many generations to create a vast difference between them and the rest of creation. It is clear that no animal advantage would multiply itself and create supremacy so rapidly as brain power; and when this fact is realized, the large difference between man and ape sinks to nothingness as an objection to the reality of evolution. If the present chimpanzees and other apes, with their marvelous comprehensions and almost human bodies, did not exist, our own origin might for a while have been missed; but, as it is, no one can scientifically study these modern apes without feeling sure that an accidental discovery could also produce with them an advantage which, with their well-known imitativeness, could in the wild state lift them far from their neighbors.

The reference made elsewhere to the chimpanzee breaking the nut with a stone was rather insulting to his intelligence, because chimpanzees and some other monkeys seem to understand this without tuition. Their passage from their present use of this tool to the use of a piece of wood as a club seems no great advance; yet what a supremacy this would give to the discoverer's tribe, which would imitate him! And if the club were a broken branch, with a sharp end, how soon its power to wound would lead to the use of the spear! It was a liberal education to watch "Mr. Crowley," late of the Central Park Museum, unroll a caramel, eat it, and afterwards take a tooth-pick from the keeper and solemnly pick all his

teeth. He was exceedingly like some Irishmen in countenance, and was as concentrated a student of man as man was of him. When he held his hands, one at a time, through the bars and insisted upon having his finger-nails cleaned by the keeper's penknife, he almost ceased to be anything but human.* Some Hindoos who live among the sacred baboons say, with perhaps unconscious sarcasm, that these creatures could talk if they liked, and only refrain from speech "because they are wise."

Now in this showing how the different orders of life in nature progress and ascend by virtue of the two laws which are disclosed in mesmerism and in other ways, it would be a simple method to adopt the earlier idea, and say, "God made all these creatures." But it is quite evident that it has taken time almost like eternities to move from fish to amphibian and from reptile to beast, and this argues that there was some impediment to rapid progression. Science has not explained the ascent, nor has religion explained the great delay; but the two laws, as here given, explain both. The first one shows that although all living things have been in correspondence with the all-knowledge, they apparently only acquired information as their brain-structures were able to be cognizant of a necessity.

Because the soul of the mesmerized patient can make draughts upon the all-knowledge, it need not necessarily follow that there is any stream of instruction proceeding without demand from the all-knowledge to the individual. This is what explains the enormous time occupied in producing the animal forms; because if a God had, without demand, been continually communicating the proper course to take, the whole of the forms would be produced in a short time. This, in fact, would be but little different from a slow method of direct creation. And yet it is beyond question that the creature receives assistance by knowledge imparted when (in a manner) demanded as a necessity. No amount of hereditary instinct will guide a blind seal, or even a seeing one, across the ocean to his home on land. So far as our own proof goes, we have nothing before us to show that the all-knowledge is not always passive, except when some informa-

* I did not see the performance myself, but since the above was written, his former keeper and other men about the menagerie have assured me that Crowley would sit in a chair and eat his meals at a table with his keeper—handling his spoon as well as any child.

tion is being drawn from it. This view of its passivity accords with much of what we know of nature. It also accords with the religious view that God in all cases requires individual effort for progression.

The principle, or power, or law, or God, from which this knowledge is derived, is here called the all-knowledge. This may sound a little absurd till the ear becomes accustomed to it; but when nothing more is discerned of it except that it apparently knows everything, it is well to confine ourselves to our proof. For so far as we can as yet prove, this all-knowledge may be merely a principle of nature which has been utilized by every living thing towards slow progression. At the same time it would be unwise to assume that no inspiration comes unasked. This work confines itself to tracing the medium of communication, and, in a dim way, describing how knowledge is obtained. Yet it must not be supposed that the quantity of records concerning unasked-for inspiration and vision is here ignored. As to these, we are silent because proof is unavailable for this work. Every one will take his own view. The Bible teems with these records. When subsequent experimenting mesmerists find that they themselves can produce vision so easily, they will regard recorded cases with further light.

THEY HAVE FALLEN INTO THE WINE PRESS: SOME FACTS ILLUSTRATING THE ONWARD MARCH OF UNINVITED POVERTY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

NOTHING is so wholesome as candor. We may ignore conditions, we may deny their existence, we may apologize for them when denial is no longer possible; but it is not until we are ready to face the exact truth in all its hideousness that we are in a condition to remedy the wrongs or cure the evils. The social evils of our time are largely due to our juggling with truth in the interest of short-sighted selfishness. I desire, therefore, to notice a wonderful allegorical picture of present-day social conditions as they relate to careless, thoughtless, self-absorbed, pleasure-seeking dilettanteism on the one hand, and struggling, cursing, dying want on the other. We will then notice conditions found at our own door and shadowed forth in the chronicle of daily events; for it is only by pressing home the results of these man-made conditions that the conscience of our people can be brought to realize the imperative duty of the hour.

In one of those marvellous pictures found in Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," we have a vision which impresses me as being as graphic and suggestive in its portrayal of certain conditions confronting society at the present time as anything to be found in contemporaneous literature. But as the description is essentially poetical and very musical, and because the allegory *as literature* possesses a certain fascination, the mind is liable to become absorbed in the story and thus lose some of the ethical force as a titanic portrayal of conditions which have destroyed many civilizations. The reader will therefore pardon me, I trust, for occasionally throwing in a parenthetical remark which may aid in riveting the imagination upon the grim and pitiless tragedy pictured in these lines, which is also being enacted at this moment in our land:—

And we came where hell opened into a plain, and a great house stood there. Marble pillars upheld the roof, and white marble steps led up to

it. The wind of heaven blew through it. Only at the back hung a thick curtain. Fair men and women there feasted at long tables. They danced, and I saw the robes of women flutter in the air and heard the laugh of strong men. [The world of the careless rich.] What they feasted with was wine; they drew it from large jars which stood somewhat in the background, and I saw the wine sparkle as they drew it. [Wine as here used represents acquired wealth which is expended in gratifying the passions, appetites, and selfish desires of those who revel in the fruit of the wine press. The figures employed in this allegory are as striking as they are apt, and in the range of this kind of literature I know of nothing finer than the imagery here used.]

And I said to God, "I should like to go up and drink." And God said, "Wait." [The first impulse of the awakened soul is to enjoy that which, though transient as a dream, allures as does the flame the moth.] And I saw men coming into the banquet house: they came in from the back and lifted the corner of the curtain at the sides and crept in quickly; and they let the curtain fall behind them; and they bore great jars they could hardly carry. And the men and women crowded round them, and the newcomers opened their jars and gave them of the wine to drink. [Those who have, through special privileges, class laws, and speculation, acquired vast fortunes, find the world of the dilettante ready to welcome them if they are lavish with their unearned wealth, and are careful to drop the curtain behind them.] And when others had well drunken they set the jars among the old ones beside the wall, and took their places at the table. And I saw that some of the jars were very old and mildewed and dusty, but others had still drops of new must on them.

And I said to God, "What is that?" For amid the sound of the singing, and over the dancing of the feet, and over the laughing across the wine cups, I heard a cry. [That cry is growing louder and louder every hour.]

And God said, "Stand a way off." And He took me where I saw both sides of the curtain. Behind the house was the wine-press where the wine was made. I saw the grapes crushed, and I heard them cry. I said, "Do not they on the other side hear it?"

God said, "The curtain is thick; they are feasting."

And I said, "But the men who came in last. They saw?"

God said, "They let the curtain fall behind them—and they forget!"

I said, "How came they by their jars of wine?"

God said, "In the treading of the press these are they who came to the top; they have climbed out over the edge, and filled their jars from below, and have gone into the house."

And I said, "If they had fallen as they climbed?"

God said, "They had been wine."

I stood a way off watching in the sunshine, and I shivered. God lay in the sunshine watching too.

Then there rose one among the feasters who said, "My brethren, let us pray!" And all the men and women rose: and strong men bowed their heads, and mothers folded their little children's hands together, and turned their faces upwards, to the roof. And he who first had risen stood at the table head, and stretched out both his hands. And his beard was long and white, and his sleeves and his beard had been dipped in wine; and because the sleeves were wide and full they held much wine, and it dropped down upon the floor. And he cried, "My brothers and my sisters, let us pray." [This is a thrilling picture of the wealthy conventional city preacher who avoids demanding justice for the poor and refuses to unveil social evils, because he loves ease and gold more than the Master he pretends to follow—the Master who made the poor

His special charge. It is difficult to conceive of anything more pitiable than the action of some of our conventional clergymen whose minds are too much bent on the millions represented in their pews to be willing to acquaint themselves with social conditions, or to cry aloud against injustice when they are cognizant of it.]

And all the men and women answered, "Let us pray."

He cried, "For this fair banquet-house, we thank Thee, Lord."

And all the men and women said, "We thank Thee, Lord."

"Thine is this house, dear Lord."

"Thine is this house."

"For us hast Thou made it."

"For us."

"Oh, fill our jars with wine, dear Lord."

"Our jars with wine."

"Give peace and plenty in our time, dear Lord."

"Peace and plenty in our time."

I said to God, "Whom is it they are talking to?" God said, "Do I know whom they speak of?" And I saw they were looking up at the roof; but out in the sunshine God lay. [The eyes of millions are so riveted on the ceiling of the temples that they are oblivious of the fact that Jesus is ragged, shelterless, and starving at their doors; even though He told them that when the final judgment came those who had not recognized Him *in the starving, crushed, and suffering of earth* would not be recognized by Him.]

Then men and women sat down, and the feast went on. And mothers poured out the wine and fed their little children with it, and men held up the cup to women's lips and cried, "Beloved, drink!" and women filled their lovers' flagons and held them up; and yet the feast went on.

And after a while I looked, and I saw the curtain that hung behind the house moving. I said to God, "Is it a wind?"

And God said, "A wind." And it seemed to me, that against the curtain I saw pressed the forms of men and women. And after a while the feasters saw it move, and they whispered, one after another. Then some rose and gathered the most wornout cups, and into them they put what was left at the bottom of other vessels. Mothers whispered to their children, "Do not drink all, save a little drop when you have drunk." And when they had collected all the dregs, they slipped the cups out under the bottom of the curtain without lifting it. After a while the curtain left off moving. [Conventional charity, in which the rich throw a few crumbs of their acquired wealth to the sufferers when the mutterings of want become too formidable to be ignored or crushed, under the pretense of maintaining law and order.]

I said to God, "How is it so quiet?"

He said, "They have gone away to drink it."

I said, "*They* drink it—*their own!*"

God said, "It comes from this side of the curtain, and they are very thirsty." [The tragic truth of this thought is as suggestive as it is appalling.]

Then the feast went on, and after a while I saw a small, white hand slipped in between the curtain's edge, along the floor; and it motioned towards the wine jars. And I said to God, "Why is that hand so bloodless?"

And God said, "It is a wine-pressed hand."

And men saw it and started to their feet; and women cried, and ran to the great wine jars, and threw their arms around them and cried, "Ours, our own, our beloved," and twined their long hair about them.

I said to God, "Why are they frightened of that one small hand?"

God answered, "*Because it is so white.*"

And men ran in a great company towards the curtain and struggled there. I heard them strike upon the floor. And when they moved away the curtain hung smooth and still; and there was a small stain upon the floor.

I said to God, "Why do they not wash it out?"

God said, "They cannot." [When one, two, or three white hands reach under the curtain, and index fingers shake menacingly at the revellers, conventionalism crushes the offenders in the name of order. But the stain of an unjust deed cannot be effaced.]

And they took small stones and put them down along the edge of the curtain to keep it down. Then the men and women sat down again at the tables. [When the demand for justice becomes urgent, laws are passed which act as stones to hold down the curtain *for a time*.]

And I said to God, "Will these stones keep it down?"

God said, "What think you?"

I said, "If the wind blew" —

God said, "If the wind blew?"

And the feast went on.

And suddenly I cried to God: "If one should rise among them, even of themselves, and start up from the table and should cast away his cup and cry, 'My brothers and my sisters, stay! What is it that we drink?' — and with his sword should cut in two the curtain, and holding wide the fragments cry, 'Brothers, sisters, see! it is not wine, not wine! not wine! My brothers, oh, my sisters!' — and he should overturn the" —

God said, "Be still — see there!"

I looked. Before the banquet house, among the grass, I saw a row of mounds; flowers covered them, and gilded marble stood at their heads. I asked God what they were.

He answered, "They are the graves of those who rose up at the feast and cried."

And I asked God how they came there.

He said, "The men of the banquet rose and cast them down backwards."

I said, "Who buried them?"

God said, "The men who cast them down." [The conventionalism of to-day builds marble monuments to the victims of the conventionalism of yesterday. Garrison who for calling out to his fellow revellers was anathematized by press and pulpit, and who was dragged through the streets of Boston by a well-dressed mob who reflected conservative public sentiment of that time is now honored by the children of this same conventionalism by being represented in a huge bronze monument erected upon the most wealthy and fashionable boulevard of Boston.]

I said, "How came it that they threw them down, and then set marble over them?"

God said, "Because the bones cried out, they covered them."

And among the grass and weeds I saw an unburied body lying; and I asked God why it was.

God said: "Because it was thrown down only yesterday. In a little while, when the flesh will have fallen from its bones, they will bury it also, and plant flowers over it."

And still the feast went on.

This is a panorama of tragic scenes which have characterized every civilization which has disregarded justice. We are enacting the *role* to-day, and the following facts are voices from the wine-press: —

II.

A short time before his assassination, Mayor Harrison declared that there were in Chicago more than two hundred thousand persons out of employment. The court records for New York City for the year ending Sept 1, 1892, show that there were issued during that period 29,720 eviction warrants. Those out of work in New York to-day are numbered by the hundred thousands, and those who are slowly starving to death, or who are being driven to sin by hunger and cold, would make an army so great as to appall the most brutal natures. In discussing this question, Mr. C. H. Lugin, a careful writer, who as editor of a prominent Western daily paper has had exceptional advantages for ascertaining the exact truth, says, speaking of present conditions:—

From every part of the land comes a story similar to that which reaches us from our greatest cities, so that it appears not unreasonable to estimate that there may be in the whole country a million unemployed workmen. The habit when speaking from a military point of view is to estimate one able-bodied person for every five of the population. If this holds good as respects our working men, we may set down the army of the unemployed as representing five million people, or one third the male population of the nation. Marching four deep the unemployed working men would make a column three hundred miles long, while the women and children, the aged, sick, and infirm dependent upon them, would trail along for twelve hundred miles in the rear.

Such a host may well excite our pity, for in its existence is implied much present and more future want and suffering. But is it not also a menace? Necessity knows no law. Men have strange thoughts when want pinches the faces of their wives and children.*

I believe most profoundly that if the public imagination could be so quickened that our people grasped even in a limited degree the abject despair, the unfathomable agony, the essential tragedy which poverty is to-day occasioning in our republic, a mighty awakening of conscience would follow, which would end in the abolition of uninvited poverty and the moral uplifting of our people to a plane never before reached by man. And in order to convey to the mind and heart of the earnest and thoughtful, a glimpse of what is really meant when the press states that there are thousands of people seeking work, or begging to be permitted to earn bread, I wish to cite a few individual cases, which are in a real way typical illustrations of the suffering and despair which exist from the Atlantic to the Pacific; for from specific cases, we shall be better able to appreciate the tragic implications conveyed in such brief newspaper statements as the following, clipped from a recent issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* †:—

* "A National Problem," in THE ARENA for January, 1894.

† Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Nov. 18, 1893.

There is not a police station in Chicago that does not shelter from fifty to one hundred lodgers every night. By nine o'clock in the evening every station is filled, and more are turned away for want of room than are accommodated. Those who are taken in sleep upon the stone floors of the basements. They have no coverings. They are packed in closer than pigs in a pen. Sometimes upon a cold night the stations are so crowded that the miserable creatures are actually forced to sleep standing; packed in like herring, they prevent one another from falling. In the morning they leave behind them quarters reeking with foul air; with them, they take hunger and misery. Chief Brennan of the police department said that many men were forced into crime for want of the actual necessities of life. He said the *increase of crime was largely due to the hard times*. Men out of employment with no abiding place become desperate, hence daring depredations were of frequent occurrence.

Here are a few special cases. It would require many volumes to contain the narration of similar facts which find their way into the press, or to the desks of all who in public life are in any way interested in their fellow-men.

During last summer a little boy patiently tramped for two weeks seeking work in the city of Brooklyn. He had the heart of a true American, and shrank from begging or stealing. He knew he could make himself useful and earn a good livelihood. He met only with rebuffs; finally hope left his heart and all was night; the boy committed suicide. The editor of the *New York World* thus briefly summarized this pathetic tragedy:—

The suicide in Brooklyn of a lad but fourteen years old because he could not get work, after weeks of patient trying, is a pathetic tragedy. There are few things more discouraging than repeated rebuffs day after day when one is willing to work if an opportunity could be found. This lad, very likely, was unusually sensitive, but on that account not a worse sort of boy by any means—rather one who in favorable circumstances and under encouragement would have developed usefully. Such an incident suggests many reflections.*

Recently in the city of New York there were nine suicides within twenty-four hours. A leading metropolitan journal which investigated these cases announced that the majority of the terrible deaths was due to *hunger or fear of starvation*. That such things are possible in an opulent city where men spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on pleasure yachts and racing stables, and thousands of dollars in banquets, proves that social conditions are not only unjust but that our civilization is already imitating that of ancient Rome, when the patrician oligarchy ruled, and only the shell of a republic remained. The following case adds emphasis to this thought. It is the story of a young man who offered to sell himself to any one who would support his aged and infirm mother. I give it exactly as it recently appeared in the *New York World*:—

"I am a young man, twenty-seven years old, five feet nine inches in height, weight one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, am sound in every

* *New York World*, July 12.

respect, and am for sale to the person who will agree to pay a reasonable sum of money to my mother, whom I have tried to support, but have failed. The person purchasing me must agree to pay her a certain sum of money each week as long as she lives, in return for which the purchaser can do with my body and soul what he or she may choose. I do this only to save a poor lame woman, sixty-five years old, who has proved my friend when all else has deserted me, and has shared my poverty without grumbling, when she deserved better things. I have tried every honest means known to find employment, and now I make this last effort to do some good, so that I may at least have some excuse for existing. I will make a willing and devoted slave, and do not care what becomes of me as long as my mother is provided for."

The foregoing is a copy of a letter written in a plain, firm hand, received at the *World's* office yesterday. It was signed "White slave." The author, William Bergman, was found by a reporter yesterday afternoon at his home on the first floor in the rear of No. 203 Avenue A. He is slender, with a clear, fair complexion, light hair, a mustache slightly tinged with red, and pleasant blue eyes. His aged and afflicted mother wore a clean calico dress, and sat listening during the interview, answering her son now and then as he appealed to her for dates and facts.

The pair occupy two small rooms, very bare of furniture. A stove, three chairs, a pine table, an old chest of drawers, and a pallet on the floor in the smaller room were the total sum of their possessions. There was not even a bed. The rooms and everything in them, however, were clean and neat. The young man told his story quietly and intelligently, but it was plain that his troubles made him desperate.

"I know," said Bergman, "that it is unusual for a man to offer himself for sale, but I am desperate. Monday we are to be dispossessed, and then mother will be turned out of these rooms. I would not care if it were not for her. If she were provided for I would gladly lie down on the floor and die. We have struggled against fortune for many years, and heretofore I have managed to scrape up enough for the rent; but now it seems that every chance is gone. I have been seven weeks now without work, and in that time I have tried every means to get work, no matter what it may be.

"My father was a paper-box maker, and at the day of his death he had been in one position for twenty-one years. He put me in the factory of which he was foreman, to take my chances with other boys in learning the trade. My father died ten years ago.

"I am well and strong now — in fact I am something of an athlete — and I do not want charity. I would rather both of us were dead than we should beg. All I want is work, the hardest work in the world.

"My father left my mother well provided for, but she allowed the money to be invested in a cigar-box factory project of a relative, and every cent was lost. During the time of this venture I had work in the factory, and I put all my energy and intelligence in the business. Afterwards I did odd bits of work and managed to keep mother and myself very well; but for the last two years an evil genius has seemed to pursue me. I had a place as shipping clerk at Daniel Canty's biscuit factory in Brooklyn, but when the trust absorbed his business I was thrown out.

"Later I eked out a precarious livelihood addressing envelopes at seventy-five cents a thousand, on Barclay Street. When there was something for me to do, and I worked day and night, I could make eight or nine dollars a week; but as I was a substitute, many weeks I would bring home but two dollars. Finally that failed me, owing to summer dullness, and here I am.

"My mother was first afflicted with rheumatism two years ago; and has been such a sufferer that one leg has become much shorter, and she

can walk only with the greatest pain and difficulty. She needs nourishment and care, and the fact that I can't give them to her drives me wild. Her needs have spurred me on through many a weary year, and have made me double my exertions to get work. But I seem to have stopped still. When my father lived we had all we wanted and could save money."

Mrs. Bergman speaks English indifferently, but she was able to say that her son was sober and industrious, and has always been faithful and gentle to her.

Think of such a condition being possible in an opulent Christian nation, whose natural resources if free to the people or under social conditions favoring an equality of opportunities, would support in ease many times our present population. The New York *Herald* recently published an account of the arrest of a little boy who had stolen a piece of brass to sell so he might buy bread for a starving mother. He was arrested and while he was in jail the mother died.

In Boston, as in all great cities, tragic conditions sicken the heart and appall all who see no farther than conventional charity. In a recent interview in the Boston *Herald*, Rev. Everett D. Burr cited a number of cases which had come under his observation, the following being fair examples:—

A short time ago I heard of a family in very destitute circumstances. I was told that the father, a steady, hard-working man, had been one of the last discharged from the cordage factory. I went to the house, and found there a family of seven, who hadn't had anything to eat for eight days except beans, and didn't even have money to buy salt.

The other day when I went to visit a house, a little bit of a girl met me outside the door, and, seeing the basket on my arm, asked if I had anything to eat in it, "for, do you know," she said, pathetically, as she laid her hand on a worn little apron, "I feel awful queer there; kind of sore, you know."

And it is the knowledge fathers have of the suffering of the children at home that makes it harder for them to endure the present state of affairs. Why, men come to us after walking the streets all day, sink into a chair, and almost cry, telling us they cannot go home to the children empty-handed.

Mr. Burr continues:—

And, right here, I may state that these people do not want charity—they want work, and are not satisfied with taking something without making any return.

Here is a case, the details of which are those given in the Boston *Globe*, Nov. 25, 1893:—

One of the most pathetic cases of suicide imaginable is that of George T. Woodman, who was found dead on a settee on the common yesterday at 5.15 P. M.

The officers found Woodman stretched out on a settee, dead. He was taken to the North Grove Street morgue. Dr. McConnell was called, and after an examination stated that the man had used cyanide of potassium to take his life. In his pockets were found clippings from the news-

paper accounts of the Toole trial in South Boston, each of them containing some of the expert testimony regarding the effects of that poison.

There was also found a letter to his wife, largely personal, reciting the facts of his immediate past, telling her how he had vainly sought such work as he could do, without success; how terribly he had suffered with the pains in his head; deploring the fact that he had been obliged to depend upon her for his livelihood, mourning over the pleasant home he had lost, now that he had no home, and describing his anxiety to be at peace and free from suffering.

The letter was lovingly mournful in tone, and expressed much grief that the writer could not alleviate the sorrows of his faithful helpmeet, but must rather add to them. It concluded as follows:—

“See that no services are held over my remains. Let the city bury me as they find me. I could not stop longer. My life has become a burden to me and I am not able to bear it longer. When you come on the other side I will be there to meet and welcome and aid you.”

Mrs. Woodman said that her husband had always been kind and considerate, and that their relations had been singularly free from even those little tiffs which are almost inseparable from married life. He had been a good workman, steady, and had always had employment at good wages, but they had not been able to put by any very large sum for the inevitable rainy day.

The suffering is by no means confined to the lowly and unlearned; indeed, I doubt if all the bitterness and want which annually come under the notice of man, would compare in volume or intensity with that which to-day is being suffered by proud and independent-spirited American citizens who are slowly starving rather than ask for alms. Only a few weeks since, I received a confidential letter from a fine scholar, a doctor of philosophy, and a high-minded gentleman whose noble soul is kindled with the new thought which we believe is destined to transform civilization. This gentleman lives in a Western city and in his note he said: “I have not had more than one meal a day for over two weeks.” On the morning of its arrival I read the elaborate description of a magnificent banquet characterized by criminal extravagance which was given by the bankers of New York, at which the secretary of the treasury was entertained as a god, and every guest received a souvenir made of pure gold. . . . On the one side criminal extravagance, rendered possible by class privileges and special legislation; on the other, *one of the world saviours in a garret, feeding on a crust.*

Nor are those conditions confined to city life. I doubt if the bitterness of uninvited poverty is anywhere more keenly felt than among the ceaseless toilers on the great farms of the West. Here is a case where poverty weighed on the brain of a poor farmer until reason gave way under the great strain of want and apprehension. I know of nothing in the dramas of earth's greatest writers, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, more essentially

tragic than this bloody deed, enacted a few months since within a short distance of Antigon, Wis. I give the facts taken from the press dispatches:—

On Saturday night, July 29, 1893, William Nonemacher murdered his wife and three children while all were sound asleep. He then went to the barn, climbed to the roof, and jumped twenty feet to the floor, hoping to kill himself. As it was, he injured his spine, which brought on immediate paralysis of the lower limbs, and in excruciating agony he remained powerless to move from Saturday until Sunday evening, when he was found. To the coroner he made a confession, declaring that he was driven to the desperate deed from fear of starvation.

Perhaps there is no part of the country where the suffering this year is so terrible as in the far West. I quote again from Mr. C. H. Lugin, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, Seattle, Wash., who cites the following as illustrations of conditions in his city:—

A woman whose husband was out of work went to the grocery where she usually dealt and asked for a sack of flour (fifty pounds) on credit. The grocer refused. She asked if she had not always paid her bills promptly, and he replied that she had, but he really could not give credit. Thereupon she picked up a sack of flour and walked out of the store with it. The grocer called to her to bring it back, but she replied that her family were hungry, and, to his credit be it said, he allowed her to go on her way with the much-needed food.

In the other case a man went to a grocer and also asked for flour on credit. He was refused for the same reason, whereupon he seized a sack of flour and ran home with it. The grocer summoned a policeman and sent him to the man's house. In a short time the officer returned and placed the money for the flour on the counter.

"Did he pay you?" asked the grocer.

"No," was the reply, "but when I got there I found that his wife had hastily made some bread and was putting it into the oven, while the hungry children were snatching the raw dough from the pan and eating it. Both the man and his wife were weeping. And," added the officer, "I thought I would do better to pay for the flour myself."

These two instances came under my notice in the regular course of newspaper work, and it would be easy to give others, equally significant of the straits to which poverty is driving honest men and women. Shall we say that the mother in the one case or the father in the other did wrong? I yield to no one in respect for law, but when children cry for bread the first law of nature will assert itself, and to the credit of the race be it said that not self-preservation, but the preservation of the little lives which owe their being to us, is the first law with most of us.

Similar cases might be multiplied indefinitely. These, however, will be sufficient to give us a glimpse not only of conditions as they are to-day, but of the tragic significance of the news items which almost daily meet our view, describing thousands upon thousands of our fellow-men out of work, or begging for the opportunity to earn bread or a shelter. The cry of the wine press is audible to every listening ear. The dregs being given now that the curtain is shaking will not settle this problem. Some day the cry of the press will drown the voice of the revellers

unless justice supplants charity, and the sooner we understand this fact the better for both rich and poor.

III.

It is not merely an economic problem which relates to the preservation of the state and justice to the individual, but its ethical bearing and its relation to the to-morrow of civilization is so grave, that no parent can afford to be indifferent, for his own child may, through this carelessness, fall a victim to conditions made possible by the indifference of a nation which claims to be distinctly Christian. Said Archbishop Ireland, in the course of a magnificent address delivered at the World's Fair Social Purity Congress :—

The great majority of unfortunate women in the country have come to ruin through the untoward circumstances into which they have been thrown. Poverty is the great temptation. Bright, honorable girls are compelled to work for wages insufficient to feed and clothe them; their life, amid toil and struggling, is cheerless and disheartening; the sole occasion for recreation of any kind offers perils which the stoutest hearts are weak to resist.

At the same gathering the Reverend Father John M. Cleary of Minneapolis observed :—

The low wages paid to many women is, without doubt, one of the most prolific causes of the discouragement, despair, and abandonment of principle among young women. In the desperate race for wealth, men, in their insatiate greed, forget or ignore the rights of women, and simply invite poor, half-starving girls to a life of misfortune and shame.

Elbridge T. Gerry, in a paper on "Child Prostitution," said :—

The vice is one which peculiarly assails the children of the poor. Crowded and huddled together in tenements, the opportunities for decency are inversely proportionate to the size of the family. . . . In the city of New York alone, the superintendent of police and the author of this paper [Mr. Gerry] compared notes with exactly the same result; and viewing the matter from two different standpoints, we agreed that the number of prostitutes in New York City to-day was at least forty thousand.

This is not only one of the most tragic aspects of this problem, but it affects most intimately that which must ever be the foundation of true progress and enduring civilization — *the moral life of a people*. Moreover, the influence of this current of immorality, which the lust of the opulent and the greed of the avaricious is infusing into society, is as far-reaching as it is subtle. Its Dead Sea fruit will be found in the crime and degradation of our children and our children's children; and yet it receives small attention in the popular discussions of the problem of poverty. We are so engrossed in thinking of food and raiment for the day, that the mighty influence of the immorality dependent on our social conditions is overlooked.

IV.

Another very striking fact, which must impress every earnest man and woman who seriously studies this great question, is found in the increasing downward pressure which bears upon the retreating battalion. Every step from the independent surroundings of those who are able to earn an honest living toward the ocean of hopeless existence known as the slums, robs the man of some of his natural manly spirit and dignity, taking from him hope, which is God's torch in the soul, and brings his family into an environment which, as a rule, is more or less impregnated by moral contagion, whose deadly character increases as necessity presses the toiler nearer and nearer the precipice which marks the line between the poor strugglers and those who are in the depths of the social cellar.

We find that during recent years the slums of our great cities have, season by season, encroached upon the shelving rocks where honest poverty exists; and year by year those who have watched current events, with an eye single to truth and the happiness of the people, have noticed with mingled apprehension and horror, the giving way of layer after layer of that treacherous boundary which marks the precipice between hope and despair; between honest, self-respecting industry and hopeless, abandoned want. *The slums* — the great nurseries of vice, crime, and immorality, as they are the reservoirs of filth — are to-day many times more populous and menacing to society than ever before. The problem of uninvited poverty, the very existence of which was denied half a decade ago by easy-going conservatism, and which a little later was sneered at as of little moment, has, during the past three years, grown to such commanding proportions that now it is one of the most alarming and momentous issues confronting our civilization.

Here, also, the influence of environment and the downward pressure on the young brain is terrible beyond description. There is probably no place where children swarm as in the slums of our great cities. While the percentage of births among the rich is very small, among the miserales of society it is far greater than that found between the extremes of life; and when it is remembered that the children in the slums come frequently from parents who are given to drink, that they are often drunk-begotten and very frequently the children of lust, and that seldom or never are they welcome, the case is still more appalling. They come into the world in an atmosphere of moral death. Passions, discord, and often hate, play upon their plastic brains. They early hear profanity and vile language; they are schooled in sin, vice, and often crime. The moral nature, never very strong,

finds little to develop it, while the animal side of life is stimulated on all hands. Frequently we find an almost total absence of moral rectitude.

Some time since I had occasion to visit some wretched dens in the slums of the North End of Boston, in company with Rev. Walter J. Swaffield of the Bethel Mission. In one home a little urchin about nine years old began edging up toward my pockets as I was engaged in conversation with the mother of the child. Mr. Swaffield whispered that I must watch my pockets, or little Mike would pick them, and on leaving the place he gave me the following story.

Little Mike had been a member of the kindergarten, and on several occasions things were stolen under circumstances which pointed strongly toward Mike as the culprit. At one time Mr. Swaffield searched the little fellow for a pocket-book, but finding nothing, was about to let him go when he noticed one instep was higher than the other; he had him remove his boot, when it was found that he had slipped the purse down the boot and worked it under his heel. On another occasion, he had rifled one of the teacher's pockets, obtained a bill, and slipped it between the lining and the outside material of his pants with such dexterity that it was only by accident that his suspicious actions were observed by a friend, who suggested the whereabouts of the money. One year ago last Christmas eve a young lady missionary of the Bethel, who was also a teacher in the kindergarten, had saved up ten dollars for Christmas presents for some special cases in that mission, and for her own family. She had dismissed her school, and was starting to the business part of the city to get her Christmas presents, when she happened to look into her purse, and to her dismay found the ten-dollar bill gone. She remembered being called to the door to see a poor woman for a moment during the session of the kindergarten, leaving her purse in a small portmanteau on her desk. Mr. Swaffield was informed, and at once sent for Mike. The little fellow was found loitering on the way home, and when told that the pastor had some Christmas cards for him hastened back. Mr. Swaffield gave him the cards, and then said, "Why, Mike, you seem to be getting very fat lately."

"Yes, I am getting fat."

"But, Mike, you seem to be fatter to-day than usual."

"Yes, I am fatter."

"I don't get fat that quick," said the minister.

"I do," replied the little chap, who was now becoming restless.

"Well, Mike, I want to see how a little boy gets fat so quickly, and now we will take off that coat." The little fellow tried to protest, but Mr. Swaffield suited his action to his words, and

quickly partly disrobed the urchin. He found a bag between the child's shirt and the skin filled with the day's booty. The bag was drawn out, not without a protest, and the little fellow, seeing all was over, said, "I picked up a dollar on the street this afternoon." Mr. Swaffield found the dollar to be his missionary's ten-dollar bill.

Another illustration is worth mentioning. At the Bethel Mission a Silver Star Brigade has been formed for the boys who sign a fivefold pledge, against lying, swearing, drinking, and other vices. One of the boys who had signed the pledge on one occasion said to Mr. Swaffield with some hesitancy, "This pledge does not say stealing, does it?"

"No, not in those words," said the surprised minister. "Why, have you been stealing?" The boy remained silent, and apparently almost ready to deny, even under Mr. Swaffield's steady gaze, until the minister said, "You know you have given an oath that you will not lie."

"Well, yes, me and Bill and Tom and another fellow put up a job last night, and got ten dollars out of it, and we have another job we can make more out of." Investigation proved the truth of the ten-dollar theft. The things had been sold to a pawnbroker.

Our slums are universities of vice, degradation, and crime, the rendezvous of criminals, the refuge of the most hopeless, debauched, and depraved; and also the existing place of thousands upon thousands of men and women who have bravely contested every step in a savage battle in which greed and unjust conditions have pushed them, inch by inch, to the precipice, and ultimately into the pit. And it is in this pit that they are being brutalized, and their children schooled for the penitentiary or the almshouse.

I have merely hinted at these awful facts, as my present purpose is to awaken the sleeping and compel men and women to investigate this problem seriously in all its aspects. We have been too long indifferent. We have almost destroyed the divine in ourselves and wrecked the republic by dwelling in the basement of our being. One of the greatest dangers which confronts us is the brutal method which conventionalism, still lost in self-worship, proposes to employ if the demand for justice from the industrial millions prove a menace to those who, entrenched behind special privileges, enjoy the wealth of others' earning, and through gambling with loaded dice in Wall Street, through landlordism, or by virtue of class legislation, possess opportunities for acquiring wealth without earning it. The iron heel of force, which succeeded in the Middle Ages, will prove futile if employed against the wealth producers of to-day; for we have entered another epoch in the advancement of man.

Only education, justice, and freedom, can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution. *EDUCATION, addressed to the conscience of both rich and poor, or the awakening of the divine in man*; *JUSTICE*, which will be the flower of such an education, compelling the privileged class to yield what is right and just to those who have suffered, that all may enjoy equal opportunities to earn a livelihood; *FREEDOM*, which the people never can know until the right to the crust of the earth is given to all God's children by the abolition of monopoly in land, with all that it implies, and which may be justly and equitably brought about by levying a tax on the rental value of nature's resources included in the term land. *FREEDOM*, which furthermore demands that the country's highways of trade, the arterial system of the nation, be so controlled or regulated by the people that the millions of farmers, miners, and fruit growers of the West and South and the communities of other regions be not robbed of their earnings to pay dividends on stock which represents four parts water to one part true value, while the real wealth producer is yearly being pressed toward serfdom. *FREEDOM*, which will be unknown until the greatest wealth-producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments, ceases to become, year by year, more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten off of the wealth-earning peoples.

A step toward this end will be taken when the United States demonetizes gold and makes her own notes, based on her actual wealth and the integrity of the nation, the only recognized legal-tender money; notes sufficient in volume to permit free exchange in a business carried on practically on a cash basis instead of the credit system, though not so great as to be impaired by representing more than a conservative per cent of the actual wealth of the nation.

Toward the industrial emancipation which must come with the abolition of class privileges and the adoption of wise measures calculated to benefit the whole people, the working millions of America are moving to-day. Along this highway of evolution society will move into a happier day than man has yet known. With justice will come prosperity for the honest toilers and hope for millions now in despair. Then we shall come into another era of expansion for brain and soul, and mankind will move Godward in the enjoyment of freedom sunned by justice. To this end we are working. We know that the loftiest ideal of the ages, to which all upward steps have been directed, is approaching realization. The ebb in the incoming tide does not dismay or discourage us, for we believe that the power of conservatism

and plutocracy is not great enough to cope with the growing intelligence and larger hope of millions of newly-awakened souls.

From poet—whose dream is higher and finer than aught that poets of olden times conceived—to artisan—whose heart is alternately buoyed with hope and leadened with despair; from philosopher—to whom justice has a wider and higher significance than earth's thinkers have been wont to imagine—to mechanic—who reads, thinks, and experiences a new and indefinable sensation, vague as it is large, fascinating as it is mysterious, something which tells him that right is with him and that he is a factor in the new thought movement; from prophet—who sees clearly the purple dawn, but who knows that if the present generation is to taste content born of happiness it must come up higher, come into the slow-mounting light which already bursts upon the mountain heights—to farmer—who now appreciates the possibilities of the higher development which will come through a bold and determined crusade for justice—one and all, as never before, feel and know that if those who are awake are loyal to the cause of humanity, the day will dawn before this century vanishes.

But in order that the new step may be taken peaceably and speedily, we must educate and agitate; we must awaken the highest in all hearts, and demand for poor as well as rich that justice and freedom which will make the young republic as full of happiness as it is rich in all that is needful to yield material comfort for a population many times as great as it contains to-day. We must awaken the sleeping conscience of those who are in easy circumstances, and raise the average of intelligence of those who have had small chance to read or think. We must touch the wellspring of the soul and fire a love for justice and freedom which, once kindled, never dies.

Let no man despair, but let each become an apostle of the new time, remembering that as our fathers, a puny handful of ill-armed men, with justice and freedom on their side, triumphed over England's might and millions, so the power of conservatism, greed, and class privilege will go down before the higher new thought of our time on that day when the industrial millions unite. For here again justice and freedom are ranged with the toilers, and civilization touches their brow with the light of a brighter day.

“Come, then, since all things call us,
The living and the dead,
And o'er the swelling tangle
A glimmering light is shed;
Come join in the only battle
Wherein no man can fail,
For whoso fadeth and dieth,
Yet his deed shall still prevail.”

THE MENACE OF MEDICAL MONOPOLY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Interfere with no man's rights; but if, in art or science, he be in the wrong, prove it, not by legislation, but by overpowering him with superior knowledge, superior skill and truth. This is the best method to compel him to thoroughly inform himself upon those points in which his deficiency has been proved. But no legislation; science does not need it, and can much better take care of itself when not attached to statutes per force. — *Professor John King.*

ONE of the gravest dangers which threaten real progress and rightful freedom, lies in monopolistic measures or class laws, which are ever put forward ostensibly for the good of the people but in reality for the benefit of the few. There is but one spectacle more inexpressibly sad than the gradual sinking of a people who once prized freedom and enjoyed the sweets of liberty, into hopeless serfdom, through the cunning and avarice of the shrewd, and that is the loss of that most precious right which relates to the empire of the mind — the freedom of conscience, which includes the right "to liberty of choice" in things pertaining to religion, or the soul's welfare, and matters relating to the individual convictions and desires as they pertain to the healing art, or the well-being of the body.

Of the results of class laws, trusts, and monopolies as they relate to the material conditions of the industrial millions, our readers are not ignorant, and in their knowledge lies the hope of their salvation. Of the cruel religious persecutions which have been so mercilessly carried on during the past few years in Tennessee, Arkansas, and recently in Maryland, our readers have been apprised. There remains, however, another form of despotism which has appeared with other monopolies during recent years in this country. I refer to medical class legislation. A medical hierarchy is growing up in the republic, in some respects as intolerant and despotic in its instincts as the religious hierarchy of the Dark Ages, which crushed free thought, strangled science, and rendered progress wellnigh impossible. The manifest analogy between religious and medical restrictive legislation, and the injustice of both, have been well set forth by England's greatest nineteenth-century philosopher, Herbert Spencer, in the following impressive words* : —

There is a manifest analogy between committing to government guardianship the physical health of the people, and committing to it

* See "Social Statistics," pp. 408-11.

their moral health. The two proceedings are equally reasonable, may be defended by similar arguments, and must stand or fall together. If the welfare of men's souls can be fitly dealt with by acts of parliament, why, then, the welfare of their bodies can be fitly dealt with likewise. He who thinks the state commissioned to administer spiritual remedies, may consistently think that it should administer material ones. The fear that false doctrines may be instilled by unauthorized preachers, has its analogue in the fear that unauthorized practitioners may give deleterious medicines or advice. And the persecutions once committed to prevent the one evil, countenance the penalties used to put down the other. Contrariwise, the arguments employed by the dissenter to show that the moral sanity of the people is not a matter for state superintendence, are applicable, with a slight change of terms, to their physical sanity also.

Let no one think this analogy imaginary. The two notions are not only theoretically related; we have facts proving that they tend to embody themselves in similar institutions. There is an evident inclination on the part of the medical profession to get itself organized after the fashion of the clerisy,—moved as are the projectors of a railway, who, whilst secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public—moved, as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy. Little do the public at large know how actively professional publications are agitating for state-appointed overseers of the public health.

Whoever has watched how institutions grow, how by little and little a very innocent-looking infancy unfolds into a formidable maturity, with vested interests, political influence, and a strong instinct of self-preservation, will see that the germs here peeping forth are quite capable, under favorable circumstances, of developing into such an organization. He will see, further, that favorable circumstances are not wanting—that the prevalence of unemployed professional men, with whom these proposals for sanitary inspectors and public surgeons mostly originate, is likely to continue.

The most specious excuse for not extending to medical advice the principles of free trade, is the same as that given for not leaving education to be diffused under them; namely, that the judgment of the consumer is not a sufficient guarantee for the goodness of the commodity. The intolerance shown by orthodox surgeons and physicians toward unordained followers of their calling, is to be understood as arising from a desire to defend the public against quackery. Ignorant people say they cannot distinguish good treatment from bad, or skilful advisers from unskilful ones; hence it is needful that the choice be made for them. And then, following in the track of priesthoods, for whose persecutions a similar defence has always been set up, they agitate for more stringent regulations against unlicensed practitioners, and descant upon the dangers to which men are exposed by an unrestricted system.

Because I believe these laws to be the embodiment of that spirit of selfishness and avarice which is at once the supreme menace and curse of the present hour; because I believe they endanger rather than protect life and health while trampling on the sacred right of the individual; because I believe they retard progress and are a foe to science, and, furthermore, because they belong to the despotism of the past and the imperialism of avarice, I feel it is my duty to strenuously oppose them, as I

oppose class privileges and special legislation in other directions, and as I oppose religious persecutions whenever and wherever found.

II.

But on the threshold of this question we are sure to be confronted with the query, "Do you think it right that the people should be deceived by thinking they are employing a skilful regular practitioner, say a graduate of Harvard, when they are being duped by a person of very limited education?" Most assuredly no, and what is more I believe it would be perfectly right and proper to protect the people from such danger; but I would not do so in such a way as to deprive thousands of intelligent citizens from employing the physicians of their choice, or compelling them to receive treatment from doctors who practise methods which are as repellent to them as would be the rites of the Mohammedan religion to a devout Romanist or an earnest Methodist. I would favor the passage of laws compelling every physician to have hung upon his office and consulting room walls certificates from the county clerk or other duly appointed officer, stating the qualifications or lack of qualifications, and the schools or methods of practice employed by the person in question, and I would have penalties attached for any violation of these requirements, sufficiently severe to insure their being complied with. Moreover, I would favor compelling every person who professed to heal the sick, to place upon his sign, his card, and any other announcement he might choose to make, *the method of practice employed*; thus, John Smith, M. D. (Regular), James Jones, M. D. (Homœopathy), Frederick White (Metaphysician), Samuel Hutchins, M. D. (Eclectic). If the physician desired to add the college from which he graduated that would be permissible and proper — thus, John Smith, M. D. (Regular, Harvard); but I would attach severe penalties for a false statement relating to such matters, which might deceive people, as, for example, the placing of (Harvard) after the name of one who had not graduated from Harvard. Requirements of this kind, while in no way oppressive, and while they would not debar me from employing Frederick White, a metaphysician, in preference to John Smith, a regular, if I desired, would prevent people from being misled or deceived. And if the medical priesthood, which is so closely following the methods of the religious priesthood of the Dark Ages, was sincere in its pretense that it is prompted in its effort to secure special or monopolistic privileges simply for the protection of the people, it would favor such measures; and yet as a matter of fact, so far as I know, whenever these measures have been advocated as substitution for

unjust class laws, the advocates of special privileges in medicine have strenuously opposed enactments along the above-mentioned lines, thereby showing most conclusively that Herbert Spencer's keen perception did not err when he characterized the motives actuating the promoters of medical restrictive laws as *nine parts self interest gilded over with one part philanthropy*.

It is time that the people tore aside the mask of hypocrisy behind which the promoters of class laws and monopolistic measures ever screen their greed and selfish purposes. Attempts to deceive people as to one's qualifications or methods of practice should be prevented, and each physician should be held responsible for making a blunder. But the rightful protection of the people from intentional deceit or fraud should be compassed in such a way as not to interfere with that high and holy right of every intelligent man to employ in the hour of sickness the physician of his choice and to patronize the method or school which he believes to be the most rational. The state which disregards this right strikes at the heart of that healthful freedom which has been the handmaid of all real progress, and ranges herself on the side of despotism and against liberty; for the cry of despotism has always been that the intelligent individual "does not know what is best for him," and that his welfare should be entrusted to interested parties, who arrogate a power which should be enjoyed by the individual, because it is his sacred right.

III.

At the present time I wish merely to confine my observations to two claims* made by advocates of medical monopoly measures, which specially merit the attention of all who prize individual rights and who value the progress which comes with equality of opportunities and wholesome freedom; and to notice the great offence or crime against the individual which is committed whenever one of these odious laws is enacted. Those interested in special or class legislation (among whom are many doctors who are longing for a sinecure in the form of positions on official boards, and others who view with alarm the progress made by new systems and methods of cure) have persistently, and often effectually, advanced two claims for their cause. The first has been the protection of the health and life of the people, the second the elevation of the healing art. Now if it is not per-

* In discussing this subject so many important points arise in favor of freedom, and so grave and weighty are the reasons why sovereign power should not be delegated to an interested monopoly or an intolerant school of practice, that one is tempted to prolong the argument far beyond the limits of an article, in order merely to touch upon some important objections; especially is this the case, when it is remembered that these measures have only been made possible by the multiplication of specious pleas for medical monopolistic measures, which have flooded the periodicals and news press through the industrious efforts of an interested class.

fectly clear that medical class laws do compass these two objects, they certainly do not merit the serious consideration of legislators, for the grave and weighty objections to them must appeal with special force to those who place themselves in the position of the thousands and hundreds of thousands whose rights are infringed upon when special systems of cure and methods of practice are outlawed. It is to these two major claims of the advocates of medical monopoly laws that I first invite the attention of the reader.

Any laws or conditions which remove the wholesome, free competition and healthful rivalry, which exist where men of diverse views are striving for success, tend to make a large percentage of the profession enjoying a monopoly, careless and less alert than the force of circumstances rendered necessary when others were sharply competing with them. One of the most impressive lessons taught by history and confirmed by general observation, is that a large proportion of those who belong to any class or profession become careless when they feel secure, and this is very noticeable in the medical profession. There are numbers of physicians who love their profession and throw into it all the enthusiasm of their natures. It would matter little whether they felt secure or not; their practice would receive their best thought and most conscientious service. But unfortunately this cannot be said of a large percentage of doctors.

As long as there are strong rivals and a perfectly free field, and people have the right and power to choose whomsoever they desire, the most successful practitioners will win the best patronage, and hence all who would live must do their best. *Moreover, so long as a physician has strong competitors, who represent rival methods, watching him, he will be careful not to make mistakes, for there is too much danger that he will be held responsible for his blunders.* But when the law steps in and removes the insecurity which such conditions occasion, a large proportion of physicians become careless. They have little to fear, for all or most of their rival competitors of other schools are outlawed, and the people are compelled to employ them, while the argus eyes of those who do not believe as they do are no longer upon them, and they have the comfortable assurance that behind them stands a powerful body bound to them by a common cause and interest. *When this is the case the people are in real danger, especially if the physicians are those who employ powerful or deadly remedies.*

A volume might be written filled with illustrations emphasizing this important fact. My space forbids introducing more than one typical case bearing upon this point. In the untimely

death of the late Richard A. Proctor, we have a striking example of professional recklessness in a medical trust-ridden state. In the death of Professor Proctor, the world sustained a great loss. His was one of those really great brains which have added materially to the scientific wealth of this century, and more than this, he presented the science of astronomy in such a manner as to render it fascinating to the general reader. The most terrible and pathetic feature of his death, however, lay in the fact that, from all appearances, he need not have died had it not been for the culpable ignorance of the regular physicians in the medical trust-governed state of New York, who, according to the regular physicians of Florida, made the grave blunder of mistaking malarial hæmorrhagia for yellow fever, and, owing to this ignorance, had the great scientist taken from his warm bed at midnight, out into a chilly atmosphere surcharged with moisture from a recent storm, and conveyed some distance to a hospital, where, as would naturally be supposed, he died in a very short time.

Had this death, resulting from such gross ignorance, as the Florida physicians claim, been the result of a blunder on the part of any new-school or progressive physician, had the mistake been made by a metaphysician, a magnetic physician, a homœopathic or an eclectic doctor, instead of by prominent regular physicians, a nation-wide *furore* would have ensued. Medical journals and many weekly and daily papers would have called strenuously for the passage of laws to protect the people by giving into the hands of the old school of medicine the arbitrary power of censorship. As it was, the matter was kept as quiet as possible, although on account of the fact that the unfortunate victim of regular ignorance, in this instance, was so distinguished an individual, it created more or less excitement in certain quarters, and called forth comments and criticisms in some of the newspapers. It was at the time of this death that the veteran journalist, Joseph Howard, in writing to the Boston *Daily Globe*, thus summed up the facts of the case:—

Surely, if any life was precious to the world, his was. The facts are, he was taken ill, grew very much worse, but on Tuesday afternoon seemed better. A terrific thunder shower flooded the city at night. At midnight the rain had ceased. Proctor was taken from his warm bed, and carried in an ambulance through chilled and damped air to a gloomy hospital some distance away. His favorable symptoms disappeared. He became delirious, and after a series of frightful convulsions died unconscious. In 1859, when the medical reunion was held here, after two days of learned debate, a resolution was almost unanimously passed by a body representing the intellect and experience of the medical profession, to the effect that yellow fever was not contagious. The best obtainable authority shows that under the condition of temperature prevailing here now it would be a physical impossibility to introduce yellow fever. Medical authorities agree that a long continued temperature, day and

night, of at least 80 degrees, is necessary for the successful introduction and spreading of that dread scourge. Poor Proctor has been added to the list of premature, untimely, unnecessary deaths.

But this was not all, else the "censors of public health" would have declared with the usual arrogance of "mediocrity in purple" that laymen were not competent to pass opinions on such things. In this case, however, Southern physicians, who were sufficiently familiar with yellow fever to recognize its symptoms, felt so keenly the culpable ignorance of their New York brethren that they denounced the mistake in no uncertain words, as will be seen from the following notable dispatch from Ocala, Fla., published in the Boston Daily *Herald* under the heading, "Professor Proctor's Case":—

At a meeting of physicians representing the boards of health of several of the interior counties of this state, held in this city yesterday, *every physician present ridiculed the idea of Professor Proctor having died of yellow fever*, as reported by his attending physicians and the health authorities of New York City. *The opinion was unanimous that the symptoms given by physicians attending him, from the day he left his home until the hour he was hurried out of his hotel to his death, plainly and unmistakably pointed to the one conclusion, that the disease of which the unfortunate astronomer died, was MALARIAL HÆMORRHAGIA AND NOT YELLOW FEVER.*

A committee was appointed to prepare and give to the public the opinions of this body of physicians in full, and the facts upon which they are based. This place is more than sixty miles from the seacoast, upon the backbone of the peninsula, and fully as secure as cities hundreds of miles away. Professor Proctor's late residence is at least one hundred miles from Jacksonville. He had not left his home for weeks, and had not come in contact with any person from an infected district before leaving for New York, and on his trip thither he went seventy-five miles around to avoid the infected regions. It has been ascertained that there were ninety-three passengers on the train with him, and yet no other case was developed, nor has since developed, among all that list of passengers. But more remarkable still, Professor Proctor is reported sick and vomiting on the first day of his journey from home. Any layman knows, who has had any experience at all with the disease, that this is not one of the first indications of yellow fever. The statement of Professor Jacobi that "Yellow fever is in all parts of Florida," and that "there is danger of persons from every section of the state spreading the disease," was also considered, and will be refuted.

If absolute freedom had existed in New York, and every physician had felt that strong representatives of rival schools were watching every important case, and that each doctor would be held individually responsible for mistakes, do you imagine this terrible blunder would have been possible? I regret that space prevents my citing other cases quite as striking in character; this, however, will emphasize the point I am making.

In the next place, the assumption on the part of those who plead for restrictive laws, that they would prove a protection to the people, is weak in that those who ask for medical monopoly

are, for the most part, those who employ the most deadly remedies and heroic treatment. We have heard much about the conservative character of the regular school, and it is true that there is a sense in which it is conservative. It always distrusts the newer and less dangerous methods of cure until the people have shown their confidence in them to such an extent that the old school practitioners feel compelled to recognize the merits of the innovations or crush those who have brought a new truth to the attention of the public.

I now wish to notice a very interesting fact in the history of the healing art—a fact which corresponds in its trend to the evolution of life from the crude and simple form, without sensation or thought, to man, standing to-day at the outskirts of the psychic realm and peering into the marvellous mystery of mind. Every great irregular step in the history of medicine has been a protest against the barbarities of old methods and a rational appeal from the lower and more crude to the higher and more subtle curative agents. Eclecticism was an appeal from the mineral world to the vegetable kingdom, a step from the gross, inert realm of earth, stone, and metal, to the growing herbs and living flora; employing, as it did, the virtues of numerous simple, common plants which had been virtually ignored by regular practice. Homœopathy was another pronounced protest against the enormous dosing of the regular school, demanding that the stomach should no longer be converted into an apothecary shop. It was also an earnest attempt to reduce the healing art to a system and to discover the underlying laws governing abnormal conditions; and here again, we note: (1) a step toward a higher and more subtle method of treatment; (2) an attempt to break away from empiricism and quackery.

Hydrotherapy, electricity, and magnetism marked other upward steps, teaching how much might be accomplished by external treatment, and each after a fierce battle succeeded in compelling recognition in greater or less degree, even from the school which once savagely assailed. Note, I beg, this steady evolutionary process in the healing art, from dependence on the mineral kingdom to appreciation of the vegetable, and from the vegetable to a recognition of the subtle curative power of the animal world, as seen in magnetism; and again, from the enormous doses of crude and poisonous drugs to greatly reduced doses, and to an appreciation of external treatment.

Every step has been from the gross and crude toward the subtle and refined. *The trend has been upward*, and the methods safer, and while it might be unreasonable to expect that the old school should, even at this late day, fully recognize the value of these various innovations, after so savagely contesting their

claims, yet, in a measure, each has at last exerted its influence in regular practice. Eclecticism was savagely denounced and the value of herb medication was scouted. Yet to-day numbers of the herbs whose value eclecticism discovered and demonstrated are counted among the virtuous regular medicines in that bible of allopathy—the “United States Dispensatory.” It was so with homœopathy; her disciples were denounced as quacks, and the ethics of the regular code forbade a regular consulting with a homœopath. Yet when we compare the size of the doses of the old school to-day, with those of a century ago, we appreciate the tremendous power homœopathy has exerted. The same truth holds good with hydropathy, with electricity and magnetism. After fiercely combatting the two former claimants for public recognition, allopathy embraced them, while the latter is now being recommended by many leading lights in the regular world.

But we are not yet through with the triumphant progress made through innovations in the healing art. We have ascended from the bowels of the mineral world to the very threshold of the loftiest domains known to man, the mysteries of which we know so little, the power of which is being felt in wider scope than ever before—the profound realm of mind, soul, or spirit. Whatever may be your or my opinions on the merits or demerits of the strange power possessed by the metaphysicians or mental healers throughout this land, does not alter the fact that there are tens, and I might say hundreds, of thousands of American citizens who boldly affirm that they have been restored to life and health by those who, discarding all drug medication, rely wholly upon the subtle power above or on the unexplained influence of thought; some believing the power to be delegated from unseen friends who have passed before and who now return to bless the children of men. Others are persuaded it is the divine influx, or a gift direct from God to His suffering and dying children, such as Christians believe was demonstrated in the early church; another class ascribes this life-giving power to the awakening of the real Self, or the recognition of the Divine enthroned within the mind of man. Still others, and some of these are very thoughtful men and women, hold that disease is wholly or largely due to mental images in the mind, which may be erased through suggestion; I have personally known many most remarkable cures wrought by metaphysicians holding this theory.

But it matters not for our present discussion what the real explanation may be; the important thought to be considered is that these healers are curing large numbers of intelligent persons after regular practitioners have failed to give relief. These are

facts, or else the testimony of thousands of as intelligent and conscientious people as live in our land, who were sick and are now well, is worthless. All this shows the trend of modern thought in the healing art, and suggests the marvellous possibilities which open before us. I believe humanity is to-day approaching a truth, the demonstration of which will eclipse all the triumphs of the human brain in all ages of the past.

Do not, however, misunderstand me as endorsing the theoretical positions of many of these healers. Take, for instance, the Christian scientists, who, arising in this peculiarly materialistic age, run to what seems to me to be the opposite extreme when they deny the existence of matter. Their position, as many of their teachers baldly put it, impresses me as being untenable; but at the same time I do not lose sight of the ever recurring fact that reformers go to extremes. When error has pulled the great pendulum of thought far to the left, and a new power wrests it from the vise-like grasp which held it, does the free pendulum settle immediately over the centre mark of perfect truth? Certainly not; it acts in accordance with the laws of nature and sweeps far to the right, and so oscillates from right to left for a little time, at last settling above the point which marks truth. So when these reformers tell us there is no such thing as matter, I do not accept their conception as true, but I do believe that when the pendulum rests over the centre mark it will be found above a splendid truth, namely this: *Mind is greater than matter, and in man there is a spiritual power which, when sufficiently developed or cultured, will enable the real ego to master disease as did Jesus and His disciples.*

We are only on the threshold of this realm; as yet the curtain is but slightly drawn aside; the splendor is only beginning to dawn on our vision. But when the perfect day shall come, when the human mind, which has so long grovelled in the material sphere, shall have risen into the sun-illuminated heights of lofty spirituality, it will be able to banish disease by the majesty of its power. Do you doubt it? Then study the pages of history. All along the highway of the past there stand out in bold relief illustrations and hints that are finger-boards pointing to that supreme truth which will one day flash on mortal vision, and illumine the soul with a celestial glory. How often, in the vanished ages, great and holy prophets, teachers, and sages have wrought marvellous cures in restoring the halt, the maimed, and those bowed down with frightful diseases. They have cured them by the majesty of command uttered by souls filled with a serene and lofty faith, or an absolute conviction of the power that was delegated to them or that dwelt within their being.

Who shall presume to limit the possibilities of the human

mind when it is pure, exalted, filled with lofty aspirations, and open to the luminous inspiration that comes from above? Think of its achievements in the material world of the past! It has climbed the heavens, caught the lightning in its wayward course, and made it the slave of man. It invented the telescope, and lo! the flat earth and the lanterns that hung above were found but fancies of a childhood age, and in the place of this fiction there were revealed great systems of worlds. It invented the printing press, whereby the earth has been filled with the wealth of the greatest brains, blossoming forth on a million pages. It has given us the power to converse with and hear the sweet, familiar voices of friends removed from us many miles. It has given us inventions by which the very tones of the loved, the great, the gifted, may be preserved for generations yet to come. It has given us the loftiest conceivable thoughts, the purest song, the grandest poetry, the most ravishing melody. Inspiration, do you say? Ah, what is inspiration but the higher expression of mind and its power or susceptibility to voice the major notes of the invisible choir of the universe? I repeat, there is no measuring the possibilities of mind, especially when it is illumined with the divine influx and dwells on the serene heights of profound spirituality. There is a marvellous power in the soul of man or in the inspiration that is breathed in from above, and every age has witnessed to this truth.

So in regard to the healing art; if that freedom which has made progress possible be not taken from our people, and if legislation will permit the free-born American citizen to choose whomsoever he desires to treat him when sick, I believe the near future will give to us grander triumphs in healing than the past has conceived. The menace of the present lies in the efforts of the promoters of medical monopoly. In the course of a brilliant protest against medical restrictive legislation, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan made the following suggestive observation:—

The oak is in the acorn which the pig may crush in his jaws, and the glory of the future is the helpless infancy of the present, which a conspiracy or brutal law may crush. This is not a mere metaphor, but a solemn reality. Our Washington might have been lost by a faithless nurse in his infancy, as he finally lost his life by medical ignorance. The infant power that is to bless the future ages is the infant science, the infant discoveries, inventions, and philosophies that are springing up where all that is beneficent and glorious first comes—outside the walls of corporations.

In the light of history and in the face of existing facts, I believe it will appear evident to any unprejudiced investigator of this problem that the protection of the people, and progress in the healing art, demand the abolition of all class laws which

infringe on the rights of the intelligent American to such a degree that he is denied freedom as to the choice of the method of treatment he desires or the practitioner in whom he has confidence. Protect the people from intentional fraud, in such a manner as I have suggested; add to this security by the enactment of laws which will severely punish any practitioner who fails to employ faithfully and conscientiously the methods of practice he professes to follow, and then place every doctor on a common footing. Give the people wholesome liberty, which is their sacred right. Encourage education and that sharp competition which fosters industry, necessitates caution, and favors progress and advancement.

IV.

A further objection to these odious class laws is found in the fact that they force upon thousands of thoughtful, law-abiding people the terrible alternative of becoming law-breakers or of seeing death take from the fireside loved ones who might be spared for many years if freedom prevailed. And I want to emphasize this thought, for I can conceive of few crimes more heinous than that which a legislature commits when it obeys the selfish entreaties of an interested school or class to the extent that it takes from me the right to save my life or the lives of those dear to me by methods not approved by a selfish medical censorship. And just here permit me to give a case in point. It is a very personal experience, and perhaps it was the bringing of the great question home to me with startling directness that made me see and feel the infamy of these class laws so keenly. The facts which I here relate require a somewhat detailed statement because they have an important bearing on other aspects of this question beyond that of the right of an intelligent citizen to the choice of whomsoever he may desire in case of illness. As the invalid of whom I speak was my own wife, I am personally cognizant of the exact facts involved.

Some years ago Mrs. Flower had a severe attack of pneumonia, which left her with a most obstinate and distressing cough and a poor appetite. Owing to the severe winters in Boston it was thought best for her to accompany her sister, who resided in St. Louis, to a well-known town in Southern Arkansas, where the latter had spent several winters. For some time before she left for the South, Mrs. Flower had gradually lost flesh, but I cherished the hope that in the mild and kindly climate of the more southern latitude the cough would disappear, and that the radical change would restore her appetite. In this I was disappointed, as, after a few months, my wife's rapid decline alarmed her sister and mother, who was also with her. They apprised

me of her condition and I immediately left for Arkansas; finding on reaching my destination that she was much worse than I anticipated, for, in addition to her cough, her stomach seemed to have given out completely, as even the simplest and most easily digested food occasioned distress.

With Mrs. Flower and her mother I left at once for St. Louis, where I had my wife examined by a leading regular physician, who stands high in the profession. This physician made what appeared to be a thorough examination of Mrs. Flower at the Lindell Hotel, where we were stopping. After the examination he gravely informed my mother-in-law and myself that my wife was in advanced stages of phthisis. He assured us that she could not survive the spring. He prescribed regulation remedies and advised her going south. I felt it wisest to take her where I knew she could have the best treatment I could secure, and while I did not dare to bring her to Boston, decided to take her to Washington. Accordingly, we left the next day for that city. I secured the services of one of the foremost regular physicians of Washington; a gentleman who was recommended to me by prominent citizens as a doctor who had been exceedingly successful in the treatment of phthisis and other wasting diseases. This physician made an examination which appeared to be as thorough as that made by the other eminent regular doctor of St. Louis, but he declared that Mrs. Flower did not have phthisis, but that she was suffering from anæmia, gastric catarrh, and also that there was some adhesion in the upper part of the right lung; and that owing to her extreme weakness her condition was very critical. This physician treated Mrs. Flower faithfully for several weeks. He was uniformly kind and considerate and undoubtedly did the best he knew how, but for all this my wife gradually lost ground. This he finally admitted, saying, "It is only a question of a short time, if she continues to lose flesh, before dissolution will take place." He furthermore advised taking her to Aiken, S. C., or Asheville, N. C., as he said a sudden change in the weather would be likely to bring on pneumonia.

I set out for Aiken, S. C., and placed Mrs. Flower under the care of a leading physician of that place. I remained with her, hoping that each day she might show signs of improvement, but in spite of all we could do she grew weaker and weaker. At first we were able to take a little walk every day to a clump of pine trees, a short distance from the Highland Park Hotel, where we were staying. Later Mrs. Flower was only able to go half the distance; still later she did not feel that she could leave the hotel piazza, and finally she was confined to her bed. All this time the physician was in daily attendance. All nourish-

ment gave pain, and soon the only food she could take was beef juice.

At this juncture a gentleman from New York City, who ate at the same table as did my mother-in-law and myself, and who had taken quite an interest in the case, inquired of a number of the guests if they had known of any case similar to that of Mrs. Flower. One gentleman replied that he had suffered in a manner which seemed similar to the symptoms given, so far as the stomach trouble was concerned, and that after the physicians had failed to give him relief he had cured himself by eating raw oysters with capsicum on them. The New York gentleman told me what the one-time invalid said, and though we had tried raw oysters several times with Mrs. Flower, I felt at once that perhaps capsicum in very minute quantities might be beneficial, as her stomach was cold and we had to give hot water or something hot before she took any nourishment. Accordingly I procured some capsicum, made a weak decoction, and put a few drops of it in her beef juice. This she took although she greatly feared the capsicum might increase the pain in her stomach. To our great delight she experienced no distress whatever after taking the nourishment thus prepared, something which had not occurred before for over six weeks. That night I gave her beef juice every hour with a few drops of the weak capsicum tea in it. No pain was experienced, and in the morning she felt better than she had for several days.

When the physician came I informed him what I had done. He was alarmed and said, "I fear we will have inflammation of the stomach."

I replied that I had watched my wife's tongue to see if the edge became scarlet, and I knew that instead of hurting her it had done her good, and I further pointed out how rapidly she had failed of late. "She is not now able to leave her bed," I said, "and if, in her weak condition, you frighten her, I think it may prove fatal."

"I should not do that," he replied. I then admitted him to my wife's room; he examined her tongue and said, "Continue the capsicum."

From that time my wife improved. She took no medicine except the capsicum tea for a few days, after which the physician advised wine of coca in addition to the pepper. This I procured, and it also agreed with the invalid. We returned north, and during the summer, although Mrs. Flower's cough continued, and she had to exercise the greatest care in regard to diet, she was up most of the time. With the advent of autumn, however, the cough became much worse. I took her to Florida, where she passed the winter, remaining until late in the spring. She

returned to Boston on the twenty-first day of May, and a few days later took la grippe; the stomach trouble returned, and the cough was very much aggravated. At this time she seemed to lose hope and interest in life.

I then conferred with a regular physician of the Back Bay and explained the delicate condition of her stomach; later I took her to this doctor. He prescribed for her, but the medicine so distressed her stomach that after a day and a half of acute pain she discontinued it, and I found it impossible to infuse any courage into her mind. She steadily grew worse.

One day a friend, whose wife had been very ill from a shock of paralysis, and other serious complications, called at my office. On inquiring about her condition I was surprised to hear from my friend that she was perfectly restored to health. He then informed me that he had been led through some friends to consult a metaphysician, who had entirely cured his wife. I immediately called upon the gentleman who had restored my friend's wife to health. He impressed me as being a wholesome, manly man, who sincerely believed in his system. I made an appointment for my wife, but on informing her found her very much opposed to the treatment, for she was strongly prejudiced against Christian science.

At last, however, she consented to give the metaphysician a trial. In five treatments, covering a period of two weeks, my wife was cured. Her cough of three years' standing had disappeared. She was able to eat cucumber, cake, and confectionery with impunity. Since then a period of more than two years and a half has elapsed, and my wife has never taken a dose of medicine, nor has she been compelled to leave Boston during the winter, and her health has been better than it had been for the six or eight years prior to being treated by this metaphysician.*

Now, aside from the main point I wish to emphasize, it is well to note these important facts in regard to this case: (1) The diagnosis of the eminent St. Louis regular practitioner, after a careful personal examination, was that Mrs. Flower was suffering from phthisis in an advanced stage. (2) The eminent Washington regular physician, who examined her four days later, declared that she did not have phthisis, but was suffering from other troubles. The diagnosis of the physician at Aiken was substantially the same as that made by the Washington doctor, but both were powerless to afford relief, and under the faithful treatment of each Mrs. Flower steadily failed. (3) Relief was suggested from a lay source, and had I been in some states I might have been arrested and imprisoned as a criminal for giving the capsicum

* To the absolute truth of all these statements my wife and her mother are ready to bear testimony.

without the sanction of a regular physician. And yet it was this irregular treatment, the employment of which might have subjected me to imprisonment, which relieved the patient, and turned back the ebbing tide of life. (4) Neither a winter in Florida nor any of the medical treatment my wife received cured her cough, and after she was taken down with la grippe her stomach trouble returned, and the one element in her favor before, viz., hope, disappeared. Here again regular remedies not only failed to give relief but aggravated the stomach trouble, and in this apparently most hopeless condition she was cured in two weeks by a metaphysician. Now had we been residents of some of the medical slave states, Iowa for example, and this metaphysician had thus cured my wife after the regular practice had failed, he would have been liable to arrest and imprisonment for the *crime of curing one whom the regular practitioners were powerless to aid*. Had Massachusetts been cursed with a medical monopoly law which would have rendered it impossible for me to employ this metaphysician, death would unquestionably have robbed me of one whose love, high thinking, and sweet companionship have been a constant source of inspiration and strength.

This case, in so far as it affords an illustration of the saving of a precious life, by means which would have been impossible under medical despotism, is by no means exceptional. Thousands upon thousands of cases might be presented which tell the same story. Indeed, I have met with nothing in recent years which has so astonished me as the number of intelligent and thoughtful people who assure me that they have been cured by the newer, subtler, and safer means and methods of treatment after regular practice had signally failed.

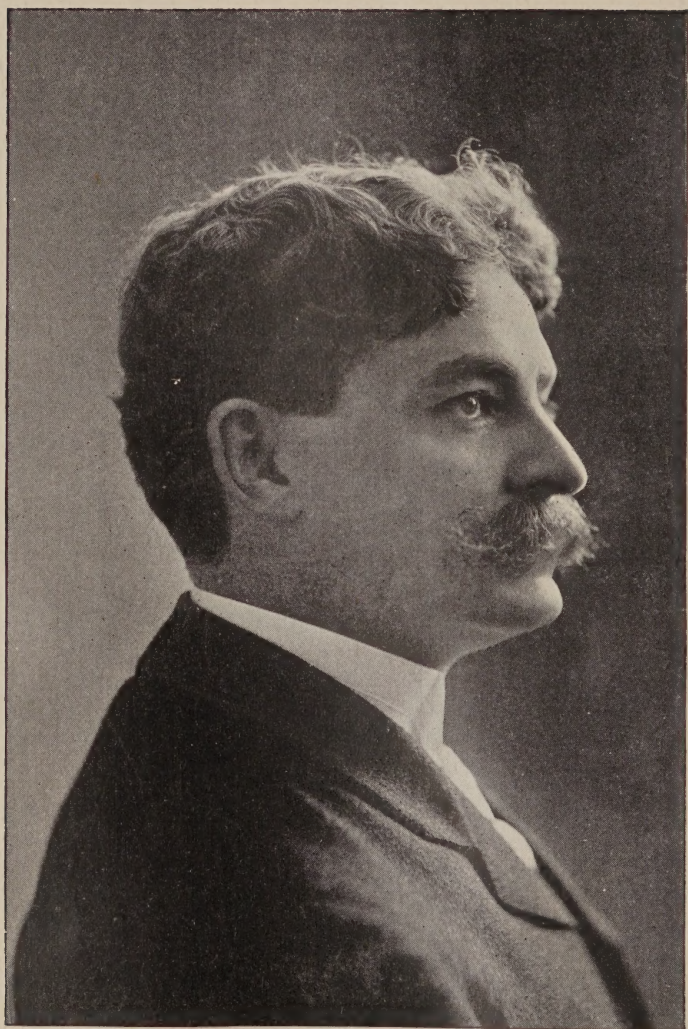
I do not wish to be understood as assailing the regular school as a school. *I am assailing unjust and unamerican legislation which makes unfair distinction and unconstitutional discrimination*. I fully appreciate the services and faithful and conscientious endeavors of thousands of noble-minded medical men in the ranks of regular practice, and I am not unmindful of the extensive curriculum and the elaborate scholastic requirements of many of their educational institutions, although I think that here much precious time is wasted in digging in the cellar with the aid of very uncertain lights to guide them, and that in many respects their teaching resembles the extensive but useless memorizing which characterizes Chinese education.

The point I am making is not against any particular school, *as a school*, but against oppression, injustice, and dangerous class legislation which certain members of the regular school are year by year seeking to fasten upon the people. I should defend the right of the free American citizen to employ a regular physician,

if homœopathy sought to outlaw regular physicians by proving that the practice of the latter was more fatal to life than the newer methods, because I hold that the passage of any such law would be essentially unjust, inasmuch as it would deprive some citizen who had faith in the old school from the liberty of employing the physician he desired.

It is a very serious thing to take from a man the power to save the lives of those dearer than life to him; and yet this is precisely what is compassed by medical monopoly laws. It is a legal crime to enact a statute which tempts law-abiding citizens to become law-breaking citizens; and yet this is what every legislature is guilty of committing when it disregards the great fundamental right of the individual to the employment of whomsoever he desires in the hour of sickness, and at the behest of interested persons, enacts class laws.

In the name of science, whose prophets and torch bearers have time and again been denounced as quacks; in the name of freedom, upon whose pathway progress ever makes her most rapid strides; for the protection of the health and life of the people, and, lastly, in the name of that priceless and sacred right which when wrested from a people leaves them slaves to a degrading despotism, I urge all broad-minded, liberty-loving citizens to stand determinedly against the stealthy and dangerous encroachment of a well-organized monopoly, arrogant and intolerant as it is selfish and avaricious, which in its own interest is striking at the dearest and most sacred rights of every intelligent and free American citizen.



Cordially
H. P. Freeman

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PRENATAL INFLUENCE.

BY SYDNEY BARRINGTON ELLIOT, M. D.

THE process by which man is born into this world, and the circumstances which go to make him what he is, whether it be a theologian or a scapegrace, a mathematician or a fool, concern all. It is a subject of the utmost importance ; and yet how little interest is taken in it when compared with that taken in the raising of fine horses, fine cattle, in fact fine stock of every class. Stock-raising is a science in which the utmost care is given every minute detail. The propagation of the human race is a bungle, left to chance conception, alike from the good, the bad, the sound, and the diseased, dependent upon the probable ignorance of even the well informed on ordinary subjects. Is it any wonder that the race is of such poor material that half perish under five years of age, and a very large per cent of the other half are a burden in some way upon the remaining few ? Surely the propagation of the greatest work of an almighty God, is worthy at least some of the attention given that of the lower animals.

If we would do away with a bungling, chance procreation, that results in misery and destruction, if we would give the cherished of all we hold dear — our very flesh and blood — the same attention in their generation that we give the beasts in our stables, then all who presume to become parents must know how to have well-born children, or know how to have none at all, and for this purpose it is absolutely essential that the practical application of prenatal influence should

be thoroughly understood. Then only will we have well-born children, free from contamination of vice and disease, capable of unlimited attainment, able to follow the dictates of a keen conscience and with the power to beget a better generation than the world has yet seen.

Information from the proper sources must be disseminated through the most available channels. The time when physicians kept the masses in darkness as to what was their most vital concern, either from ignorance or selfishness on their own part, is past. Current literature opens up a wide avenue for a flow of vitalizing information to a needy public, and the true physician, who has the permanent welfare of the race at heart, will make use of every available means to help his fellow-man in his struggle for a higher life. Prejudice, the great obstacle to progress, must be laid aside. "Vice has no friend like the prejudice which claims to be virtue," and 'tis "When the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong."

The subject is of such paramount importance that in its presentation it will require the staunchest confirmation and the most convincing proof; and while this article will be largely composed of confirmatory evidence, the ones to follow will demonstrate how to put into practical use the laws of prenatal influence, and will be of the greatest interest to every reader.

While prenatal influence has been widely written upon in medical literature, and to some extent by popular writers, no writer has ever collected sufficient proof of this influence to be convincing, and to show how it may be applied for the benefit of mankind. The term prenatal (or antenatal) influence applies to all influences, physical, mental, or moral, which, acting through the parents, affect an unborn child. These forces are not active during actual pregnancy only, for the condition of both father and mother some little time before and at conception, helps to determine the form and character of the offspring.

Heredity is that law by which permanent and settled qualities of the parents, or of the more remote ancestors, reappear in the child; while prenatal influence signifies the effect produced upon the future being by temporary conditions of the parents in the above periods, as by temporary mental states (anger, fear, happiness) or by temporary physical conditions (activity, health, exhaustion of a part or of the entire body).

It is a matter of every-day note, that children of the same parents, born within a few years of each other, are often totally unlike in disposition and in physical attributes. They may be not only unlike each other, but unlike the parents themselves. The law of heredity would require the constitution of the child to be made up of the personal characteristics of each parent; but we find virtuous and well-meaning parents, with long lines of reputable ancestry, bringing forth vicious and obstinate children, and, on the other hand, the ignorant and vulgar sometimes producing children that are remarkable for special ability or refinement. It must be acknowledged that some forces are at work other than heredity, as the term is generally understood.

That these forces which modify or distort hereditary tendencies are prenatal, as we have defined that term above, it is our object to prove. Opinions expressed by the ablest and most acute observers among the medical profession, some of which we quote, lift this question out of the realm of old women's notions, and place it upon a footing where it demands investigation by all who presume to become parents. Cases will be given in which the state of the mother, her emotions, her experiences, and her actions have had an undoubted effect upon the child she has borne; this effect being favorable or unfavorable, according to the kind of influence.

As to the manner in which this process is carried on, there is some obscurity. There seems to be a subtle sympathy between mother and child, organ for organ, part for part. The child's body is growing rapidly in all directions, building material is plentiful, and the energies that can utilize it seem tireless. If any portion of the mother's body, whether it be an intellectual faculty or the stomach, is either *continuously* or *intensely* active, the same portion in the child seems to be stimulated to increased growth; and increased growth means increased power. It does not seem necessary that the mother should possess either the physical or mental power that she can produce in the child; for there are many cases of prodigies in physical and mental power, the mother and father of whom possessed no such attributes. It is merely necessary to have intense or continuous effort on the mother's part, in order to stimulate the special growth in the child.

The manner in which the influence is produced on the

father's side is still more obscure. The seed seems stamped with the imprint not only of his permanent characteristics (hereditary), but also of his temporary conditions of mind and body (prenatal influence), and these have their place in determining the character of the offspring.

In a thorough investigation of this subject we collated many opinions of eminent authorities and cases, some of which will be given here, but space will not admit of more than a few. For further information we refer the reader to "*Ædœology*."

One of the most noteworthy physicians who has written on this subject, Lewis A. Sayer,* says:—

With what vast importance do we find this interesting question surrounded, and what strong appeals from future generations are made upon the fondly expecting-to-be mother to exercise both her physical and mental powers to their greatest degree, in order that she may be the happy bearer of an offspring gifted in these essentials for future usefulness in their highest degree of development, both as regards strength and activity.

Rokitansky † says:—

The question whether mental emotions do influence the development of the embryo (unborn child) or not, must be answered in the affirmative.

The late Fordyce Barker, M. D., LL. D., one of the most eminent physicians in America, read an excellent paper, entitled "*The Influence of Maternal Impressions on the Fœtus*," before the American Gynæcological Society (in the year 1886), in which he says:—

Maternal impressions may affect the development, form, and character of the fœtus.

In speaking of the blood being the agent through which maternal impressions are conveyed, he says:—

Food, medicines, poisons, and diseases are conveyed to the fœtus *in utero*. Children are born with measles, scarlet-fever, small-pox, and other communicable diseases. Congenital chorea, hysteria, and epilepsy have been observed. Mothers who have suffered a severe fright when advanced in pregnancy have given birth to choreic children.

* "*Facts and Arguments on the Transmission of Intellectual and Moral Qualities from Parents to Offspring*." T. Winchester, publisher, New York, second edition.

† *Path. Anat.*, vol. I., p. 2.

Dr. Brittan, who has given much study to the occult problems of human life, in writing of the "Relations of Mind to Offspring," gives the following as to the law or process of embryonic moulding:-

The singular effects produced on the unborn child by the sudden mental emotions of the mother are remarkable examples of a kind of electrotyping on the sensitive surfaces of living forms. It is doubtless true that the mind's action in such cases may increase or diminish the molecular deposits in the several portions of the system. The precise place which each separate particle assumes in the new organic structure may be determined by the influence of thought or feeling. If, for example, there exists in the mother any unusual tendency of the vital forces to the brain at the critical period, there will be a similar cerebral development and activity in the offspring.

MM. Grimaud de Caux and Martin St. Ange* say on this subject:—

Pregnancy is a function of the woman, as are digestion and the acts of secretion of various kinds, and if these latter are affected by moral impressions, why should not the former be also similarly acted upon? If the composition of the blood be altered, is it possible that the fœtus which is being developed in a mother's womb by this fluid should not undergo changes?

Plato,† after discussing how easily impressions are stamped upon infants, says:—

Nay, more, I would say that a woman during her time of pregnancy should of all women be most carefully tended, and kept from violent and excessive pleasures and pains; and at that time she should cultivate gentleness, benevolence, and kindness.

Spurzheim, in his "Education," says:—

The innate constitution, which depends upon both parents and the state of the mother during pregnancy, is the basis of all future development.

Carpenter wrote as follows:—

That the mental state of the mother can produce important alterations in her own blood, seems demonstrated by the considerations previously advanced in regard to its effect upon the process of nutrition and secretion, and that such alterations are sufficient to determine important modifications in the developmental processes of the embryo, to which her blood furnishes the material, can scarcely admit of a question, when we recollect what an influence the presence or absence of particular substances has in modifying the growth of parts in the adult.

* "Histoire de la Génération de l'Homme," etc., Paris, 1849, p. 252.

† "Seventh Book of Laws."

Bichat says:—

It is by the modifications which the mother's blood receives from vivid emotions that we must explain their influence upon nutrition, the growth, and even the life of the fœtus, to which the blood is supplied through the placenta.

A. Combe * says, in reference to prenatal influence:—

If a sudden and powerful emotion of her own mind exerts such an influence upon her stomach as to excite vomiting, and upon her heart as almost to arrest its motion and induce fainting, can we believe that it will have no effect upon her womb and the fragile being contained within it? Facts and reason, then, alike demonstrate the reality of the influence, and much practical advantage would result to both parent and child were the conditions and extent of its operations better understood.

The Spartans surrounded their wives, while pregnant, with beautiful pictures, images, and statues, such as those of Castor and Pollux, who represented strength and beauty, and enforced that custom by the requirements of law (the law of Lycurgus). It is not surprising, then, that they were physically such a fine race of people.

To the foregoing opinions we will give the additional weight of a few cases of prenatal influence carefully compiled from medical literature. The truth of these cases is undoubted; and this fact of their being true, with the great principle they establish, is sufficient explanation for their use here. While these cases may not have resulted favorably, they prove the existence of prenatal influence, and establish the fact that impressions of a more favorable nature have only to be made to have favorable results. Other such cases will be given later.

The prenatal effects of war and like disasters have long been noted, as in the siege of Landau, recorded by Baron Percy, and quoted by Carpenter, Pinel, and others. At the siege of Landau, in France, in 1793, there was such violent cannonading that the women were kept in a constant state of alarm. In addition, the arsenal blew up with a terrific explosion, which few could hear with unshaken nerves. The result was that out of ninety-two children born in that district within a few months, sixteen died at birth, thirty-three languished for eight or ten months and died, nine became idiots and died before they were five years old, and two came into the world with numerous fractures of the limbs. The history

* "On the Management of Infancy."

of the others was not followed up, but it is doubtful if they escaped without injury, though it may have been of a less serious nature.

The results of the French Revolution were similar. Esquirol mentions that many children, born when the horrors of the French Revolution were at their highest, turned out to be weak, nervous, irritable, and liable to insanity.

It has long been noted that of the children born at the siege of Antwerp, a large portion were deformed, and many were still-born. It has also been recorded * that the financial crises in Berlin were followed by an increased number of idiots born.

Dr. Seguin † reports the following case which came under his own observation and care: A girl, who at the time he knew her was twelve or thirteen years old, was a congenital idiot; the other members of the family, which was a large one, were above the average in point of intelligence. The mother was pregnant with this idiotic child during the civil war of Paris, and was harassed with anxiety for the safety of her husband.

Spamer gives a case where the child was an idiot as a result of the mother's nervous and depressed condition during pregnancy, owing to the death of a child.

The case of James I. of England is a notable one, and is known to all history. The murder of David Rizzio was perpetrated by armed nobles, with violence and terror, in the presence of Mary, queen of Scotland, shortly before the birth of her son, James I. of England. The liability of this monarch to emotions of fear is recorded as a prominent characteristic of his mind, and so great was his terror of a sword—the weapon with which Rizzio was killed—that he would shudder at the sight of it. Sir Digby relates that when King James conferred the knighthood upon him, which is done by laying a naked sword upon the shoulder of the new knight, he could not look at the sword, but turned his head away, so that he came very near putting the point into the knight's eye. Sir Kinelm was saved from a similar catastrophe by the duke of Buckingham, who in the nick of time guided the sword aright.‡ Queen Mary was not deficient in

* "Neurologische Centralblatt," p. 499.

† *Philadelphia Medical Times*, 1867, vol. II., pp. 121-123.

‡ A discourse made in an assembly of nobles and learned men at Montpellier, France, and rendered out of French into English by R. White, London, 1658.

courage, and the Stuarts, both before and after James I., were distinguished for this quality, so that his disposition was an exception to the family character and due to prenatal influence.

Dr. T. A. Martyn * gives a case of a woman who was severely burned about the legs. She miscarried in six hours. The corresponding parts of the fœtus were blistered, and had the same appearance as those of the mother. Among other similar cases to this last one may be mentioned those reported by Dr. Hart (*Am. Jour. of Med. Sci.*, January, 1881), Dr. Niker (*Obst. Jour.*, Gr. Brit., June 15, 1880), Dr. S. O. Stockslager (*Chicago Med. Jour. and Exam.*, May 23, 1881, vol. XLIII., p. 313.)

One of the most remarkable cases on record was that of Robert H. Copeland. The names of six physicians are attached to the account certifying that it is substantially true. For the details we refer the reader to the original article.†

Dr. Fearn cites the following case:‡ A mother witnessed the removal of one of the bones (metacarpal) from her husband's hand, which greatly shocked and alarmed her. A short time after, she had a child who was born without the corresponding bone which was removed from the father.

Dr. Dorsey reports the following case:§ Dr. G—— sustained a fracture of his leg midway between the ankle and the knee. His wife was about five months advanced in pregnancy. When the child of which she was pregnant was born, it had on the leg corresponding with the injured limb of the father, and at precisely the same spot, the appearance of a fracture of the limb, and there was also a decided shattering of the leg.

Dr. Fordyce Barker cites a case|| where a child was born with holes in the lobes of its ears, as a result of the mother seeing holes bored in the ears of her favorite daughter. The mother was averse to the daughter's having her ears pierced, and it made a decided impression on her, though she had no idea her baby would be so born.

* *American Journal of Medical Science.*

† First published by *So. Med. and Sur. Jour.*, vol. III. p. 331, and copied in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* vol. XX., p. 98.

‡ Report of Med. Assoc. of Ala., 1850.

§ *Trans. Med. Assoc., Ala.*, 1850.

|| *Trans. Am. Gynecol. Soc.*, 1886.

Purefoy * reports the case of a woman who, when about four months pregnant, tried to rear by hand a calf, of which the right ear, right eye, and fore legs were absent. When the child was born it was similarly deformed—i.e., right ear, right eye, and right arm were wanting.

Roth † gives ten cases of hare lip, one case of spinabifida, one case of cleft palate, and one case of nævus resulting from a mother in each instance being impressed with the sight of similar deformity. The time varied from the second or third month till well on in pregnancy.

Daresti ‡ made experiments with over nine thousand eggs of chickens, producing at will many deformities, thus proving beyond doubt that external influences do affect the development of the embryo.

M. A. de Friérière § gives many interesting cases where peculiar characteristics in animals have been due to influences exerted on the mothers during gestation, and he holds himself personally responsible for every case he gives.

It will be impossible to give further cases here, although if the reader desires more, we refer him to "*Ædœology*," || where he will find the subject exhaustively treated. Hundreds of cases are given of every class, this being the only work of the kind in existence which does treat the subject fully.

In concluding this article it is but necessary to say that the offspring may be affected physically and mentally by prenatal influence, the extent depending upon the nature and extent of the impression, and much good would result if this influence were better understood and applied.

The truth of prenatal influence having now been proved, cases will be given, in the next article, to illustrate how this great force can be applied by all well-meaning parents, capable of having sound children, for the benefit of future generations; while in the third article the physique, intellectual ability, and morals of the child will be considered, and definite information given as to its advancement. For if the

* Med. and Surg. Rep., May 31, 1881.

† Virchow's Archives, Band XCL., Heft 3.

‡ "Comptes Rendus," Nov. 3, 1873.

§ "Education Antérieure; Influences Maternelles pendant la Gestation sur les Prédisposition Morales et Intellectuelles des Enfants." Paris.

|| "*Ædœology*," by Sydney Barrington Elliot, M. D. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

body and mind can be so greatly changed, warped, or influenced in one way, as shown in the foregoing cases, so they can be in another. If one impression can be photographed, as it were, in a child's mind, so can another ; and so intellectual power, good physique, and a worthy disposition may be imparted to the future offspring.

MANUAL TRAINING VS. THE OLD METHOD OF EDUCATION.

BY ARNOLD H. HEINEMANN.

THE word "manual" may mean either "by the hand" or "of the hand." In the compound expression of "manual training" it must, however, be always taken to signify "*by* the hand"; or, "manual training" ought to be used to signify "training" or "education *by* the hand," but not education *of* the hand. For an education *of* the hand means a development of the hand in the lines of handicraft, or of trade. Such a development of the hand is a mechanical habituation of the muscles of the hand and limbs to the rapid and certain execution of particular kinds of movements calculated to produce certain material results demanded in particular trades. It is a one-sided development and has but a small influence upon the brain, predisposing it to think always in certain established ruts. Such a habituation renders the brain more or less unable to take a general or all-sided view of a subject.

Such training should not be called "educational," as is shown by the fact that all manual training teachers are agreed that their systems are not intended to train apprentices for trades. They admit that the training of the hand to be clever and cunning and skilful in all manner of manipulation, is intended to attain this result as a means to an end only, the real end being the education, or the evolution, of the human brain through the labor of the hand. The manual training school should be a "school where scholars are educated by means of the hand, or where both body and mind are developed through the hand."

This office of the hand to educate the mind, however, must not exclude every other means of education. The intellect by itself should be practised and trained by logical methods. But in order to train the power of thought, it is first requisite to have materials of thought to work with, and such ma-

terials cannot be supplied except through experiences made by sensuous observation, chiefly by the sense of touch exercised in all manner of manual activity. Thus it is, that the hand must provide the beginning and the basis of education.

The powerful influence of the hand upon the evolution of man has been well pointed out by Professor Marshall. He says that "The elevation of man above the animal commenced when man assumed his upright walk, for thereby the feet were assigned to the labor of locomotion by themselves, the hands being reserved for the performance of other labor." This other labor of the hand, luckily, did not yet know of a division of labor. Whatever primitive man made, he had to finish by himself; or, the products of primitive labor were all useful articles. That is the reason why this labor, as Professor Marshall says, "exercised a powerful influence upon the brain, developing it rapidly to a great superiority over that of all other creatures. A permanent state of mutual interaction between the hand and head ensued; the hand, by its labor, refining the operations of the brain by making the images more distinct and the judgment clearer; and the brain directing the operations of the hand and of the senses, making them work together with greater precision and accuracy."

This powerful interaction between hand and head is what a truly educational manual training course has to keep steadily in view in the development of the child. As the brain of the human species is said to have been differentiated from that of the animal by virtue of the labor performed by the hand, thus manual labor serves to develop the brain of the individual child of man. The brain, so far as it is the organ of intelligence, is very soft and plastic, and highly susceptible of development during early youth. That is the cause which renders the earliest educational practice of manual labor so efficient in exercising the most powerful influence upon the development of the brain. Keeping the hands of little children idle, because they have to study the characters of the alphabet, or for any other purposes, is the most usual way of permanently sterilizing the brains of the little ones, allowing them to grow hard and stiff in their undeveloped condition, and rendering them unsusceptible to improvement. But the brain of a child quickened and strengthened by manual training, will learn more in an hour

of the elements of reading, judiciously presented, than it would in days without the training by manual labor.

Disregarding this fact, the school of the three R's appeals chiefly to memory in its efforts to teach the child. But if school education is to produce the best possible results, it must avail itself of the hand of the pupil as well as of his memory. The hand is the tool by which the mind examines, compares, and judges the *data* of experience. Memory is a merely mechanical power, being unable to assimilate, and able only to retain the images or *data* of experience, and present them for comparison and judgment. But it is not able to use them independently in any way. Without the assistance of the hand, memory is only half equipped to develop and educate the intellect, and is utterly unable to establish a mental guide for the labor and conduct of life. But the establishment of such a guide of conduct, which is a secure foundation of practical ethics, is the chief, yea, almost the only true object of all education. Any system which uses the memory of the child as the chief means of his education, must, therefore, be pronounced erroneous.

The name of "manual training" by itself indicates a departure from the old beaten track of educating man through memory, or through book studies. This old education proceeds by fastening upon the mind of its pupils, symbols or words and formulas and rules made out by other minds and offered to the student ready made, cut and dried, without supplying any means by which he can understand them previous to retaining them in memory. For words and symbols do not produce clear ideas unless they are made to grow out of the observation and activity of the pupil himself. "Only that which he makes, or is able to make, is intelligible to growing man," says Froebel.

The majority of those educated by the old memorizing system, hardly ever succeed in obtaining clear, adequate conceptions of the objects signified by the symbols and words which they learn. They hardly know the realities of life for which the symbols stand. They are doomed to walk this earth as more or less facile talking machines, capable of conversing on any subject without understanding either their own talk or that of other people, because they lack the power of mentally realizing the actual meaning of their wordy symbols of the objective world.

A minority of the graduates of the schools of the old education, whose inborn genius succeeds in throwing off the trammels cast about their minds by an erroneous method of school education, will finish their education in the school of life. There they will learn to understand things and men, and their memory will serve them to register in its mechanical way whatever they have succeeded in understanding. Their success in this direction is not achieved by virtue of but in spite of the so-called education bestowed on them at the school of the old methods of memorizing. The consequences of this education will more probably follow them through life to such an extent that even in this fortunate minority there will be few who can ever entirely recoup themselves for the loss of perceptive power and imagination inflicted upon all the pupils of the old educational methods in a greater or less degree. •

If the mechanical nature of the faculty of memory, as above described, is kept in mind, the distinction made at the beginning of this paper between the expressions "training of the hand" and "training *by* the hand," will now be better understood. The training *of* the hand takes hold of a movement which cannot at first be executed but by the mind paying full attention to it. As the movement is being repeated again and again, the mental activity becomes gradually fixed in the nerves and brain—that is to say, it is retained by memory until the movement can be carried out, as it were, mechanically. Such a mechanical movement is closely related to what is commonly called "reflex motion," which is a habitual or mechanical action, executed more or less unconsciously. It is memory in action, but devoid of conscious thought. Such a training *of* the hand reacts upon the mind to so limited an extent that it does not deserve being called an educational training. It is the proper method of preparing for particular trades, but not for the all-sided development of a growing human being, which any rational system of education must keep in view.

The training *by* the hand does not want any movement whatever to be made without help from the mind, or that any movement should grow entirely habitual or mechanical. On the contrary, it tends to retain the union of mental and manual activity in whatever the hand is doing. The hand and the mind should interact upon each other all the

time. For this reason every correct system of manual training must see to it that every action, every movement, every step in the progress of labor, requires the continuous coöperation of hand and brain.

It would be erroneous, however, to conclude from this that the new education wants to reject entirely the service of memory. The new method recognizes fully that memory is not only an essential factor of, but that it is the indispensable basis for, the evolution of the human mind. Without memory, neither comparison nor any other mental activity would be possible. One of the great ends to be achieved by the new, as well as by any other system of education, is to train and develop the power of memory. But the new education does not want to make memory the almost exclusive medium of the mental development of the child. Neither does it want anything to be retained in memory until it has been well understood and prepared for perfect assimilation.

All such preparation of mental objects, that is, of thoughts or ideas, is made, in the beginning of life, through manual labor, as is shown in the evolution of the human race. By laboring upon wood and rock, mankind has obtained a thorough knowledge of these materials, and the child of man cannot obtain the same knowledge except by imitating the example set by the race, and working with wood and rock. By navigating the sea, mankind has obtained a knowledge of the oceans, and individual man will never obtain a thorough knowledge of the great waters without imitating the race and navigating the sea. In every respect it has been through labor that mankind has accumulated experience and obtained a knowledge of the world, and it is the business of rational education to prepare a similar course of experience for the child in order to enable him to obtain a corresponding knowledge through manual activity. As observation through labor has educated mankind unto experience, thus observation through well-directed manual activity at school must be made to educate the child. For experience will never come to a close in life. It serves to educate, and is in its turn served by education. When the child has finished his school education of experience, the result will generally be a codified system of knowledge and of practical rules of conduct, adaptable to future experience, as it grew out of past experiences.

If manual training is based upon so general a principle as the above, it would seem erroneous for the system to confine its educational labor to any single pursuit, such as drawing or modelling, or to particular trades, like cabinet making or book binding, etc. It is also erroneous to allow children to labor for profit, either by establishing a sort of factory, or by teaching a trade which can be made profitable as a home industry for the purpose of adding to the means of support of the families of the pupils. From a charitable or an economic point of view (although even these are not correct in this question), such a course of instruction may seem commendable, but that does not give to it any claim to a standing in education. For, as was said above, all kinds of mechanical or trade labor—that is, of methods of the training *of* the hand, any course of laboring at a trade—will check the harmonious development of the faculties of the child. But such a harmony of powers is the only correct end of education. After the child has finished his education, that is, when the boy or girl is entering upon the age of youth, or at an age of fourteen to sixteen or eighteen years, a course of technical or trade education cannot be objected to. But it must not be adopted during school age.

All human labor consists in modifying natural objects and phenomena so as to render them useful to man. For man is a part of nature in this way, that the infinite energy of nature has its finite counterpart in man. So man and nature ought to work together in harmony; or, the harmonious development of all the faculties of man ought to establish a full harmony between man and nature. But man has an individual will of his own, which cannot help being more or less at variance with the lawful uniformity of nature. This want of harmony cannot be overcome except by nature ruling or subserving the will of man. The savage is ruled by nature, but civilized man should rule nature and make her subservient to his will.

The end of education, then, ought to be to secure to man the ability to establish a harmony between nature and himself by rendering nature subservient to him. The means of accomplishing this end consist in endowing man with the knowledge and ability to avail himself of the forces, that is, the objects and occurrences of nature, for his own use and benefit. That is what mankind has been doing ever since

people commenced to support themselves by their labor; and he who understands nature and knows best how to make nature supply his wants, is best prepared for the struggle with nature; or, the extent to which individual man becomes able to enforce the subserviency of nature, depends upon the extent of his knowledge of it, and upon his ability to make a correct computation of the relative intensity of his own powers and the powers of nature; that is to say, a man must comprehend how far his power is adequate to the conquest of any natural power, if he would be successful in his struggle, and thus remain in harmony with nature and with himself.

Man is only able to make a correct computation of his own force in comparison with the forces of nature, through labor; or, the harmonious development of the child as a part of nature is brought about by imparting to him a knowledge of, and a practical ability for, the general principles underlying the entire field of human labors. These labors represent the total effort made by mankind in its struggle for mastery with the forces of nature. Manual training must aim at an ever increasing energy of the ability to achieve this mastery, and in order to attain this end, must develop in the child the ability to labor in any division of the industrial work of mankind.

In the first place it seems indispensable that the child should learn something about farming and gardening, which occupations supply the essential means for the support of the race. In the second place, as regards that sort of human labor commonly described by the word "industrial," a sufficient knowledge and ability in it can be obtained by devoting oneself to a careful educational study of a single kind of labor. There is no need of forcing every child to do every kind of human labor, provided that in whatever he does he learns to work rationally, that is, so that the hand and head are continuously kept in coöperation.

The coöperation of hand and head ought to be so thoroughly inculcated in every man as to secure its continuation in whatever labor a man does throughout life. But modern industry has the opposite tendency of checking manual development. It has, in the first place, rendered superfluous many of the small manual labors which children were used to perform in former times. When the writer attended school, he had to

sew and trim his copy books, rule the pages and mark off the margins, number the pages; he had to lay covers on all his school books and reading books, to cut his quills for writing, make his own envelopes for his letters, etc. All these little labors are now rendered superfluous by the factories providing blank books, envelopes, metal pens, etc. He was further used to make many a little chest, box, and other domestic article, all of which can at present be bought at so low a price that nobody would think of making them with his own hands.

In this way children formerly used to obtain some manual training in making useful things, the loss of which occupations would be felt more strongly than it is, if the kindergarten did not to a great extent counteract the effects of the loss with those children who would be the most likely to suffer from the loss of occupation. Without the kindergarten and manual training school, such a loss to childhood would mean nothing less than this, that the human hand would lose its cunning. But without that cunning, there would be no progressive development of the human brain. Without that cunning of the hand, the brain of the living generation of man would fail to attain to a stage of perfection equal to that attained by the generation next preceding; or, a course of retrograde evolution might commence.

If the kindergarten and manual education are to do effective service in warding off such a calamity, they must be established so as to be accessible to the children of the laboring people in general. For the laborer feels the loss of manual skill more intensely than any other class of men, because he does literally live by the labor of his hand; and he suffers most by the fact, that in the proportion in which increased capacity of machinery has rendered the skilful labor of the hand superfluous, the ability of hand of the laborer has steadily decreased. At the present time, a majority of men, probably not less than three quarters of all the people, are doomed, by the rule of the division of labor, to forcibly repress the natural development of manual skill, in order to obtain a certain one-sided mechanical dexterity of movement required for a particular kind of labor, not demanded by any natural circumstances but artificially enforced by the peculiar construction of a machine.

And this kind of work, the most deleterious to a sound development of the hand and the brain, is the labor which those pitiable children who are compelled, by the wretched condition of their parents, to work in factories, are forced to do. They were born with natural gifts and talents and hopes as bright and promising as either yours or mine, and they had a natural claim to grow as ingenious and useful and happy members of human society. But they were denied their claim to the "pursuit of happiness"; they were cheated out of their prospects and hopes. This cruel labor, with which they are doomed to wear out their prime, their period of development and preparation for life, is bound, by the inexorable law of nature, to destroy their every chance of natural development, their hopes of success and happiness. Many of them will die an early death, like young plants stunted through lack of food, of air and sunshine, and, at the same time, crippled by an overgrowth forced on them in a hothouse, for the factory will act upon these youthful frames as the hothouse does on plants. Those factory children who outlive the trial and reach adult age, are hardly ever more than a ruin of a frame originally built for expansion into a lovely structure. Their disposition to be free agents has been subverted. They have become machines destitute of self-determination and of the power to freely shift for themselves. They are rarely able to take care of themselves and of those dependent on them in all the vicissitudes of life, and they will be most frequently compelled to treat their children as they themselves were treated when young. Thus the curse of child labor in the factory is oppressing one generation after another, and is gradually undermining the soundness and purity of the human race and seriously obstructing its mental and moral progress.

The misery entailed upon children working in factories does not militate, it need hardly be said, against the principle of using labor as a means of educating the child of man. On the contrary, it tends to confirm the principle; for it shows that labor, in order to be educational, must not only be carefully selected as regards its kind, but also as to the time during which any manipulation is executed. Factory labor is wrong in kind because it not only does not demand the coöperation of head and hand, but requires the contrary — namely, a mechanical training of a certain set of muscles and

certain sense operations, which shall act automatically without thought or reflection interfering. And factory labor is wrong in time, because it requires the child to labor for days at the same manipulations which would exhaust the strength of adult people, instead of constantly changing operations and thereby developing all the muscles and senses, the faculties and powers of the whole child. Thus, instead of educating, factory labor is undermining and crippling the faculties of the child.

There is only one way of checking this fearful sacrifice of human life and happiness going on at wholesale all around us. That way is the compulsory education of all the children of the people by a correct method. The method must turn out not only men well prepared to do their duty but also satisfied with their own doings, men of conscience and dignity, fully qualified to select and do that kind of work best adapted to their nature. To turn out such men, the school must develop the talents of its pupils so completely that the ability to do responds with certainty to the desire and will of the men.

A truly educational system of manual training provides a method capable of accomplishing so desirable a result. But the masses of the people, upon whom, in the end, all the progress and prosperity of mankind depend, are not benefited by the establishment of some manual training schools here and there separate from the public school. Such special schools are not accessible to the children of the common laborer. But it is just the laboring classes that need the education by the hand more than any other class of the people. If manual training is to benefit the people at large, it must be introduced into the public school.

It will not solve the problem, either, to add a few hours of manual training a week to a time table, the remainder of which is entirely occupied by subjects in keeping with the old method of the three R's, coupled with a few lessons in geography, history, and science; for these studies, as commonly taught, in no way advance the development of manual skill, which is the chief ability which the laboring man should possess. A man compelled to make a living by his hand is much more in need of manual ability than of any knowledge of the above-named public-school studies, and this need must be supplied.

The public school is said by many to teach enough of manual skill by instructing in drawing and writing, both of which arts are executed by the hand. Drawing is, no doubt, a most useful art, not only by itself but also as the necessary companion to nearly every kind of manual training. But it can never take the place of manual training in the education of childhood. It is needed for the education of the eye, and too much time can hardly be given to it.

The same, however, can hardly be said of writing. Writing is a mechanical ability; and such an ability, practised and developed to the exclusion of other manual activities, will render the hand unfit for anything but this one art—that is to say, it will make the hand stiff and useless in other directions. Writing is a most useful art, but it is so peculiar as not only not to assist but to retard the general development of manual skill. It will not assist the arts of drawing or painting, which require a freer movement of the hand and arm. The handling of a pen or pencil in writing, with the forearm supported and the body at rest in a sitting posture, is an activity altogether different from the handling of tools in space, with the hand and arm in free motion, and the body in an attitude of full activity. Thus, skill in handwriting is rarely found together with skill in other arts, which act mostly as checks upon the development of a good handwriting; or, skill in handwriting and skill in any manual art do, to a greater or less extent, mutually exclude each other.

Let us further remember that the need of the art of writing, as a fundamental condition of education, has greatly diminished since typewriting and shorthand have come into use. These new modes of recording thoughts and events will, within a comparatively short time, do away with the present mode of writing, except for a few special needs, such as keeping books. We shall, in time, have typewriters so small and handy that they can be carried about in the pocket, or so plentiful that they can be hired for use for a short time anywhere. Then everybody will have to be instructed in the use of the typewriter as a substitute for the present handwriting, and handwriting will be an accomplishment of the few, except so far as it may be needed for signing our names to documents. When that time arrives, what reason will there be for childhood to spend so

many hours or years upon the acquisition of an art no longer useful? For to him who knows how to write shorthand and use the typewriter, longhand writing will be next to useless.

The prospect of that time, which is sure to come, when common writing will be almost eliminated from the schedule of a practical education, ought to induce us to shelve the superstition that a well-educated man must have a beautiful handwriting. This superstition has robbed millions of men of a chance to evolve a bright intellect and a strong will, because so much of their efforts to achieve an education had to be concentrated upon the development of that one exclusive and mechanical skill of writing a beautiful hand. And this superstition has further induced many to sacrifice legibility to so-called beauty, a result of which is a frequent union of the queerest pothooks with unreadableness, which causes daily annoyance to the man blessed with a good-sized mail.

Let writing be taught, so long as it shall yet be needed, more according to the rules of sound pedagogics, and at a more moderate expenditure of time, and all parties and interests will be greatly benefited. For such instruction will improve both the legibility and the beauty of handwriting, will render the task of writing easier, and the time saved on writing lessons can be spent more profitably on other studies, and on manual training exercises.

Reading is not, like writing, destined to lose in importance as time proceeds. It is the more necessary, therefore, to adopt the most approved modern methods of teaching to read. Beginning to read by learning the alphabet first is erroneous, because the letters of the alphabet are not intelligible to the child. They can only be remembered by a purely mechanical action of memory. The characters do not represent to the child objective things, which alone he is able to understand. But understanding ought always to precede remembering, if the latter is to be educational, that is, if it shall serve to develop the mind.

In order to give to the characters some objectivity, the child should form them. Forming characters is writing. Writing the characters, or the words, should precede reading them. But writing itself is not true educational labor unless it is a spontaneous activity. It must not be mechanical imi-

tation only. In order to make writing a self-activity, it must be drawing. The child must feel pleasure in forming the beautiful signs reminding him of leaves and flowers, and many other objects which he knows well how to draw. The child is not to begin writing until he has obtained some proficiency in drawing.

Instead of the order in which the three subjects are taken up in the old method, namely, reading first, then writing, and after that drawing, the new education begins with drawing, followed by writing, and last by reading.

In introducing the new method, the new education does not reduce the scope and efficiency of the three R's. On the contrary, by making their acquisition easier, their influence upon the progress of true education will grow more powerful, and at the same time there will be a great saving of time and power. The pupils would have ample time for manual training, and yet learn more reading, writing, and arithmetic than was learned when the whole of the school time was devoted to memorizing. And with all these additions of studies, not one hour need be added to the present school day.

Dr. Chadwick, inspector of schools, reports upon an experiment made in this direction at a board school in Old England:—

In one large establishment containing some six hundred children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation were introduced for the girls before any were obtained for the boys. The girls were put upon half-time tuition, that is, their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours a week, given on three alternate days of their industrial occupation, the boys remaining at full school time of thirty-six hours per week, the teaching being the same system, as well as teachers, also the same attendance in weeks and years. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspector at finding how much more mentally alert and in advance in book attainments the girls were than the boys. Subsequently industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours weekly, and after a while the boys were proved, upon examination, to have obtained their previous relative position, which was in advance of the girls.

In this case the introduction of manual training, and the reduction of the hours of study of the three R's by one half, first raised the scholarship of the girls above that of the boys, and then again that of the boys above that of the girls. The

experience of this school confirms the assertion made by the advocates of the new education, that the introduction of manual training subjects into the regular school curriculum, without increasing the number of hours of school attendance, will intensify the capacity of the pupils to such an extent that their progress even in book learning will be quicker and more thorough than it is when all the time is devoted to books, although a full half of the school time be devoted to manual training.

A judicious practice of manual training increases the energy and vivacity of the mental powers of the pupils, and enables them, in a much shorter time, to assimilate more new ideas and to be able to reproduce them better than they can do when they have to devote all their time and strength to intellectual pursuits. In this way manual training proves to be the true and only natural method, the method which nature herself employed in the evolution of the human race. Thus manual training confirms the saying, "The method of nature is the archetype of all methods."

The method employed in the school of nature can be traced throughout the animal kingdom. It is mainly through the sense of touch that animal intelligence evolves, even as touch is the sense incessantly active in manual training. Fishes, birds, and winged insects live and move in elastic, yielding mediums, which never offer a firm, solid resistance to the movements of living creatures. Without such a resistance, the sense of touch cannot be adequately practised. The result of this deficiency of education is seen in the fact that neither fish nor bird nor winged insect ever is found on a high stage of intellectual development. With not-winged insects, for instance ants, that are compelled to live on firm ground, the sense of touch has attained to a higher stage of development, and their intelligence is more remarkable. Creatures whose sense of touch is least developed, are also the least intellectually developed.

Creatures living on firm ground, where nearly every movement produces a tactile impression, attain to a comparatively high development of the intellect, and this development increases in proportion as the organs of touch grow more perfect. These organs are best developed in monkeys, which occupy the highest stage of intellectual development among animals.

Thus nature herself points to the sense of touch as the chief means or method by which to educate living beings. She also points out the progress for the development of the mind, from an elastic, yielding material such as is found in clay, to the firm, solid materials of wood and metal commonly used in the upper stages of manual training. Thus the new education, proposing to educate the child through the sense of touch, is in full harmony with nature.

It is not so with the old methods of education, which concentrate their efforts upon memory and thereby inflict injuries upon mankind, the full extent of which never has been, and probably never will be, accurately estimated. Eitelberger, an authority in this line of thought, says:—

The laborer and tradesman of the present day, having attended school and been instructed and prepared in many ways, have received a technical preparation for the duties of life altogether insufficient, and are consequently but little able to do the work which society has a right to expect of them. Or, in a few words, our laborers know comparatively much, and are able to do but very little. They will talk well, but work badly. The general complaint is that our tradespeople do not understand their trade properly, that no ability is found with common craftsmen.

That is what our present system of school education has brought men to—plenty of talkativeness without depth of understanding. This condition is breeding a spirit of dissatisfaction and turbulence concerning whatever exists in human society, and an ever-increasing inability to know one's duty and to do one's share in the business of life. For a knowledge of duty and an ability to do it to the fullest extent, cannot be attained except by men whose powers of will and of execution are equally perfect. The old school, which educates men by words and symbols, will too frequently turn out men who can talk well and do but little, who pursue business upon the principle that the world owes them a living anyhow, and always demand the highest pay for the smallest amount of work. But with the new education such men will be the exceptions; the common graduate of the school of the new method will have a will of his own and the ability needed to carry out his will. After the new education shall have replaced the old school, the nation will consist of actual freemen, and the dependents and voting cattle of the present day will be exceptionally rare productions.

THE RIGHT OF EMINENT DOMAIN.

BY EDWARD OSGOOD BROWN.

WE, single taxers, who believe that the present system of land tenure throughout the civilized world results in allowing a few, in what is practically a privileged and hereditary caste, to withhold from the use of all others, except upon oppressive terms, the natural opportunities on which alone energy and ability can be exerted, find the greatest difficulty in the way of a candid and careful consideration of our proposition to substitute for such a tenure one more just and less disastrous in its effects, to be the idea that we are trying to destroy the sacredness of private property, and to introduce a chimerical communism in place of a long-established and approved system of individual rights.

It would, to many of us, be far from a valid argument in favor of the justice or expediency of allowing the present system to continue that it was of immemorial existence, and that courts and legislatures had theoretically as well as practically sustained it. But so strong is the mental habit of conservatism among the great mass of intelligent people — a mental habit that makes everything that has long existed seem natural and necessary — that I deem it of the highest importance to point out that in urging in the United States (to which I shall confine myself in this short article, although it could be shown that the case is the same in every other country of the civilized world) the change from the present system to the one known as the "single tax," we are advising the assumption of no new or startling power by the state, and are proposing no unconsidered doctrine of public and governmental right as opposed to that of individuals.

By the single tax, instead of the miserable, insufficient return which the landlord now makes to the community, under its organized form of "the state," for the privileges which it affords him, an annual payment, progressing with and equal to the annual value of the natural opportunities which he monopolizes, would be exacted from him. It is

therefore perfectly true that our remedy is a drastic and far-reaching one, which would produce very marked and significant changes in social conditions. It is no part of my purpose to deny this. If it were not so, the cause would not be worth advocacy. But it is not out of the line of nor opposed to the methods and course of our political development, nor repugnant to any of the doctrines concerning land ownership which have been declared by legislatures and courts alike to be the fundamental propositions which underlie such ownership.

A popular impression may be said to prevail that a man's field is his in the same sense that his horse and his clothes are his, and that he may own a coal mine with the same absolute right that he may the coal which has been taken out of it and stored for his burning. It is no wonder that this should be so, for *practically*, under our present system, it is what men may do and what they do, producing thereby the misery and distress of many for their own enrichment and aggrandizement. But *theoretically*, and in the view of the law, no such absolute right of ownership of the soil ever belonged to individuals. On the contrary, I think; the commentators and judges agree that it is the common law of England and the United States that government cannot deprive itself nor be deprived of the power to regulate the use of the land in such manner as shall secure to the public its rights. Such power cannot by the government be even suspended, abrogated, or bargained away by contract.

It follows, therefore, that while under the laws that at any time exist, individuals may acquire a property in land which must be respected by all others, it can be acquired only subject to the limitation that it may at any time be qualified or even destroyed at the will of the legislature, — using the term legislature, of course, in the largest sense, to include that law-making power which can modify or remove the restrictions of a written constitution as well as legislate subject to them.

This original and reserved ownership of the soil remaining in the state is called, in legal phrase, *the right of eminent domain*. It is founded explicitly upon the doctrine that this original ownership being reserved to the state, the state has the right and must have the power (which is exercised through the process of its courts) to resume possession of

any part of it (from which it of course follows, it may do so of the whole), when its use by the state is essential to the mutual advantage and the welfare of society.

Examples of the use of this power are familiar, of course, to every citizen. The necessity of opening streets, constructing canals, building railroads, and laying out parks, is calling it into exercise constantly. But it has never been held that the power was confined to these or similar uses. It has been laid down as a rule that to enlarge the resources, extend the industrial energy, or promote the productive power of even a moderately large number of the community, the power could be legally and properly exercised; and it is held, moreover, that of the question whether such benefits would result, the legislature is the proper judge.

The doctrine has been carried far by the courts, even in late years, and in face of the tendency which, until the single tax agitation arose, seemed unchecked, to regard the theoretically limited and modified property which individuals can hold in land as such an absolute and indefeasible right of ownership as appertains, ethically, only to the products of industry. Thus not only have lands been taken for the uses above alluded to and for public drains and sewers, for school houses and for school playgrounds, for burying grounds and for public reservoirs, but where mill sites in sufficient number for the accommodation of manufacturers desiring to serve the public (and themselves) could not otherwise be obtained, the supreme court of the United States has held it proper for the government, by the right of eminent domain, to condemn, for the benefit of such manufacturers, favorable sites for the construction of the mills.

It is to be noted that it is not essential to the proper use of this right of eminent domain that the land or the property right in the land should pass into the possession of the state. The title to the land itself may remain undisturbed and a mere easement over it be given for the public use, or the title may be put into the hands of other private parties burdened with the public use, which may be expressed, for example, only in the common law obligations of a carrier. Of the public use itself the public is too often defrauded, after it has been made the pretext for the governmental exercise of eminent domain.

These propositions concerning the right of eminent domain

and the foundation on which it rests being held in mind, it appears clearly that, independently of the line of argument based on the inherent and unlimited taxing power of the government—subject to which, all property, real and personal, is, under the law as it now stands, held by private owners—the single tax theory of the appropriation of ground rents for common use can be justified under our legal theories of land ownership. For my part I should prefer, as an abstract proposition, so to justify it, for while it is undoubtedly true that *legally* the taxing power of the government is unlimited, *ethically*, I, like all other thorough-going single taxers, believe that so far as it extends to the products of industry, it is indefensible. Taxation as taxation is socialistic, and we are individualists. But true individualism does not demand a right of absolute private property in natural opportunities, and, therefore, whatever it may have to say of taxation as such, it does not deny to organized society the right of eminent domain and all which that implies.

The right of eminent domain, as I have said, is the right of the state to resume possession, to the extent of its original and primary ownership, of all that part of the land which is essential to the welfare of society. We contend (of course this is not the place or opportunity to argue that contention), that the welfare of the state now demands the resumption of all land to the extent of burdening it with the payment for the common weal of all its economic rent, less, perhaps, a narrow margin which may be left to the secondary owner—the owner, that is, in subordination to the state, as his wages for the trouble he takes in collecting such rent from the users of the land and paying it over to the public.

This economic rent is the annual value which the soil, as it came from the hands of the Creator, without anything that man has put upon it, has acquired from the growth of the community, and it is therefore most just that it should be the revenue of the community. To take it, we need not interfere with the usual and traditional system of land titles, or their transfer by descent, devise, or purchase, for we can do it by the use of the forms and machinery of taxation alone. While thus using both the forms of private land ownership and of taxation which now exist, we should take away from both that which makes of each of them the means

of injustice and oppression to the mass of the people for the benefit of a favored few.

It may be objected to this argument that the application of the single tax is justified under the common law principle of eminent domain, that the right of eminent domain carries with it the obligation of compensation. This is a confusion of ideas. The right of eminent domain has no such limitation. It is simply the assertion of an inherent ownership in the soil by organized society, and the right to resume possession under that ownership when the necessity occurs, to the extent demanded by that necessity. The constitutional and legal restrictions which prevent the taking of private property for public uses without compensation, are entirely different matters, having no inherent relation whatever to the fundamental principle of eminent domain. It is true that courts and custom have universally applied the principle of compensation for *particular* property taken for public uses, whether it be land or personal property, even in the absence of express constitutional or statutory provisions. This is, of course, just. To take some land, or the economic rent of some land, within a given governmental jurisdiction, and allow the rest to remain in private hands, without equalizing the forced contribution for the public purposes, would be highly tyrannical and oppressive; almost as bad, perhaps, as the operation of a protective tariff.

But the application of the principle of eminent domain to the aggregate ground rents of the country, through the machinery of taxation, would not require compensation to render it in accord either with technical law or ethical principles. It would not be the taking of private property at all. It would be, ethically, the resumption of a right too long farmed out to a privileged class at a ruinous loss to the public, and in a technically legal view it would be a simple extension of the taxing power in one direction and its curtailment in others — a process which for more than a hundred years has been constantly going on in the United States without a thought or claim of compensation, although, by the unjust and impolitic manner of its exercise hitherto, it has ruined hundreds of thousands of honest men and injured as many millions.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF THE BRAHMINS.

BY HEINRICH HENSÖLDT, PH. D.

“Ob nicht Natur zuletzt sich doch ergründe?” — GOETHE.

THE Hindoo philosophy is a pure pantheism, but a pantheism so grand and beautiful — complicated in some respects, and charmingly simple in others — that it stands unique; and if some of our modern materialists and *fin de siècle* iconoclasts were to obtain a true insight into this wonderful structure, they would probably begin to see the world in a somewhat different light.

Brahma is not a personal god, in the sense of our western theology — that is to say, not an anthropomorphic god, not an idealized human being. The word Brahma, although derived from the Sanscrit root *brih*, to expand (whence our verb breathe) really means *consciousness*, viz., the consciousness of the universe. This consciousness, according to esoteric teaching, always existed and always will exist, and what we call matter is merely a modification of it; i. e., each particle of matter is a particle of consciousness, which, for reasons which will be explained anon, has assumed its present form.

It may be well to point out here that this is in strict harmony with the teachings of modern science. We cannot define matter, try as we may. It is all very well to trace back the planets and fixed stars to an original gas or to cosmic dust, and to say that the universe is composed of atoms. What are these atoms? What is their form? Are they round, square, hexagonal, etc.? They must have some form. If so, what is between them? There must be interstices, and these must be filled with something, for science denies the existence of a vacuum or a “nothing.” Do they all float in an ocean of something, these myriads of atoms? What is this something? We cannot, then, define matter; if we could define it, we should at once know all about it,

and about atoms, too (if there be such); in fact, the great world riddle would be solved.

So the Hindoo philosophers have termed this fundamental substance, of which everything is composed, Brahma, in its entirety, viz., universal consciousness; our calling it "matter" will alter nothing in the premises on which this wonderful edifice is erected. But though Brahma always existed, yet it did not always exist in its present form. (The reader will observe that we are now speaking of Brahma as "it," as the universal consciousness.) Brahma is constantly undergoing changes, and here we come to one of the most marvellous aspects of esoteric wisdom—*Manvantara* and *Pralaya*, the days and nights of Brahma.

We are all particles of Brahma, particles of the universal consciousness, which once existed in a very concentrated form, condensed, as it were, in a single point, and in that condition was omniscient, but which deliberately parted with its consciousness (as an individual) by distributing itself throughout space or what we are accustomed to call space. When Brahma is omniscient, or possessed of the most exalted self-consciousness, all the particles of matter which are now distributed throughout the immensity of space, are together once more, or united in a single mathematical point.

It may appear strange to some that not only such and such an animal, but all animals which ever existed, should become concentrated in one point; that not only such and such a plant, but all plants, not only such and such a rock, but all rocks, should unite in the self-same point; that not alone all liquids and gases, but our entire planet, the moon, the sun, and the myriads of fixed stars, in fact everything existing in the universe, should once have occupied, or be capable of again occupying, a mere point. Yet there is nothing so very wonderful in this. Our science of chemistry alone will teach us that two substances may become united so that the compound will occupy less space than each ingredient separately; and we can well conceive a concentration of all existing matter (Brahma) into an exceedingly minute space, or even a single mathematical point.

Now it will be readily understood that if each particle is a particle of consciousness, the coming together again of all the particles of Brahma must result in the attainment of the highest degree of "divine wisdom," and this is what the

Hindoo sages have termed *Pralaya*, or the night of Brahma, which really ought to be called the day, for then the great world spirit is at the height of its glory.

Perhaps it will be well if we explain a little more fully why all the particles of Brahma—in other words, all the materials of which the universe is composed—should have, or rather must have, once existed in an exceedingly small compass, for to some of our readers this may seem very curious and incredible. One of the cardinal doctrines of modern science is that the universe is composed of atoms. The latter are the ultimate constituents of all that exists, and though we cannot see them, owing to their minuteness, yet we are bound to infer their existence from an array of circumstantial evidence which, to every normal intellect, is equivalent to proof.

The foremost scientific reasoners, such as Spencer, Helmholtz, William Thomson, Tyndall, etc., are of opinion that these atoms form part of an immense whole, and were once close together, but became distributed through space for some reason, which they hold to be “increase of temperature.” In other words, these atoms (once united) became possessed of the desire to get away from one another, and, in order to accomplish this began to vibrate furiously, pushing, driving, and sliding past one another, till the outermost limits of isolation or unsociableness were reached. These same philosophers are furthermore unanimous in the opinion that the particles are now on their way back to the starting point, that the entire universe is cooling down, i. e., contracting, from the remotest *nebula* to the planet under our feet, and that ultimately an absolute unity or most intimate association of all the materials must be attained.

Now we challenge any one to show, by logical argument, whether such unity or closest association of particles can be conceived otherwise than in a single mathematical point, occupying no space whatever. The moment the materials are placed so as to occupy space, even to the extent of one cubic inch, we have no longer an absolute unity, but merely an accumulation of individual particles, of which one must have this, the other that, relative position in reference to the others. This would be incompatible with absolute unity, for the latter also implies absolute equality—that is, each particle must be in the place occupied by all the others; not a single one must be outside, as it were; each is bound to be

in the centre, each must be equal to the whole and the whole equal to the part.

Furthermore, this absolute unity (Brahma) can have no properties or qualities of any sort, for properties imply the existence of at least one other being, for the purpose of comparison. It could be neither hard nor soft, good nor bad, just nor unjust, powerful nor powerless, for all these are only relative conceptions, which imply the existence of one or more other beings. Can the reader imagine two absolute unities or original beings, call them totalities of matter, world spirits, or Brahmas? We deny it, for one might as well imagine two centres in a circle. There cannot be two highest powers, two perfect existences, or two most exalted states of self-consciousness, for height always implies the element of time. Let us, for a moment, postulate two such unities, and see how far we get with them. Either they are perfectly alike or they differ from each other, *cela va sans dire*. Now even if the one was composed of the same number of particles (or let us say elements of power) as the other, and, moreover, elements of precisely the same character, yet it neither would be nor could be its equal, for the simple reason that the particles are not the same individually. If they were individually identical, i. e., if the elements of the one were also contained in the other, we should have no longer two but one unity. If, on the other hand, they were unequal (these original Brahmas) one of them must, of necessity, be greater, better, wiser, or more powerful than the other; yet it would not represent the highest perfection, for a still greater one could be conceived as possible by a union of both.

Here we have reached the borderland of the "knowable," the outermost limit of the scientific daring of the nineteenth century's closing years. And it is just at this very point that the wisdom of the Brahmins—even five thousand years ago—has raised a veil, has solved a riddle, has disclosed a face which, like that of Saïs in Egypt, may well startle the boldest by its awful grandeur; but then comes the shout of triumph: Eureka! here is the truth at last! That so gigantic a victory of the human mind should have been won by the Brahmins—whether sages dwelling in temples or palaces on the sacred Ganges, or hermits in the fastnesses of the Himalayas—long before Egypt rose to might and splendor, in

times which we are apt to call prehistoric, is marvellous. During the last eighteen hundred years we westerners have been groping about in the dark, and with all our boasted scientific progress during the last two centuries have discovered nothing that is calculated to afford a clue to this great world mystery. Instead of trying to take cognizance of the mysterious forces behind the tangible and measurable universe, western science has been ever engaged in a process of gauging, weighing, and measuring that which it cannot satisfactorily explain.

If we ask a celebrated chemist what he knows about matter, he will tell us that matter has, so far, been divided into some seventy so-called "elements," and he will hand us a table of atomic weights, leaving us just as wise as before. He may, perhaps, go so far as to add that there are strong grounds for assuming that these elements are not elementary in the true sense, but compound bodies, modifications of, perhaps, one primary substance, which, until very recently, was believed to be hydrogen gas. If we ask a physicist what gravity is, he will tell us that it "is a force, which, operating between two masses, attracts directly as the amount of attracting matter, and inversely as the square of the distance." That is all he knows about gravity.

If we ask a physiologist (or, for the matter of that, a psychologist) what thought is, he will tell us that it is a function of the brain; that the large brain, or cerebrum, is particularly the seat of the intellectual faculties, and that there appears to be a division of labor, inasmuch as certain faculties are located in certain parts of the brain. He may go further and tell us that thought is now attributed to molecular motions going on in the gray matter which lines the innumerable convolutions of the cerebrum, and that all our recollections and experiences are stored there, like so many photographic negatives, and can be brought to light again the moment the same vibrations are repeated. This is all very interesting, but does it satisfy us? Do we know now what thought is? The writer, for one, denies it. As well try to account for one of Beethoven's masterpieces by an analysis of the piano on which we hear it performed — so many keys, acting on levers and hammers upon so many strings. We cannot solve the secrets of the universe in this manner.

Science is, and always has been, reasoning in a circle ; for instead of telling us why things happen in a certain way, the man of science explains how they happen — how many units of carbon and hydrogen form such and such an oil, how much mechanical energy can be got out of a given source of heat or electricity, in how many different ways a certain mineral may crystallize, the number of ether waves which produce red or green light, or how many vibrations, per second, of a tuning-fork will start a certain musical note. So much the man of science will tell us, and then he is apt to crow lustily and to imagine that all is now as clear to us as daylight. Does this kind of information affect the roots of things? Does it really explain anything? Does it satisfy us? It appears to satisfy the modern materialist.

It must be admitted that several of the most advanced scientific minds of our day have come to recognize that no discovery of great philosophical import, such as, for instance, that of the real character of matter, can be hoped for from our present methods of scientific inquiry. But instead of openly confessing this and suggesting other lines of investigation, they prefer to mount the high horse of dogmatic assertion, telling us that these things are “unknowable,” are hidden from us forever, are supersensuous, noumenal, etc., and that it would be perfectly useless to waste our time in the vain endeavor to understand them. “True,” they say, “western science has not solved one fundamental secret, but look at the material progress which it has inaugurated! Look at your railroads, steam engines, steamships, electric telegraphs, telephones, suspension bridges, chronometer watches; look at your microscopes and telescopes!”

Yes, we are mainly indebted to science for all these things and many more; we are thankful for advantages which our forefathers, even sixty years ago, did not enjoy. We do not, for a moment, wish to depreciate science, or underestimate the enormous services it has rendered us in the way of increasing our material comforts. We merely deny that it has brought us any nearer the solution of the great questions: “What are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go?”

Five thousand years ago Hindoo philosophers had solved at least a part of the awful secret, by processes of reasoning which are unknown to the science of our day. Five thousand

years ago India was already at the height of her glory, and had risen without science (such as we know it) to a height of civilization which we may well marvel at. The country was covered with cities, canals, aqueducts, reservoirs; with terraced gardens and fountains of wondrous beauty, with temples and palaces so graceful and fairy-like that our finest modern mansions and Gothic cathedrals are vulgar and clumsy in comparison. And did not Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome, did not the Aztecs and Mayas, did not the great Inca empire in Peru, rise to a degree of civilization which, in certain respects, was superior to our own, without possessing a fraction of the scientific knowledge of which we boast?

But to return to our "absolute unity" or reënfolded condition of all matter, which, as we have shown, cannot be conceived otherwise than as a single point, devoid of properties. Let us see what the Burmese philosopher, Anju Varisi, has to say on this head:—

Mir-han-oya (unity of all things) is undivided consciousness (*Kab-oru-sûrakam*) or recognition of self, when every creature will know the entire sequence of its future forms (modes of existence or incarnations) yea, from the very beginning. Here it will find, or rediscover (*arunji-talla*), what it has been, what it has thought, suffered, desired, and enjoyed, during an eternity of change (*Manvantara*), when it was neither aware of its connection with other things nor of its divine character. In *Mir-han-oya*, which is as a sand-grain, there is no infinity, for infinity is only that which we can neither see, know, or count, as in our present existence, for, behold, many things are still scattered. But in *Mir-han-oya* all things are united, even as in a single grain of sand; therefore *Mir-han-oya* is consciousness, or recognition of self.

There is, perhaps, more philosophy in this than in all the libraries of our western civilization. Again Varisi observes:—

Thou still callest thyself "*I*," as if thou wert an individual, thereby exprestest a wish or desire, which shows that thou still hast wants, and seekest completion. Let thee attain whatever thou mayest, thou canst never be satisfied, for art thou not still in *Soya-lu-wara* (period of unrest, *Manvantara*)? There is no desire in *Mir-han-oya*.

The writer has thought a great deal over this passage, and has come to the conclusion that Varisi is right. There can be no desire for anything, consequently no gratification of desire and therefore no happiness, in our sense, in *Mir-han-oya*. All is united and complete within itself; nothing

is external. It would be absurd to attribute a will, such as we possess, to this unity — call it Noumenon or Brahma. Brahma cannot want anything, because he is everything. The presence of wants would denote imperfection. Moreover, it would be a mistake to attribute thought or reason to a perfect being. Whoever thinks, to him something is still unknown which, by thinking, he seeks to ascertain, for thinking is merely an analytical process, viz., an inference of the unknown from the known.. It can have no purpose where everything is known already. We must conceive *Mir-han-o-ya* as pure, unalloyed self-consciousness.

It may appear strange that what we now, for instance, call a stone, water, air, etc., should have been once self-conscious, or be capable of again becoming conscious of self, in such a manner that not merely all its present properties, but even its gravity, entirely disappear; that, for instance, a certain horse, dog, or tree should at one time have been identical with our own *ego*, so as to make one being and one consciousness, that our consciousness should have been the tree's and the tree's ours, and that we are bound to arrive again at a state where all differences must cease. We shall never fully understand this till we have gone through the whole cycle of existences, and we shall never complete that cycle till we can say: Now there is nothing further which we do not know; now we have experienced everything; now we recognize who and what we are.

Throughout the entire material universe, do we not observe a general tendency, on the part of substance, to combine with other substance, efforts of matter everywhere to unite with other matter, a general gathering of particles that are still asunder? Combination or unity thus would appear to be the great and final object of existence, and if separation occurs here and there, it is merely in order to enable individual particles to effect closer unions, closer affinities, so that the great final union may be all the more readily accomplished. On every hand we are surrounded by individual bodies, separate masses, fragmentary existences, as it were, showing that the concentration is yet far from complete. Besides, does not the very existence of parts (or particles), imply a division of an original whole? If there never had been such whole, how could we now have particles attracting each other and trying to recover their affinities?

There was a time when our sun filled the entire space now occupied by the solar system, with Neptune as the outermost planet. Has it not contracted to a diameter which is a mere point, compared with the immensity of its original bulk? True, it has left the planets behind, but these, if united, would form a body much smaller than the sun. Besides, we have very strong grounds for believing that the planetary orbits are, in reality, spirals; that with every revolution our earth, for instance, comes a little nearer to the sun — very little, but still a little, and that all the planets, with their satellites, must ultimately become absorbed in the sun's mass, which will continue shrinking till an infinitesimal diameter is reached. And if the sun is part of a greater system, and the latter, again, part of one which is governed by the central point of our galaxy, there must come a time when all the myriads of stars which form this galaxy will find themselves together at, or in, this point. If the galaxy, again, is merely a unit of a still more gigantic cosmic system, if the innumerable *nebulae* which loom from the abysses of spaces are galaxies like our own, or galaxies yet to be, governed by, let us say, the common centre of gravity of all the constellations of the universe, then this would be the point of the great ultimate gathering, the goal of the universal pilgrimage, the rendezvous of all the suns and star-clusters. Here the unity would be completed; here Brahma would be "himself once more."

From this it follows that we must once have been Brahma and that we must become Brahma once more. When we were Brahma we determined to distribute ourself through infinite space, viz., to part with our absolute self-consciousness, until we reached a state of almost absolute unconsciousness. The particles into which we resolved ourself are what we now call matter, and from the accumulation of these, here and there, the heavenly bodies originated. All the different modes of existence must ultimately flow back into the point whence they started; in other words, Brahma has expanded and now endeavors to concentrate himself again. This expanded condition, with its endless changes and transformations, is termed by the esoteric initiates *Manvantara*, or the day of Brahma. We are now in *Manvantara*, else we should have no occasion now to ponder over the great world mystery, but would be one with every-

thing, united in one point, and would know everything; in fact, we would be Brahma.

Now the reader might naturally ask: Why should Brahma, when existing in his most exalted form — viz., concentrated in a point — why should Brahma desire to expand? Why should he wish to part with his consciousness, resolve himself into atoms, and distribute himself through space? It might also be asked: Will he repeat this process of expansion and contraction? How many *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas* have already taken place? The answer is: *His object was enjoyment*; the great world spirit wanted to enjoy. A little reflection will show that enjoyment is only possible where there exists a want of some sort; all our enjoyments imply the existence of wants which are thereby gratified, if but for a short time only. Where no want exists enjoyment is utterly impossible. A perfect being (Brahma) can have no wants, because want implies imperfection; *therefore Brahma is obliged to distribute himself, viz., render himself less perfect, in order to enjoy.*

Herewith a part of our problem is solved, and it only remains to consider whether Brahma would ever be likely to get tired of this process, of this endless succession of *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas*. Our own experience, however, teaches us that of enjoyments, provided they are varied, we never tire; we are always ready to enjoy: thus Brahma will never tire, and will always commence anew when the *Pralaya* is attained. We know, further, that we grow indifferent to an endless repetition of the same pleasures, we delight in variety. From this we are led to infer that Brahma delights in variety, and probably never repeats himself. That is to say, the particles into which he resolves himself in each *Manvantara* will never undergo the same combinations, or form modes of existence which have already been experienced in a previous *Manvantara*. If each new *Manvantara* was to be merely a repetition of the last, progress of knowledge, wisdom, or enjoyment would be out of the question, and the universe, viz., Brahma, would be a mere mechanism — wonderful and elaborate, it is true, but still a mechanism — comparable to a huge dial, turning round and round, forever, and pointing always to the same set of figures.

No, Brahma will not repeat himself, but, after each *Manvantara* and after that long night which succeeds it (night? —

no, that time of perfection and splendor, when the experiences of his myriad particles, during æons which, to our limited understanding, are eternities, loom up and come in unison, when each will possess the knowledge and wisdom of all the others, and will understand once more the why and how of being) — after each *Pralaya*, Brahma will expand once more, resolve himself into particles, particles of consciousness, particles of matter—let us not wrangle over terms—will expand to distances which we cannot conceive, even if we were to take as a measuring rod the diameter of the great ring of the Milky Way, and were to multiply that a thousand million times.

In order to form a clearer conception of what perfect self-consciousness means, let us, for the sake of illustration, assume that a certain human being—call him Socrates—embodied in his own person all the knowledge or consciousness still scattered in space and time. Let us, in the first instance, suppose that his education had been the best attainable on this planet, and that all he had ever seen, heard, read, learned, and experienced was present in his mind in the most perfect order and vividness. Let us now imagine that each of the two thousand million inhabitants of this planet had been equally well educated, but that each possessed talents and experiences which were never precisely repeated in another individual. Now let our Socrates, in some way, acquire the combined wisdom of all these millions. We would then have a very exalted degree of knowledge indeed, *but not complete self-consciousness*. Suppose now that all the experiences, talents, and ideas of all the generations of the human race, from the time when man first appeared on earth, were also collected in this individual, so that he possessed the wisdom of a thousand Shakespeares; and let us go still further and assume that the myriads of stars are inhabited by sentient beings, like ourselves, and that Socrates possessed their knowledge too—their arts, sciences, philosophies, from the beginning of their history, then he would have attained the highest degree of self-consciousness of which we, as human beings, can form a conception. With such an intellect our Socrates would represent an absolute unity of all human beings—i. e., in him all individuals would meet, because he would possess their knowledge, for it is knowledge, or rather consciousness,

which determines individuality. Now if the world were entirely composed of human beings, Socrates, having absorbed their consciousness, would be Brahma. But there are myriads of other things, and until these are likewise brought into the self-same focus there can be no *Mir-han-oya*.

Let us, however, assume that the highest degree of self-consciousness had been reached, that all matter, viz., all the consciousness, now distributed through so-called space, had found its way back to the point from whence it emanated. There would then be a knowledge or recollection of all that had occurred from the moment of the last division, that is, during the whole *Manvantara*; the myriad adventures of each particular atom, the fate of every combination or modification of consciousness, the history of every planet, sun, comet, etc., the joys and sufferings, triumphs and struggles, of myriads of sentient beings. Here would be the record of them all, a general understanding, rejoicing, and "comparing of notes," a review such as no Dante or Milton ever dared to dream of. Says Varisi: —

Only in *Mir-han-oya* shalt thou know thyself. Recognition of self is omniscience, omniscience is omnipotence, and omnipotence is immortality. In *Mir-han-oya* wilt thou find that thou art thine own creator. Thou hast been abroad to gather wisdom [*sootjri*; this is also synonymous with "pleasure"]. Is this not the purpose of thy being? Behold! thou art *Kelani-Brahma* (Brahma himself, no other than Brahma).

In the writer's judgment it would seem inevitable that in *Mir-han-oya*, i. e., our most exalted state of self-consciousness, we not only have a complete recollection of all the occurrences during the last and every previous *Manvantara*, but we likewise have before us an infinity of new possibilities, new combinations, new existences, one of which is bound to have such an attraction for us that we cannot but desire its realization. A new division then becomes necessary, in order that we may actually experience the delight already foreseen; in other words, Brahma will go through another *Manvantara*, make another world-riddle of himself, in order to enjoy the pleasure of its gradual solution.

Outside of Brahma there is nothing; consequently, whether expanded to infinities or contracted to a mere point, there can be no such thing as space. Within Brahma everything is contained, all that ever was and all that ever will be; thus

there can be no such thing as time. What is time? That it is an illusion even the most conservative of sciences, mathematics, has come to recognize. We count our time by the rotations of our planet: has the reader ever considered that if he were to go close to the North Pole, and then travel around it in an easterly direction, he could walk back all the lost days of his childhood? And if he were moderately swift-footed he might run around that pole until he caught the earth where it was when Julius Cæsar first landed in Britain, or when the pyramids were built. He may reply, "I may run around, but I know it won't bring back the days of my youth." We don't believe it would, either; but astronomically—that is, mathematically—it ought to, consequently our ideas of time are utterly unreliable. There is no such thing as time.

Brahma distributes himself, the particles undergo endless combinations, endless experiences, endless modifications of consciousness, delight here and sorrow there; then they all flow back and come together once more. There is a recollection of all that has been experienced during the great *Manvantara*, concentrated into one essence—this is *Pralaya* or the *Night of Brahma*.

NATIONALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THE mere idea that railroads should or could be managed by the nation was considered an absurdity but ten years ago. The government, it was said at that time, could not be trusted to control such an aggregate of wealth ; the freedom of the ballot would become impaired if the national government could command the vote of a million railroad employees ; the nation had no right to interfere with the business of individuals or groups of individuals, etc. It was also quoted as an axiomatic truth, that on account of unavoidable corruption, all business transacted by a government is wasteful. The rates or fare would hence rather rise than fall if the vast business transacted by the railroads were handled by government officials.

Yet behold, what a significant change in public opinion has taken place within these ten short years! To-day it is acknowledged, even by the most conservative, that the nationalization of railroads is a mere question of time ; to-day it is conceded that, if not very much good, very little harm would come to the country by trying the experiment ; to-day the majority of people are inclined to vote for such a measure as soon as it is brought before them in some comprehensive and tangible form. If this change in opinion does not indicate the approach of a time when the government will transport parcels and persons as it now does letters, should we not despair of ever reckoning upon the future from past experiences ?

In all discussions of this weighty subject, the representatives of both sides generally refer to the experiences of countries in which railroad systems have become nationalized. Both sides compute figures ; they show how Germany, Russia, and Austria have either profited or directly or indirectly lost by the change. Reference is often made to the first railroads in America, which were originally run by the govern-

ment and had to be sold on account of its incompetency to manage them profitably.

All these arguments, however, go for nothing. If a government was not able to manage so gigantic a business in years gone by, that does not preclude its ability to do it now with better success, if a nation does not derive as much profit from investments as do private concerns, that does not prove that the people are not benefited, and to a much greater extent, in an indirect way, than figures will show on a balance sheet; finally, if the various nations who own railroads had been losers by the transaction, they would surely have reverted with promptness to the preëxisting conditions. People who are open to conviction only when confronted with facts expressed in figures, should read the official railroad reports of Germany, Russia, and Austria, to find that with cheaper rates of transportation, a vast amount of money is earned by the railroads managed by these countries, which is utilized for the public weal in some other department.

The writer of this article will, therefore, abstain from attacking his reader with large arrays of figures, and rather confine himself to presenting a number of valid reasons why railroads should be nationalized, without touching either the question of profit and loss, or that of the competency or incompetency of national governments to manage railroads.

As the arterial system of an organic body affects the well-being of every cell, so the railroad system affects that of the humblest citizen. The price of every article used in his household is dependent upon the facilities with which the producer can reach the consumer. This, in its turn, affects the price of labor, and inasmuch as each person is both a producer and a consumer, it is of the highest possible interest to him that he is served in the easiest, cheapest, and most efficient manner possible. In our present social order, competition used to secure this for him. If one producer took advantage of him, at once a competitor would rise up, and, by underbidding his rival, force him to sell at lower rates.

This same force, which apparently worked so well in thousands of other branches of business, failed, however, to work with the same promptness in regard to railroad transportation. Whenever competition was tried here, it ended in the absorption of the shorter purse by the longer; the railroad remained a monopoly, and the successful monopolist could prescribe his

rules and levy taxes like a victorious invader. People are utterly powerless to force a railroad company to acknowledge their rights. Dependent upon railroad facilities, they cannot boycott a railroad and withdraw their custom; the haughty official simply laughs in the face of the public and asks: "What are you going to do about it?" Such subjugation a free nation cannot tolerate without losing self-respect; and no matter whether a few million dollars are gained or lost annually by the government control of railroads, as a matter of *principle* a free people should see to it that the individual rights of every citizen are properly guarded. An officer, even a private, in the army or navy, can demand a hearing, and if his case be just, he will receive what is due to him. If a postmaster does not attend politely and faithfully to his duties, the humblest citizen can seek redress; a miscarried letter, for which but two cents is paid, will be traced for him from one end of the country to the other. Not so in railroad matters. Unless a claimant is rich enough to fight his suit through the courts in opposition to the best legal talent which the wealthy companies can bring to bear against him, he has no redress, no matter how just his claim may be. People have learned to submit silently rather than to stand upon their rights, simply because in the end it is cheaper for them to bear even a considerable loss than to sue a railroad.

2. This uncontrollable power of railroad companies makes itself felt in a number of spheres which apparently do not stand in any connection with the office of this agent as common carrier. Slight favors shown by railroad officials to one of two competitors, tip the balance and destroy the chances of the one who is not favored. If one firm can throw its products upon the market more quickly or at cheaper rates than others, it gains such an advantage over the rest that the latter can never prosper. Whoever controls the railroad, controls the market, and although attempts have been made to force railroads into submission by certain laws, all such efforts have turned out complete failures. Unless a firm is backed by sufficient capital to demand its rights, it never gets them from a railroad company, and when they are obtained, such a powerful firm is generally satisfied to bar out other applicants from obtaining the same privileges.

Such a state of affairs, detrimental to the very principles of the opportunists, should not and could not exist, if a

government of the people, for the people, and by the people, managed the railroads. If, to-day, the mail department should favor a certain business house and not grant the same privilege to the rest of the people, would not such an arbitrary action be reproved at the very next election? In railroad matters, however, the people have no voice, because they have not the means of rectifying matters. "What are you going to do about it?" sneers the haughty official. It is an open secret that most of the syndicates and monopolies have been brought about and made possible only through the favoritism of railroads. The nationalization of railroads ceases, therefore, to be a question of a few dollars saved or squandered, and becomes a question of justice. People begin to see the light, and thus find that if all are to enjoy the same opportunities, the management of the railroads must be intrusted to the government, the chosen servants of the people.

3. The Scotch verdict: "Not guilty because not proven," finds one of its adaptations also in railroad machinations. It cannot be proven that railroad corporations prescribe the price of cereals or coal or ore, but that their friends do so is hardly questioned. A farmer, for example, is offered by some business house a certain price for his products far below the one quoted in the distant market; he refuses to sell, preferring to consign his goods to a commission house of that place, but finds to his sorrow that the road cannot transport his goods at present. It is too busy; its working stock is not handy, etc. In the meantime, unable to reach the market, he is obliged to accept the terms of the agent, who, on his part, is accommodated by the road and ships the goods at once. "*Hony soit qui mal y pense.*" In this manner the freedom of exchange is impeded. The producer is compelled to sell at lowest prices, from which, however, the consumer derives no benefit. By such means scarcity can be created at any moment, and the few who control the goodwill of the public carrier are the only ones who grow fat on the spoils. Railroads under government control would not dare to lend a hand to such transactions.

4. A look at railroad maps will show that railroad systems have rarely accommodated themselves to the country, but that the country had to accommodate itself to them. The people never had a decisive voice in determining the routes

of a road. Cities, which formerly controlled vast business interests, have been gradually reduced to second or third rank, simply because railroad companies gave undue advantages to other cities, which began to prosper on that account. It is a fact which cannot be ignored, that the city of Boston, although possessing fine harbor facilities, has been reduced in her commercial activities solely through the favors granted by railroad companies to New York. This could never have happened, had the management of the railroads been in the hands of the government. Of course, it is no use crying over spilt milk, but we must not fail to notice that the railroad netting is spreading its meshes more and more over the land; that electricity is bound to multiply railroad facilities (successful trials having been made already of carrying freight on electric cars), and thus the powers of the parties who control transportation will grow in proportion. Learning from past experience, would it not be wise to take time by the forelock and leave the control of the arterial system of the nation in the hands of the government rather than in those of irresponsible parties?

5. The figures are bewildering, which tell of the amount of property and the number of persons annually transported by means of railroads. The safety of millions of persons and of milliards of property is entrusted to the companies, which, in their turn, must entrust them to employees. The slightest neglect on their part—a bridge not well inspected, a switch turned the wrong way, a lamp not lighted at the proper time, an axle not properly oiled—has frequently been the cause of disaster and of great loss of life and property.

Companies, however, in order to satisfy their stock-holders, find it necessary to economize. They do not always hire a sufficient number of men or the best men, or pay such prices for labor as will secure the most efficient service. Whenever a difference between a company and its employees arises (and they have too frequently occurred of late) the trade of the whole country becomes paralyzed. Whether the grievances of the railroad employees are just or not, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that there are nearly one million persons employed in railroading, with the prospect that, with the establishment of electric roads, the number will be doubled within ten years. These people form an army, and a dangerous one at that. Their services are not given merely to the

company that employs them, but to the public in general. And do not they in themselves form a considerable part of the people? Should not their rights, therefore, be protected? Hundreds of them are killed annually by accidents, which in most cases can be traced back to a lack of official foresight or to some ill-applied economy on the part of the company. Such institutions, lording it over so many people, should not be permitted to remain in the hands of a few, but should be administered by the people themselves, through their chosen agents. It may be merely accidental, but it speaks in favor of governmental railroads, that during the time of the war, when the railroads then in existence were practically managed by the war department, very few, if any, accidents occurred, although large armies were shipped to and fro; while during this last year, the victims of railroad accidents numbered thousands.

There are many more reasons why railroads should be nationalized, but these few must suffice for the present, and if they cause the reader to see that the nationalization of railroads is not advocated by the friends of that movement solely on the ground that a few hundred millions of dollars might be saved and used for better purposes than when deposited in the coffers of the companies, but that government management of transportation is sought for because our sense of justice demands it, this article will have not been written in vain.

The question *how* to nationalize the railroads has ceased to be a problem. How has Germany nationalized her roads? She simply bought them, and at a time when she was poor. Whether a share holder loans his money to a company or to the government, and whether interest is paid to him by the one or the other is in the end the same; the investment is even safer in the latter case. Let the people once decide to nationalize railroads, and they will soon learn how to do it.

THE NEW BIBLE.

BY REV. FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

This paper is written to point for a moment toward the inevitable spread of world religion which awaits the full and free acceptance of the methods and results of modern Biblical science. It is no part of the present purpose to take sides on disputed critical questions, but to intimate something of the *rationale* of the present attitude towards the Bible which "in the field of scholarship is a settled question,"* but which is still a source of pain to many pious minds. Criticism is like surgery. It is needful in an emergency, but it is a poor pastime. So much attention has been attracted by the press to heresy trials of higher critics, and the last century has been one of such a polemical turn, that we are in danger of forgetting the religion of the new movements of Biblical science in the clangor of controversy, which on both sides contains some notes of spite.

The situation is in a way analogous to that of a congregation whose village has become a city. Its necessities have demanded a house of worship larger and better than the one in which the fathers worshipped. Many a sacred memory and tradition must be destroyed. The high-backed pews which have been in the family for generations, the preacher's perch, the choir "loft," the dull, square, beautiful, dear old place must go and something new must arise upon its site.

It is the old war between the future and the past. But already the work of destruction is nearly done, much of the rubbish has been carted away, and the foundations and outlines of a new temple greet the eye. So have all the dimensions of revelation been enlarged and beautified. For many years critics who work from the higher standpoint have been examining traditional assumptions with regard to the Bible, in the light, among other things, of what the Bible has to say for itself, directly and indirectly, and they have discovered some points of misapprehension on the part of our

*Briggs, "The Higher Criticism and the Hexateuch."

ancestors. The consequence is that for all purposes, theological and practical, the world has a new Bible; not new in the sense of its being something else, but new in the sense Ewald saw clearly (quoted by Cheyne) the "fearful seeming New" which "is really nothing but the Old better understood and further developed."

The change that has been going on has been a subjective one. The new Bible is the old Bible; there has been no change in form or content. But the heterogeneous nature of its contents has been discovered. The dead level of infallibility has been broken up. The element of perspective having been introduced, we are brought closer to the real aim of those men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

In our blindness we have attached such sacred significance to everything which is contained in the Biblical literature, that stories and facts, opinions and beliefs, occurring within these covers, are invested all with a like authority . . . and Christ is no longer permitted to be criterion of the writings which existed to witness about Him.*

An extravagant illustration of the point of view of Biblical science is furnished in the mental process of a friend of the writer, who declared that he once saw in an old illustrated German Bible a picture of Abraham sacrificing Isaac. In the background Isaac is tied to a tree; near by a lamb is caught in the thicket; while in the foreground stands Abraham, aiming an army musket at his boy. The gentleman who relates the incident declares that he did not allow any *a priori* theory of inspiration to affect his conclusions as to the historical truthfulness of this content of holy writ; in brilliant contrast with that popular evangelist who "swallows the Bible whole, fly-leaf, cover, and all." Plainly it would be no difficult task for such a man to believe in a divinely inspired work of art should he find in his Bible one representing Lot riding out of Sodom on a Columbia bicycle.

The objection will doubtless be made that merely the text marks the limit of Bible definition; to which it may be said that in the old version of the Bible, are written over the chapters such superscriptions as these, "A Psalm of David," "The Books of Moses," and the like. The bibliolater accepts them as parts of holy writ — because they are in the Bible —

* "Revelation and Bible," Horton.

until the questions of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and the Davidic authorship of the Psalms are bound up with the whole question of inspiration.

It is impossible to consider the methods and results of Biblical science without bearing in mind something of the spacious dimensions of modern thought, consequent upon the application of the scientific method and temper to the study of literature and history as well as to the study of nature.

A hundred years ago, Sir William Jones rediscovered to the world the literary treasures of the Sanscrit tongue. With the occupation of India by the British a new impetus was given to oriental scholarship. Friedrich Schlegel in a prophetic moment, in 1808, with the Sanscrit tongue as a key, saw the organic unity of the Aryan languages. Bopp, later, worked out the idea in a scholarly way and laid the foundation of the science of comparative philology, without some knowledge of which no modern culture is possible. The comparative method of study was established. Philology, mythology, ethnology, jurisprudence, ethics, history, and religion fell within the enlarged horizon of man and into a single landscape; and as the world, past, present, and future, extensive and intensive, came to be conceived as one, a new philosophy of history arose. This gave a new theory of language, which gave a new theory of race.

The idea of unity is the keystone of modern thought. In the light of this idea abysses are closed between ancient and modern, sacred and profane, natural and supernatural; between dispensation and dispensation. The element of magic is forever destroyed. Jack the Giant-Killer and Jonah, as historical figures, pass with Romulus and Remus out of our sight. History receives new meaning when it is seen to be one of the approaches to a real study of the progress of man. The history of a race is the history of a race, and the means of access to the history of the Jew is by the same straight and narrow way as that which leads to the honored past of the Indian, the Egyptian, or the Greek.

In the good old times before Bacon, when men ploughed with a crooked stick and reaped their harvest with a case knife, and healed disease with the powder made from live toads baked in earthen pots in the open air, the world was under the sway of that scholastic dualism which declared

that a thing might be true in philosophy but false in theology. Ecclesiastical tradition was better than profane history. No unity was seen large enough to embrace both sacred and profane. Between the word of God and the work of God a great gulf was fixed. This was then and is now the logical position of those who make certain assumptions which must be true, whether they are true or not, in order to make other things true which they want true. But mediæval dualism will not satisfy the modern mind striving for a *rationale* — the mind which demands a philosophy of religion which shall do no violence to a philosophy of things.

The much-talked-about transition in the theological world is this: The conception of the Supreme Being which was necessary to the limitations of the pre-Copernican and pre-Darwinian world, such as the Latinized Jaweh of some portions of mediæval and modern Christendom, is gradually giving place to that which conceives Him as enfolding all and tabernacled in all. This transition in the idea of God is revolutionizing the whole of religious philosophy, and an indwelling God, the God of Jesus, who is a Spirit, not an anthropomorphic One, is the only *possible* one, providing that is true of the world and space which we know to be true. If God is a Spirit and is immanent in His world, there is no theological proposition, doctrine, or dogma true which is not true to that.

In the day of the proposed revision of the creed of a respectable wing of orthodoxy, it is not amiss to recollect the exceedingly significant fact that Calvinism is a pre-Copernican creed. John Calvin had written the "Institutes" when the dying Copernicus at seventy held the moist leaves of his first volume in his hand. Calvin lived in and believed in a Ptolemaic world. Luther thundered against Copernicus and spoke of him as an upstart astrologer. "This fool," he said, "wishes to reverse the entire system of astronomy. But Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still." The mild Melancthon echoed ditto. Thirty-six years after Calvin died Bruno was burned at the stake, and later still Galileo made his astronomical discoveries. Is it not clear that between the theistic idea of God, out of which has grown modern thought, and the deistic idea of God necessary to the world of Ptolemy and Calvin, there is a bridgeless and unbridgable abyss?

With the conception of the One Sweet and Mighty Spirit tabernacled in His world, the whole face of religious thought is changed. For instance, the idea of the atonement of one who worships an alien and absentee God enthroned among the stars and governing the world according to a set of arbitrary edicts called laws and enforced by a squad of angelic police, must be somewhat akin to a governor's Thanksgiving pardon and restitution to citizenship; not as one in which the spirit of man is being brought into willing and intelligent coöperation with the Spirit of God.

The incarnation is the central truth of spiritual philosophy and the ultimate fact of the spiritual life. It is the one truth in which all other truths find meaning and fulfillment. It may be said with Mr. Gore that the right conception and statement of the incarnation is the chief task of any Christian thinker. There is one word more important than the word "God" and that is Immanuel, for that is God-with-us. It is interesting to know that God was in the beginning, but that He became flesh and dwells among us is our hope of life. The acceptance of the idea of the incarnation enables us to see the universe as the temple of the Eternal, history as the gradual uncovering of its mysteries, and man that for which the earnest expectation of creation awaits, the revealing of sons of God.

It will be seen what totally new significance is given to revelation with this view. Something like what ancient religion gained in the change from the idea that God was no longer monopolized by the seat between two cherubim, or confined to this temple or that mountain, but was a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, modern religion is about to gain when it accepts fully the truth, which, to say nothing of modern thought, the revelation in Jesus of the Father makes absolutely necessary, viz., that the revelation of God is not monopolized by a collection of writings called the Bible, but that He is in His world, that He is in nature, that He is in history, that, consequently, He is in man to-day.

The doctrines that revelation has ceased, that inspiration is a lost art, that God has "retired from business," that the Divine voice is hushed and the Bible canon is closed, are doctrines that will do no violence to the pre-Copernican, pre-Darwinian world philosophy and the deistic and anthropomor-

phic God necessary to it. But if God is with us all here and now, as once upon a time He was with some of us, the vision of Isaiah and the Pentecost of Peter are the eternal possessions of the world.

The literary Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though so glorious an epoch in the history of the human mind, was neither as far-reaching in its results nor as revolutionary in its character as the scientific naissance of that century now slipping away from the world. In a way, while the former age cast aside long-fettered chains and leaped joyfully into the world of Hellenic history and oratory and song, it may be said that the nineteenth century, with more prosy but with no halting step, is advancing upon the solemn mystery of things.

Exactly parallel processes may be traced in the religious world. Just as the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance was occasioned by the discovery and dissemination of the Greek literature, so the Reformation dates from the discovery by Martin Luther in his cell and his distribution of translations of the sacred literature of the Christian church. The tremendous so-called sacred and secular activities of those times were occasioned by revivals of letters; that which characterizes the achievements of our own time is an intense realism, and men are again looking under literature to that which has given literature significance.

The growth of the scientific temper is nowhere more clearly traced than in the transition from the religion of the Reformation to the religion of the twentieth century. The soul of the Reformation lay in the appeal from the church to the Bible. The life of the new theological movement is in the appeal from the Bible to God. It is not to a second-hand God, a God who passed over the earth once while the centuries were young and passed out into space again. The appeal is to God with us, Immanuel. It is the appeal to the God of the incarnation. This appeal from the Bible to God is only another phase of the older one from literature to life. Men are looking behind literature. The point of view of this year of our Lord is the real life of man and the real life of the universe and the relation between them. "The old idea that ancient literature consists of riddles which it is the business of modern literature to solve has forever passed

away."* The idea that our salvation consists in the fact that long enough ago other men have seen and known God, has also forever passed away.

"The Bible," said Chillingworth, "is the only religion of the Protestant." This has been almost literally true. Bearing in mind the substantial difference between the Lutheran and Calvinistic creeds, some of the Lutheran documents scarcely making mention of the Bible as a standard, we are brought to recognize the fact that the church was before the Bible; that every word of the Bible was written by members of the church—members before they wrote; that not one of them ever had the remotest idea of the indignities to which future bibliolaters would submit his writings.

But while we remember these things, not all of us think of the inconsistency of Protestantism, which denies the church that authority it willingly, even ferociously, ascribes to the book which is a product of that church; the inconsistency which predicates of St. Peter the infallibility it denies his successors. There is one other among many of its inconsistencies, not always borne in mind. Protestantism pushed the priest away from his mediatorial office of bringing together the soul of man and the soul of God, but it did not stop there. It was not content with leaving man and God together. It substituted a book. The bibliolater has forgotten God and apotheosized a book.

The popular view of the book which has been convulsively clutched by Protestantism, especially Calvinistic Protestantism, is, while the offspring of ignorance, the prolific mother of unbelief. It is a view wrongly called evangelical, the unenlightened view of a Young Men's Christian Associationized, Salvation Armyized church. It is a view, moreover, which cannot be for a moment entertained by one who frankly accepts the truth, and all that is involved in the truth, that two and two are four. To these pseudo-evangelicals the Bible, which is in their notion a synonym for revelation, is a very large bundle of very small, infallible fragments called verses, each assuming pontifical dignity; each as true as another, even if they contradict one another. They read their Bible as Ruskin says the hedgehogs eat their grapes, by rolling over in them and eating those that cling to their quills.

* Hatch, "Hibbert Lecture."

The old saying that the Bible is a fiddle on which we can play any tune, is only a vulgar expression of the fact that the proof-text Bible is backbone and sinew of a divided Christendom, and that out of the multitudinous infallible verses, a clever text-monger is able to find some specious warrant for almost every doctrine, practice, or institution, one might almost say for every crime, that has ever cursed the world. The text-mongers have turned our telescope into a kaleidoscope. They have made it something to look at, not to look through. They have made no distinction between inspiration and supernatural dictation. In the idea of an inspired Scripture no account was taken of the difference between that which was breathed into something, and that into which something was breathed. The later thinking is developing the sense of distinction and perspective. That which is soul and that which is body of the book are being considered each in its own way.

When we speak of the inspiration of a book, we of course mean the inspiration of that life which passed over into literature in that book. The warrant for any book is that something has occurred. When we speak of the inspiration of a book we do not necessarily refer to the author. We speak of the divine-human element in it, whether it be of the writer or the written about. The unknown author of the Twenty-third Psalm was an inspired man. The chronicler of the deeds of Moses was not necessarily inspired; in this case Moses was the inspired one. There is no inspired history in the sense that the past is supernaturally revealed. In the one case we have the record of an inspired experience; this the man himself writes. In the other case we have the record of inspired living; some one else writes that. But both are inspired writings because both are records, human records, indeed, of the compact of kinship and coöperation struck between the human and the divine. Both are descriptive fragments of the incarnation. At just what point does the element of inspiration emerge, if not at the point of contact between the human and the divine—or rather, perhaps, at the point of human consciousness of the divine Presence? This will throw light upon the question as to whether God has met man in the highest life of the noblest peoples, or in the book-makers and canon-makers who have preserved the story of their experience and their deeds.

Inspiration, then, is seen to be something more and something less than the work of a private stenographer of the Holy Spirit. Inspiration is that action of the prophetic soul by which, for one eternal moment, it awakens to the great unknown and unrevealed world which surrounds us all and presses upon blind eyes and bathes our heated temples in its unknown balms.

The religion of the incarnation teaches us that God is the mighty, vital atmosphere "in whom we live and move and have our being." The inspired man is not the man He breathes upon. The Divine breath is forever at our nostrils; every moment He comes to His own and His own receive Him not. The inspired man is the man who breathes in God. Somewhere here is the vital work of Biblical science in distinguishing between revelation and the machinery of revelation; in driving a book from between the soul and God, as our fathers drove the priest; in pointing men who strive and aspire and cry to heed not so much the echo of another age as the still, sweet voice of a living, breathing God who Himself is the response to all our prayer. What a strange thing is this, that the creeping, halting methods of science are leading us actually away from exegesis and into prayer; into that mystical experience which hangs bells within the soul and sets them ringing, conjures meadows and woodlands from the wastes and fills them with robins and thrushes, builds temples within, and plucks the harp of life till it makes music.

The world is on the eve of an extraordinary atheism or an unexampled faith. The momentum of the nineteenth century may be directed, not destroyed, for the *Zeit-geist* is abroad. The wooden interpretations and clumsy caricatures of the beautiful and believable gospel of God, in the Bible made literature, in Jesus made flesh, which have been bandied about by uneducated and unthinking religionists, are driving thousands of minds of "sweet reasonableness" into the camp of unbelief. Will Christendom meet the challenge of modern thought? There is a body of men in the evangelical church, fortunately too large and useful to be excommunicated with profit, who are concluding that if there is ever to be a return to that virile faith in which our fathers used to love God and keep His commandments, we must accept fully and frankly the fact, and every logical deduction from the fact, that if the Bible is the word of God, and

creation is the work of God, what is true of one cannot conflict with what is true of the other; for "He cannot deny Himself."

The divine authority of the written word is not only not undermined by Biblical criticism, but read in the light of modern thought all the beauty of the Bible and all its authority are intensified a hundred-fold. In short we are reduced at last to this: that the old Bible, consisting of sixty-six books and divided into Old Testament and New, is not the only vehicle of the revelation of God to the world. God is not dependent upon a book. He has other resources than literature. There is a new Bible in the manifoldness of the self-revealing God. The old Bible is the vestibule of the new. The inspired book becomes the threshold of an inspired creation, where every bush is a burning bush, and the whole world is holy ground. It is revelation that concerns us, not a theory of a book. How God spoke to the men of old and wrought through them toward righteousness and love, is the earnest of what, "in that Spirit which shall guide us into all truth," He is doing and will do for us. Little by little, in slow and toilful processes, the human soul is responding to the awful pressure of God upon it, and the intoxication of a new faith and a world religion is upon us. They have turned our kaleidoscope into a telescope again, and the intensive deeps of worlds and spaces appear. For here is the world soul, which is love; Immanuel, which is love-with-us.

WOULD THE ANNEXATION OF MEXICO BE DESIRABLE?

BY HENRY WARE ALLEN.

NOT long ago a proposition was introduced into the United States Senate having for its end the purchase, by the government at Washington, of large sections of the Mexican frontier states of Chihuahua and Coahuila. The projectors of this measure knew perfectly well that the value of this land would be multiplied many times just so soon as it should become part of the United States of America, and of course these gentlemen were actuated by the purely personal motives of securing to themselves a large share of this, to be, newly created value.

Ignoring the *animus* of that scheme, it may be worth while to consider the facts to which it called attention. Southwestern Texas and northern Mexico are physically one and the same country, yet the desirability of living north of the Rio Grande is so great as to make a vast difference between the land values of the two divisions. Fifty years ago this difference did not exist; but when the citizens of the present state of Texas were successful in seceding from Mexico with their territory, and joining it to the United States, this difference began to exist, and every year since then it has become more sharply defined. Taking into account the welfare of the population which thus swept itself from allegiance to Mexico to become part of the northern republic; considering the enormous increment to the land values of the territory immediately enjoyed, the question forces itself, Why would not annexation to the United States be of the same inestimable advantage to the Mexico of to-day as it proved to be to the territories of California and Texas?

The success of the Southern Confederacy in dividing the union of states would have been deplorable chiefly because of the economic blunder in thus duplicating the vast

machinery of state on the North American continent. The economy realized by consolidation and combination, and, on the other hand, by extreme division of labor, in modern industrial enterprise, suggests that the same principle which gives such distinct advantages in private production of wealth might and should be applied in the fiscal affairs of nations. And in accordance with this principle, there should be not more but fewer of the hostile walls which nations throw up against one another. Different national territories are not, like so many square miles of Texas prairie land, all capable of exactly the same products; neither are all peoples capable of equal proficiency in all branches of manufactures and art. Then, too, watches are made in Geneva, knives are made in Sheffield, shoes are made in Lynn, and brass is worked in Ansonia at a minimum cost, not because these places are especially near to the sources of the raw material used, for they are not, but because for generations the populations of these places have been devoted to these special industries. So it is that the greatest division of labor, and the widest field for exchange of products, give the maximum advantage; and for this reason the annexation of Mexico, by the removal of barriers of trade between two great nations, would be immensely beneficial to both peoples.

Those who live near the frontier, and those who are engaged in trade between the two republics, need no arguments to demonstrate the disadvantages suffered by residents of Mexico on account of the tariff. Those, however, who live in the United States far from the frontier, in the midst of practically a commercial world under one flag, can only appreciate these disadvantages by conceiving of what their own dilemma would be, should a local Governor McKinley surround every one of the separate states with a tariff wall — thus giving to trade chronic paralysis, and doubling the cost of living.

Mexico is fortunate in having a president and cabinet whose great purpose is to promote the best welfare of the republic; but she is unfortunate in that the ruling class is not inclined to sustain these gentlemen in their efforts for reform; she is unfortunate in having her soil, with its vast unearned increment and its unlimited possibilities, "owned" by comparatively a few individuals whose interests the laws favor in every way. So it happens that taxation in Mexico

is about the worst imaginable — a custom-house tariff being the chief means of revenue. If, therefore, Mexico should be annexed to the United States, the question would present itself, How can the revenue which would be lost to both countries with the abolition of the frontier custom-houses be made good?

It is evident that all good protectionists in both countries would violently oppose annexation, if for no other reason than that the convenient system of each country's making the other pay a large part of its taxes would then have to go. And that other class, *unconscious* protectionists, who would maintain a tariff for revenue only, might also be shocked at the proposition to deprive the two governments of those huge revenues now collected at Laredo and El Paso. A little reflection, however, will bring the assurance that free trade between Mexico and the United States could not be less beneficial to all concerned than free trade between Texas and her sister states — which trade no one would now think of hindering. But, though it may easily be conceded that in annexing Mexico the necessary abolishment of the frontier custom-houses would work no harm to either people, some system of taxation to compensate for the revenue lost would be imperative, and this paper would not be complete unless it embodied a practical suggestion of some such system.

Ideal taxation is that which helps, not hinders, the largest possible production of wealth. From the time raw material is first taken from the earth, through the multitudinous processes it has to pass before delivery to the consumer as a finished product, it should never be burdened in the slightest degree by taxation. Taxation should not bear upon incomes or accumulated wealth — thus tending to discourage prosperity and to make one class of citizens beneficiaries of charitable contributions forced from another class. Taxation should not in any way be useful to monopoly, either positively — as in tariff and excise taxes by restricting supply and narrowing competition — or negatively by exempting from taxation natural opportunities, thus fostering the monopoly of land.

A system of taxation perfect in economic requirements, having none of the above mentioned objections, is comprehended in the single tax upon land values as advocated by

Henry George. If, in the annexation of Mexico to the United States, the necessary loss of revenue now collected at the frontier custom-houses should happily be made good by adoption of the single tax system, Mexico, from being apparently a poor country, would immediately spring from impoverishment to a condition of unrivalled progress, and for the following reasons :—

At present the production of wealth is heavily fined, almost at every step. In the first place land, or its value, *not* being taxed, is held as such a precious monopoly that practically no immigration is possible. The bounties of nature are under lock and key. The huge divisions of agricultural lands are held by “*haciendados*” who are generally satisfied with the enormous revenues secured by the application of primitive methods of cultivation. City landlords pay absolutely no taxes at all; for as vacant houses are entirely exempt, it is really the tenant who pays the tax. If streets are paved, the government pays for it out of funds taken from commerce, the landlord again being entirely exempted. But every movement of commerce and trade is taxed unmercifully. Imported goods not only have enormous fees to pay upon entering the country, but are also taxed by the state into which they pass for sale. Merchants are taxed on the amount of their annual sales, on every check, bill of exchange, note, receipted bill, or telegram issued; while the very expression of desire to trade is practically fined—every advertisement in newspapers, on placards, in shop windows, in street cars, and so on, being subject to a stamp tax. To this system government inquisitorial inspection is a natural counterpart, and the provisions of the law are so voluminous, complicated, and ambiguous that it is scarcely possible for even the most conscientious business man to escape an occasional heavy fine for some unwitting infringement. The logical, actual result of the present system in Mexico is that prices of almost all commodities are exceedingly high, and the opportunity to labor is so restricted that the peon population is little, if any, better off than were their ancestors centuries ago.

In contrast to all this, the single tax system would secure to the people of Mexico for the expenses of their government that fund, the annual rental value of their lands, which is purely a fruit of population, and so belongs to the

people and not to the landlords who now get it. This system would dispense with nearly all the present horde of tax-gatherers, simplify government, and greatly reduce its cost.

With the annexation of Mexico to the United States, and an application of the single tax system in lieu of a customs tariff, an immediate effect would be the opening to American manufacturers and producers of a vastly enlarged market. As the fertile lands of Mexico would be surrendered by monopoly and thrown open to immigration, this market would grow year by year, and the present European trade would be mostly diverted to the northern states.

It happens, however, that Mexico wants no annexation to the United States. And if that is not a sufficient reason to settle the matter — which it most certainly is — no greater mistake could be made than for the government at Washington to entertain for an instant the proposition of annexing Mexico. President Diaz rules a people whose traditions, customs, and prejudices are entirely different from those of their northern neighbors. The Mexican people are patriotic, and would resent the protection of any other flag than their own — especially the flag that invaded their country in a war generally conceded to have been a shame to the aggressive nation. The annexation of Mexico would inaugurate a season of turmoil, friction, and rebellion worse than any Mexico has yet experienced. It would be utterly impossible for the population of Mexico to be successfully governed, directly or indirectly, from Washington. As well might the United States be brought under Mexican rule.

Commercial union, however, is of the utmost desirability. Absolute free trade is what is wanted, and is all that is wanted, in the way of annexation. Free trade is all that the annexationists of Canada want, if they only knew it; and the author of "Progressive Democracy," in his recent proposition that England and the United States be reunited as one nation, is really actuated by a knowledge of the advantages of free trade. He resorts to the clumsy expedient of joining the two nations, as he might advocate the annexation of Mexico, because of the cruel consistency that binds him to the fetich of protection — to the theory that as free trade within a nation is all right, the only way to enjoy free trade with foreigners is to make them fellow citizens.

As the possibilities of annexing Mexico, Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, and, according to Mr. Carnegie's proposition, Great Britain, present themselves, it will be well for the American people to accept that sentiment of Jefferson's, "Freedom of commerce with all nations; entangling alliances with none."

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART IV.

THE French experiments show that after marriage patients who have previously been instructive lose their susceptibility to the mesmerist's power. As subsequently explained, marriage develops. The ego then refuses to submit to outside influence. Until the human individuality rises to a position in society which is similarly assured it lacks strength. It then becomes more of a power than a patient. Before this happens, it is but little more than an undesignated capacity for sensation. And, in every grade of life, when the female instinct for submission is present, susceptible material for the world's mesmerism is provided.

We use the term "world's mesmerism" to hint at the universality of the vibratory effects. Social intercourse is made up of them. Communion of any kind, from the lowest animal to a spiritual (and doubtless to the highest spiritual) condition is part of the processes of the same principles. The unity of marriage, friendship, home life, and all the happiness which in any way arises through intercourse with other souls, and whether the happiness be of birds, animals, or that of the human spiritual planes, is all a part of the operation of the same system. Let us understand this a little better. If the reader will glance over the following synopses, ideas will be gleaned that will save words:—

Whatever else life may be, one of its most prominent and noticeable characteristics is capacity for vibration.

Mesmerism is one process for producing unity of vibration.

Pleasant social intercourse and friendship are approaches to unity of vibration.

Sexual passion is unity of vibration in the animal grades.

Love is unity of vibration on the spiritual planes.

Music is the language of the world of vibration, and produces and alters the soul-phases by establishing unities of vibration.

Unhappiness, of which the proper name is *discord*, is lack of unity of vibration.

Health, both physical and spiritual, means "in tune."

Sympathy (active) is the attempt to produce unity of vibration.

No system which proposes to deal with life, whether it be religious or scientific, can be satisfactory or correct unless it be equally applicable to the whole of life, from the lowest animal grades to the highest spiritual ones. Many systems have been distinctly advantageous to a few, but outsiders who seemed to lose heaven by not being included in these schemes have found them somewhat lacking in scope.

While the above headings are being read we must not be understood to say that life is nothing but vibration, because, except perhaps in plant life, it is also consciousness. It must not be concluded that man's future existence is suggested to be that of a vibrating essence and nothing more.

People attend a scientific lecture and then forget the facts of it. After dinner, it is sometimes difficult to be interested in the statement that the universe which lies outside the processes of digestion is alive with vibration. It is mentioned that light travels at over 192,000 miles a second and at a rate which could encircle the earth in one eighth of a second; and listeners raise the eyebrows in polite and slightly interrogative indifference. The scientific informant adds that this is *vibration*, "proceeding through the ether which fills all space and pervades all material bodies, occupying the intervals between their molecules,"* and then listeners yawn. By the time it is explained how heat and electricity are also vibration, the tired listener goes away with a dim idea that all life is vibration.

Well, is not this right? Remove either the heat or the electricity from a man and he is dead. Therefore life, no matter what else it is, includes these two, which are both vibration. We know, too, that we could not have a sensation, either pleasurable or the reverse, and that the brain could never have been built, except for vibration along the nerve-pulp. We know that every thread of the vast nervous system is vivified by the life, so that it is in exactly similar condition to a vivified telegraph wire. If, then, the scientific theory regarding ether be correct (which may be ques-

* Brande, p. 667.

tioned) we may say that we are visited by light and pervaded by at least three other essences (?) all of which annihilate distance.

In view of these facts it does not seem peculiar to speak of the pervading all-knowledge, of which the presence is as capable of proof as the others. We are confronted by the fact that we have within us a faculty which, when educed, also annihilates distance and possesses itself of knowledge regarding facts occurring at a distance (and possibly any other knowledge — though this is not here proved).

Now we have always had to face the question as to whether we were mere automata, or something more. Necessarily we had to be one of the two. Science, in trying to show an exclusively material production, would, if it had succeeded, have proved us to be automata, and in that case the almost deified intellect would have been our nearest idea of a God. But, as things are, we find in us a faculty which in its marvellous correspondences might almost be considered to be extra-human; and we have to arrange our views so as to properly value the fact.

The two greatest teachers of the world, although living, so far as we know, in different countries, have come to conclusions which, if not the same as to outlooks and rewards, produced almost precisely similar effects upon man's efforts to improve himself. The results in both cases were to make him seek to reduce the body's power for obscuring the internal faculties, and to increase every refinement of the individuality so as to prepare it for its condition subsequent to human death. Since those years, man has improved to a wonderful extent, in spite of the centuries in which his credulity was utilized to stagnate everything except priestly power. In both systems the same soul virtues were advocated. These are the truths which every right-living man of the present day, whether agnostic or religious, forms his life upon, because they leap into the heart as truth. Buddha, who disclaimed being otherwise than ordinarily human, preached that these are the truths which any man can ascertain for himself. Men found it impossible to resist the force of teachings which the soul pronounced to be correct and proper; and, in their readiness to accept them, accepted also the mass of myth and legend which had accumulated about each system. Thirty-four marked coincidences occur in the legends regarding the

two teachers ; and, as they were divided in point of time by five and a half centuries, it is quite clear that the myths regarding the first were attached also to the second.

The virtues of the Buddhist and Christian systems need not be catalogued, because they are known sufficiently well ; and it will be seen that preparation for any further world has always consisted in making the best of this one.

The aim of all men is happiness. Without the possibility of happiness life would be a cruelty as well as an absurdity. All have been in search for it ; but not all have accepted that which could be found. Every one who has fairly tested life and its alleged channels of happiness, has necessarily come to the conclusion that the requisite of happiness is that we "live outside ourselves," — to use a phrase that will be best understood. This discovery is not peculiar to any dogmatic religion. Agnostics know it to be a truth as well, and often better, than the followers of religious systems. This natural law has made itself felt at those modern times when man commenced to transmit to posterity the verbal, and subsequently written, records of his beliefs — and, doubtless, for ages before. Old Greek words combine to give us our word "ecstasy" with a meaning which is best rendered in the common expression "jumping out of one's skin." The word is suggestive.

Nothing is more to be expected than that happiness will be sought for widely by those who are bold. The result of all selfish efforts in this search is invariably a foregone conclusion. From Solomon, down to the egoistic melancholia of the present, there has been one long wail issuing from those who have tried to find happiness in different forms of egoism. The lees of the cup of self are bitter and cause death. One of the most appropriate names ever applied to God or nature was produced by the North American Indians. They called Him the "Great Medicine." And the only cure for the tortures and diseases of the self-inverted ego which gnaws itself to death, is in the healing waters of nature. The Abana and Pharpar of self are useless ; every fetid drain of Damascus pours into them.

Inveterate materialists prove this truth for themselves. The law which regulates souls ordains that every one is a necessary part of the great chord, and that our one small note shall not vibrate by itself. The spiritual disease of the

ego which consists in continuously sounding its own note produces madness; and indeed the monotony of it almost lunatizes others also.

This assistance which the non-religious side of life supplies to religious truth is valuable. It helps to convince that love for the sympathies, compassions, and unities of the spiritual planes is no delusion of religious leanings. We see, in fact, that to live outside of self is an absolute necessity for happiness; and also that the degrees of gladness which arise in working for others seem graduated in proportion to the distance at which one leaves self behind. Although this is the rule in any human life, the truth of it is not discerned until one has sought for knowledge in one's interior faculties. Neither the rule itself nor the extension of it into the far-reaching altruism of spiritual people is a part of the animal world. It belongs to some plane of existence different from the animal one, in which self-interest is always a first consideration, except where mating and breeding produce unities.

We repeat the words of the last line — "except where mating and breeding produce unities." They contain a world of tuition. They hold one secret as to nature's methods of altering the animal world to the spiritual one.

Let us get at this point slowly but surely.

The best thing Madame de Staël said was that "Love is an egoism for two." She was deep in her woman's heart when she said this. She of course referred to marriage love; and the words contain the commencing idea of a great truth, namely, that marriage, the great sacrament of nature, is also a great alterative process.

Man enters life as an animal, and desiring that which is animal. He leaves life yearning for God. Now how did this spiritual longing come into him? What is this which has happened between the cradle and the deathbed?

Except in the case of some few fine beings, who are owing much to heredity, youth is almost utterly selfish. We love youth so much that we do not notice this, for we know how natural it is. But the selfishness of youth and its longings for natural pleasures indicate the plane on which man appears. The ordinary lusty boy cares but little for catechism, looks askance at the catalogue of Christian virtues, secretly discredits the story of Jonah, but likes those who give him

what he desires. His instincts are to be a man before becoming a saint. Nature insists upon this. Saintship is wearisome to him. Then comes the period in which perhaps every one acts in a different way; some run wild, and some do not. But the great necessity of a young man's existence is to retain his faith in the purity and sanctity of some girls and women. If he loses this during the period in which more or less riot is frequent he has sustained a terrible loss, for it is in the heart of the good girl he believes in and marries that he learns more than all the holy books will teach him. Nature led men to spiritual grades in the sacrament of marriage long before holy books were commenced, and any heaven which depended on printer's work would surely be a precarious affair. Nothing has more obscured nature's methods for making men spiritual than this supposed necessity for books and priests; in fact, there is something humorous in the idea. As to absence of limit, the only rival to the infinity of God is the vanity of man.

Perhaps the truest and most beautiful lines that Tennyson ever wrote are in "Locksley Hall":—

Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self which, trembling, passed in
music out of sight.

And it is, as we have already explained, because self is altered and merged in other self that marriage is happy. It is the first forcible education in that community of interchange which belongs to the spiritual condition. With some people who at first marry for some other reason than love, marriage may not commence or it may not end happily; but sooner or later, and perhaps after it has concluded, there will be realization of the fact that during the love life was holy. For those who begin and continue marriage in love, it will not cease, though it may sometimes appear to do so; that is to say, the effects of love will remain although the person who elicited it may prove unworthy. But there are those who are so irredeemably selfish in their perverted, or rather inverted, wills that they never in any whole-hearted way abandon their intense egoism, and consequently remain on the animal plane, unmoved by the tenderesses extended in the love of the other party. In these cases there is of course no unity, and in fact no marriage; for on one side it

is attempted holiness, and, on the other, something quite different.

But, putting aside the consideration of all the unhappy ones who for many reasons fail to find marriage a complete success, it still must be seen, when the subject is studied, that it is the most alterative process of nature's laboratory. And it by no means follows that the spiritual gain of marriage is lost because the faults of the other party terminate the unities which have for years continued. Because the human soul is governed by a nature's law which forbids descents, and when it has become accustomed to the spiritual plane to which love carried it, there will be no possibility of entirely returning to the animal grade.

For this reason : Love's great song, which consists of all the harmonies of life — love's rarefactions, the innumerable little self-sacrifices, delicacies, and refinements, the thousand tendernesses, thoughtfulnesses, and caresses are all registered in the soul, which is the storehouse of memory, so that the human being is really like a wonderfully-developed phonograph in which the great song which told of God and holiness is continually being repeated. These living registrations of the spiritual gladnesses, such as sympathy, compassion, consciousness of the holiness of giving one's best, the sacred moments of devotion, never cease from sounding when once they have been received into the soul after "Love took up the harp of life."

The faculty of the soul for registering its own sensations must, like all the registrations of bodily sensation be attributed to vibration.

Life, as a whole, cannot be understood without a comprehension of the differences between masculine and feminine passion. And as nature always tries to teach first through delight, the search for her leading powers must always be the search for her delights (though her retributive processes, which are different, are as a rule equally instructive). Now, throughout nature, the delight of the male is to possess and overcome; that of the female is a passion for submission. Consequently every assistance is given to the general plan of nature which insists on producing the unities of vibration which create happiness, whether these be on the lowest or highest grades. Without this knowledge, the comprehension of life is chaotic.

All grades of sympathy, in order to be pleasurable, must, like an agreeable chord of music, be unity of vibration. And in perfect marriage, which is the gift of soul to soul, the spiritual interchange is complete; so that when the above-mentioned powers for producing unities are present, then married love, in its consciousness of holiness, sensitizes the animal human ego into unity with the more excessive vibration of the spiritual planes. The human ego which has always been partly spiritual must be brought into unity with a higher spiritual region. This is a religious truth which has always been prominent; and nature's chief process is a sensitization of the human soul which those who love invariably recognize from the first to be holy. The instincts in this matter are universally the same, and too vivid to allow any doubt as to their spiritual origin and intention.

Now one peculiarity and a proof of the efficacy of this plan is that people who have fairly attained and have known the refined gladness of a life passed more or less on a spiritual plane, cannot, without suffering, try to leave the high grade to which they have been elevated. When nature has sensitized animal man to a plane which has sympathies like those of a Buddha, his newly-attuned individuality demands continuation or advance of the conditions here found. After being thrilled up, vibrated up, into unison and tune with the more excessive vibrations of a higher existence, then the happiness created by becoming part of the varied music of this region demands continuation or increase of similar melodies, — and cannot do without them. When either party to a love marriage tries to descend again to the animal plane, it is found that ideas of gladness still belong to the higher life, and that attractions which had been or might have been sufficient at a previous time seem empty. When the living registrations of the higher joys continually urge the person back by sounding their great song, then nature is exerting that force by which descents are forbidden.

The natural purity and ideal refinements of love have not been attributed to nature; thus rules have been made and objections taken to coercive natural laws which have created much unhappiness. Yet it can be seen that highest love and the whole spiritual life is as much a part of nature as the lowest passion. It is all a question of grade; one is holy and the other is intended to be holy. There is nothing

obscene in nature; the only obscenities are the production of advanced animal mind, in men and monkeys. If man's mind had never developed he would still be regulated like other creatures; but the mind, the storehouse of sensation, being so much a natural production, is capable of resisting any promptings towards spirituality; and it is not until this mind (this combination of brain and its spirit essence) becomes sensitized into unison with the higher planes of life that man can realize their joys and gladnesses.

And here arises the difficulty of explaining the wide compassions and sympathies of the spiritual life to the unspiritual. Writers may strain and words may picture, but no one understands the conditions of a plane of existence higher than his own. No one really thrills in heartfelt comprehension with another who transcends his limits — because they exist in different degrees of vibration. It is like the nurse-girl, limited to her lullabies, not being able to unify with the music of Beethoven. As we said before, it is a parallel case to the amphibian returning to the water and telling the fish of his land experiences; it is quite natural for the fish to think the amphibian to be either a fool or a liar. At the present stage of development no man is more than an amphibian; oscillating, as of old, between land and water, between the firm and the unfirm, between the spiritual and the evanescent. But, query! was that earlier amphibian justified in thinking that he represented the highest possible form of development?

It is at this point that men insist on such a barrier and gap between the animal and spiritual planes as will need some assistance or belief to bridge over. There is no gap, and the teaching regarding it has done harm in creating despair. Nature is continuously waiting and urging human beings to learn of love and the spiritual life through marriage, and through the wisdom supplied to mental demands.

It must be understood that the process above referred to for elevating man is only one way — nature's chief but not sole way. Another is man's way, in which his brain's passionate desire-force can compel the ego to seek in the all-knowledge an enlightenment by which he becomes able to realize and accept the joys and gladnesses of the spiritual life. Nature invariably knows best; and nature will tell. Its chief teacher is gladness — in all grades — from the

breeding of the lizard to the nursing of the sick. Acquiescence is a song; prohibition produces a dirge; refusal means discord, despair, madness.

Any system or belief which fails to comprehend nature's chief plan for development into spirituality is incomplete. Any system endeavoring to create a barrier or gap between animal man and spiritual man is not sufficiently informed. The two exist side by side. It is true that when man refuses nature's laws for development and confines himself to the animal plane he divorces himself from happiness, and, as the Bible says, "does not and cannot know God." But if he follows kind nature, he does.

This is where priests have made their great mistake, and have filled the lunatic asylums of the world with unfortunate victims who suffer from dementia arising from perverted or suppressed nature. This is one of the most terrible facts of human life. Examination of the causes of madness will show what many centuries of priestly teachings and terrors have done. Indeed it is much to be doubted whether Christ, with his extraordinary soul discernments, ever gave support to the ideas which have produced these dreadful effects.

However, there is hope for increased safety in the fact that the world is properly becoming more obstinate in refusing any teachings which may be let alone. The two great systems became widespread because they both contained teachings which could not be ignored. Thus many agnostics lead a partly spiritual life; they accept what they must, and they repudiate what they must. In refusing creeds, though, they are often unhappily separated from those they love. They have suffered much—just as the martyrs of old died for the same truths, which at that time included unnecessary *etceteras*. It is full of both tragedy and absurdity that the best of men should be separated when their instincts are the same. Agnostics will never say that they believe Christ was born of a virgin; yet one must remember that there have been difficulties on both sides, and that a man is not without honor when his love for truth is so great that in fear of having no truth he coerces himself in regard to some falsities. No one has been always right. Even Christ did things which his own system denounced. Happily there is one point on which all educated men are agreed, namely, that it is becoming and necessary to give our best thought and

intuitions to the question of our present and future condition, and that this world, whatever its purpose, did not appear for absurdity's sake but is a portion of the grand sequence of eternal truth and law.

Christ and Buddha have taught, in different ways, one truth. We give it in the more familiar words regarding the later teacher: "He that hath the Son hath eternal life." Now what does this mean? An answer is found in studying the effects produced upon those who have sought spiritual paths and to enjoy spiritual guidance. And we find these people in possession of virtues which belong universally to the higher planes of human life. We find the best Buddhists, Jews, Hindoos, and others all in possession of the same high qualities, all sharing the same confidence in spirit alliance, and all conscious of being a part of the spirit life. The answer, arising out of the general comparison, is clear, and it makes the line read thus: "He who is on the spiritual planes with Christ hath (the beginnings of) eternal life."

They are all enjoying the same sympathies, gladnesses, and purities as the Christians, and Euclid told us that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. It is one fraternity, individualized by many eccentricities, but producing only one set of results. The number of agnostics in it, considering their supposed disadvantages, is peculiar — agnostics who tried to understand God with their brains, till they found that the mind of the double-first collegian can know little more of God than that of a savage. Many have dropped argument, and have become conscious that their loves for their wives and children, and their compassions for those who suffer are in some way better than all talk, either for or against creeds. In a rather bored sort of way they sometimes attend the church where they hear that they are lost souls. But somehow the organist seems to contradict this when the reverential refrain tells in the spirit speech of music of something beyond — something that is perfect, holy, unspeakable. Sometimes the good wife weeps because one of these agnostics is not certain that he is "saved." Dry your tears, madame! your husband has dimly realized that his way to know God is to love you!

THE CAUSE OF FINANCIAL PANICS.

BY J. W. BENNETT.

THE world is to-day confronted with a strange phenomenon. The freest and richest country on the earth is experiencing a business depression, one of the most severe in its history. Banks have collapsed, commercial houses closed, factories ceased to operate; railroad equipments are lying idle in the yards; steamships are plying empty. Thousands of men are stalking the streets of our cities searching, in vain, for employment, and starvation stares their wives and children in the face. Police officers are busy suppressing free speech and free action lest they should lead to anarchy. The usual tax on the commerce of the country does not produce sufficient revenue to keep in action the wheels of government.

Nobody seems to know the cause. The reasons given for the strange situation are as numerous as the sources from whence they come. Ask the politician, and he will say, perhaps, "The use of silver as a money metal is the cause of hard times." The man at his elbow, who came from another section, will respond, "The threatened demonetization of silver is the element of mischief." "Good enough," says a third, "but the main cause of distress is the tariff." "Not so," says a listener, "the fear that the tariff will be meddled with is ruining the business of the country." "Want of confidence, that is the trouble," wisely remarks a philosopher. Confidence in what? But the broad generalization will not admit of specific statement. Another set of "thinkers" does not know; such panics are necessary.

The country experienced a like panic in 1873, and the causes to which it was attributed were quite as vague or varied. The panic of 1857 was as marked, its causes quite as indefinite. The panic of 1837 was caused by Jackson and the banks, or almost anything else one might mention. The intermediate panics of '24, '48, '64, '84, etc., were fully as occult.

We may search the history of all nations having financial systems similar to ours, and we shall find that in times of peace financial crises occur with more or less regular periodicity. With such persistent similarity of effect we are justified in looking for similar causes. Where such similar crises are brought about under so great a variety of circumstances, we

are justified in picking out the circumstance present in all, as bearing the relation of cause. We find crises under both monarchical and republican forms of government; where there is an idle nobility, and where there is no nobility at all; where free trade exists, and where tariff is collected. What was the one condition precedent to all of these crises? In a nutshell: the laborers and business men of the country became extensive debtors to the capitalistic class; credit was greatly extended. All at once creditors recalled their loans or the loans matured, business was unable to pay, it failed, and a panic ensued.

Why were not the active industries of the country able to pay their debts? Crops were as good as ever; there were the lowest of prices for all of the necessities of life. It was said that there was "overproduction." The industry of the people was as active as ever before each of these panic epochs. The skill of the inventor was as great. In a country where there was overproduction there was suffering for bread and clothing. But in all of these crises money was scarce; that is, it was in the hands of people who were not actively engaged in any business. There was not enough to pay obligations; it was at a premium, or could not be had at all. The supplies of the country seemed to be in the wrong hands. The obligations of active industries seemed too large, and could not be met. The capitalists of the country held claims that there was not wealth to satisfy. They seemed to have the wealth, the money, and the claims which these alone could satisfy.

It seems like a platitude to say that active industries failed to meet their obligations because these obligations were too large, yet this is strictly the fact. The borrowed capital of the country claims more in remuneration than the country can produce. Every dollar invested in business claims a return called interest. Every dollar representing debts unpaid claims a like remuneration. This must all be paid out of the production of each year, and from each year's product men must be fed and clothed and sheltered. The wealth of the world must be kept up. Buildings, machinery — everything, must be kept in repair; and improvements for use in the future must be taken from the stock of the present. There is not wealth enough to meet all these obligations, and the business of the world must go into the hands of a receiver every now and then, so that a new start in business may be made. The country with all its allied industries is analogous to a mammoth business concern. When it contracts greater liabilities than it can meet it fails, and we have a financial panic.

This state of bankruptcy is chronic. Counting everything, the liabilities of the country are always greater than its assets. The industrial world is always in a state of potential bankruptcy, but

credit tends to keep it out of the hands of a receiver. Then the same persons are in part debtors and creditors, and this, with our frequent liquidations, aids in keeping us from continual financial panic. Any disturbing of credit precipitates a crisis.

An odd proposition, but one capable of mathematical demonstration, is that the very foundation principles of our industrial system lead us to recognize obligations which we can never pay. A simple, specific statement of what they are, compels us to admit that they are too large to meet.

The present wealth of the United States may be placed in round numbers at \$72,000,000,000. That fully eighty per cent of this sum pays interest, may be verified by any person who cares to give the subject thought. If any of the money invested in business bears interest, all money invested in business must likewise bear interest, otherwise nobody would assume business risks. But we may arrive at the same conclusion by a process quite different.

Something like eighty per cent of the wealth of the country is in the hands of about 250,000 persons, or about one two-hundred-fortieth of the population. This excludes the wealth of well-to-do farmers and merchants; and it goes without saying that nine tenths of this wealth held by the immensely rich is interest-bearing. Nearly all of it is lent, or if not lent out it is invested in some business where interest on the money invested is added to the return or profits of the undertakers.

The wealth in the hands of farmers and merchants is paying interest on all that is not used for the personal wants of themselves and their families; and even many of the homesteads of the country are paying interest. . . . At least one half of such wealth is interest-bearing. An examination of the mortgage lists of the several states will more than bear out this estimate. We are, then, paying fixed charges, as the railroads put it, on about \$55,000,000,000 of the country's wealth. The net rate will average five per cent; and taking into consideration commissions and other charges, six per cent is a low estimate of the gross rate. The interest on \$55,000,000,000 at six per cent is \$3,300,000,000 per year. To get the average interest charges for the last decade, we must take the average of interest-paying capital, which is about \$50,000,000,000. We have, then, an average yearly interest of \$3,000,000,000, a sum which more than absorbs the entire yearly increase of wealth in the United States. During the last decade the wealth of this country has increased about \$22,000,000,000. During the same period the interest charges were \$30,000,000,000. Adding but the single item of interest on personal business obligations to the standing debt of the people, the assets of the country's citizens will, in the

short period of ten years, fall \$8,000,000,000 below their liabilities. The principal falls due in that time, and the business of the country, if fixed in the same hands, would bankrupt in that time. It does actually feel the shock. But the fact that many persons are creditors as well as debtors, and that debtors and creditors change places, puts off the final accounting. The tendency of the enormous fixed charges on business is to amass the wealth of the country in the hands of large property holders who are almost exclusively creditors. The mightier the fortune, the more interest it draws and the more exempt it is from the dangers of speculation.

Fortunes go on piling up under the laws of interest, and after all checks and counter tendencies are allowed for, the country has a panic—becomes bankrupt—every twenty years. There is a well-defined financial flurry of more or less violence every decade, or even oftener. The fact is that whenever the creditor class demands its money there is a panic, for there is not cash enough in the country to satisfy the demand, and all property must be turned over to meet liabilities. Indeed, the cash in the country is principally in the hands of the creditor class, having piled up there under the laws of interest. During times of confidence, business is kept moving by a shifting of liabilities, but in times of doubt and uncertainty, from whatever cause brought about, the business of the country finds it impossible to meet its obligations and is obliged to file into bankruptcy. The cleverest of speculators cannot long keep up their business by borrowing from one to pay another, unless debts are very small as compared with the capital invested. Just so with the business of the country taken as a whole—the piling up of debts always ends in collapse. It is nonsense to say that want of confidence is the cause. Unless the ground principles of business produce instability, want of confidence can have no effect. Men realize that the business of the world cannot pay its debts, and therefore lose confidence.

But interest and rent charges are not the only liabilities of the business of the country. The government must be supported; the national debt and the interest thereon must be met; debts, state, municipal, and school, must be provided for; local government must be maintained. The interest on the public debt of the United States amounts to \$40,410,000 annually. The interest on municipal, school, county, and township debts in the United States is \$56,750,000 per year. The expenses of the United States, exclusive of interest and the paying off of the standing indebtedness, are now about \$350,000,000 yearly, and the cost of state, county, and municipal government is \$450,000,000 per year. At the very lowest estimate, \$897,000,000 must be charged

yearly to government in the United States, not including the payment of the principal of the public debt. This, representing money spent outside of regular business, amounts to \$8,970,000,000 in a decade. Adding it to the former sum, the excess of interest on private obligations over the increase of wealth, we have \$16,970,000,000 as the sum which the assets of the citizens of the United States fall behind their indebtedness every ten years. In view of such figures as these, it is not difficult to see why we have periods of business depression every ten years and terrible financial panics every twenty years.

The tendency under such conditions is to have all the wealth which is not used to feed and shelter and clothe the race pass into the hands of the money lender. There is a comparatively trifling exception to the rule. About five per cent of all who start in business leave it with more than they began with, and but a portion of their gains can be charged to interest. The more stable and the largest houses of business, however, realize large returns from interest taking.

What wonder is it, then, that the business of the country has to go periodically into the hands of a receiver in order to straighten out its accounts and begin anew? This is the only way in which the great bulk of business men can get a new start. Creditors are obliged to take part of their claims, as there is not enough to pay the whole. Debts are cancelled and a new start is made. The wealth is lent out again; interest is paid again until the burden gets too large and another crash comes. At each crash some of the men who were creditors at the last accounting are found among the debtor class, and thus property is prevented from massing in a decade or two in the hands of a permanent creditor caste. Yet the circle is forever growing narrower.

When a firm is doing a paying business, the gross profits of its transactions must exceed expenses. When the business of the nation is paying, like conditions must prevail. The increase in wealth is the gross profit of the country's business; if that will not meet interest charges, the business of the country is not paying.

It makes little difference, from a theoretical standpoint, where the interest goes greatest; from a practical standpoint, it is of the greatest importance. When the interest goes to small property owners, it does not hasten the division of the country into rich and poor. When millionnaires collect the interest, it takes them but a short time to absorb the bulk of the wealth of the world and leave the rest of mankind poverty-stricken. Speculation and the collection of compound interest increase the charges on honest production and hasten the day of panic and final accounting. They help to pile up wealth steadily in the hands of the few and to make each panic worse than the previous one.

It is therefore plain that, under our present financial system, the business of the country cannot meet its obligations. It is also plain that the creditor class must go on absorbing more and more of the wealth of the country, until finally the more wealthy, those who are not obliged to take any chances, will have the lion's share of this world's goods. We see nothing adequate to account for this condition of affairs except interest taking and the payment of rents. These fully account for it. *In a nutshell, borrowing on interest and paying land rents are the cause of all our financial difficulties.*

These are the basis of our financial system, yet something in our financial system is radically wrong. Loans in themselves can certainly do no harm. If one has more wealth than he can use and turns it over to one who has use for it, there is certainly no harm done. If, as a condition of the transfer, he requires that he shall be fully secured in his loan, and that the amount which he has lent be returned to him at the end of a specified time, nobody has the right to cavil. It would be no hardship on the borrower, for the very act of using the wealth for his own benefit would produce enough to pay the lender. Except in individual cases of bad management, the business man who works under these conditions, even with borrowed capital, would have no trouble in paying back what he owed. But the creditor wants more in return than he has lent. There is added to this amount a charge called interest. If he lend the money for fourteen years at five per cent, the creditor wants back twice the amount lent. If the rate is higher, he wants even more; and as the time of the loan runs on the amount which the debtor has to pay for the loan rapidly multiplies. As we have seen, the creditor demands too much; wealth as a whole is not productive enough to pay interest charges. After keeping up the capital stock of the world, and feeding, sheltering, and clothing the race, there is not enough left to satisfy the demands of the money lender. If one agrees to return every ten, twelve, or even twenty years, an amount equal to that which he has borrowed, in interest, he is undertaking an impossibility. Nature has no such productive power. If it cannot be done in this country of virgin resources and unparalleled conditions for the production of wealth, it can be done nowhere. We are, then, confronted by a foundation principle of our financial system which necessarily results in business panic. It is necessary that this principle of our system be critically examined if we would find where our trouble lies.

Arguing from other premises we reach the same conclusions. Never before in the history of the world have so many plans for the relief of humanity been brought forward as in the last decade. This economist sees in profit sharing the full measure

of human felicity; the remedy of that one is the full control by the state of the objects of monopoly; one asserts that the organization of labor is the panacea for all social ills; another sees salvation in the education of the masses. Others still declare that things are not what they should be but say that nothing can be done about it; such things always were, they always will be.

Its most dangerous manifestation is the unequal distribution of wealth. Men toil as long and arduously as ever and their toil is far more productive, yet those who toil become none the richer. The more wealth produced, the more idlers there are to use it, and the greater the number of people clamoring for bread. The more productive the toiler's work, the more extravagant become the lives of those who toil not. Ever is there found a way to divert this hard-earned wealth into the lap of luxurious ease. A woman who never produced a dollar's worth of wealth or anything else will spend enough on one gown to keep half a dozen families of laborers for a year. Her husband or father or brother, or whoever she depends upon for support, is as idle as herself. Where does this wealth come from? It does not make itself. It is evidently a part of what numerous laborers produce, and the families of these may not at the same time have enough to eat. We assert in our laws that these luxurious idlers have the right to revel in the laborer's wealth. Why, then, are the masses so poor? Evidently because the classes are so rich. There is not wealth enough to go around when so much is wasted. Where, then, should intelligent beings look for the cause of distress? Manifestly in the artificial economic laws that allow luxury to take part of the results of the laborer's toil. If one half of a family are spendthrifts, it is easy to determine why the industry of the other half will not thrive. Why does not the same rule apply to the great national family?

If there were a rule by which two brothers could take the bulk of the wealth produced by four and live in ease upon it while the two who toiled remained upon the borderland of want, all could easily see the injustice of the proceeding. But when the two parasitic brothers increase to hundreds of thousands, and the toilers to millions, we tacitly admit that the spendthrifts of the family have a right to the wealth which the toilers produce. Nobody who understands the situation will have the hardihood to say that such a proceeding is just; and whatever the edict of popular prejudice or ignorance, philosophers and teachers should not hug vain delusions. They all admit that something is wrong, and there is a tacit understanding that the trouble is with the distribution of wealth.

Wealth is distributed according to certain laws. There are fixed rules as to what percentage of the results of production

shall be taken by active toilers and the possessors of accumulated wealth. If these rules were just, their results would be just. But the result of these rules, at least to the thinker, appears to be a monstrous injustice. The rules themselves, then, must be unjust. The most important rules of distribution are the laws of rent and interest. They are the basis of our economic system. Rent has been fully discussed, and proved conclusively to belong to the people in their corporate capacity — to the state. Interest remains to be taken before the bar of justice. Both the condition of the masses and the state of business loudly demand that the basis of our economic laws be reëxamined. Is interest taking right? Is it founded on true or false principles?

Every article of wealth produced by man has within it the essential principle of decay and final complete destruction. Nature lends it to him but for a time; after a time she reclaims it as her own. The condition of the loan is constant use. Man must produce unceasingly to keep his stock of wealth intact. There are no exceptions to the rule; the more indispensable an article is to humanity, the more prompt and certain its decay.

The vast pyramids seem at first glance eternal; but although their existence has covered but a point in the history of short-lived man, the hand of time is already grinding them to the dust. Eternal Rome is in ruins; the palaces of the Cæsars have crumbled to decay. More terrible than the Goths and Vandals is the edict of nature reclaiming her own from the evanescent imprint of the feeble hand of man. Palmyra and Thebes are but half-forgotten names, Babylon but a symbol of iniquity. Scarcely less perishable than man himself are the works of his hands. Remove the preserving care of labor from man-made wealth, and its destruction is but a question of days. A great dynasty of kings might own the earth, with all its bright cities and all its teeming wealth; yet if no toiler's hand were raised to save, the scions of that dynasty would starve as they watched their fair cities crumble and the earth become a wilderness. Even after a quarter of a century there would not be a king left to tell the tale.

If we turn our attention to articles of common use, we shall find them more perishable still. The staunchest ship will scarcely brave the storms of half a century; place her idle and unattended in the docks, and she will rot in a decade. The locomotive, with its frame of steel and its coat of imperishable brass, if active, will scarcely outlive the youth of the hand that fashioned it; idleness will not lengthen its career. The average useful life of a machine is but twenty-two years, and the rust of idleness will destroy it sooner than the wear of work. What would become of our electric systems, the metallic nerves of

mother earth, if abandoned to the destroying powers of nature for even ten years? We could hardly determine that they had ever been. If abandoned for a quarter of a century, the continent would turn into a wilderness, scarcely less wild than when Columbus landed here. Our roads and streets and wharves and shops and dwellings, if left to themselves, would not survive the hands that built them. Rats would gnaw where judges sit, and serpents hiss where social revelry now resounds.

Think of the things most necessary to man; of what he eats and drinks and wears. Let labor drop its hands; abandon elevators, cribs, storehouses, stables, and herds, to the worm, rat, and weevil, to the inclement elements and the deserted fields, and humanity would be starving within a year. The earth would be a savage-populated wilderness within ten years. In the matter of food and clothing humanity literally lives from hand to mouth.

Why, then, this idle boast that the capitalist can afford to rest and feed on what he has? If young Gould, the inheritor of his father's millions, refused to work with his hands for a single month and others refused to labor for him, he would be in a worse condition at the end of that time than the meanest denizen of Whitechapel. If laborers deserted him to-day, not all the efforts of his puny hands could save even a wreck of his mighty fortune from the destroying hand of nature. He would be as poor as a savage before he had time to turn gray. Dollars cannot save man-created wealth, bonds cannot save it, the edicts of capitalists cannot save it—it is labor with the hands, and that alone, which must and does preserve it. Humanity lives on man-created wealth. The imprint of labor's hand must be placed on the treasures of mother earth before they become current in nature's great banking house. There are no exceptions to the rule. These examples are cited as instances of the inherent decaying property of all wealth, but the principle needs no proof; it is self-evident when thought upon. Let any one point out a single instance of the increase, of its own accord, of man-created wealth, or where aught except labor supplies the wants of man, and I will yield the discussion.

But what is the assumption of the capitalist? How does he justify interest taking? Manifestly on the assumption that wealth has within it the natural, inherent property of increase. Nobody will deny the proposition that what one produces by his toil is rightfully his own; this is the basis of the idea of property. It follows necessarily that nothing is his own which he has not produced, directly or indirectly. The practice of interest taking, then, asserts the producing power of unaided wealth at every turn.

If interest taking is right, compound interest taking is right. The principle of compound interest is that a dollar, without any exertion on the owner's part, will grow into two dollars in a given number of years, four dollars in less than twice that time, eight dollars in less than three times the original period, and will keep on increasing in more than geometrical ratio, until that one dollar, with its interest, would, after a time, represent all of the wealth on earth. The rate makes no difference as to the principle of the thing. Money at compound interest will just as truly increase indefinitely at five as at twenty-five per cent, though more slowly, to be sure. Money, properly speaking, is not wealth; it is but wealth's representative. The wealth which money represents has been shown to have within it an inherent, essential principle of decay, not growth. The dollar, its representative, comprises the same principle. The foundation principle of interest, then, is absolutely unfounded in fact.

What is really lent is the wealth which the dollar stands for, and the dollar is used but as a measure of value. Yet this thoroughly absurd assumption that the wealth represented by the dollar increases of itself is the sole ethical ground of interest taking. On what other ground does the capitalist demand a yearly increase of what he has lent—an increase which in a few years will amount to vastly more than the original sum? The interest which the capitalist demands is not the reward of labor, for the capitalist, as such, toils not. The money which he has lent out does not cost him as much trouble as though beside him in his vaults. I speak of the capitalist proper, the coupon clipper; the man who grows rich while he eats and drinks and sleeps and plays; the man who makes as large an income while travelling in Europe as while engaged in his office in New York. The active business man's income is from another source, and it is not necessary to discuss it here. All who lend money, however, are just so far capitalists.

Again, proceeding on the assumption that interest taking is right, we will see to what absurdities it will lead us. A syndicate of less than a hundred American capitalists, if allowed to collect interest on their capital, even at a low rate, and reinvest it for one hundred fifty years, would, at the end of that time, own the earth and all real and personal property thereon. This is a simple mathematical proposition, capable of exact demonstration. Anybody who doubts the truth of this statement may set all doubts at rest by computing compound interest on one billion dollars for one hundred fifty years at five per cent per annum. Great corporations tend at present to extend their investments and to decrease the number of important share holders. A syndicate coming to own the earth under the rules of interest is

not improbable. One-two-hundred-fiftieth of the population have, under such methods, come to own eighty per cent of the wealth of the country. Many corporations live more than a hundred years. The difficulty of the problem is to get a syndicate large enough, and we are rapidly disposing of this difficulty. Will any thoughtful man knowingly support a principle that might give to one hundred men, or less, all of the wealth of the earth, to the exclusion of the other billion and one half of the humans? The philosophy on which interest taking is founded is the acme of absurdity, yet all men seem to acquiesce in the practice.

But it is said that the wealth loaned by the capitalist aids the man who uses it, and that he should therefore pay for its use. Its being used aids the capitalist far more, even though he never receives a cent in interest for its use. The laborer who uses capital more than repays its owner by keeping it intact. Nature in her divine wisdom has decreed that wealth shall not be hoarded. After a few short years, if not used by the hands of labor in producing more wealth, nature reclaims it as her own. Does not the laborer, then, do the capitalist the greatest of services by taking his wealth and preserving it from the wrecking hand of time and returning it to him intact? It is no answer to say that the laborer is at the same time producing more wealth, part of which is for himself. By that very act he keeps the world moving, keeps up the march of civilization, keeps us all from the fate of poverty-stricken savages. Here again we meet with nature's inexorable law: "Toil or perish" is the decree pronounced against the race. It is only by fraud upon the remainder that some are exempt.

Labor can, unaided, gain a livelihood; it has done so. For unaided capital there is but death and decay. How fortunate for the capitalist that he can make the laborer his mediator! For there is not one article of wealth which can survive without such mediation.

Let us suppose that a man has a stable full of horses which he cannot personally use, and the value of which he wishes to preserve for some future time; would not the toiler be doing him a marked service by taking these horses and using them, and keeping them for ten years, and at the end of that time returning in their stead an equal number of good young horses? This would be wealth lent without interest. (We are now dealing with wealth, not money.) If the capitalist had kept these horses they would all within ten years have grown old and unserviceable, and he would, in the meantime, have had to pay for their keeping. Under the interest system he would compel the toiler who borrowed his horses not only to pay for their keeping, but, when the

horses had grown old, to give him back two good young horses for each one taken.

It does not require a philosopher to decide who has the best of the bargain. We must keep the fact constantly in mind that the horses represent wealth which the owner cannot personally use at the time he decides to lend it, but which he wants at some future time. Under the present system he would sell his horses, and put the money at interest, for although horses become useless with the lapse of time, we have a fiction that the scraps of paper which represent their value increase in worth with each rising sun.

There is a house on a principal street of a growing city. The location is the best, the appointments of the mansion are irreproachable. It would make an excellent habitation; but it is owned by an eccentric old lady, and no tenants can stand her nagging, consequently the house is left vacant. The snows of winter have blown under the door and through the window cracks. Big patches of mould have established themselves on the damp floors. Rats have gnawed holes in the floors and plinths. An urchin bent on mischief threw a stone through the window of an upper story, and, a heavy spring rain storm coming on, the upper floors are flooded. The plaster cracked and fell, and the timbers warped and twisted. A seed fell upon the stone steps, washed into a crack, swelled, and grew, and the steps are misplaced. The damage on the building from natural causes in a year amounts to a couple of hundred dollars. The next year is not quite so bad, but the next still is worse. The house remains vacant, and is soon a ruin. It has lain idle for but fifteen years, yet half of its original cost has been spent in repairs. Is not this building wealth? Is not all wealth subject to the same law of decay? Is it true, then, that the capitalist can afford to allow his wealth to remain idle? Did the house grow in value in fifteen years? If one occupied that house during those fifteen years and simply kept it in repair, he would be doing the owner a very substantial favor. The owner would be saved all outlay for repairs and would still have the habitation fit for occupancy.

A great mill had been built in a prosperous manufacturing district. The ore which was consumed by the plant became more difficult to get in that locality and other fields of supply were opened at a distance. The ores at the new locality were more easy of access and could be manufactured more cheaply there. The industry was transferred and the mill first built was shut down; the doors were closed and the building was left to stand. Twenty-five years passed by. The new mine became exhausted, and the old centre of industry revived. The corporation which had shut down its mill years before concluded to

start again. An elder seed had gotten between two heavy pieces of machinery and there taken root in the accumulated soil. As a result the heavy pieces were thrown out of place and the whole plant thus deranged. In another place the frosts of winter had caused a wall to cave. The building had become shaky and unsafe for supporting the heavy machinery. Rust had destroyed the fine bearings and weakened the cogs. The plant was a ruin, and but a very small percentage of the machinery could be used in the construction of a new mill. This was wealth left to itself; did it grow? Now if this plant had been kept in operation, as it might have been had no interest been demanded and kept in repair, even though the owners had never gotten a cent for its use, they would be just the value of the plant better off. They would have been done a very substantial service. This would be lending without interest. The persons who used the plant would probably be benefited. It would be reciprocity of services.

The argument of Bastiat is considered the argument *par excellence* for the justification of interest taking. If that argument has not proved interest taking right, political economy has so far failed to justify it. The whole gist of Bastiat's argument is reciprocity of services. The lender does the borrower a service by allowing the latter to use his wealth, and the borrower should do a like service in return. Paying interest on the money borrowed is such a service, and unless the borrower pay interest, Bastiat holds that he returns nothing for the loan. I contend that the argument is entirely mistaken; that the lender does the borrower an incidental service by lending him wealth but by that very act he does himself a far greater service, as it is absolutely necessary to lend wealth to preserve it; that the borrower does the lender a very great service by taking his wealth, keeping it for him, and returning it to him without deterioration. I have already given a few instances.

Bastiat insists, and rightfully, that money is not wealth, but that we must consider real wealth, of which money is but the representative. But this entirely disposes of his first illustration of sixpences and crowns. If money is not wealth we cannot use it in proving the laws of wealth. If Paul's sixpences consisted of property which he did not wish to use for a year, it would have deteriorated in value at the end of that time, and I submit that Peter or any other borrower would be doing Paul a service by returning it to him unimpaired at the end of twelve months.

In his next illustration of trading a house for a ship, Bastiat introduces a fallacy which is the groundwork of his plausible but unsound argument for the justification of interest. The capitalist who actually lends wealth is one who has wealth which he cannot use immediately or which he wishes to lay by and save

for use at some future time. He is one who has enough for the present besides that which he lends; lent capital is surplus capital, as far as the owners are concerned. Bastiat's capitalist is a poverty-stricken laborer who is asked to fold his arms and whistle while another laborer takes his tools and uses them for his own benefit. In lending, this condition never exists. The wealth which is borrowed could not have been used in production if it had not been borrowed. Paying a man to lie idle or to work with inferior tools, while by the use of his own he might have done better, is something quite irrelevant to the question of interest. Bastiat uses it to cover up the real question at issue. Public policy has condemned such action long ago. Let us consider the real capitalist, the lender of surplus wealth.

Now if Bastiat should say that a man after trading a ship for a house, took the house to live in and wanted to borrow the ship for a year, and that the man who traded the house for the ship had another house which he was content to live in, and could not himself use the ship for a year, he would have stated the conditions under which loans are really made. The new ship owner would be put to no inconvenience in giving up the house as he would have as good a house to live in. He would want the ship kept for him for a year without deteriorating in value. If the man who had just traded it away should take this ship and use it, and return it to the owner at the end of a year in better condition than it would have been in if the owner had left it idle, I contend that he would be doing the new ship owner a favor. The owner of the ship would not only be relieved of the necessity of repairing his vessel, but he would not have the trouble of taking care of it, and would have it in good order for use at the end of the year. The man who used the ship would also be benefited by its use. There would be reciprocity of services, the requirement of Bastiat.

As to Bastiat's third illustration. If Mondor spent his time and surplus cash in building a house in which to live, and he has no other house, he is not in the position of the lending capitalist. If he have more houses than he can personally use, he gives up nothing in letting some one else live in one of them. The house which he cannot or does not wish to use immediately is surplus wealth which Mondor wishes to use at some future time; and such a saving can be attained by letting some one use the property, and, in return for its use, keep it in repair. If there were no borrowers what would Mondor do with his extra house? He might close it up and pay for repairs made necessary by the ravages of mould, rot, rats, etc. That is, in Bastiat's illustration, he would pay the architect three hundred dollars per year to keep his house from becoming a worthless ruin. By giving the

use of the house to Valerius for a specified time, he deprives himself, then, of the opportunity of paying for repairs upon it. If his other houses should burn, it is true, he probably could not gain possession of the house which he had lent to Valerius until the term of lease expired. Valerius stands for all borrowers, Mondor for all lenders. It would be entirely irrelevant to say that Mondor might lend to somebody else.

Bastiat thinks that, as a first condition of the loan, Valerius should refund the money paid by Mondor to the architect for repairs of the ravages of time on Mondor's house. Why should Valerius refund this money? Bastiat says that it is but fair. Why fair? Is Valerius responsible for the ravages of time? Did he make the natural law that houses and all other forms of wealth shall be subject to decay? Do these ravages make the house more useful to Valerius? Why, then, should he, rather than Mondor, bear the brunt of the law? Bastiat puerilely says that the decay occurs while Valerius is in the house and hence that he should make it good. Would it not have occurred to a greater extent if the house had been idle? Finally, when the ravages of time are repaired, who gets the benefit? Mondor, certainly. Mondor, then, should pay the expense of repairs. If Valerius should pay for the repairs, there would have been no reciprocal service done him for the outlay, and according to Bastiat's own criterion, Valerius could not be charged with the expense. The advantage which Mondor has deprived himself of for the benefit of Valerius is the measure of the service which he did the latter. He probably deprived himself of the opportunity to use his house for a specified time, should an exigency arise making it desirable that he should do so. Valerius, perhaps, has secure possession for a time, and if for this advantage he refunds the three hundred dollars of architect hire — if he stands between Mondor's house and the ravages of time, he more than repays Mondor. Where, then, comes in the excuse for interest taking? Interest in this case is commonly called rent. Every cent collected for rent is extortion for which Valerius gets no reciprocal service. If Mondor is paid for that which he relinquishes, he has no right to ask how much Valerius is benefited. It is a beneficent law that he who has most need of wealth is benefited most by its use.

Bastiat's illustration of Malthurin and his sack of corn repeats the same old fallacy. Malthurin, according to the illustration, must have his sack of corn to live on, else he must work for a pittance from day to day in order to keep alive, and in that condition is asked to lend his sack of corn to another. What an illustration of a loaning capitalist! If he were a capitalist he would have more to live on than he wished to use at that

time, and that sack of corn would be something which he would be saving up to live on at some future time when he wished to remain idle. It would be corn additional to his present wants. If Jerome should take this corn, and at the end of a year, when, if stored, it would be damaged by weevil, damp, and rats, return a sack of fresh corn in its stead, he would do Malthurin a favor. Jerome would at the same time produce corn for himself, the services would be reciprocal, and Bastiat's requirement would be fulfilled.

The illustration of James and his plane is still more fallacious. It jumbles together in James the rights of capitalist, manufacturer, and inventor. The actual, loaning capitalist, as such, is an idler with more wealth under his control than he can personally use. He neither invents nor produces. To place James in the position of the loaning capitalist, we would have to think of him as making a plane every year to lay by and sell at some future time that he might finally live at ease on the proceeds. Without borrowers to take his planes, he would have to store them in some place to keep them. Rust, rot, worm, and mould would vie with one another in their destruction, so that when James wanted to sell the planes he would find many of them wellnigh worthless. If William should take the planes and use them and return in their stead good new planes, would he not be doing James a service? James would have bright new planes when he wanted to use or dispose of them instead of rusty old ones, as would have been the case had the planes been stored. Bastiat admits that wearing out within a year is a necessary concomitant of the usefulness of a plane. If William pays for that usefulness in interest, why should he pay for it again by supplying a new one in the place of that which was worn out in earning interest for James? There is no justice in James having the benefit of the usefulness of the tool and not being required to stand the expense of the wear incident to that usefulness as well as the ravages of nature.

We see, then, that the loaning capitalist asks the laborer not only to share with him the wealth which the laborer's toil has produced, but also to make good the destruction which nature visits on everything produced by man. This is the essence of interest taking, yet no one can give any good reason why the laborer alone should be held responsible for the acts of nature.

The lender sacrifices nothing. The wealth which he loans is surplus wealth. However potent as an instrument of production in the hands of others, it is useless in his, for his hands toil not. This fact must be borne in mind: Unless somebody borrow the wealth of the capitalist, he must stand by and see nature steal away its usefulness. Then the person who borrows that wealth

and saves it from the decay of nature does the capitalist an all-important service. It is no answer to say that the laborer, at the same time, gains a personal advantage from the wealth which he borrows. Does the laborer's gain make the capitalist's gain the less? Capital cannot produce, labor can. Labor has lived without capital, without wealth except the strength of its muscles. With this strength alone to start with, labor has wrested from nature all that there is of wealth in the world to-day. Destroy every vestige of what men call capital, and enough people would survive the calamity to repopulate the world and reorganize society; destroy the power to work, and in a decade there would not be a living human being.

Nobody who considers what man has sprung from will deny this. Man did not come into a world of walled cities, palaces, and machines. He was once a shivering, naked savage, his implements clubs and stones. His bread he plucked from the trees by labor; his meat by labor he pursued and killed. Man always earned his bread by the sweat of his brow or the brow of somebody else. Labor has the producing power of nature, capital the decaying principle of wealth. Why, then, can it not be confidently asserted that labor, aside from nature, is the only productive force? Labor can put its stamp on the treasures of nature's storehouse, and the product is wealth. Nature will not receive the stamp of capital.

Thore asks: "Will an extra crown appear in a bag of one hundred shillings at the end of a year? Will there be two hundred shillings in the bag at the end of fourteen years?" No, nor any extra grain in a bag of corn (Bastiat to the contrary notwithstanding). Herds will not increase without labor's care; fields untilled will not yield a harvest. Nature's favors must be wrested from her by the arm of toil. Where, then, is the justification of interest? What ground has one for assuming that wealth has the power of growth, or that its possessor is entitled to an increase? If wealth does not grow there is no ethical basis for interest.

It is a law as old as the world, that what a man produces is, primarily, his. The converse must be true: what a man does not produce is not primarily his. To become his it must be given to him freely, or he must secure it by trading for it that which he has produced. On this basis, interest does not belong to the capitalist, for he neither produces it nor gives up for it anything which he has produced. He cannot, for the capitalist, as such, produce nothing. His capital did not produce it, for capital cannot even maintain itself.

Let us allow the great apostle of interest himself to tell the advantage the capitalist has over the laborer, and then examine his reasons as to why it is right. These are Bastiat's words: —

Here are two men. One of them works from morning until night, from one year's end to another, and, if he consumes all that which he has gained, even by superior energy, he remains poor. When Christmas comes he is no more forward than he was at the beginning of the year, and has no other prospect than to begin again. The other man does nothing either with his hands or with his head; or, at least, if he makes use of them at all, it is only for his own pleasure. It is allowable for him to do nothing, for he has an income. He does not work, yet he lives well; he has everything in abundance — delicate dishes, sumptuous furniture, elegant equipages; nay, he consumes daily things which the workers have been obliged to produce by the sweat of their brows, for these things do not make themselves, and, as far as he is concerned, he has no hand in their production. It is the working men who have caused the corn to grow, polished the furniture, woven the carpets. It is our wives and daughters who have spun, cut, and embroidered these stuffs. We work for him, for him and for ourselves; for him first, and for ourselves if there is anything left. But here is something more striking still. If the former of these two men consumes within a year any profit which may have been left him in that year, he is always at the point from which he started and his destiny condemns him to move incessantly in a perpetual circle and monotony of existence. But if the other, the "gentleman," consumes his income within a year, he has the year after, in those years that follow, and throughout all eternity, an income equal, inexhaustible, perpetual. Capital, then, is remunerated, not only once or twice but an indefinite number of times. So that at the end of a hundred years a family which has placed twenty thousand francs at five per cent interest will have had one hundred thousand francs, and this will not prevent it from having one hundred thousand more in the next century. In other words, for the twenty thousand francs which represent its labor (or the labor of some one else) it will have a tenfold value in the labor of others. In this social arrangement is there not a monstrous evil to be reformed?

And this is not all. If it should please the family to curtail their enjoyment a little — to spend, for example, only nine hundred francs instead of a thousand, it may, without any labor, without any other trouble than that of investing the other one hundred francs a year, increase its capital and its income in such progression that it will soon be able to consume as much as one hundred families of producing workers. Does not this go to prove that society is nursing in its bosom a hideous cancer which ought to be removed at the risk of some temporary suffering?

Yes, Bastiat! it certainly does, and your illustrations of planes and ships and corn, although they may obscure the seat of the terrible disease, cannot hide its manifestations. The skilled social physician can see through your thin mystifications. You assert that the twenty thousand francs represent the labor which that family has performed. This may or may not be true; many of our modern fortunes represent the labor of others. But, granting that it does represent the labor of the head of that family, on what ground of right or justice should that labor be remunerated more than twenty thousand francs' worth of the labor of other citizens? Why is it more worthy of return than the labor-produced wealth which has gone to support the laborers and their families? The worker's strength must be kept up by constant feeding. The wealth represented by twenty thousand

francs is almost as perishable; it must also be kept up by constant accretion. The laborer produces more wealth with the strength which he absorbs from the food which he consumes. The owner of the twenty thousand francs, as such, produces no wealth; neither do the francs. Let them lie in a vault and they would not increase a jot for all eternity. Store the real wealth represented by them and you would have none of it left at the end of a score of years. Why, then, should we remunerate the owner of the twenty thousand francs, not for one year alone but for all eternity, while we remunerate the laborer but once? But we go further, and not only compel the laborer to make good to the owner of the twenty thousand francs, the ravages of nature, but also to pay him a hundred fold for what he produced, inherited, or possibly obtained by fraud or force.

Why should we place such a premium on the saving of wealth and reward its production so little? By that very action we assert that it is more to the advantage of humanity to have wealth hoarded than produced or used. We say to the world: "You who have saved even so much as a laborer produces every ten years of his active life, can live all the rest of your days in idleness, if you so desire it, and your children's children may do the same. He who has not been fortunate enough to save must divide with you his substance, even to keeping you in idleness. He must toil unceasingly, and when he shall have been gathered to his fathers, his children after him must toil; and a portion of everything which he produces is yours, by the right which your saving gave you. And he must not be niggardly about feeding you; your share shall every fourteen years equal your original saving, and yet your fortune shall never grow less. By the simple act of saving an amount insignificant as compared with what a laborer produces during his lifetime, you have removed from yourself and your posterity the curse of humanity—'Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.' Or perhaps your father has done it for you; perhaps an uncle, perhaps a more distant relative whom you never saw, has left a small amount of perishable wealth in the world, and by that act saved you forever from the necessity of laboring, made you a sharer in the results of others' toil."

To the man who produces unceasingly but cannot or does not save we say: "You must stay nature's destroying hand. The substance of the capitalist is sacred; see that you preserve it. Keep it replenished after the waste of time and besides give him all that he requires to live on. Then, if there is anything left, you may take it as your own. Hoarding, you must remember, exempts forever from toil; mere producing gives only the right of sharing that production with those who toil not."

These are the speeches which we act out when we sanction the practice of interest taking. No questions are asked as to how the wealth was hoarded; it makes no difference. Its possessor is virtually pensioned for all time and billeted on the community. Interest rewards capital *ad infinitum*. It is wrong. If for producing twenty thousand francs the laborer is remunerated but once, twenty thousand francs which represent the capitalist's earnings or accumulation, should gain for the capitalist but one remuneration. All men have equal rights.

Bastiat has well said that things do not make themselves and that the capitalist has certainly no hand in their making. He might have added that neither did the wealth which the capitalist had saved produce these things. Leave it unattended and it could not keep itself from destruction. The capitalist has no right, then, to take these things from others. The wealth which he produced had disappeared years ago under the inexorable law of nature, yet he is still living on it. What an anomaly! Can one eat his cake and have it too? The capitalist does, but he is the only example. Then it is but a trick. He steals more cake by legal jugglery from the mouths of its rightful owners, and by pretty fictions convinces them that it is his own. Better than the lamp of Aladdin, better than the magician's wand, even better, far better than the philosopher's stone, is the economic fable, by whose potent alchemy the possessor of a little hoarded wealth can multiply his gold *ad infinitum* and levy contributions on the generations of men to the end of time. It is a magic capable of transmission without the trouble or pains of study. By its action his posterity are made pensioners on all the generations of men. The capitalist's wealth is the fabled cup which, however often drained, is forever full; it is the purse which always contains a dollar. Verily the capitalist's secret is better than the power of kings.

But like all necromancy, when unveiled, it is but the jugglery of the faking charlatan. When the wealth which he has saved is gone, he mystifies others and takes their wealth to supply its place. It is by others' toil that the cup is kept full. He shuffles the empty vessel into the place of the brimming goblet which in turn he drains. His magician's wand is but the barbarous custom of tribute, which changes not but directs the stream of wealth from the hand of the toiling producer into the coffers of the money bag. It has obtained so long that men have forgotten to resist it. This all-powerful necromancy is interest taking. It is founded on the monstrous assumption that wealth has within itself the unaided power of growth. There is no escaping the conclusion that interest taking is wrong.

But it is asserted that without the practice of interest taking

there would be no saving; that all capital would be destroyed, that we should be hampered in our production and retrograde toward the savage. Does our civilization depend for its existence on the thoroughly barbarous principle of tribute taking? Why would there be no object in saving if we could not collect interest? If I produce more capital than I can use at present, and want to save it for use at some future time, will it not be as much mine when I want to use it, if I lend it without interest as if I collect ten per cent interest upon it? The agreement for the return of the capital and the paying of interest are in no way dependent upon each other. One can be made without the other. I can as now make an agreement with the borrower that if I allow him to use a portion of the wealth controlled by me, he will return it to me at the end of a certain stated period unimpaired by the ravages of time. Interest is not a necessary part of the agreement, and if that agreement is carried out, I shall be sure of getting back all that I have produced. This is as great an incentive for saving as any mortal would require. He would, as now, look forward to a time of ease when he might live on what he had saved during his active producing life. He would be obliged to lend his wealth in order to save it. The same security could be required as under the system of interest taking. The argument of no motive for saving unless interest is allowed for that saved, implies that humanity is so avaricious that if one cannot get what does not belong to him he will not take care of what he has. Under the system of no interest, he who saves will not get rich while he jollifies or sleeps or loafs or debauches, as at present. As soon as he lies idle his fortune will begin to grow less by just the amount which he spends. He will have all that he produces to use as he pleases, but he must keep his hands off the production of others.

Looking at it from the standpoint of the producer, the discontinuance of the practice of interest taking would be an unmixed blessing. He would be able to use the wealth which its owners could not use and with it produce more wealth. At the same time he could save it for them from the inevitable ruin of nature and increase his own substance. He would be released from the hard conditions which at present so often make production unprofitable to all except the money lender. The burden on business which now sends the country into practical bankruptcy every decade, and makes a failure of ninety-five per cent of all business undertakings, would be removed. The toiler would not be obliged to hand over his substance in interest to those who toil not, and would be able to accumulate a surplus of his own, or to shorten his hours of toil. There would be no drones among those capable of working. As soon as one refused to work he would begin to

eat into his capital, and even if the amount which he has accumulated were up into the millions, instead of multiplying as at present, it would begin to melt away from the clutches of the idler. It would be only a question of time until the fortune, however large, would be exhausted, and the idler and his descendants would again have to take up their burden with the rest of mankind. The accumulated fortune of the rich would be amply sufficient to supply their declining years, and there would be enough also to educate their children and give them a start in life, but they could not grow richer than their fathers unless they worked and added something to the wealth of the world. The worthless, idle scion of a wealthy family would be a thing unknown. No fortune would be sufficient to bear for a lifetime the extravagances in which the rich now indulge. Once amenable to the benign, unshackled law of nature, that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, the man who inherited a fortune would grow poorer and poorer, unless he produced, until finally he would be obliged to work, beg, or starve. All idlers, rich and poor, would be placed on an equal footing. The wealthy idler could not save himself by refusing to lend. If he tried to hoard his wealth, nature would punish him by destroying it all the faster. Each man would have just what he deserved — no more. Why, then, should he not save? He has the strongest motive for laying by something for his declining years, and he knows that what he produces will not be taken from him by idlers. He has the strongest motive, too, for keeping that wealth which he has laid by in the hands of some one who will save it for him. Wealth cannot be hoarded. You may as well say that rulers will not govern unless people surrender all rights, as to assert that capitalists will not save unless their saving bring them a greater return than they are entitled to.

I have shown above something of the growth of invested fortunes under the law of interest. Let us take a further survey and consider for a moment the effect of this increase. The more capital is saved the more there is to bear interest, hence burdens forever increase. The wealth of the world is an inverted pyramid, the misplaced base of which becomes more unwieldy day by day. The interest-bearing capital increases in a ratio which is ever growing more and more rapid. It is a very well established fact — or rather law — of economics, that the power of producing wealth decreases in reference to the labor expended, after a certain limit is reached. It is called the law of diminishing returns.

After a certain fixed limit is reached, the return which land yields to the application of additional labor is comparatively less.

All wealth is produced by the application of labor to land. We have, then, under the law of interest, liabilities more and more rapidly increasing and assets growing proportionally less. The inverted pyramid becomes more and more unstable. No thinker worthy of the name will uphold a law which implies such a flat contradiction of the precepts of nature, and necessarily keeps the world forever tottering on the brink of bankruptcy.

Wealth cannot be produced with sufficient rapidity to keep pace with the demands of interest. The loaned capital of the world must necessarily, then, absorb all wealth, and the money lender become possessed of all the capital on earth. Land is subject to the right of private property, and may also become absorbed by the money lender. The laborer will then be at the absolute mercy of the capitalist. Deprived of land in his own right, he must use the land of another. Deprived of capital in his own right, he must use the wealth of another. Under the law of wages, all that he produces more than is barely sufficient to keep him alive must go to the capitalist in interest and to the land owner in rents. He must take the terms offered to him and live on what he is allowed by his masters. If his master does not wish him to live at all, the worker has nothing to do but to break the law or die.

The man undertaking business must use the wealth and land of the capitalist or he must collect interest on his own, in addition to the amount set apart for profits. If any capital used in business collects interest, all capital used in business must bear interest; for if a business man could command as large an income by lending his capital and running no risks as he could by engaging in active business, he would not engage in active business. His object in becoming an active business man is to gain both profit and interest, and his venture fails of its object if he does not succeed in gaining both.

Besides serving our present purpose, this will justify my first claim as to the amount of interest-bearing capital in the country. If a business man employs labor, that labor produces the wealth which is given in interest. If he is simply a laborer employing his own capital, as are so many small farmers, he must make his labor produce interest as well as profits, or he loses either time or interest. Only capital dissipated in unfruitful undertakings or allowed to lie idle fails to exact interest, and now this is totally lost.

With such a mass of interest-bearing capital, is it any wonder that the wealth of the world soon accumulates in the hands of the few? It is not surprising that eighty per cent of the wealth of this country is owned by one two-hundred-fortieth of the population. Less than fifty thousand of the people of this

country own one half of the country's wealth. The interest income of these holders is more than sufficient to meet the demands of current desires, and hence the interest-bearing capital will be added to continually. Capital lent and bearing interest steadily increases. A class of men is then formed absolutely secure in the possession of their property—an aristocracy, a caste founded on wealth. That class will in time have absolute control as it will in time own all the wealth. Its income will grow at least rapidly enough to absorb all the wealth which can possibly be produced, no matter how rapidly machinery can be improved. The more wealthy this caste becomes the greater will be the number of people taken from the producing class and retained by the wealthy to attend to personal wants, and the more the actual producers will be ground down.

The rent charged for land by private individuals is the counterpart of interest, yet it may be attacked on a different principle. It has even less excuse for being than has interest taking. The two charges are interdependent; destroy one and you would do much to destroy both.

Persons may pronounce it strange that the world has waited until this day and generation to discover the wrong of interest taking. The fact is, it has not. Many important discoveries have been put off until the nineteenth century, but not this one. Plato and the whole line of Greek philosophers spoke against it, either directly or by implication. The Neoplatonists condemned it. The Old Testament is full of laws against it; in that volume the takers of usury (interest) are placed in the same catalogue as thieves and other malefactors. The Jews obeyed this law. They did not think of practising interest taking among themselves. They practised it on Gentiles on the principle that a Gentile has no rights which a Jew is bound to respect. The hatred of Jews in the middle ages was largely due to their interest-taking propensities. Here are a few references taken at random that will settle for the curious the Old Testament view of interest taking: Deut. xxiii. 19; Neh. v. 7; Ezekiel xviii., etc.

The prejudice against the Jews for interest taking and the views of mediæval Christians on the subject are well set forth in the pages of Shakespeare. The conversation of Antonio and Shylock is known to everybody. "When did friendship take a breed of barren metal from a friend? I neither lend nor borrow by giving nor by taking of excess," was the position of Antonio on interest taking. It was the view of the Christians of the time, seemingly fully shared by Shakespeare. The writings of the fathers of the church are full of arguments against interest taking. Right down to the time of Duns Scotus that was the doctrine preached by Christian philosophers. The school of French phi-

losophers which culminated in Proudhon all argued against interest taking. They did not attack the practice at its most vulnerable point, and thus fell short of demonstrating the falsity of the principle on which it is founded, and their writings failed of lasting practical effect. Interest taking, then, was always doubted by some of the best and most untrammelled minds of the world. It has always been kept an open question, and taking sides against it is no presumption. I hope that I have demonstrated that interest taking is wrong.

Destroy interest taking, and all men would work together in harmony. In a community where no hoarded fortune could last more than a single generation, all would be obliged to work. When each man was obliged to do his share of productive work, he would soon find that he and his brother could work to greater advantage together than apart, even to combining their capital. Great companies would be formed in which the workers would also be the stock holders. We should have no problem of overgrown fortunes and squalid want. Cease to give the Astor family rent and interest, and their fortune would be quite harmless. Unless its possessors then consented to toil in the army of producers, their fortune would disappear in a generation. The harm of large fortunes will already have been done as soon as interest and rent taking are dropped, and the workers of future generations would not be affected by them and hence would pay no attention to their holders. There would be no necessity whatever for distributing fortunes, as all narrow-minded conservatives assert that reformers are in favor of doing.

Remove the injustice of rent and interest taking, and all wealth would rapidly accumulate in the hands of the toilers, while idlers would be branded with the pauper's stamp. No matter how shrewd and unscrupulous the avaricious money getter might be, without the help of interest and rent taking, he would be utterly powerless to oppress any one by the use of the wealth which he might accumulate.

It is often said nowadays that if the wealth of the world were evenly divided it would again, after a short period, be found in the hands of the same favored few. This is probably true, but it proves nothing except that our laws are unjust. Leave the laws as they are, and the unscrupulous, avaricious schemer will usually get the fat of the land. Put in force equitable laws of distribution, and the differences in fortune will represent only ability to produce. Remove rent and interest, and those entitled to wealth would have it. All would work, and no one would have to toil excessively. All who were willing to toil could have leisure for recreation and improvement. Art, letters, science, might be cultivated as a pastime, and by all who were so in-

clined. We should not have one man with a brain abnormally developed working among ten thousand dunces who could not understand his expressed thoughts; all would be cultivated and intelligent.

Instead of making fifteen million out of sixty million bear the whole burden of productive labor, there would be forty million workers, and the load would be light on each. Panics would be a thing of the past and business depressions would follow short crops only. The cause of the trouble would have been removed. The spectre of want and hunger once driven from our firesides, crime would slink away ashamed. Give the producer his full share of the wealth which he produces, and a giant stride will have been made toward making the earth what it was intended to be — a pleasant abiding place for man.

This is no fanciful picture. While we give such an immense advantage to the possessor of surplus wealth, all men will strive to amass a surplus by all means, however dishonest. Men have long since learned that in the present order of things no one ever became very wealthy by his own efforts in production; the secret of wealth is known to be the appropriation by one man of the results of the toil of hundreds. It is nonsense to say that fortunes worth millions can be amassed in any other way. A man might live ten lifetimes and not be able to save a million from the results of his own production. How to save what he earns is not now the study of the man of affairs, but how to legally obtain the earnings of others. Every business man's impulse under such a system is, necessarily, to take every advantage of his neighbor which may give himself the better of the bargain. Destroy the law by which man is enabled to appropriate the toil of his fellow men, and you remove not only his power but his motive for working injustice. Let him realize that he must depend on what he himself produces, and he would try to produce, not to filch from his neighbor. All speculative business is worse than useless to the community, and in a business world founded on sound principles it would have no place. Speculation produces nothing; its sole purpose is to give one individual advantage over another. Interest taking is the foundation of speculative business.

It is a grim fact in the history of the world that unwarlike nations become peopled by races of slaves. The more robust the war spirit, other things being equal, the more prosperous and free the nation. Instance a comparison between the nations of Europe and those of China and the East. This fact is inexplicable except on one hypothesis: War prevents the accumulation of property in the hands of a caste. It is the greatest of levelers and equalizers. It is a heroic remedy for a terrible malady.

Business failures dissipate fortunes and thus, in a measure,

serve the same purpose. It is the wealth which is absolutely secure in the same hands that is most dangerous to the liberties of the people of a country. Show me a nation where revolution is not known, and I will show you a country of serfs. I can go further and show that revolution and serfdom always appear in inverse ratio. This does not prove that revolution is in any way desirable, but that it is more so than the desperate disease which it is intended to palliate. England is a country where revolution is silent and not very frequent, but its military spirit is ever active. The safeguard of English liberty is her conquering of continents and thus constantly opening to her people conditions which work for equality and the unsettling of a fixed order of things. Shut England within herself and let her society crystallize in peace, and she would be no exception to the rule. This is true more or less of all countries. The opening of new continents has everywhere put off the plutocratic crisis. In new countries class making must begin anew, and the spirit of equality which is thus inspired by the reaction of the new upon the older nations, puts off the day of reckoning.

The vast triumphs of man over nature have done much to neutralize the workings of the law and to reconstruct fortunes. Steam and electricity were powerful equalizers while they served the rank and file of the people, but once set working in the interest of the moneyed power, they are carrying us to the plutocratic goal with frightful rapidity. Periodical crises and financial panics are but indications of what we are coming to. Unable to pay the interest demanded of them, active business men fail by the wholesale, less interest is collected for the nonce, and apparent prosperity ensues, only to be destroyed again by the demands of interest.

But it will be said that large fortunes are not made by interest taking but are amassed by speculation. It is exactly the same principle differently applied. Wealth does not create itself; what is gained in speculation is taken from the people who produced it. The capital used in speculation exacts enormous returns in interest. When wealth is amassed by speculation it is likely to become an interest-bearing charge for all time, and thus to force legitimate industry to a worse condition.

But what does all this lead to? Just this: we must recognize the obvious fact that wealth has within it an essential quality of decay, not growth, and we must build our industrial system on this truth if we would have it stable. We must realize that the producers of wealth must not be called upon to stand between its possessors and the natural principle of decay. We must recognize the truth that if the producer does consent to make good the natural decay of the wealth which he uses, he more than compen-

sates the owner for its use. We must remodel our laws on this principle. Let us do justice between man and man and we can afford to be careless of consequences.

Interest is but the creature of man-made law just as were the tithes of priests and tyrants. We must draw from it the sanction of civil law and thus abolish it. Make it uncollectable. Treat an attempt to take interest just as we would treat an attempt to steal. Make the return of the exact amount which is lent religiously secure, but place the heavy hand of public disapproval on all attempts at interest taking. Have a currency that will deteriorate by holding just as rapidly as does the wealth which it represents. Do this and every industrial problem is in a fair way of solution.

Recognize the principle of interest, and the caste of wealth has a more secure and permanent foundation than the priestly caste of India or Egypt. The flight of years but adds to the strength of their position and increases the plenitude of their power. Control a man's means of livelihood, and he is to all intents and purposes your slave. Under the present system, the man who owns the dollar is the power that rules the world. It is a mathematical certainty that with private property in land, and the recognition of interest taking as a right, this government will become a fixed plutocracy which nothing but a bloody revolution or a most radical awakening at the ballot box can overthrow.

The caste of wealth will have half the population to serve as its paid retainers, and this horde of masters and lackeys will be maintained by a class of citizen serfs as irrevocably bound to their condition as the serfs of any eastern monarchy. The rest of the world, under the same laws, must reach the same condition. Nothing but war and revolution can prevent such an event, unless the industry of the world is placed on a different basis. These and the opening of new continents have done so in the past. Invention has also done its part, but that is now working in the interest of the wealthy, and land is pretty well preëmpted.

Revolutions and business failures, then, are the only prospects of the future unless we abandon interest taking. They will constantly unsettle the principle of mine and thine and make way for a new start. The citizens of France were serfs without a patrimony when they arose in their might, overthrew the fixed order which accumulated all of the wealth of the country in the hands of the nobles and clergy, and although millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, the country was started on a new era of prosperity. There is a better way than this of reaching the same result. The lessons of history should teach us to take advantage of it.

Shall the enlightened people of the United States in the twentieth century plunge into bloody revolution or degrading serfdom, or shall they use their God-given intelligence to ascertain the true ethical laws of society and construct an industrial fabric according to their precepts? The intelligence of America has the future of the country in its hands. Let the citizen learn the truth and put it in practice at the ballot box and in the legislative hall, until every man in broad America has what belongs to him, and no one what belongs to his neighbor. Do justice and we can afford to be careless of consequences. Mere justice will solve all social problems.

JESUS OR CÆSAR.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SELDOM in the history of Christianity has the church faced such a magnificent opportunity to prove the vitality of true religion as at the present day, when the heart of humanity is sick of dogma and hungry for that high manifestation of justice which has ever been the ideal of the world's noblest prophets, and that loving helpfulness which goes forth to suffering man as warmth from kindled coal and wood, and asks not the fold or faith, desiring only to aid and uplift a human soul in need. The church has a strong hold upon the conscience of millions, and if she has the courage to stand for absolute justice, the ominous clouds which now frown so darkly on civilization may be dispelled.

The supreme demand of the present is for an awakened conscience, for a keener appreciation of justice, and for that wisdom and humanity on the part of those who have never known what it is to want for life's necessities which will enable them to appreciate the mental torments of the honest toiler out of work, who peers into a home where hunger whitens the face of wife and gives a bitter ring to the voice of childhood. No one who is not blinded by the smooth assurances of the prophets of conservatism, who for gold, place, and influence anæsthetize the brain and soul of their masters, can fail to appreciate the fact that Europe and America are facing one of those mighty crises, which are attended by the shattering of old-time ideals and the downfall of conditions which humanity has outgrown — one of those crises in the history of the race which distinctly mark the ascent of man. Continental Europe, Great Britain, and America are affected by this profound unrest, this omnipresent apprehension, this atmosphere of expectancy. In our own land a deep-rooted discontent has spread from city to country, until it has penetrated the most remote hamlets and isolated farms.

The awakened thought due to the pressure of poverty felt by the most industrious and sober on the one hand, and the general intelligence resulting from popular education on the other, has called forth a condition which it is idle for conventionalists to imagine can be overcome by the *threat of violence or the crust of charity*. The world has come to a point where another step will

be taken by civilization. The question is whether it will be accomplished by the shock of arms, a storm of violence, and a night of savagery, or through a grand evolutionary movement which shall mark man's rise above the old-time method of progress by brute force; an advance in which the discord of hate, the roar of cannon, will not be heard, but in their stead the laughter of millions of hope-warmed hearts floating from homes now filled with gloom; an advance in which joy, the luminous child of love, shall lead our people into the new time, while amazed history, gazing long before she writes, at last shall pen the story of the first civilization of earth great and wise enough to be just.

It is well for us frankly to face the fact, becoming more and more obvious, that under existing circumstances there can be no middle course. The larger thought of justice is no longer confined to the philosophers, poets, and prophets; it has become the heritage of the people. The old order is reversed. Now it is the few who cling to the cruel and unjust system which permits one man to sow, another to reap. The intelligence of the wage-earner; the heart hunger in millions of semi-awakened natures, which demands something more than a crust and a hovel; the larger vision of life's potentialities and a growing comprehension of the real meaning of equal justice, — render it worse than madness for society to ignore or hope to suppress the civilization-wide demand for broader justice by restoring to feudal methods. At a critical moment like the present, no true man or woman can remain idle or silent, as a solemn duty devolves upon all who are not, like Belshazzar, drunken with the wine of selfish and sensual desires.

There are two ways of meeting the grave problems which confront us. One may be characterized as the policy of Cæsar, the other the method of Jesus. One finds expression in the iron heel of brute force, and in the reasonless fury of the savage and the wild beast. The other displays a profound understanding of the human soul, and is the expression of a wise appreciation of the eternal verities of right and wrong and their consequences. One method considers only the present moment, and leaves the question of justice and right out of consideration. It says: "This man troubleth us. He speaks against the established order; he is an innovator and fomenters discontent. Therefore we will crucify him, and that will end the whole matter." That was Cæsar's method. And Cæsar has had many imitators, notwithstanding the fact that the crucifixion, being an act of expediency and executed without reference to the eternal verities, instead of proving the end, as conventionalism desired, was in fact the very beginning of the new order which conservatism sought to crush.

The method of Jesus rests on an entirely different plane.

The great Nazarene was philosophical enough to know that nothing permanent, high, or worthy comes from imitating the wild beast of the jungle, or the savage ruled by revenge or expediency. He realized that the employment of force lowered the conflict to the animal plane and awakened the fiercer passions; that hate begat hate, and that injustice brutalized, while by lifting the question to the soul plane man could overcome evil by good or drive out darkness by light, and in so doing lift toward the divine all who came under the ennobling spell of love.

Here, then, we have the two methods, one of which must be employed in the present crisis. It would naturally be supposed that after nineteen hundred years of Christianity there would be no question as to the method to be adopted, in a nation which prides itself upon being preëminently Christian; for upon this point Jesus by life, by parable and by precept emphasized His position relative to the great ethical truths involved, in the most unmistakable and impressive manner possible. And yet what, as a matter of fact, is the policy being pursued by the republic as she prepares to answer the demand of an awakened people who ask for nothing more than justice, or who plead for work that they starve not in a land of marvellous wealth?

In our cities during the past decade multitudinous armories have been erected, which mock religion and frown hatefully on civilization. In Boston, not content with her massive brick armories, a new white stone bastille-like edifice is rearing its massive front on Columbus Avenue, from whose windows, as a gentleman in the building recently explained to a friend, Columbus Avenue can be swept above and below by Gatling guns in case of trouble.

In his inaugural address, January 4, Governor Greenhalge further voiced the sentiment of Cæsar, or plutocratic conventionalism, in the following language:—

The militia is the sword-arm of the Commonwealth. . . . The flower of the youth of the Commonwealth, many of them endowed with fortune and adorned by education, may be found in the ranks of the militia. . . . The day of a merely ornamental staff, or one devoted solely to social or political purposes, is going by. Conscientious labor, actual experience in the service, and a knowledge of military science will, at no distant period, be considered as necessary qualifications of every staff officer. Among the present needs of the militia is a suitable field equipment for emergencies. There is a desire on the part of officers and men to do as much practical work as possible, to receive instruction, and to prepare for any call that may be made upon them.

Last year the *Scientific American* published a picture of the newly-invented police guns with this descriptive note:—

When set up in the back part of a patrol wagon, and served by two or three men, it is designed to do more effective work in *dealing with a mob*,

or in *dispersing rioters*, than could be accomplished by a *whole company of infantry*. In the patrol wagon is also carried a supply of ammunition and a tripod on which the gun may be mounted, for service out of the wagon.

A recent issue of the *Sociological News* contains the following extract from press dispatches from California. It is as significant in character as it is tragic in its implications : —

Adjutant-General Allen, of California, with the consent of Governor Markham, has issued the following circular to the various regiments of that state: "What is the condition of the arms in your regiment? How much ammunition is on hand? State the number of rounds. What is the cost of S. R. cartridges, 45 calibre? What are the standard weights, powder, ball and rifle cartridges? Has your regiment reloading tools? How many men are qualified for immediate service? What is needed? Reply promptly. The trouble will not come until January, after the fruit, hay, and grain crops have been gathered, when an army of men will be out of employment." *

These citations, which might be lengthened indefinitely, illustrate the fact that from the Atlantic to the Pacific the spirit of Cæsar rather than that of Jesus is pervading our Christian land. It illustrates most suggestively one method proposed by those in power for the treatment of honest, hard-working wealth producers, who, driven by bitter want, may demand work or bread to save those dearer to them than life from actual starvation in a land rich in all life's necessities. Mark the important fact, *the men against whom General Allen in his order proposed to make his war-like preparations were not idlers*, for we are told that there would be no danger as long as there was work harvesting the grain, hay, and fruit. They were industrious American citizens, who could only become dangerous after work had been denied them and starvation gnawed at their vitals. They were men who loved law and order, but perhaps loved a wasted, emaciated wife or hollow-eyed, hunger-pinched child more than enthroned power.

Another ominous and, to me, very deplorable expression of the savage spirit regnant at this time is noticeable in the military spirit being fostered in our common schools. At the very moment when the best minds of the world began to hope that the days of war were over, that the spirit of militarism was giving place to higher ideals, and that arbitration would in the future settle the misunderstandings or quarrels of civilized peoples; when it seemed that humanity was rising above narrow natural prejudice in the scale of human judgment; when it

* The industrial classes of California are not entirely asleep to the spirit and import of such action, as is shown by the following resolution unanimously passed at the recent state convention of the Farmers' Alliance: —

"Resolved, That we regard with alarm and condemnation the recent implied threat on the part of our state authorities to respond to cries of hunger among the unemployed with bullets, bayonets, and Gatling guns instead of bread or work."

seemed that justice rather than partisanship would rule in the council halls of nations—we find in the republic a passion for militarism being fostered in the minds of the young, and the old dream of glory through murder is thus being instilled in plastic brains.

I know all the claims or excuses advanced for this, but to me they seem puerile and entirely unjustifiable in face of the great fact that the drilling of the children appeals to an element in their nature which centuries of civilization have only partially subdued, that it awakens the savage in many, and that it places military leaders as life-moulding ideals rather than intellectual or spiritual heroes. The child will be largely what his ideals make him. It is also significant that the government is fostering this war spirit. The following Washington dispatch, recently published in the Boston dailies, is only one of the many illustrating this suggestive fact:—

Army officers have for years been detailed to act as instructors of military tactics at colleges, but it is only recently that it has been proposed to detail them as military instructors at high schools. The city of Omaha has made the request, and Secretary Lamont is said to be favorably disposed toward the application. If it should be granted it is supposed at the war department that Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities will make similar requests.

In one of the illustrated magazines for January, ex-President Harrison thus further voices the spirit of Cæsar:—

You ask my opinion of the suggestion of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York City, that military instruction and drill be used in all schools for boys. It is good in every aspect of it—good for the boys, good for the schools, and good for the country.

In this the ex-president seems to entirely overlook the fact that our men are largely what the ideals of their boyhood make them; and the awaking of the war spirit, instead of the teaching of universal brotherhood, is essentially unchristian and vicious. He descants on the value of the exercise to the body. But there are methods of physical training which instead of suggesting human slaughter call forth noble and truly manly ideals, and these can be as well employed as those which foster the war spirit. Mr. Harrison seems to be more concerned for the *body* than the *soul* of the young American.

Again, the ex-president says:—

If all the schoolboys of the North had, from 1830 on, been instructed in the schools of the soldier and of the company, and in the manual of arms, how much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union army in 1861. We were in a very low state, as a people, in military knowledge and training when the great civil war broke out.

The point which the writer intended to make in the above loses all force when one remembers that if the boys of the North

had been instructed in the way he describes, the boys of the South would have received similar instructions, and the result would have been a fratricidal struggle more savage and brutal than that which cursed our land; while if the conscience of the youth of America had been properly educated from the formation of the republic no war would have been possible, as slavery itself would have disappeared.

The rapid multiplication of armories, the awaking of the savage war spirit by the military drilling of school children, the invention of such deadly weapons as the police gun — for the express purpose of mowing down our own people by the police — the recommendations of ex-President Harrison, the advice of General Allen, all illustrate far more impressively than words the spirit and policy of our government at the present time; a policy which sets at naught the life and teachings of the One who cried, "Put up thy sword; for they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Believing as I do that it is an insult to the intelligence and manhood of Americans to argue that we have aught to fear from a few ignorant, depraved, and savage foreigners who drift to our shores from despotic lands — *provided we are just to our people* — I look upon the policy which has characterized the action of our government as a menace to honest industry; and I further believe that all such measures lead to revolution and bloodshed as a natural sequence, and are in influence anarchical (using the word in the popular sense); while, on the other hand, I hold that if we have the wisdom to act with promptness along the lines Jesus indicated, the next step may be taken without bloodshed. And here, it seems to me, lies the supreme opportunity of the church, if she desires to win back the heart of the people by proving that the fires of true religion still burn upon her altars, and that justice has not been strangled by a golden cord.

I read, a few days ago the allegorical representation given by Jesus of the future fate of the human soul. In it, you will remember, He represents the souls of His brethren, as he so loved to call human beings, assembled to hear judgment pronounced. It is the moment for applying the crucial test of worthiness. And what was the test Jesus gave at that moment as the sign manual of all those who were included in His invitation, "Come, ye blessed"? I give the words which He is reported to have said: "Come, ye blessed; for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." And in answer to the wondering questions, "Lord, when saw we Thee naked and clothed Thee, or in prison and came unto thee?" He replies,

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It will be noticed that in this vivid allegory Jesus made the supreme test of worthiness, man's concern for the unfortunate, the oppressed, and the suffering. And it is also noteworthy that He chose to place Himself as the *incarnation of the oppressed, the suffering, and the needy*. As I read this wonderful passage I saw in my mind thousands upon thousands in our cities and towns starving, naked, and shelterless, and I said, "Jesus is knocking at the door of His sleeping church, but He knocks in vain." And then I thought of the hundreds of thousands of honest, hard-working Americans, on farms, in villages and towns, who are to all practical purposes in prison through unjust conditions, who, in spite of the most heroic battle ever fought, are one by one losing their homes, and becoming veritable slaves to those who assumed private ownership in God's great gift to all His children — the land, and those who through class privilege and special legislation are enabled to acquire the earnings of their fellow-men. And I said: "Surely Jesus is in prison. But His church is not visiting Him with that justice which would fling wide the prison doors."

And then I wondered if it might not be possible to awaken a few of His disciples in every village, town, and city to the splendid opportunity open before a living church, and the awful responsibility resting on those who sleep at a moment weighted with the fate of millions of lives? And I wondered if we of to-day might not aid in ringing in the advent of a new reformation — a splendid awakening in which religion should be expressed in life rather than in dogma or creeds; a religion in which those who believe in an Infinite Father who is All-Good, and a wonderful to-morrow for humanity, might shake hands on the platform of justice to all. Moreover it seemed to me that the moment was ripe for such a general reformation; indeed, the work could be promptly inaugurated in every city, town, and village where dwell a few earnest, sincere lovers of humanity. It might be — and, indeed, in many places, it would be — a small beginning, but if a well-conducted line of work were definitely laid down and everything pushed forward looking to success along broad, just and rational lines, the work would grow as grows the oak, and the seed sown to-day would ripen into a glorious harvest to-morrow.

If in every town one minister who enjoyed the love and respect of the community could be found, who would consecrate his life to this work, progress would be comparatively rapid. I say minister, because the position occupied by a clergyman enables him to do more than most persons; while laymen are for the most part hard pushed with other occupations,

which render it difficult, when not impossible, for them to take the active supervision of such work, although they could aid most effectively in other ways, and I am sure would be rejoiced to do so. Then, again, a high-minded minister has always a moral prestige which is very helpful to such a crusade. If in any town or city a minister would sink creed and dogma, and enter into the work thoughtfully and earnestly, a few zealous persons in his church would be found eager and desirous to second his labors. Perhaps he could induce other ministers to work with him, but if not, provided the platform were broad and non-sectarian, he would be able to secure earnest helpers from almost every church as well as from those outside of any church. Then let an organization be formed to work in a practical and helpful way. Let the movement comprehend an educational campaign, supplemented by present-day aid for those in need. And on these points I would, in a very general way, drop a few hints and suggestions.

First, I would speak of the educational work which may be carried on not only for the higher development of the unfortunate, but also for awakening the conscience and calling out all that is noble and divine in our nature, for kindling a love of justice which should become an overmastering passion, for teaching the individual to be true to his best self, and for impressing on the minds of all that no one lives unto himself.

The work should be directed along two lines. It should seek to save those who are oblivious to the fact that they are lost—or, to put the idea differently, it should seek to lift those who imagine they are educated, refined, and truly civilized, but who are living for self, to that higher plane of life from which they will see that their education has been so defective that the finest and highest elements of their being have not as yet been quickened into conscious life. Those who have never left the valley cannot know the exalted ecstasy which comes to those who have ascended the mountain and communed with God.

There are different planes in the ascent of life, and from each vantage ground man is liable to imagine he is able to sweep the horizon of pleasure and desire. This is especially true upon the lower altitude of existence. The story is told of an Esquimau who was accosted by a kindly-disposed traveller. The latter had dwelt for some time at a northern port, and after he had become well acquainted with the Esquimau determined to see if he could not interest him in learning. He showed him books and pictures and told him he would teach him to read. The Esquimau slowly shook his head as he replied, "I have warm hut, warm skin, plenty of fat, want nothing; for I can eat, sleep, and do what I please without any one disturbing me, and what more

could any man wish?" On his plane he had reached Elysium. But who will claim that his vision had swept the horizon of human possibilities, either for happiness or for attainment?

Among us we have thousands of people who imagine they are highly civilized and thoroughly refined. They are well read in polite literature. They may be familiar with Latin and Greek. They are authorities upon conventional manners. They are connoisseurs when it comes to eating and drinking. They are well versed in proprieties as they relate to the ballroom and the banquet hall. They can discourse charmingly about Madeira and canvas-back ducks. They can sit down to a select banquet which has cost from one to ten thousand dollars without a twinge of compunction, though within cannon shot of their chairs there are mothers slaving themselves to death, maidens selling virtue for bread, and strong men being driven to suicide because no man gives them employment. And these persons imagine they are civilized; they think they have swept the utmost horizon of human pleasure and drunk deeply from the sweetest nectar life holds for man. The god in them has not awakened. Their conscience is anæsthetized by sensuous perceptions. They are on the same plane as the Esquimaux, and are sleeping.

There are others who are profound thinkers so far as conventional research is concerned. They are authorities on many subjects; their brains are acute; they have learned to be wise as serpents. They follow the current of popular thought, and win as a reward the praise and favor of dilettanteism or the chaplet of intellectual renown. But the great problem of man's duty to man, the fundamentals of right and wrong, have not entered the range of their intellectual vision. They have heeded but half the injunction of Jesus, when He said, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." They have acquired intellectual wisdom, but not spiritual development. The serpent element, without the presence of the divine dove in the soul, is not a blessing; *it may be a curse.*

Now, as I conceive it, one great work which comes within the educational scope of such a movement as I believe may be inaugurated is the awakening of the highest in some natures among all these classes. We may not persuade thousands to come up from the basement of being and behold the glory of fuller life, but we can bring some to themselves. A splendid fact about this work is that when a soul is once truly awakened it can never sleep again; once arouse the divine, once lead a man up to the summit of the spiritual Alps, and henceforth his life becomes consecrated to duty, to justice, to truth.

Here, then, it seems to me, is a work the importance of which cannot be estimated; a work which must be done if evolution

instead of revolution is to mark the further progress of civilization. To accomplish this, *the conscience of the individual must be awakened*. He must be brought to the point *where he is willing to be just regardless of personal profit or loss*; to do right, heedless of consequences. It should be remembered, however, that the plan of action ought always to be along the line of persuasion. The more excellent way of appealing to the finest and truest in man's nature is by manifesting the spirit of love. I once saw a sleeping child aroused by sweet strains of music, and it awoke with a merry laugh. Some days later the same child was startled into consciousness by the bang of a door; it awoke with a savage cry, and fully an hour was required to soothe and pacify it. I said at the time, "It makes all the difference in the world whether a babe is aroused on the angel or animal side of its being." And so in awakening the divine among our thoughtless and easy-going people to-day, it should be our aim to approach them from the angel side; for there is in every man and woman an angel nature. It may never have been awakened, but there is present a divine soul, and it may be touched. Besides, it is right that we be not too harsh with the individual, for we must remember the centuries behind the man, the power exerted by heredity, prenatal influence, and environment; and we must also remember the low ideal of society as a whole.

I once heard an incident which illustrates the point I wish to impress. In a certain western city a man who had been very poor when a boy had succeeded in business. Money became his god. To gain wealth was an all-consuming passion. He loaned money at a frightful rate of interest; he speculated, and in various ways increased his possessions. He was called a fine business man, and was eminently respectable, especially after he became an elder in one of the wealthier churches. One day, however, he met a man whom he had known as a boy. This man was poor in worldly goods, but rich in happiness the wealthy man dreamed not of. They chatted together, and the rich man insisted on the friend of his hard and gloomy childhood days spending an evening with him. He did so, and during the course of the evening the gold-rich poor man said, "Why are you wasting your life?" The gold-poor rich man started, and then looked into the cheery grate for a moment. "Why are you wasting your life fooling with the scum of the city? I will give you a place in my office where you will soon be able to make a fortune."

"Is money so easily *earned*?" asked the gold-poor man. "I have often wished I possessed a million, for then I believe I could start a work which would make joy the predominant note in the voice of our city."

"Well, I don't exactly say earn in the same way you may

mean," said the rich man. "The hod-carrier earns his dollar and a half a day and the farmer earns his living on his farm, but we make fortunes. And I will repay the good turns you did me when young by placing you in a position to *make money*."

"Do you really want to do me a great favor?"

"I do."

"Well, then, promise you will go with me to-morrow afternoon in my visiting among some of our people who have not so much to make them glad as you and I."

The rich man hesitated, and for a moment seemed vexed. At length, however, he promised. The next afternoon during their rounds they came into a wretched home where a widow lay dying, who had a little four-year-old child. The rich man's heart was touched as never before; he began to come to himself. He promised to take the child and be a loving father to it, and that child and the old-time school-boy friend transformed the life of the man. The remainder of his existence was spent in trying to atone for the crimes committed in a legal way, and without an idea at the time — before his soul was awakened — that they were crimes.

A brilliant young society lady, not many years ago, chanced to hear an earnest young man discourse upon our individual duty. He emphasized the fact that until we came to appreciate what justice really meant we could not understand the Golden Rule, and that until we *lived* the Golden Rule we could not rightfully call ourselves Christians. The words fell into the recesses of a soul which hitherto had responded to nothing beyond that culture and frivolity which are comprehended in the phrase "fashionable life." From that hour, however, this young woman became an ardent worker for justice to all mankind. Her life is radiant with a happiness never known before, and she will leave the world much better, brighter, and more divine when she is called up higher.

At present I shall merely mention the kind of work which may immediately be carried on. In another paper I propose to deal more specifically with methods and give illustrations of recent successful experiments worked out on some of the proposed lines.

In the first place, we must seek to awaken the divine in the careless, thoughtless, and worldly-minded men and women who are living unto themselves. We owe this to them and to ourselves; nay, more, we owe it to society as an organization. A second line of educational work should be directed to the toiling millions whose circumstances have been such as to prevent their souls from blossoming, and who have hitherto been unable, through stress of poverty, to develop the highest and best in their being. To this end systematic effort should be carried on

along several lines; and happily we have many illustrations of the practicability of this work where it has been inaugurated, even in a very limited way; those who would engage in the new reformation or awakening will not have to cut paths through trackless forests. This educational work will result in arousing or quickening the conscience of the people, and when this is once accomplished justice will inevitably follow; for no evil can withstand the enlightened and aroused conscience of a nation.

The third line of work must be to give immediate relief or succor to the starving and shelterless Christ of the present hour. I am not advocating any philanthropic scheme which regards charity as an *ultimate*. I would only employ it as a means to help the evolution which is to enthrone justice. Conventional charity, which caters to entrenched plutocracy and regards alms giving and hand-to-mouth relief as the ultimate, is, to my mind, vicious in its influence upon rich and poor alike.

But the relief given while the fundamentals of absolute justice and duty are being taught—the succor for the sinking ones of the present while the broad foundations of the new order are being laid—is not only humane and needful, it is preëminently wise. A certain amount of agitation and education must always be carried on before the spiritual perceptions of a people are brought to see the necessity for something nobler, truer, and more just than the past has afforded. But in a time like this, when the millions in the social cellar are growing more bitter and savage every hour, we must give aid, while we show them that there is a way out other than that which is expressed in the fury of blind, unreasoning hate; we must make them see and feel that every day more and more thoughtful persons are rallying to the call of “justice for all.” Then, again, this work will bring earnest men and women into direct and sympathetic contact with the strugglers who are losing hope.

I believe this general plan would be the plan of Jesus were He in person with us to-day. It is as perilous as it is brutal to ignore the well-grounded discontent of the present hour. Every man, woman, and child who loves God and humanity should rally to the cause of justice, which is also the cause of liberty, progress, and civilization.

It is we must answer and hasten,
And open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
And the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
And their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom
Till the waiting-tide be spent.

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE MEETING.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

BEING Christmas time the brethren thought it not amiss that something extra, in the way of entertainment, be done at Nebo. Many and warm were the discussions before they had fairly voted down the cake-walking which the "young folks nomernated fur," the "festerble imposed" by the more worldly among the older members, and the Christmas tree espoused by those who were in the habit of carrying down presents for themselves to be "called out," while hungry-eyed little "niggers" by the score watched greedily and waited longingly, to be rewarded by a string of burnt popcorn at the last.

These being severally voted upon and put down by the more religious element who had taken the matter in hand, an experience meeting was finally substituted in lieu of the worldly amusements, as being more in keeping with the sacred occasion. Once decided upon, all went to work alike to push it to success. Even yellow "Kelline," the belle, who always carried off the prize at the cake-walking, rallied to the help of the "'spe'ience meet'n'" determined to prove to the brethren that she could talk as well as walk.

It was a great meeting, a never-to-be-forgotten meeting, held Christmas morning, before sun up; for there were the Christmas breakfasts "to be got fur de whi' folks" at the homes where many of the early worshippers were employed. They turned out in full force: Old Aunt Sally, who always nodded during the collection (wide awake now); "Little Jinny," the fashionable member who rivalled "Kelline" in popularity; Cross-eyed Pete, the most notorious thief in the town, the most vociferous shouter in the church, and who spent at least one fourth of his time in the county jail; Old Jordan, who declared he had served his time "at bein' a nigger," and who wanted "ter git home ter heab'n whar dey's all whi' folks alike"; and there was Shaky Jake, whose idea of heaven was one of golden streets and pearly gates, and who had never been able to reconcile it to his conscience that so much "gold en stuff should jes' be layin' roun' loose en doin' nuffin'." There was "Slicky Dave" the barber, who looked upon the future bliss as a thing of shimmer and shine and golden crowns. And there was Uncle Mose, who had "raised the tunes" for Nebo "sence Moses lef' dar," he was wont to declare,

and who expected to be offered a seat in the choir when he reached "de prommus lan'" and received his harp and crown. And there was "Slow Molly," whose idea of heaven consisted of dozing under a plum tree and waving a palm branch. And all, from baby Jube to toothless Jake, were to be shod in golden slippers. Heaven without golden slippers — oh! no; there is no such heaven possible to the negro conception.

The morning of the big meet'n' dawned clear and crisp, with a sprinkle of white snow, as Christmas morning *should* dawn, always. "Brudder Bolles" went to work in a manner that showed "he had Chris'mus in his bones"; brisk, earnest, hopeful. After a short, fiery prayer he arose, and called upon the members to speak, "to testify accord'n' ez dey wuz moved by de Sperit ter so do."

Shaky Jake was the first to respond. "Brudder Bolles," said he, leaning forward, a hand thrust into each trousers pocket, his ragged old coat a speech without words to proclaim the fact that Christmas wasn't all warmth and prosperity despite its cheer. But old Jake was there to testify, not to complain. "Brudder Bolles, I hab allus heeard say dat Chris'mus am de time fur 'spe'ience — de bes' time ob *all* de times. Hit am de time when de trees bleeds, en de cows gits down on dey knees, en de sperets walks de yearth, en de chickins en de birds don' go ter roost et all, but jes' keeps watch all de night froo. So I hab heeard; en, Brudder Bolles, hit sholy *am* de time. Fur las' night whilst I wuz layin' awake thinkin' 'bout Chris'mus, en de tukkeys, en de shoat, en de poun' cake what I ud lack ter lay in fur de ole 'oman en de chillen — fur de comfut ob my fam'ly *en* de glory ob de Lawd — whilst I lay dar dement'n' ob de hard times, en de col', en *all*, I went off inter a tranch.

"En in de tranch I wuz transfloated up inter de heab'ns — jes' lack I wuz, in my ole close, hongry en po' en bent wid de mis'ry en *all*. En when I got dar, in my ole rags, I jes' stood et de do' shame' ter go in whar dey uz all dressed up in dey Sunday close en all. Look lack dey uz habbin' ob a picnic, or else dey uz all gwine on a 'scursion somewhars, dey uz all so fine, en hed so many nice fixin's. I stood dar on de outside, lookin' on. I stood en 'stood twell I couldn't stan' no mo', 'count ob de col', 'ca'se hit uz Chris'mus en winter en all dat. I wuz jes' about ter tu'n 'way en g'long back home whar I come fum, 'ca'se I knowed I ud nuver be able ter keep up wid de style lack dey uz all containin' ob up dar, when de front do' opened en Marse Jesus Hisse'f walked out on de front peeazzy. En He see me standin' dar in de col' en all, en sez He: —

"'What's de matter, Unc' Jake? What am de incasion ob yo' bad feelin's?'

"Sez I, 'Marster, de ole nigger's mighty po' en all; en he ain't got no close fitten ter soshate wid all dem in dar!'

"He jes' step back ter de do' en retch his han' fur de bell han'le en when de do' wuz opened, sez he ter de gyardeen ob it, sez He, 'Peter, jes' let Unc' Jake step inside dar a minit.' En I stepped in long o' Him, drappin' my ole hat on de do' step, en shadin' ob my eyes fum de glory—en a-wait'n', des' a-wait'n'.

"Well, brudderin, He jes' glanced down et dem golden streets en den up et my ole rags, en sez He, 'Unc' Jake jes' rip up one ob de bricks out'n dat pavemint en go buy yo'se'f some close; den come up dem golden sta'r's yon'er ter de ballroom. Buy yo'se'f de wedd'n' gyarmint, fur de bridegroom sholy gwine 'spect yer ter dance et de infair ternight. En,' sez He, 'don't hab no termody 'bout spendin' ob de brick, hit's yo'en, en dey's plenty mo' here, des' a-doin' nuffin'. Spen' it all; en' what's lef' go buy yo'se'f some oyschers wid hit.'

"An, den I woked up out'n de tranch. En hit uz col', en de chillen uz hongry, en de breakfus' some skimp. But I's here ter testerfy et dat ain't henderin' o' me none. Hit's warm in heab'n whar dey's all habbin' ob dey Chris'mus ter-day: Chris'mus, en oyschers, en tukkey, en all. I'll git dar bimeby, en de pavemints ull keep, 'ca'se dey's gol', en dey ain't no thief, en no mof, en no rus' fur ter cranker ob 'em. So sez I, bress de Lawd! I kin wait fur de Chris'mus ober yon'er."

Excitable "Little Jinny" sprang to her feet before old Jake had fairly taken his seat. "Brudder Bolles," she sang out in her clear, flat treble, "I rises ter gib my intestermint ter dis meet'n'. I wuz a sinner—a po', los' sinner, keerin' fur nuffin' but fine close en sech, twell I went off inter de tranch, lak de brudder what jes' spoke. En while I wuz in de tranch Marse Jesus He cum a-ridin' by in His cha'iot o' fire, wid His swode buckl't on, en His crown on His haid. En I crope out'n de paf, 'ca'se I's feard He ud jes' ride me down inter de dus', I uz sech a sinner. But He see me; He see me, en He call out ter me, 'Aw Jinny,' sez He, 'Jinny!' En sez I, 'Yes, my Lawd.' Sez He, 'Does yer know whar yer stan's?' Sez I, 'Yes, my Lawd; I's hangin' ober hell by de ha'r ob my haid; ober de burnin' pit.' En sez He, 'Go, en sin no mo', go back ter Nebo, en tell all de brudderin I's redeemed yer.' S' I, 'Yes, my Lawd! bress de Lawd, oh my soul!'"

Yellow Kelline was not to be outdone by the startling experience of "Little Jinny." She rose at once, a slight, nervous mulatto girl, with her handkerchief to her eyes, the graceful body in a nimble swing that kept time to the tune she unconsciously set to her words.

"Brudderin, I wuz layin' on my baid in de cool ob de mawnin',

when I see Marse Jesus come ridin' by on a milk-white horse. Sez He, 'How you do, Sister Kelline?' S' I, 'I's toler'ble, thank de Lawd. How is yur, Master?' Sez he, 'I's toler'ble; is de folks all well?' S' I, 'Dey's toler'ble. You's all well, Marster?' Sez He, 'We's toler'ble.' Den He lean down fum de saddle en sez He:—

“ ‘Whar you been, Sister Kelline,
Dat you been gone so long?’ ”

“Sez I:—

“ ‘Been a-rollin' en a prayin' et Jesus' feet,
En my soul's gwine home ter glory.’ ”

“Sez He:—

“ ‘Keep a-rollin' en a-prayin' et Jesus' feet,
Rollin' en prayin' et Jesus' feet,
Rollin' en prayin' et Jesus' feet,
My soul's gwine home ter glory.’ ”

Slowly, from his seat in the Amen Corner, rose Cross-eyed Pete. The sceptic might intimate that it was the song of Kelline that suggested the thread of old Pete's experience. Be that as it may, he was none the less earnest in adding his testimony. Said he, his black face aglow:—

“Brudderin, I dreamt I wuz daid, an' et I went ter de do' o' heab'n. I went straight up ter de front do', 'ca'se de righteous am bol' ez a lion, en I want 'feard o' nuffin'. En dey ain't no sher'ff up dar ter haul a nigger off ter jail fur nuffin', neider. En when I got ter de do' I knocked; en Marse Jesus He come ter de do' His own se'f, en sez He, 'How you do, Unc' Peter?' En I tol' Him I uz des' toler'ble, en He sont me roun' ter de kitchin fur ter git wa'm. En dar wuz ole Mis' Jesus dar, en she gimme a cup o' wa'm coffee, en made me set down ter de side table en sot out a pone o' co'n bread, en de hock bone o' de ham what dey all hab fur de Chris'mus dinner, en de back o' de Chris'mus tukkey, 'stid o' sabin' ob it fur hash fur breakfus'. Den she ax me all 'bout my troubles en all, en den sez she:—

“ ‘Whar's you been, Unc' Peter,
Dat you been gone so long?’ ”

“Sez I:—

“ ‘Been a-layin' in de jail,
Wait'n' fur my bail,
En my soul's gwine home ter glory.’ ”

Old Jordan, fervent if rheumaticky, arose: “Brudderin en sisters! I fatches good tidin's, 'good tidin's ob gre't joy which shall be ter all people.' De book sez de ole men shall see visions. I hab seed one. In a deep sleep, lack de same ez fell on Brudder Noey, I wuz cyar'd in a tranch ter heab'n. When I sot my foot in de New Jerusalam my ole shoes tu'n ter gol'n slippers, en my ole close ter a *white* robe. My ole ha'r wuz a

crown ob gol'. En de anjuls dey met me et de gate; en dey formed deyse'ves inter two lines, wid a paf down de middle fur me ter trabbul. En dey all lif' up de harps dey uz holdin' wid one han', en de pa'm branch dey uz hold'n wid tudder. En dey waved de pa'ms en strike de harps wid bof han's; en dey shout, 'How you do, Brudder Jordan?' Not *Unc'* Jordan — naw sah; dey ain't no *Unclin'* up dar. En dey say, 'Welcome home, *Brudder* Jordan; come en git yer harp.'

"But I sez ter de anjuls, 'Stan' out de way dar, chillun; lemme git ter de *King*.' En I elbowed myse'f up ter whar He uz sett'n' on de throne jes' lookin' on et de glory. En He see me, en He riz up an helt out His han', en sez He, 'How you do, *Brudder* Jordan?' same ez de anjuls. En when He done sey dat He moved ter one side ter make room fur me, en sez He, 'Hab a seat on de throne Brudder Jordan, en res' yose'f whil'st yo' room's a-fixin' fur yer.' I wuz sorter s'prised some et dat sho, en sez I, 'I's jest a nigger, sah, down yander whar I come fum.' 'Heish!' sez He, 'dey aint no such word ez dat up here.' Den sez I, 'Marster, ef it am true lack yer sey, dat de niggers am all tu'n white up here, den what's de meanin' ob all dem colored gen'lemen stan'in' roun' here?' Sez He, 'Dey's de whi' folks what *uset*er wuz.' Den I wuz sholy ustonished, en sez I, 'Brudder, I aint nebber heeard 'bout dat; I 'lowed we wuz all des plain white erlack.'" Sez he, 'Umk-hmk! don' yer b'lieve it honey; dey swops — dey des' swops places. See dat lean-looking nigger ober yunder by fi'place putt'n' on a stick o' wood? Well, dat's yo' ole marster. He's gwine put on 'is ap'n an' wait on you-alls, soon's de bell rings fur dinner.' Den sez I, 'Lawd, let dy serbent depart in peace, fur my eyes hab seen de glory.'"

Mose, the leader in song, was the next to take the witness stand. Mose made some pretensions to learning; he had a son who could read, and a grandson who was a "school-scholar" in the public schools. Mose had acquired oratory, if not English.

"Bredderin," he began, "I wuz imported, in a tranch, ter de heabenly Jerusalem. My gre't desire insistin' ob a wush ter view de glories ob de city, whensh de informalerties wuz ober I set myse'f ter de juty ob so doin'. It wus suttinly a mos' insignifer-cant city ter look upon. But dat which repealed ter me de mos' wus de onpartialness ob it all. Dey wa'n't no upsta'rs en parlors fur de whi' man, wid basemints en kitchins fur de colored gent'mins in dat insignificant house ob many manshens. All uz des de same; one didn't make no mo' intentions den de tudder. De basemints uz all parlors, en de parlors uz all basemints; en dar resisted a strong fambly likeness betwixt all o' de inhabitants ob de place — a mos' strikin' insemblance.

"De wood pile hit lay et de front do', free ter der nigger en

de white dest erlack. En de nigger wuz called ter de fus' table, same's de res'. *En* de hin 'ouse wuz ez much fur de nigger ez de white man. No mo' crop'n' roun' ter de back alley fur ter slip a chickin off'n de roos', 'ca'se de white man got too many fur his Chris'mus dinner, en de nigger got *none*. Fm! All dem hins, en pullits, en roosters, en fryin'-sizers. All yur got ter do jes' lif' yer han' en yope 'em off'n de roos' same's ef yur put em dar Umk-hmk! En de horgs en de young shoats des de same. Umk-hmk! Stan' out de way dar, chillun! Dis worl's mighty weery. But dar's Chris'mus ober yonder; chickin fixin's fur de nigger. No mo' hin roos'es all fur de white man. Dat's all I want know 'bout heab'n'. Umk-hmk! my soul's happy, *en* I want ter go home."

And while the Christmas bells rang out their "good tidings," who shall say that the dusky worshippers, interpreting according to their light, had not experienced a foretaste of the "great joy" promised "to *all* men?"

FIRST STEPS IN THE UNION OF REFORM FORCES.

BY WALTER VROOMAN.

THREE earnest men or women, without wealth or special talents, by attaching themselves to the Union for Practical Progress, can in six months' time revolutionize the methods of religious and moral work in the town or city in which they live. Permeating all society is an anticipation of the unifying power destined to bind in one common cause all those striving for the betterment of man. The forces exist in our social structure and are fast gathering for a gigantic moral upheaval, but men have long been waiting for the mechanism capable of utilizing these forces. This mechanism is found in the Union for Practical Progress.

The purposes of each local union are: to furnish a permanent centre, binding together the moral forces of the community; to supply social and religious life to those active and moral minds not now received into the churches, and to enlist volunteer workers from all other societies for the methodical propagation of the new ideal. Its method is to work as far as possible through existing organizations, and to utilize their immense framework and perfected machinery in the cause of humanity.

To form a branch of the movement in a new locality, three earnest persons only are required. Three hundred could make a better start, but three may begin with every promise of success. They should first assume corporate life by adopting the name of the Union. They should then take up the particular measure being urged by the National Union for the month in which their meeting is held. If this first meeting is held during March of this year, the three persons assembled would, no doubt, fall into line with the cities now organized, and urge the programme of the Union for this month, which is to combat the "sweating system." A letter would then be draughted and mailed to each clergyman and labor leader of the locality, asking them to speak out on a specified Sunday, or during the week following, in condemnation of this evil. They might be asked to urge their hearers to aid in securing such legislation as will empower the city boards of health to summarily close those factories in which human beings

are physically ruined because of unhealthful conditions, and where contagious diseases are nursed before emerging to prey upon society.

In every case a definite reply should be requested. A concise bibliography of the subject, with special reference to recent magazine contributions, should be enclosed for the use of clergymen not familiar with the facts concerning the evil, and for the use of the committees on resolutions to be appointed by the various societies.

If our three pioneers are poor, the item of postage will be an obstacle. But we will suppose that out of their enthusiasm for the cause they are able to raise the sum of one dollar, with which to prosecute a three months' campaign. This dollar will purchase forty postage stamps and the necessary stationery for as many letters. Of course, possessing only one dollar with which to marshal a city against one of the most gigantic evils of civilization, our friends cannot afford to purchase a mimeograph, and unless they can borrow one they will have to write by hand the whole forty letters. I am supposing this scarcity of cash on the part of our first three organizers, because my experience in reform work has taught me that the most spiritual and sympathetic men and women are condemned by existing social chaos to lives of poverty, and the probabilities are that in the majority of localities, the inaugurators of the new movement will be very poor, and that even the one dollar referred to will in many instances be taken from what are commonly regarded as the necessities of life. One dollar is not too low an estimate of the money resources of the average new branch, with a membership of three.

Thirty out of these forty letters are to be addressed to clergymen, and ten to the heads of organizations. The church has the money, the buildings, the membership, the latent moral enthusiasm, that are required to make a great reform movement successful. It offers the most promising field in the world to the social reformer. It is the largest body in civilization, and if its huge frame can once more be made to throb with life and to respond to a high moral ideal, it will yet become the foremost power for good in the world. The thirty letters directed to clergymen should be scattered through the various denominations, including the Catholics and Hebrews, and a careful record should be kept of every name to which a letter is addressed.

If before the letters are written, the coöperation of at least one Protestant, one Catholic, and one Jewish clergyman can be secured by means of personal effort, and their decision mentioned in the general letter, with a description of the forces coöperating in other cities, it will add much strength to the request. For the request is nothing, if it expresses only the desire of the few

enthusiasts who send out the letters; it has weight only so far as it voices the wishes of the hundreds of ministers and moral leaders elsewhere, who by thus acting together virtually ask the coöperation of all others who desire to aid in uplifting their fellow-men.

The three or more who form the local organization act, as it were, the part of volunteer agents of the thousands elsewhere who are praying and striving for union and concerted effort. They furnish the means of communication between the general movement and the local leaders. As their members increase, and the experienced and clear-sighted moral leaders of the community one by one join them, their appeals, of course, will be better received; but even after they can claim as their advisers every sociological specialist of note and every experienced philanthropic worker of their city, still the real force behind their appeals for local union will be the fact that concerted action is already in operation elsewhere, and those who refuse to coöperate thereby separate themselves from the advance battalion in the army of human deliverance.

The answers to these letters should be reviewed and a detailed report prepared. First, a list should be made of the names, addresses, and churches of all who join in the life-saving work. Another list should be prepared containing names, addresses, and churches of those who refuse to speak against the evil being combatted simultaneously throughout the country. Still another list should be prepared, of those who refuse even to take notice of the appeal. The report containing these lists should be published to the world every month, and one copy sent to the national secretary, to be filed for future reference.

By this method it will not take long to solve the much vexed question, as to what proportion of the church is devoted to human welfare, and what proportion stands directly in the way of progress. This method will give facts, in place of existing theories and prejudices, concerning the usefulness or uselessness of the church, and will place this institution right before a scoffing world. On the other hand these reports will be search-lights turned into the dark corners of the church. And what a wonderful effect light has! To those who, while walking in the country or in a public park or along some river bank, have for curiosity turned over some large flat stone, and seen the sudden whirl and consternation of the insects that were in hiding, and have heard their buzz and angry scraping, some faint picture may suggest itself of certain theological circles after cold facts and figures, with names and addresses, are methodically published and classified, making clear to the world the exact attitude of the American pulpit toward social reform and the great humanitarian movements that are remaking the world.

Even clergymen sometimes act differently when exposed to public gaze than when in their own private apartments with the curtains drawn. Many ministers now avoid all discussion of social problems. They find it easier to dwell upon the scenes and incidents pertaining to the first years of their religion, than to strive to apply its vital truths to the life of to-day. When one speaks without sufficient preparation concerning some "this-world problem," an offended member of his congregation is liable to rise and produce facts disproving statements made. When he talks about heaven, however, no one ever rises to dispute his claims, or if some one does, he cannot substantiate his objections by ascertained facts; so our minister prefers to talk of heaven. Poor earth is neglected. The cruel social conditions that blight the home, and destroy not only the souls but the bodies of men, are passed over, humanity is left to struggle alone, while Bible pictures, its painted incidents and stories, and the vast labyrinth of speculations that have been woven around them, are dealt out as a substitute for real religion. The new method will force the clergy to take sides, to champion the cause of man, or to admit that they are too lazy to post themselves or too cowardly to give expression to their convictions. It will draw the line between that part of the church which still worships God spelled in the old-fashioned way, and that part to whose God a new letter has been added, so that it is now G-o-l-d.

But even from those pulpits that are veritable thrones of mammon, what minister can face a civilized community and refuse to speak out for sunshine and fresh air in behalf of the hundreds of thousands of stifling children in our great cities? Who will oppose tenement house reform, the establishment of playgrounds for the little ones, the abolition of child labor, and similar measures demanded by every instinct that has roots reaching deep down into our human nature? There will be few, even in the most gilded and regal of our great edifices dedicated to hypocrisy.

Lethargy, stolidity, and sympathies utterly stifled by worldliness are the only real obstacles, and these can be melted away by the fire of enthusiasm that will come from concerted effort. Those who persistently refuse to aid in carrying forward these humanitarian measures will simply separate themselves from the active spiritual forces of the world and the historical religion of ages past. They will call down upon themselves the just contempt of mankind, and the curses of Almighty God.

The strength of the work will be in its persistence. Any man, especially a preacher, who desires to free himself from responsibility concerning any particular undertaking, can always invent excuses for not being able to do what is asked of him. He can

be ill, or, even more conveniently, he can have a sick mother-in-law or other dear relative who demands his personal ministry. All who so wish might defy any isolated or spasmodic efforts; but if some definite progressive step be taken in concert every month for a year, or for several years, neither the illness of self or relatives nor any other makeshift will answer to an enlightened public for continuous neglect to join with those who are unitedly battling against the enemies of mankind.

This plan, persistently carried out, cannot fail to turn the great body of the church back to its true mission, the man-saving work begun by Jesus more than eighteen centuries ago.

Very few who study the method of the new movement will at first have any adequate appreciation of the immense economy of moral forces made possible by it. In the first place, its permanence will do away with the necessity of reorganizing the nation every time the slightest forward step is to be taken. In the past the organization of a whole city, a state, a nation, has been repeated every time a new issue has been raised; all this vast machinery constructed anew for each attempt at reform.

Some improvement in the public schools, an addition to the parks of a city, some humane law protecting boys against brutality, or aimed at the traffic in young girls, have each demanded a separate movement. The man who saw most clearly the immediate need of each reform has been compelled to make converts one at a time, and after convincing his friends that the measure he suggested was demanded by both justice and mercy, he has also had to convince them of its feasibility. One convert after another, one church after another, one organization after another; and often before new converts were made, old ones had lost courage and deserted, and often the most enthusiastic promoters of beneficent measures for social improvement have given up and disappeared from public view in the slough of pessimism.

All are familiar with the slow process by which reform ideas make headway in society, and when the rapid growth and success of the organized special interests are compared with this, no wonder the bravest often lose heart. Untold heroism and years of disappointment have been the lot of those who have tried to carry through the most modest measures for the public good.

By means of the permanent and centralized machinery of the Union for Practical Progress, a new moral issue will be presented to the people each month. Instead of a dissolution of the movement after one measure has been pressed, another will be brought immediately forward, and *the public conscience will be kept as eternally active as the private interests that prey upon society*. The organization will have sufficient elasticity to take up any and every measure approved by the average disinterested

conscience, and its permanent and perfect means of communication, binding together all human aggregations founded upon a moral idea, will offer for the first time a connecting nerve attaching the conscience and expert knowledge of society to the force capable of making their desires effective.

For instance, the National Prison Reform Association, including in its membership not only the leading prison experts of the country but many of our most honored citizens in many walks of life, has for a number of years urged the adoption by our state governments of measures not only based upon science but demanded by every requirement of justice and mercy, and by a wise regard for the security of society. Yet their recommendations have scarcely been regarded by our law makers, not because of any great amount of opposition, but because the masses who have the votes have not seen fit to take all the laborious steps required, with the existing cumbersome machinery, to carry through these measures, the importance of which they but faintly appreciate. When the moral forces of the country are united as outlined in the plan of the Union for Practical Progress, and the thousands upon thousands of pulpits, labor unions, farmers' lodges, and philanthropic societies, like so many myriads of hammers, strike all at a given signal this one particular evil, the movement directed by experts, our entire population may be convinced in one month that the prison abuses complained of by our best and most experienced men must be abolished immediately.

A mere letter sent by post every month is not sufficient to impress each minister and friendly society with the importance of concerted effort. The ideal plan would be to have every letter delivered by a member of the church of which the minister to whom it is addressed has charge, or by a member of the society asked to pass favorable resolutions. Such a work requires a large number of young and well drilled propagandists, but the plan is perfectly feasible. I hope in another paper to describe, in detail, the methods of propagandism which are now producing remarkable results in Philadelphia and Washington.

Above all things else in the world, our need is for a sublime faith, by means of which we can see through the dark mists and clouds that often cover us, the eternal truths of the universe. Persistence and faith—these we *must* have. We shall meet so many who care more for their denomination than for mankind, more for their individual church than for their denomination, more for one small faction in the church than for the church itself, and more for self than for all these combined, that we shall be tempted to turn back. We shall ask what a few noble, prophetic minds can do toward bringing together the thousands of people now wedded by prejudice, custom, and the limitations of their

natures to the very walls and fences that divide them? But although to the superficial observer the outlook may appear discouraging, if we probe more deeply we can rest assured of final triumph.

A little more than a century ago, instead of these United States, there existed on this continent a number of quarrelsome, prejudiced, isolated states. The rivalry and antagonism between them were intense. Up to the very breaking out of the Revolution, the feeling was more bitter, the hatred more severe, between the different states, than between the colonists and Great Britain. The Knickerbocker loved New York alone; the Pennsylvanian cared but for Pennsylvania; only the name of Virginia was sacred to a Virginian, only Massachusetts to the citizen of the Old Bay State. But there came a moment when self-preservation compelled them to stand together against the common foe. This alliance, however, was thought to be only temporary. Each state had the right at any time to resume its independence. They would separate themselves after the settlement of the difficulty with England. But at the close of the war new dangers appeared, and the states were bound more closely than ever. After years of discussion, our present Constitution was adopted, but the doctrine of state rights was still the political creed of a large part of our people. The Civil War destroyed the last shred of this fallacy, and in our enthusiasm for the stars and stripes, seventy millions of people now forget that state boundary lines exist except on the map. It is no more Pennsylvania, Vermont, South Carolina—it is the United States; not the local government that we love, but America!

It is true the average church member now works and thinks and prays chiefly for the little body of Christians to which he is attached. If he listens to one sermon a month concerning the Union for Practical Progress or signs his name once in three months to a petition for some reform, it is incidental. During the troublous times ahead of us, however, he will find that only by union can the moral forces of society defend themselves against aggressive evil. He will learn to look upon the Union as a permanent affair. As the years go by he will see that it is in reality the church militant, while the local society to which he belongs is only a branch.

He will learn to regard his denomination as a mere detachment of the gigantic, unified army of righteousness in the world. His chief affection will be no more for Methodism, Catholicism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, Liberalism, but for the Union which includes all who are engaged in the salvation of humanity.

It will require time to bring about such a change, and death, the friend of progress, will, as well as birth, greatly aid the work.

But reform will come, and civilization will be thrilled by a single moral impulse, one grand social enthusiasm. Argument will not bring this day; it will come by our working side by side in the common cause of human welfare. Men will continue their widely divergent systems of belief and varied tastes concerning their manner of worship. But they will learn to love a comrade in action so much more fervently than a fellow-worshipper and theorizer, that religious brotherhood will find a new basis. We shall learn that our doing is so much more important than our thinking or praying, that individual church relationships will become incidental and subservient to our greater duty to the Union.

Our three or more earnest persons who start the work in each village, town, and city, will correspond regularly with the religious teachers of their respective localities; they will arrange meetings, circulate literature, form classes, and organize clubs. At first their influence over existing churches and societies will be small, resting only on the wisdom of their programme. But as the years go by, their influence will increase, men will learn the economy of concerted action, and the Union for Practical Progress will become to the separate churches and reform societies, what our country is to the separate states.

UNION IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY DIANA HIRSCHLER.*

THAT there are "slums" even in conservative Philadelphia, is a fact well known at least to the many patient workers who for years have striven to bring a few crumbs of comfort to the multitudes who swarm its gutters and alleyways. There are many such workers in Philadelphia. They vary in method, but each has contributed a share in the experimental stage of dealing with the manifold social evils. How to improve these dark quarters has long been earnestly discussed. But in spite of the missions and charities and the heroic devotion of the few, these strongholds of vice and woe have been constantly increasing. For some time individual workers have realized the hopelessness and futility of their efforts; single handed they could not cope with the appalling conditions presented. The need for concerted action was felt; coöperation was in the air; it needed but a call to action to convert the wasteful efforts of individuals into an organized force acting as a unit.

Early in 1893, Mr. Walter Vrooman addressed the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers, urging an organized attempt, "not to relieve, but to abolish" the "slums." At the close of his address the one hundred fifty clergymen present unanimously adopted the following:—

Resolved, That we, the members of the Baptist Ministers' Conference, of Philadelphia, express our hearty approval of the effort now being made to secure a closer union of the moral forces of society, and that we invite the religious denominations of this city, either through their ministerial associations or otherwise, and the central body of organized workmen, each to select a committee not exceeding three in number to act as members of a central conference, which shall attempt to arrange a programme in which the majority of earnest people can unite for aggressive work against the slums.

Resolved, That we select three of our number to confer with similar committees which may be selected by other bodies.

Resolved, That we ask each member of our Conference to appoint three workers of his congregation to be in readiness to act as parish committee, in response to an appeal from this central conference for helpers in carrying out any specified work that may be agreed upon.

During the following week this circular, signed by nine prominent ministers of different denominations, was thrown broadcast over the city:—

* President of the Young Women's Arena Club.

To Members of Labor Organizations, Temperance Societies, Reform Clubs, and all Persons interested in Improving the Conditions of life in South Philadelphia :—

You are most cordially invited to be present at the convention to be held in the Spruce Street Baptist Church (between Fourth and Fifth Streets), Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, 1893, for the purpose of forming, if possible, a union of the moral forces of this thickly populated district for concerted action toward systematic reform.

All earnest persons will be welcome, regardless of class, creed, nationality, or sex. The one object of the movement is to make life better worth the living in Philadelphia.

It is hoped that the Christian church and the Christian ministry may be made to appreciate more fully the wrongs and abuses existing in modern society, and induced to join with the labor organizations and other constructive forces in preparing the way for the higher civilization that is to be. We believe that the time has come to make the war on evil effective and scientific as the war on human life.

After this first mass meeting, which was a decided success, the Methodist Ministers' Conference, the Presbyterian Ministers' Conference, the Liberal Ministers, the Knights of Labor, the Labor League, the Catholic Arch Diocesan Union, and the United Catholic Temperance Societies, all endorsed the movement and elected delegates.

A long list of names to a petition for compulsory education was sent to the Legislature, and a compulsory education bill was passed by both houses, but was vetoed by Governor Pattison.

After this nearly a hundred meetings were held in the different churches and halls throughout the city in condemnation of the "sweating system," and this petition was circulated widely :—

*Central Conference of Moral Workers, 626 Alaska Street, Philadelphia.
Programme for April, 1893—Opposition to the Sweating System.*

WHAT IS THE SWEATING SYSTEM?

It is the term applied to the inhuman custom of turning the homes of the working people into factories, thereby destroying all family life. This custom is profitable, as it saves factory rent to the employer and annuls the humane factory laws that in legitimate institutions protect helpless women and children from the avarice of unnatural masters. The system is most general in the clothing and cigar trades. By it the women and children are compelled to work with their fathers, and their toil often continues away into the night. Wages decrease so that a whole family are paid what the father alone should earn, and the children become stunted and ignorant, with no reward for their labor.

The germs of all sorts of foul diseases are carried from "sweaters' dens" in cigars and clothing to the families of the well-to-do, and the wives and children of the fortunate classes are stricken down, victims to their own negligence in permitting such injustice to the poor. The system perverts the private hearth intended by God for the making of men and character into mammon's workshop. It substitutes grinding toil for domestic happiness and affection, and in destroying the home strikes a death-blow at virtue and patriotism.

The sweating system of Philadelphia kills more women and devours

larger numbers of children each year than all the cannibals in the world, and the monstrous evil is growing every day.

We, the undersigned residents of Pennsylvania, do hereby record our names in opposition to the sweating system of our city, and in proof of our sincerity we give at least one cent each to be used in destroying it.

The pennies collected paid the expense of the agitation, and all bills were met promptly without the necessity of calling upon individuals for large donations.

The following letter was mailed to each clergyman in the city:—

Reverend Sir :

You are probably familiar with the attempt now being made by the earnest people of the various religious denominations to secure concerted action on the part of the moral forces of Philadelphia. The work initiated less than a month ago by the Baptist Ministerial Conference of this city has since enlisted the coöperation of other powerful bodies, and it is now hoped that every local church and organization interested in a better, purer, and happier Philadelphia, will establish some means of communication with the Central Conference now directing the movement.

You are requested to appoint three members of your congregation to act as local committee, the function of which shall be to serve as connecting link between your church and this central body. The members will be expected to attend one meeting each month and to canvass your congregation periodically for signatures to petitions favoring reform measures now neglected on account of public apathy concerning moral issues. The intention is to arouse the public conscience to a sense of the importance of these issues, and by means of these petitions enable the better elements of the community to speak out at least once a month concerning them. We would suggest that one member of this committee especially represent your young people's society, and one the teachers of your Sunday school, although this is left entirely to your own judgment. It is because of the multitude of present cares and duties incumbent upon every pastor that we desire to work directly with a special committee.

We ask for an early reply.

Fraternally yours,

THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE OF MORAL WORKERS.

In less than a year, and in spite of the most discouraging opposition from without and dissension within, the few self-sacrificing leaders of the movement have accomplished much. Among the direct results of their work are these:—

1. A considerable change in the home life and factory life of more than two thousand vest and pants makers, who by the help of this conference were enabled to win two great strikes against overcrowding and intimidation.

2. The abolition in many quarters of that form of fraud by which the boss sweaters force their employees to purchase their own machines, and when, after the machine is nearly paid for, the employee, sometimes a young girl, is discharged, and is not able

to make the usual payment promptly, the machine is surrendered, and the profits are divided between the sweater and the machine agent.

3. The expenditure by the city of \$40,000 in the improvement of "slum" streets and alleys, which were a year ago the filthiest in America, the bulk of the money having been applied in those quarters where "the greatest noise" was heard. It was agitation that forced the \$40,000 appropriation.

4. The establishment of an educational and patriotic club among the Russian Jews, first called the Washington Club, afterwards uniting with a similar body under the name of the Fourth Ward Independent Club, which now numbers about four hundred members, engaged in studying American history and securing citizens' papers.

5. The establishment of the Young Women's Arena Club, now one of the most prosperous girls' clubs of Philadelphia. The scope of the work of this club is suggested by a programme of one of their "Sunday afternoons":—

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S ARENA CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

Meets every Wednesday evening at 230 Pine Street. Object—Mutual improvement and service to mankind. Ideal—A happy world and a perfected humanity. Ignorance displaced by science, poverty abolished, and coöperation made universal.

Program for Sunday, Oct. 1, 1893: 3 to 3.30 P. M., a beautiful scene with music—sound waves made visible to the eye in brilliant colors by means of a stereopticon, with scientific explanation by Professor D. S. Holman, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science; 3.30 to 4 P. M., solo, duet, and quartette singing, instrumental music on violin, mandolin, harp, and piano; 4 to 4.30 P. M., short pointed lectures, "Employment and Idleness," by Walter Vrooman, and "Women and Social Reform," by Miss Diana Hirschler; 4.30 to 5 P. M., general social, reception, and handshaking with members of the Young Women's Club; 5 to 6 P. M., classes in Political Economy, American History, English language, Biography, Single Tax, and General Literature.

Tickets for the afternoon exercises, including classes, 10 cents each.

6. The endorsement of the plan of Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf for the erection of model tenements, for which \$70,000 was subscribed and \$10,000 paid in.

7. A league formed to extend and make permanent the system of penny concerts and entertainments started by Mr. Vrooman in the College Settlement Chapel. Several such concerts are now given every week in different parts of the city, and hundreds of people, both young and old, are given a taste of those gentler and more refined pleasures which alone can displace vice and coarser sports. The talent on these occasions is given freely by artists, many of whom are from the very *élite* of Philadelphia society.

The Central Conference, as such, fell to pieces. A Jew had formulated the plan to erect model tenements. A prominent Presbyterian divine, one of the organizers of the movement, said the Christians would not coöperate with the Jews, and, when offered a handsome donation to the fund by a wealthy lady, refused it and advised her to dispose of her money in some other way. Many Christians retreated because of the activity of the Jews. Then the enthusiastic secretary, who was in reality also the executive, joined in the vest makers' and pants makers' strikes. He worked with zeal that was terribly effective. Although the strike was as noble as that one led by George Washington, and the methods used far more conservative than those displayed in John Brown's raid, and although the slavery opposed is more destructive of life than that opposed by either George Washington or John Brown, still the clergymen stampeded, and among the four hundred fifty who were officially connected at the start not more than twenty remained loyal through the year. Of course this disintegration was attributed to the injudiciousness of the few who did all the work.

The few remaining workers of this once imposing array met with invited friends the second day of this year and reorganized under the name, Union for Practical Progress, and have since taken steps to coöperate actively with the national movement that has developed through the efforts of THE ARENA.

If our last year's experience in Philadelphia teaches anything it is that although a strong social reform tendency is observable in the churches, little is to be expected from the clergy; even in a church movement the preacher should be kept, as far as possible, in the background. Their help is valuable, but on every committee and in every progressive organization they should strictly be kept in the minority, if such committees are to accomplish any practical results or the movement is to gain permanent success.

A NEW SOCIAL VISION.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

A STRANGE, weird, and fascinating story, which blossoms into a social vision, comes from the pen of Joaquin Miller, and is entitled "The Building of the City Beautiful."* In tone and thought it is lofty; in its social hints as well as its philosophical observation it carries suggestions of special value at the present time, and, what is more, it is one of the most deeply religious volumes I have ever read. Now having made this last remark, it may be unnecessary to add that it is not likely to be favorably received by the defenders of dogmatic or creedal theology. Jesus was the most profoundly religious man of His age; but the high priests of conventional theology charged Him with being a Sabbath breaker, and accused Him of blasphemy. Even so, a work so deeply and nobly religious, so full of that vital, eternal truth which impels us upward, and compels us to emulate the life of earth's truest benefactors, will not win the favor of those who, heedless of the injunction that the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life, permit the letter to blind them to the spirit of eternal law.

The author tells us that "the book is the record of one, or rather two persons who believed that man is not only entitled to the pursuit of happiness, but to the attainment of happiness, real and substantial, on earth." It is born of a heart sick of the strife, hate, and littleness of modern life—nay, more, it is the articulate utterance of a great thought which is haunting millions upon millions of lives to-day. The poet and prophet senses the spirit of the thought waves of his age, and expresses humanity's heart-yearning in a vision which helps the masses to a realization of what was heretofore present, but too vague and intangible to find expression.

This volume is a high and noble statement of the demand of the new time. The conception of the story is original, and its treatment unique. The heroine is a Jewess—a Russian Jewess. The hero is a man from the New World. They meet in Jerusalem. The Jewess is the incarnation of love wedded to wisdom. It is fit that the builder of the City Beautiful should be a woman.

* "The Building of the City Beautiful," by Joaquin Miller. Cloth; pp. 196; price \$1.50. Messrs. Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.

It is also fit that she should represent that great race which for eighteen hundred years has suffered merciless persecution at the hands of the Christian world. This noble-minded Jewish maiden is thus described:—

Miriam was a devout worshipper in the synagogue. She had knelt quite as devoutly before the Greek cross in the kremlin, had bowed low in the mosque of Omar, and had crossed herself reverently in St. Peter's; for she loved all peoples, and she pitied all peoples in their pitiful forms of idolatry.

Her heart was almost broken here, this first morning of her arrival at the city of David and Solomon. For here, in the very dust and ashes of the temple, she saw the same old hates, enmities, jealousies, narrowness, and uncleanness of soul and of body; narrow and unclean as the little gate through which her people crowded.

What had two thousand years done for God's people? They had not been borne forward at all. The world, pagan, Christian, Jew, under the old system of selfish money-getting, place and power seeking, was still the same. The old order of things had been on trial, in all climes and under all conditions, for years and years, and what was the result? Sorrow, suicide, despair. Man stood staring on before him, even in the most civilized places and under the most favorable conditions, and kept asking, asking, "Is life worth living?"

"God in Heaven," she cried, "with all this glory of sky and earth, the sweet air, the flowers and birds, our boundless capacity for enjoyment, shall the world still be joyless? Why, every breath, even to the most wretched, should be to him as a benediction. Yes," she continued very seriously, "this old order of things has been on trial long enough; and if we could and should restore Jerusalem to-day in all her ancient splendor, what then? Why, some new Rome would rise to encompass her. There would be born within her walls another Simon and another John, with all their burning hates and jealousies; and the streets would run with blood the same as two thousand years ago. Then why restore her? Men would stand on the temple's porch, as in the high places of London and Paris to-day, and gravely ask, 'Is life worth living?'"

From the lofty thought of this really great Jewish woman, the man from the western world catches a new inspiration. Then the injustice of present-day conditions comes home to him, as is set forth in these lines:—

It had begun to appear to him as hardly fair that the man who laid the brick and mortar, and made the great sewers through the mud and malaria of Paris and London and such like cities, should not be able to eat meat more than twice each week without robbing his children, while the man who did no work at all, but walked about with his face held high in the sweet air, should have meat and wine twice each day—aye, many kinds of meat and wine if he so desired.

Miriam shows him that "The man who lives for himself lives only for a very small man"; that "Man must be saved from man. Jesus Christ lived and died to save man; to save man from man, not man from God; to save man from himself by His example of patient pity and forgiveness, and the precepts of the sermon on the mount."

Many are the golden hours passed together in Palestine and

on the banks of the Nile. To the man Miriam opened a new Bible, with her interpretation. All the time she was lifting his soul to a higher altitude. She was conquering the lion in the man and awaking the angel. It is in this part of the volume that we see the poet as a mystic. The lion which Miriam subdued in the desert reveals the triumph of the divine over the animal in our nature. It is the driving back to subjection of the wild beast in all of us by the majestic command of the awakened spirit.

Then again, in the superb description of the entrance of the great African lion into the hall of Nimrod in the catacombs at Karnac, we have a step further in the soul's progress outlined. Here, after wandering through devious ways, groping from right to left, and slowly advancing to the room whose walls were said to emit ever a phosphorescent light, the man and woman at length stood before the throne of Nimrod. He, who in ages past as a mighty hunter overcame the beasts of earth, fitly typified the divine power which, outside or above our own spiritual strength, reinforces the high-born soul in the hour of supremest danger. In the hall of Nimrod the lion enters, and so striking in its poetic and dramatic quality is this weird and mystical portrayal, with its profound lesson, that I quote Mr. Miller's words:—

Reverently she approached the foot of the lofty throne and kneeled on the polished red granite below, where reached the staff, the long beam of the hunter's spear still clutched in his right hand, and ready for use when he should rise again. How long they meditated there, in that soft and hallowed light and holy perfume of the past, no one can say. There are times that despise time, that throw time away as a drunken spendthrift throws coins away; and there is an intoxication of the soul and senses at times like this that puts the intoxication of the body, even from the rarest wines, to the blush.

Suddenly there was a low, slow, deep rumble. It seemed as if the cavern or court of the kingly dead began to rock, and roll, and shake and tremble; and then a roar! It rolled, bounded, echoed, rebounded, filled the place and all places, all the passes, got lost, could not find its way out, came back, bounded from wall to wall, from floor to ceiling, and finally went back and moaned and died in that lion's monstrous jaws and tawny mane. He rose up, came forward, and then, as if he had only been jesting at first in a sort of suppressed whisper, he roared again, again, and again.

Five steps of polished red granite of the throne of the mighty dead with spear in hand; but they made it at a single bound, she to the left and he to the right. The man was about to pluck the spear from the dark and dusty hand and do battle for the woman he deified; but she looked him in the face across the face of the king, and he bowed his head and stepped back in silence, as her now burning hand reached further and fell familiarly on the outstretched left hand of the mighty hunter where it rested on the arm of the throne.

Was it a halo about her head? Was it divine fire that flamed from her burning hand? Nay, no questions. They cannot be answered here.

We may only know that some subtle essence—fire? magnetism? electricity?—flowed and swept and shot from her hand, from her body to his body. And then the mighty hunter was on his feet. As the lion laid his long, strong paw on the third step of the throne, with his tail whipped back in the air and his two terrible hinder legs bent low and gathered for a leap at the woman's throat, the spear was in place; face to face the lion and his master, once more and at last after all these thousands of years! And the lion knew his master. He knew him only from tradition; but the story of his powers had come down to him with his very blood, and he knew his kingly master when he met him, even in the house of death.

Sullenly, slowly, and with a dignity worthy the occasion and the two mighty kings, the lion dragged, dragged, as if he had to drag it down by force, that great, ponderous paw. It literally tore the granite, but he got it down. He got his eyes down from the eyes of the dead; and then sidewise, slowly, gracefully, grandly, with long and stately strides, only the quivering of his flanks telling of his anger, he bowed his head and left the court and crept from the fearful cavern. And when they had ceased to look and listen to make certain he was surely gone, the dead was sitting there as at first.

The man who meets the lion or the animal in life, and overcomes, will not want for aid from the Supreme Good, in hours of greatest trial; hours when the forces of the lower life advance with confident step to drag the soul from its spiritual eminence. Noble and profoundly true is the lesson of Nimrod and the lion, which is thrown in as an episode in this soul-ennobling work.

The high minded Jewish maiden, the new saviour of the world, teaches this western man that through toil, and struggle, must happiness come—not through the death-dealing labor of one that ten may idle on the earnings of the toiler, but that civilization must come to appreciate the significance of 'God's first declaration after Eden's gates closed: "In the sweat of thy face" (not by the sweat of some one else's) "shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."

At length the two city builders separate, each to build a City Beautiful. The man returns to the West. He builds on the heights overlooking San Francisco. The portion of the book in which his labor, his trials, and his failure are set down is very suggestive; for here we are shown why and wherein he failed. It is the story of a strong man with a fine nature struggling toward the light, but while striving to be harmless as the dove, or endeavoring to give full sway to his highest spiritual impulses, he forgets to be wise as the serpent; that is, he ignores the lamp of reason, which God has given to light the pathway of the spirit.

The third part of the work will probably prove most interesting and helpful to those who have been touched by the angel of discontent—those who have caught a glimpse of what life might be, and from this radiant vision have turned to what it is. To

such—and they are millions—the message given in the last part of this volume will be an inspiration. It may not satisfy those who want a ready-made civilization, resembling a military academy or a penitentiary in its inexorable and coercive character, but it will prove very helpful to those who believe in that altruism which has been the ideal of earth's noblest souls—that happiness which comes with equality of opportunities, and which will blossom in the heart of man when justice reigns and “man is not watching man.”

In the City Beautiful founded in the desert by Miriam the Jewess, Mr. Miller gives us his dream of to-morrow. In this new commonwealth there is a free federation of willing hearts; a coöperative community based on freedom and equal opportunities. But perhaps I would best let the scholar, scientist, and priest who accompanies the man through Miriam's City Beautiful speak upon the working of the law of equal freedom:—

“But even when all toil, work must be a hardship.”

“Not at all. Two hours a day at any employment will support one nicely.”

“But do the rich work also? What pressure brings them to toil?”

“There are no rich in the sense in which you use the word. Of course some men care more for wealth than others, but as they must earn it they must work for it. The state does not equalize possessions, but it equalizes opportunities; and there are no wide differences in possessions such as the outside world shows. Ponder well on this, my son. Inequalities in condition are born out of special favors granted by the state to a few. There are two ways to cure this evil: Extend the same favors to all, or withhold them from the few. We believe in the latter method, which is more truly in harmony with the Declaration of Independence. With us, possession is dependent upon personal toil or the free gift of friendship.”

The man pondered. “It is wonderfully simple, but it does not get back of natural differences.”

“We do not propose to question nature,” said the priest, with a lofty look on his face. “The powers of the human brain are infinitely varied. The dullard in one direction may be wonderfully skilful in another. Men differ from each other very little more than birds of the same species. Equality of chance will prove this. *Freedom is the magic word*, and has been through all ages. We are nearing the fulfilment of its prophecy.”

The man now spoke hesitatingly; he had another question to ask:—“But are there not unpleasant tasks which all shirk? Is not some force necessary?”

“I see the question,” said the priest. “There is no force in our colony to control the action of the individual, save only when the action interferes with the equal freedom of the rest. We have no slaves on whom to throw our menial tasks. All menial service has disappeared.”

“But there must be unpleasant tasks,” persisted the man.

“There were at first; but as all were free to do them or not, the most unpleasant soon commanded the highest wages, and the employers were forced to abolish them altogether or make them pleasant. It was marvellous how soon invention turned itself in the direction of making heavy tasks light, and changing or abolishing whole industries. Any

industry which depends upon the slavery of a single one of my people,' said our great leader, 'will be abolished, because all my people must be free.' This law of freedom has made every mine light as day, every factory silent and sunny, and every menial task a source of forward movement, freedom to freemen."

The good priest's face glowed as he spoke. His smile had tender sympathy in it.

The man caught at the priest's cloak as he rose. "Tell me more!" he cried. "The light is breaking for me."

"Go see for yourself," smiled the priest. You will not find one noisome workshop, not one dark and damp mine, nor one furnace-like place of toil in the city. There will be a lack of many things which have been considered necessary to civilization; but we say that any industry or enterprise which is based upon the enforced toil of our fellow-men is not civilization; it is the infamy of civilization. Come with me. You will not find a toil-worn face, nor a gnarled and trembling, work-scarred hand in this city of ours. Every man, woman, and child in this colony can throw the head back and laugh with joy of life and an unclouded future. Come—to see is to be convinced."

The bewildered man rose and followed the priest. "It is like the law of gravity," he muttered. "It reaches everywhere, this law of equal freedom."

Here also are some views on the money question which will be unsavory to the usurer class and their apologists, but which are a part of the gospel of the new time:—

"There is a God," answered his companion, gravely, "and this discovery, like the discovery of America, like the discovery of the properties of steam, electricity, all great and good things, came in its full season. The pursuit of wealth, like the ancient pursuit of war, has had its uses as well as its abuses. The world in its swift progress is fast leaving the latter far behind—though there are still those who think the butchery of their brothers a noble pursuit and a fair expression of that law of nature which insists on the survival of the fittest; and it may be centuries still before the dull and unthinking masses cease to regard hoarding as the highest and chiefest of pursuits. But now, since we know the secret of making gold grow in the recesses of rocks, as mosses grow on the outside, they will no longer hoard gold. And that is the death-blow to the miser and the money lender.

"You know when gold was first found in California, English bankers sent commissions to America, urging that silver only be made the commercial basis. So you see that we have only to find gold in such masses as we have silver, a thing still possible, even in the mountains of Russia or the Americas, to destroy it as a basis of trade. And ah! what a triumph, what a day of emancipation, when we shall proclaim our discovery to the world, and Russia shall let loose her millions from the mines in the Ural; when the bravest and best men of our own great land shall cease to destroy rivers and forests and come out from the Rocky Mountain caverns to the sun and the plains and"—

"And commerce shall cease?"

"Commerce in its best estate will begin."

"And your currency?"

"Will be honor; as it is now, in nine cases out of ten, nine dollars in ten. A merchant of long standing and stainless name only gives his name, his check, in payment. Is a nation less than a man? I tell you that commerce, free and open interchange between men and nations, will only begin when honor is made a basis, instead of base metal,—

when this mighty nation of United States shall say to the nations of the earth, as it said to its own people in the late great war, 'Here is my honor, my promise to pay; I have done with shifting and varying values that wreck and impoverish and make miserable my people' " —

"But if?" —

"There should be no such words. We have only to insist on it, to persist in it, and how eagerly other nations will follow! And then the poet's dream, 'the federation of the world!'"

This volume will not please the superficial pleasure seeker or the man absorbed in money getting, the selfish or worldly wise, nor yet the reformer who believes that law can settle all present troubles, and that through coercive measures we may secure happiness. Nor will it prove satisfactory to those who are looking for a ready-made plan which will in a day, a year, or a few years transform civilization, because it emphasizes, as has seldom before been emphasized, the fact that it is not until the heart is touched, not until the candle is lighted in the sanctuary of the soul, not until love is born in the manger of the human heart, that peace and joy will be the heritage of the millions. It indicates that it is not, as so many of our most sincere reformers believe, through the multiplication of laws, we are to hope for permanent relief, but through the destruction of all class privileges, the equalization of opportunities, and by the extension of that broad and just freedom which has ever been the handmaid of development and progress, that we are ultimately to reach the divine ideal which is to-day more clearly perceptible than ever before.

I have long felt that our friends who believe in multiplying laws and abridging freedom, in the hope of securing the greatest happiness for the millions, have overlooked the root cause of present evils. They too often fail to see what Mr. Miller evidently appreciates — that the land, as well as air and water, must be the heritage of all. They do not understand what it would mean to equalize opportunities by destroying all special privileges and giving to men more freedom, environed by justice, for the want of which millions are to-day practically serfs. The human brain must have freedom if it is to give out its best. What has ever placed the prophets of truth, the apostles of science, the reformers and the social agitators, in the prison, on the rack, or at the stake? *Laws*, upheld and approved by public sentiment or by the ruling classes. The advance guard has ever been the minority, and must ever be the minority; and in proportion as freedom has enabled them to give out the truths which have clamored for expression, have science, religion, and social advancement blossomed along the highway of civilization.

Now while it is perfectly right and necessary for the nation, state, and municipality to own and operate natural monopolies in

the interest of the whole people, and to secure an equality of opportunity for all the people, the bed rock of justice to the millions can never be reached until man appreciates the fact expressed so aptly by Thomas Jefferson, "The earth belongs in usufruct to the living; the dead have no right or power over it," and further emphasized by Pope Gregory the Great when he declared that "The earth is the common property of *all* men." Give man back his rightful heritage — the crust of the earth, from which he may derive his physical sustenance — by the abolition of private property in land. Give the people entire control of what are known as natural monopolies, abolish all special privileges and class laws, and permit freedom to bask in the sunlight of justice. Along this highway our author leads us, and I believe that in the long run it will be along this pathway that civilization must pass before peace and progress wait on an emancipated and happy humanity.

The poems which preface the various chapters of this work breathe the pure and lofty religious spirit of the volume. The following is a fair example: —

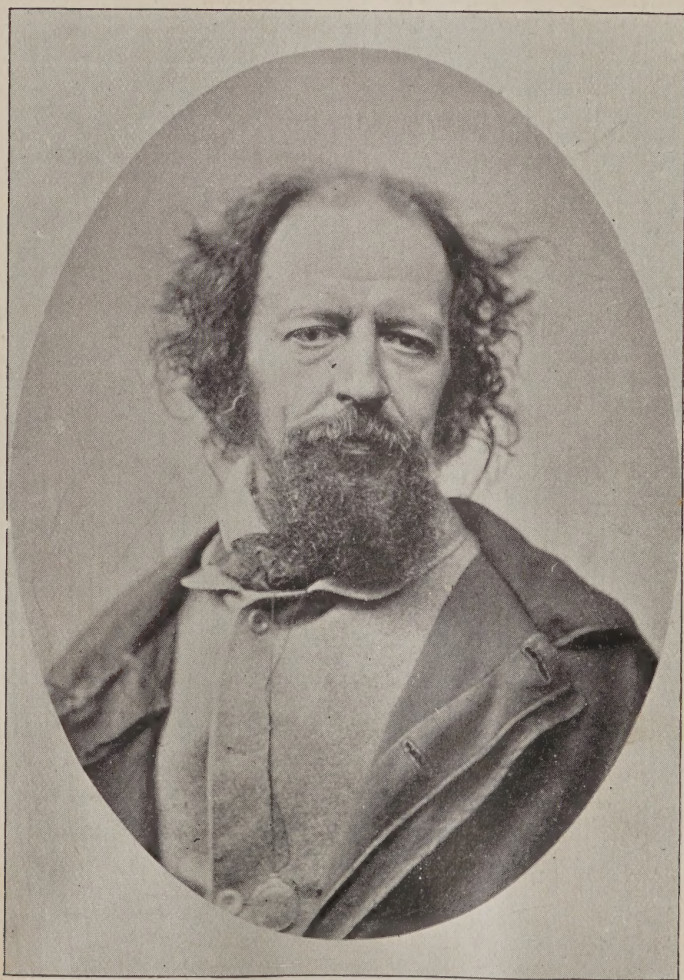
What sound was that? A pheasant's whir?
 What stroke was that? Lean low thine ear.
 Is that the stroke of carpenter,
 That far, faint echo that we hear?
 Is that the sound that sometime Bedouins tell
 Of hammer stroke as from His hand it fell?

It is the stroke of carpenter,
 Through eighteen hundred years and more
 Still sounding down the hallowed stir
 Of patient toil; as when he wore
 The leathern dress — the echo of a sound
 That thrills for aye the toiling, sensate ground.

Hear Mary weaving! Listen! Hear
 The thud of loom at weaving time
 In Nazareth. I wreathe this dear
 Tradition with my lowly rhyme.
 Believing everywhere that she may hear
 The sound of toil, sweet Mary bends an ear.

Yea, this the toil that Jesus knew;
 Yet we complain if we must bear.
 Are we more dear? Are we more true?
 Give us, O God, and do not spare!
 Give us to bear as Christ and Mary bore
 With toil by leaf-girt Nazareth of yore!

"The City Beautiful" will gain for Mr. Miller a new circle of readers, and it will endear him to many fine souls who are hungering and thirsting for a higher, truer, and more ideal civilization, and who in this book will catch hints and suggestions which will prove helpful.



A. Grayson.

THE ARENA.

No. LIII.

APRIL, 1894.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC WITHOUT PRIVATE PROFITS.

BY JOHN KOREN.

AFTER generations of experiment in dealing with the drink problem by means of legal enactments, our efforts have to a greater or less extent confessedly proved failures. The reason is apparent. Our laws have failed, either because they left the liquor traffic where they found it—in the hands of those to whom intemperance is a gain—or because we have pursued a policy of irrational destruction instead of one of rational reform of the whole traffic. That the latter is not only possible but already an accomplished fact in other parts of the world is clearly demonstrated by the results of the Scandinavian system, which offers perhaps the best illustration in modern times of a far-reaching social reform brought about by wise legislation. During the first half of the present century the Swedes enjoyed the awful distinction of being of all peoples the heaviest consumers of distilled spirits. Even as late as in the fifties the annual *per capita* consumption was reckoned at twenty-eight and one half quarts, or double that of any nation at the present time. No less than 33,342 stills were in operation, or one to about one hundred inhabitants, and the imports exceeded the exports. The consequences of this unbridled drinking were most appalling. A sea of liquor threatened to engulf the nation. Sweden had become *par excellence* the land of drunkards.

A partial relief came in the shape of the law of 1855, which provided for a strict control of the manufacture of

spirits, and gave every community the right to prohibit all non-licensed sale of liquor within its own precincts. But fraught with far greater possibilities was a small clause incorporated in the new law, which simply stated that when a company was formed for the purpose of carrying on the retail sale of spirituous liquors in a city, the authorities should be empowered to grant such a company a monopoly of the licenses otherwise issued to private individuals.

Certain prominent citizens of Gothenburg, who had banded together for the purpose of devising some escape from the moral and social degradation in which intemperance had lowered the laboring classes, were the first to take advantage of this clause. In 1865 they organized a company and petitioned for a concession of all the retail liquor licenses for Gothenburg, pledging themselves to conduct the business in the interests of temperance, without further profit to themselves than a reasonable return on the capital invested, and to devote the surplus to the welfare of the laboring classes. The petition was granted, and the new enterprise was soon fairly launched. The most virulent opposition from those strange allies, the trade and some over-zealous friends of temperance, could not stay its triumphal progress through the length and breadth of the land. City after city adopted it. Although the conflict over the system in the Swedish Diet was long and bitter, it took root as a permanent institution, the stability of which is now assured through adequate legislation.

The reader should bear in mind that the system is not a state institution like the South Carolina scheme, and does not concern itself with the manufacture and wholesale distribution of liquor. Every community is left free to deal with the liquor traffic as it chooses—to continue it in the old way, entrust it to a company, or forbid it altogether.

Through years of experience the details of the system have been worked out to greater perfection, but the essential features remain the same. These are, first, to render all those engaged in the retail sale of spirits perfectly disinterested; and second, to control it in such a manner as to check consumption within the limits of the recognized demands of the people. In other words, it aims to divorce the retail sale of liquor from private profit making, and restrict the supply in accordance with the dictates of temperance.

Once given a monopoly of the licenses in a municipality, a company can easily attain the former object. The six per cent interest guaranteed the shareholders offers no special inducement to investors, as the capital needed is small and the stock is usually distributed on many hands. Much less has it ever become necessary to stimulate the traffic in order to secure this return.

Those immediately engaged in the serving of spirits are deprived of every motive to encourage drinking. Not only are they paid fixed salaries, and must sell the liquor provided by the company at stated prices in glasses and vessels furnished by the company, but their very promotion depends on having small sales to their credit. Their personal interests are further appealed to by permitting them to sell temperance drinks and food for their own profit. Unfortunately malt liquors have been classed among temperance beverages, and their use as a substitute for spirits has been encouraged even by abstainers. This well-meant but mistaken policy is, however, gradually being abandoned. Every precaution is taken to prevent abuses on the part of the managers, whose non-compliance with orders is punished by instant dismissal.

Every system for the regulation of the sale of liquors recognizes certain demands of the public which must be met. To restrict these within proper limits presents the greater difficulty. Under the company system it is sought to accomplish this by reducing the number of licensed places, shortening the business hours, prohibiting sales on credit, and rigidly enforcing the law against selling to intoxicated persons and minors, and in quantities likely to produce intoxication. These restrictive measures, oftentimes in advance of the requirements of the law, are carried out with a rare conscientiousness.

However, the Gothenburg plan was not to embrace the entire retail sale of spirits in the company monopoly. The prime object was to check that part of the consumption which falls to the laboring classes. This gave rise to a system of sub-licensing, whereby the retail sale of liquors at hotels, restaurants, and clubs, as well as the bottle trade in higher grade wares, is withdrawn from the direct control of the companies. Although rather objectionable from a temperance point of view, this policy is not out of harmony with the general Swedish plan.

The law provides that of the license fees and net earnings of the companies, seven tenths shall be paid to the municipality, one tenth to the agricultural society of the district, and two tenths to the state treasury. Small cities or towns receive only five tenths.

That ultra-democratic Norway should adopt a system originating in ultra-aristocratic Sweden, and become the best exponent of its merits, is of itself a significant sign. The transplanted system was at once rendered superior to its original by being introduced as an out-and-out temperance measure. In no other way could it hope to gain ground, and, as such, class distinction could not be tolerated. Accordingly, pernicious methods of sub-licensing are unknown. Nor could the companies content themselves with possessing a monopoly of the retail sale of spirits, but are reaching out to acquire control of the sale of beer as well. By means of a strong central supervision a greater uniformity in the organization and administration of the companies has been secured, minimizing the danger from reprehensible methods. More adequate regulations are enforced to limit consumption; and, lastly, to avoid giving the companies a semblance of tax-paying institutions, the law requires that the profits from the trade shall be expended for objects of public utility. We find on examination that the larger part of the earnings from the liquor traffic in Norway is devoted to charity and charitable institutions of all kinds, industrial and popular education, sanitary improvements, parks, highways, public amusements, etc.

A visit to one of the reformed saloons of Norway will best illustrate the methods of the companies. No gorgeous display of bottles in the window or gilded exterior betrays the presence of the gin palace and invites the thirsty customer. It may be necessary for him to search long and inquire his way before he finds a shop. On entering, he finds himself in a small room with a counter at the further end, behind which the barkeeper stands. There are no tables or chairs. Perhaps the first thing to attract the eye of the visitor is a placard bearing this inscription in large letters: "When the customer has consumed what he has ordered, he is requested to leave the premises at once." Or his attention may be drawn to a copy of the rules, which is conspicuously posted, and warns him to treat the barkeeper with respect and otherwise conduct himself with all propriety. The drink called

for will be promptly served, but a second order is as promptly refused. Remonstrance is of no avail; the barkeeper is neither to be bribed nor bullied. The customer will perhaps be told to come again in three hours. If too persistent in his demands, he will be asked to leave at once, and a refusal to do so will result in his being debarred from entering that shop again for a week or perhaps a month. Habitual drinkers and persons unable to provide for themselves are permanently blacklisted.

The first visible result of the changed order of things in the Scandinavian countries has been a reduction of the number of licensed places. It was recognized as the first necessary step toward the desired reform to dispense with as many drinking places as possible, both in order to diminish the temptation to drink and for the sake of better control. Taking the city of Gothenburg as an example, we find that the number of inhabitants to each bar (now 2,658) has more than doubled since the organization of the company; yet it started out with twenty licenses less than had previously been issued to private dealers. In Stockholm the number of bars has been reduced by twenty-three under the system, concurrently with an increase of population of over 90,000. The companies rarely operate all the licenses at their disposal, which is certainly strong evidence of a desire to use their power for the good of the community. In the whole of Sweden the number of saloons has decreased nearly one fourth during the decade 1882 to 1892. According to the latest statistics, the average population to each saloon in the cities and towns is 1,073, and in the country districts 22,526. And this is in a country where, a generation ago, "Brandy could be purchased in almost every cottage!"

Norway presents an equally fair showing. Since 1871 the number of saloons in the cities and towns has been reduced from 501 to 227, or from one for every 591 inhabitants to one for 1,413. In the city of Bergen during the year previous to the establishment of the company (1876), there was one bar to 1,498 inhabitants, as against one to 5,137 in 1892.

How do our conditions compare with those indicated by the above figures? From the last census report we learn that in 257 of our cities, with a population of over fifteen millions, there is, on an average, one saloon to each 250 inhabitants.

It is true we cannot determine just how far the state of sobriety in a community is conditioned on the number of places where drink is sold, nor can it be shown that consumption decreases in exact proportion to the reduction of such places. Nevertheless there is an obvious difference between having a hundred rum shops in a city owned by private dealers, and having fifty bars ruled by the strong hand of a company bound to use every means to counteract intemperance.

Yet it is not proposed to judge the results of the company system by this remarkable feature alone. The crucial test of any system regulating the sale of liquor is its effect upon consumption. If it can be shown that consumption has been efficiently checked in Scandinavia, which means proportionately less drunkenness, the system stands vindicated. The problem confronting the Swedes — the enormous indulgence in spirits under the ancient *regime* — has been referred to. As late as in 1874, in which year we first begin to trace the effects of the system, the *per capita* consumption of distilled spirits in Sweden stood at fourteen and two tenths quarts. Eighteen years later, the same consumption had been brought down to six and eight tenths quarts — or eight tenths quart more than that of the United States to-day — nearly every year marking a decline. For single cities we obtain like results. Thus the Swedes, who once ranked as the heaviest drinkers among civilized nations, have dropped down to the ninth place.

Turning to Norway, we learn that in 1876, five years after the introduction of the company system, six and eight tenths quarts of spirits represented the average consumption, which by 1892 had been reduced to three and three tenths quarts, or about two and one half quarts less than that of this country. Considering the consumption of every kind of intoxicating drink, Norway is only outclassed by Italy and Greece as to the general sobriety of her people.

The question will at once be raised, May not this marvelous transformation be accredited in the main to other factors, such as active temperance work, popular education, or religious revivals, rather than to the method of regulating the sale of liquor? The ready answer is, Why, then, do we not get the same results in other countries where such factors have been and are even more potent than in Sweden and Norway? Again, if the diminution in consumption under

consideration is to be attributed to moral suasion principally, how are we to account for the fact that the consumption of beer, which is not a part of the company monopoly, has steadily advanced in these countries?

After a careful personal study of the conditions in Sweden and Norway it seems to me an irresistible conclusion, which is admitted by the temperance party in both countries, that but for the company system the results pointed out could never have been attained. And it would indeed be wonderful did drunkenness not disappear to some extent under a system of control which removes the one all-powerful incentive to stimulate the sale of liquor to its utmost point — the greed for gain; which insists upon abolishing as many drink shops as consistent with public necessity; which makes every restrictive measure possible of enforcement; which reduces the strength of the liquor while it raises the price. It is most interesting to note how experience in Norway and Sweden substantiates the fact that cheap liquor means large sales. In the cities where the highest prices are charged for the dram or bottle the sales are smallest, and *vice versa*. It is even stated on good authority that the efficiency of a company in checking consumption can be measured by its prices.

In Sweden the company system had to do battle for its existence with mighty foes, and in Norway its advent was hailed with loud disapprobation. In both countries a failure to attain its high purpose would soon have sealed its fate for all time. Still, we look in vain for a single community which having once tried the system has been willing to forego its benefits. Maligned and cursed alike by prohibitionists and saloon keepers, it has won the goodwill of the former and left of the latter but a soon-to-be-forgotten name. Not all the friends of temperance have been sufficiently open-minded to acknowledge that it is sometimes wiser to effect a change in existing conditions than to make futile attempts at abolishing them. The system has its enemies among the extremists, but the leading temperance advocates have given it unqualified support. They see its vast possibilities when developed to its full extent—a means toward the end for which they labor.

The system has been tested and found not to be a utopian scheme; as the bishop of Chester has remarked, it should rather be called ubiquitous than utopian. Finland adopted

it years ago with admirable results. The Swiss alcohol monopoly is nothing but the Gothenburg principle applied to the manufacture and wholesaling of spirits. Under the leadership of the bishop of Chester and Mr. Chamberlain, strenuous efforts are being made to introduce the system in England, where it has already been experimented with by individuals. The canteen system of the British Army in India is also a modification of the Scandinavian plan. And now a bill is before the general court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, providing that cities or towns voting license shall be permitted to try the experiment of carrying on a liquor traffic without private profits.

Let us seek to summarize the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the company system as applied in Norway, with the modifications necessary to meet our own requirements. They are:—

1. It is a "measure of reform and not of destruction." Experience has shown that the saloons cannot be permanently legislated out of existence, but we know that they can be reformed and substitutes offered to meet the social cravings of the many.

2. The element of private profit making would be divorced from the sale of intoxicants. When the terrible temptation to make money out of other people's vices is removed, competition must cease and every restrictive provision of the law can easily be carried out.

3. The whole liquor question would be taken out of politics, and one of the greatest obstacles to municipal and social reform generally would be surmounted.

4. The number of licensed places would be reduced to the lowest limit consistent with keeping the control of the traffic in the hands of the company without placing a premium on illicit sales. But both the gin palace and the dive would disappear.

5. The consumption of liquor could be checked not only by limiting the quantity to be sold to the individual consumer, but by shorter hours of sale and enhancing the cost of liquor. Order and decency will become the first consideration, the sale of drink the last.

6. Absolute purity of the liquor sold could be guaranteed. The evil effects of over indulgence are often, perhaps, as much due to quality as to quantity.

7. Better policing of the places where drink is sold will follow, and those charged with the enforcement of the law will not be tempted by bribes. All the immoral accessories which intensify the harm done by the common saloon would be dissociated from the traffic, and the pauper, loafer, and criminal driven from their haunts.

8. By placing the responsibility for the manner in which the liquor traffic is conducted upon the shoulders of many (the members of a company), and not upon private individuals or certain office holders, honest and intelligent management could easily be obtained, and the efficient coöperation of the community relied upon.

9. The system does not interfere with local option, but is a step toward making a no-license rule an actuality rather than a name.

10. It teaches temperance by holding up drunkenness as a vice, and hence,

11. Does not "make drinking respectable"; on the contrary, it demonstrates forcibly that as a matter of self-protection only society cannot tolerate immoderate indulgence.

12. The profits arising from the trade, instead of going to the enrichment of a few, could be devoted to the alleviation of the ills inflicted upon society by the drink evil itself, and to the establishment of counteracting agencies.

That the company system may be successfully adapted to meet American needs has, I believe, not yet been brought into dispute. The practical difficulties connected with it are easily overcome. The only objections against the adoption of the Scandinavian plan emanate from a widely different source—from prejudice or selfish interest—either from the extremists among the temperance people or from the trade. With the latter we need not concern ourselves, as long as it is recognized that the public weal must take precedence over the interests of the individual. But many advocates of temperance feel the strongest repugnance toward having anything to do with a traffic in which they see naught but blackest evil, and to share in its earnings is to them to accept "blood money."

But can we get rid of our responsibility by clamoring for a prohibition we cannot compel the municipalities to adopt, much less enforce if adopted? In the words of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain: "You are at present undertaking the respon-

sibility of the control and regulation of the liquor traffic, and the question is whether you will do it efficiently or in the perfunctory way it is now carried on." As far as the majority of our cities is concerned, it seems to me the choice lies between leaving the saloons in the control of persons who abuse their privilege in every way and try to sell as much liquor as possible, and placing it in the hands of people bound in every way to do nothing to increase the demand for intoxicants, but to create wholesome counter demands. That by choosing the latter we should become more implicated in the moral and social ruin wrought by the saloons is difficult to see. It is not mere assumption to say that by opposing the introduction of the Scandinavian plan, the prohibitionists only endeavor to defeat their own ends. The system is a rational step toward ultimate prohibition, if you please, but it proceeds on the ground that it is generally worse than idle to legislate in advance of a matured public opinion, and that the reaction from a too sudden and sweeping reform is more to be deprecated than the evil it sought to cure.

As for sharing the profits from the liquor traffic, the "devil's money"—are we not doing it now, and how can we escape it? The difference is only that at present we content ourselves with a humble share, and let the rest go into the pockets of those who grow wealthy by filling our almshouses and prisons, while under the proposed system we could devote all to noble ends. It has been suggested that under this system a company might deliberately foster and increase the consumption of liquor for the sake of greater gain, and that a rivalry might thus arise between different cities. That a community in which the best citizens are made responsible for the manner in which the liquor traffic is handled should ever get into such a demoralized state is hardly credible. This much is certain, it cannot happen unless, under the delusion that its mission is ended, the temperance party has completely vanished.

It is not claimed for a moment that the Norwegian or any other system for the sale of liquor offers a final solution of the drinking problem, or that it is a panacea for all the ills flowing from intemperance. But it is a distinct step in advance, an experiment which by its results elsewhere has vindicated its right to be tried by us.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.*

BY A. M. HOLMES, A. M., M. D.

THE past is fixed, but the future lies before us like the rough marble before the sculptor. It can be shaped into beautiful designs according to the fancies and tastes of the sculptors, or left untouched with all its beauty and usefulness undeveloped. If we obey the dictates of the famous inscription of the oracle of Delphi, which said, "Man, know thyself," we shall find that we must also know our ancestors. Heredity, therefore, is the key to solve the problem. In order to comprehend the importance of heredity, it will be necessary to review some of the elemental principles of organic nature.

The finite mind of man has for ages been making an effort to grapple with the Infinite, in order to secure a correct interpretation of truth and trace organic nature to its source.

The verdict of modern thought is unanimous in asserting that there was a time when the material universe was in a chaotic state; when the plastic material had been created, but the magical touch of the Supreme Intelligence had not yet moulded the chaos into the wondrous designs that now furnish food for the souls of finite beings. Architecture was then unknown, and without architecture, of what use are the materials—the soft clay or the perfect marble? Beauty and utility were yet latent. But ere long, "the designs and specifications" of the Supreme Architect were revealed, and the product of two mighty forces—vital and physical—by the union of mind and matter, produced a *living cell*. The Great Architect had united the material with the immaterial, the visible with the invisible, and out of the chaos of a dead universe there evolved the greatest mystery of creation—life.

As organic nature is traced from this beginning, some of its history can be read, some is lost, and scientists with wrinkled brows are yet trying to decipher its mysteries.

* The substance of this valuable paper was read by the author before the state convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Boulder, Col., Sept. 21, 1893.

But the principle that gives the inert mass the power of life is the secret of the Architect, and will never be comprehended by the finite mind.

If we study this living cell we shall find that it is composed of an unresponsive, powerless mass, and a vital force. By the union of these two factors, it becomes an independent organism, possessing certain well-marked functions. This is the first step in the wonderful evolution of life. If we observe this organism, we can ascertain these functions, and from them we may learn something of the laws that govern life.

We see a little cell nestled in a congenial environment. It is alive and moves. It comes in contact with small particles of inorganic matter; it shapes its body so as to surround them, and the little particles are absorbed into its organism and become a part of the living cell. That function of the cell which enables it to absorb the latent forces of inorganic matter unto itself, we call *nutrition*. If we watch it further we shall observe that it increases in size.

We now have a living organism, able to move, and by means of this power to utilize the forces of the external world by assimilating food, and by means of these two powers able to acquire growth. Thus far we have learned three functions of the organic world—nutrition, growth, and motion. We find by experimentation, that if we diminish the nutrition, the growth diminishes and the motion lessens. If nutrition ceases, growth and motion both cease, and the cell dies; the two factors that were combined to form the living cell dissolve, and the organism ceases to be.

Are these all the functions of the organic world that we can discover? If so, it would indeed be a brief but bright existence, like a meteor passing through the sky, to be admired for a moment, then to pass from sight and soon from memory. But the little cell that we have been studying has a brighter future; it has a latent force within that has thus far been unobserved. When we look again the elemental substance of the little mass has divided itself, and behold, there are *two living cells*. The function of perpetual existence has been added—the function of self-preservation, by making two living things out of one; the origin of parent and offspring; the beginning of reproduction.

The fundamental principles of life were embraced in those four functions—nutrition, growth, motion, and reproduction.

The living cell being completed, it has since been allowed to work out its destiny. It began to unfold the mysterious possibilities that were concealed within its little structure, and the unnumbered ages have witnessed a mighty growth and development—a wonderful evolution of life.

Let us now observe the relation that these four attributes of organic life bear to one another. Since living organisms can move, grow, and reproduce only by means of nutrition, it is evident that they depend upon nutrition for their continued existence. Therefore nutrition is essential to the other three functions, for without it the others would cease to act and the organism would die.

But nutrition and growth cannot be acquired unless the organism *exerts* itself in selecting food, and subsequently in assimilating it. Thus we learn that without exercise, or the function of motion, the functions of nutrition and growth will cease. Exercise is, therefore, absolutely essential to nutrition and growth. Without the judicious exercise of each function of an organism, the other functions will not be normal; with a little exercise of these functions it may simply continue to exist; but when they cease to act, the organism must die.

Two theories have long been extant as to “the origin of life.” There have been two schools with diametrically opposite views, the one claiming that life can be “spontaneously generated,” the other that life can come only from preëxisting life. To the delight of many and the regret of a few, scientific authorities everywhere are unanimous on this point, “*Omne vivum ex vivo*”—all life comes from life. The germ, in both animal and plant life, is itself simply a detached portion of the substance of a preëxisting living body. Life, therefore, can be produced from a living ancestor only.

Now since we know that with judicious exercise and normal nutrition, there will be normal growth and development, and consequently a normal body; we also know that with a normal growth and development, and a normal body, it naturally follows that there will be normal reproduction; for *if the ancestor is normal, the offspring, which is a part of it, must also be normal.*

But if any function of the organism is varied from the normal, it follows that the others will vary from the normal. If there is abnormal exercise there will be abnormal nutri-

tion; there being abnormal exercise and nutrition, there will be abnormal growth and development, and consequently an abnormal body. With all these abnormal conditions there will be abnormal reproduction; *for if the ancestor is abnormal, the offspring, which is a part of it, must also be abnormal.* And we call this HEREDITY.

There is a mysterious principle in every living organism that enables it to select from its environment such ingredients as are necessary to produce the tissues and organs peculiar to its own nature. Thus if we plant a rose, a lily, and a grain of corn in the same soil, and give them the same care, one will select the ingredients from its environment that are essential to its growth and development, and with that subtle chemistry that is everywhere at work in the organic world, will produce its kind; while the others will select ingredients from the same soil, and with the same amount of heat, light, and moisture, and the same atmosphere, will produce an entirely different growth. This law holds good in the animal kingdom as well as among plants. If a number of animals of different species are taken in their infancy, and subjected, as nearly as possible, to the same influences, it will be observed that each will develop into a distinct type, differing in almost every respect from the others.

The observance of this law convinces us that the principle of each plant or animal, which enables it to *preserve the peculiarities of its species*, is an inherent, internal principle which is a part of its nature, inherited from its ancestors, and by it given to its offspring. Thus we have a *universal law* which enables each individual to transmit to its offspring certain essentials that are common to all the individuals of its species. Although we have these *common essentials*, yet there are differences or peculiarities that distinguish each member of a species from all others. Now how are we to account for these *individual differences*? This is the work of heredity and environment, which I shall now attempt to show.

It is universally conceded to be a fact that no two persons are identical. Let us then, by reasoning from effect to cause, endeavor to ascertain an explanation for this. It is a self-evident fact that *identical causes will produce identical effects*. It is also evident that the inverse of this law is true—that *unequal causes will produce unequal effects*. Therefore, since no two persons are identical, we know that they were either

not identical at birth, or that they have been subjected to unequal influences. As a matter of fact, we know that the latent powers, the latent possibilities, that are concealed in each embryonic life, are *variable quantities*. We also know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the influences which surround these individual lives — the environment — for moulding and shaping into a fixed state the plastic, latent, inherited predispositions, are *never identical*. Therefore, in the question with which we have to deal, we have not only *two unknown quantities*, but *two variable unknown quantities* that are never alike in two individuals — heredity and environment.

Now since there are no two persons with identical predispositions, what will be the result if we should expose them to *equal influences*? This brings us to *another self-evident law*: If we exert unequal forces against equal resistances, the results will be unequal; or inversely, if we exert equal forces against unequal resistances, the results will also be unequal. Therefore if we expose a number of persons with unequal predispositions to equal influences, the results must be unequal. The person possessing organs with the greatest functional activity will be able to derive the greatest benefit and secure the greatest growth and development. On the other hand, if the environment is an uncongenial one, the person with an inheritance most closely approaching normal will possess *the greatest power of resistance*, and consequently will be the last to yield to the malignant influences. The inverse of this is also true. Those possessing the weakest functions will derive the least growth and development, and will be the first to yield to the malignant influences.

If we should grant, for argument's sake, that all men *are born equal*, how long would they remain so, if constantly exposed to unequal influences? But if they ever were born equal, we know that such is not the case now. On the other hand we know that individual inheritances differ to such a degree, that even with the most carefully selected environment, those possessing the weakest functions cannot be made to equal those possessing the strongest. On this line, Dr. Weismann says, "We cannot by excessive feeding make a giant out of a dwarf, nor convert the brain of a predestined fool into that of a Leibnitz or a Kant by means of much thinking."

Now, since all individuals possess variable latent possi-

bilities, and these possibilities are developed in proportion to the influences that act upon them, we are, therefore, able to formulate the principle of these individual differences as follows: First, The inherited differences of individuals are known as *individual predispositions*. Second, These "predispositions" render the individual more or less *susceptible to external influences*.

Heredity, therefore, is that law of nature whereby parents transmit to their offspring certain variable powers, termed "predispositions," which render their offspring more or less *susceptible to their environment*. Heredity is the condition *within* the body, and environment consists of the influences that act upon it from *without*. To properly adjust these two factors is the *rationale* of individual development and organic evolution. "To balance some inward evil with some purer influence acting from without" will enable our environment to correct our heredity.

As far back as early Grecian civilization, Hippocrates comprehended a relationship between man and his environment. Observing the influence of the various countries upon the people, he says, "You will find, as a rule, that the form of the body and the disposition of the mind correspond to the nature of the country." In no modern work of biology can we find a better definition of environment and its effects upon the individual, than that given by this sage Grecian philosopher.

The mysterious manner in which heredity performs its wonders is not yet known. Scientists are unsettled on the question. But in the meantime, we should heed the advice that Sir James Paget once gave to his class — "We should not throw away what we do not understand." Whether Sir Francis Galton, who believes in "hereditary genius," is correct, or whether Dr. Weismann, who believes that "Acquired characteristics are not transmitted," is right, we must allow the future to decide. But while scientists are debating this and many other problems of heredity, and are struggling to reach the limits of attainable knowledge, we should not close our eyes to the awful lessons taught by heredity, even if we do not understand its mysterious nature.

Thus far we have shown that the organic world consists primarily of two essentials—the material and the immaterial, or a body and the life principle; that by the union of these

two factors we have an organism possessing certain functions which are necessary to its continued existence; that these functions are found to be nutrition, growth, motion, and reproduction; that they bear a definite relation to one another; that if there is a harmonious relationship existing between them there will be normal growth and development, and a normal body; that if there is an inharmonious relationship existing between them, there will be abnormal growth and development, and an abnormal body; that all life comes from preëxisting life; that every offspring is a part of some preëxisting living ancestor; that if the ancestor is normal, the offspring will be normal—for it is a part of it; that if the ancestor is abnormal, the offspring will also be abnormal—for it is a part of it; and that the power which enables the parent to transmit to its offspring these variable conditions or predispositions we call *heredity*.

Not only have we learned that by the laws of heredity ancestors transmit to their offspring variable predispositions, but we have also observed that these manifest themselves in the mental and moral as well as in the physical nature of the offspring.

Let us now take a retrospective view of ancestral inheritances. As we do so, a sympathetic chord is touched in our nature, for a most melancholy vision is presented to us: diseased bodies, dwarfed and deformed; weak minds, so weak that they cannot see truth, or if they see it, distort it until it is truth no longer; souls so black that they feast in darkness on the very dregs of perdition. What a vision! And do we call these men?—men, who were intended by the Architect of the universe to be the crowning piece of His handiwork! What a fearful manifestation of penalties for broken laws!

After beholding this sad vision, let us now ask the *causes* that lead to such depravity and misery? Our answer is this: First, an abnormal inheritance. Second, an abnormal environment. Third, the improper use, or the abuse, of our functions.

If the fountain-head of the stream of life is not pure, we cannot expect the waters below to be pure. If in the laboratory of nature we combine two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen, we call the resulting compound water. But in the chemistry of life, if we combine two parts of immoral-

ity—or moral depravity, and one part of insanity—or mental depravity, who can tell us what the compound will be? Or if we combine one part of immorality—which is moral depravity, one part of insanity—which is mental depravity, and two parts of disease—which is physical depravity, again, who can tell us what the product will be? Do we not have this identical problem to deal with in heredity? Every day of our lives we see this sad debauchery in chemistry, and the experimentation makes the world shudder to look at the results.

If in the sacred laboratory of wedlock we combine these three ingredients—immorality, insanity, and disease—we must remember that the laws of nature are never false. If the resulting compound is not as we would have it, it is because the proper ingredients were not used. And we must also remember that the only way to correct this awful debauchery is to combine pure chemicals in proper proportions. Then the stream of life will flow clear and pure to the sea beyond, unless it is contaminated by external influences on its journey. This brings us to our second factor—*an abnormal environment*.

In dealing with the influences of an impure environment, we will only treat them in a general manner. All organic nature can be classified into three conditions with reference to development—the states of equilibrium, progression, and retrogression. The state of equilibrium is simply the turning point between the other two. We are ever between two opposing forces, the one attracting to an ideal, the other repelling from—centripetal and centrifugal forces.

Being ever in the midst of conflicting influences, it is impossible for man to remain in the state of equilibrium. In the rebellion of influences, the stronger will be victorious, and after each conflict he is either raised one step higher in the scale of life, or descends one step lower.

From a study of man, it is evident that it was intended that he should respond quickly to his environment. It was not intended that he should remain in the state of equilibrium, nor that he should retrograde. He has been furnished with undeveloped powers, and surrounded by a nature full of possibilities—food to develop the physical and truth to develop the mental nature. With eyes to see, he can look upward or downward. Before him are two roads, one leading

to development, the other to destruction. By yielding to degrading influences his powers are weakened, and he is rendered less able to battle with the lurking foes awaiting him. By yielding to ennobling influences his powers are strengthened, and he is led to still greater conquests. He cannot say, as did Alexander, that "There are no more worlds to conquer," for as long as the human race has malignant influences to combat, there will be battles to fight and victories to win. They will continue until we advance, step by step, to a higher social condition and a perfect civilization. If we follow where truth leads us, the discords of broken laws will not be heard, for we shall then be approaching perfection.

If we but make a wise selection of our environment, and a judicious use of our functions, we shall always be found in the upward road to perfect development. But if we choose an abnormal environment and aid it by functional inactivity or functional excesses, we shall find, as we are carried downward in the road to degeneracy, that our only blessings will be ignorance and immorality, poverty and disease.

In all nature there are no evils without a *remedy*, if we but wisely seek it. So it is with the evils of heredity. "Nature furnishes poisons for the assassin; she also furnishes antidotes for the physician." As we deal with disease so should we deal with crime, as we cannot isolate either from heredity. How much wiser it is rigidly to enforce rational sanitary laws to prevent disease, rather than to apply the most accurate skill in removing it. Does it not seem more humane, more rational, to endeavor to remove the causes, rather than to deal with the effects by punishing or reforming criminals, however just it may be to punish or honorable to reform? As the conscientious physician endeavors to remove the conditions which tend to undermine the health, so the conscientious sociologist should endeavor to remove the conditions which tend to undermine the moral and social nature.

As the standard of education is increased, the need of legislation will be diminished. But until that time comes something must be done to counteract the degrading influences of ignorance and intemperance, the two great factors that lead to vice and depravity. While we should have a sympathy that will vibrate in unison with all humanity, we should also have the firmness of character to enact such laws,

and rigidly enforce them, as will, so far as possible, remove the causes that generate crime and misery.

As we have sanitary laws to protect the health, so should we have hereditary laws to protect posterity. Where crime and disease are most prevalent, it is observed that there is the least respect for the laws of marriage, and the greatest disregard for the rules of consanguinity. Children should be taught by wise mothers and fathers, that ignorance of the laws of their nature does not necessarily mean innocence in character; it is by knowledge that we gain power. The forces and causes which mould human destiny should be carefully studied and understood. The education of the people to the comprehension of the magnitude, and the obedience to the dictates, of these factors should be enforced.

Mr. Flower of THE ARENA, in his fearless and most excellent manner of dealing with social and moral problems, says, "*Character development* must be the keynote of the education of to-morrow." These factors are of such supreme importance that the condition of the future — "the civilization of to-morrow" — will depend largely upon the wisdom of the generations of to-day.

A well-known authority has said, "One who is born with such congenital incapacity that nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled not to our wrath, but to our profoundest sympathy."

Unfortunate victims who receive moral poisons from their ancestors, and those who receive bodies tainted with impurities, have no moral right to entail upon helpless offspring the bitter fruits of their own or ancestral sins. Such homes are incubators for vice and depravity. It is at their firesides that we find the congenital criminal. Those who know that they would transmit diseased bodies and weakened predispositions to their offspring, should choose voluntary celibacy. How much more honorable is such a course, and typical of a higher education and moral training, than is the example set by many who claim to be leaders of modern society and civilization, who have acquired the knowledge that enables them to enjoy the intoxications of wedlock without being parents.

There is one word, when spoken, that vibrates every chord of sensibility in our entire organism, and sends an echo — the sweetest melody of nature — to our inmost soul; it is the name of "mother." But who can imagine a true mother, or

a true woman who believes in the sacred laws of wedlock, and yet despises and rebels against the most sacred gift of Heaven? Yet how prevalent is this crime in this day of our boasted civilization. Can children who thus, "per chance," become the uninvited blessings to such households, hope for the best inheritance, when those subtle yet potent prenatal influences are against them? I think not.

Again, at the risk of being censured by over-sensitive moralists, I will venture the opinion that we should put a gulf between congenital criminals and the rest of the world, by means of compulsory celibacy, exercised by isolating them from the world, or by a physiological annihilation which will render posterity safe from such contamination. The pure crystal streams of life should not be polluted by the streams that flow into them, otherwise the waters of both become contaminated.

After beholding the sad vision of the depravity of man, and also having endeavored to learn the causes that lead to such depravity and misery, I find that the hope of the future will depend upon these—a clear fountain-head or good inheritance, a congenial environment, and the proper use of our functions. It will be by a judicious use of our functions—mental, moral, and physical—aided by a wise selection of environment, and the exercise of "the law of natural selection," that the problem of "the survival of the fittest" must be solved, the inertia of the evolution of the species continued, and humanity raised nearer and nearer toward a perfect ideal.

The ideal of a perfect physical nature is perfect health; the ideal of a perfect mental nature is a normal brain; the ideal of a perfect moral nature is a perfect conscience; and the ideal of a perfect being is the blending of these three into one symmetrical whole. When this perfect personal equation is attained; when we shall have gained a perfect heritage—a healthy body, a sound mind, and a spotless soul; when our environment shall be without foes concealed on every side; when the flower can bloom without deadly foes hidden within its leaves ere it unfolds its beauty; when disease, that fatal enemy of the body, has ceased to be; when truth is no longer crushed to earth to grovel in the mire with deadly foes—then we may look out upon God's universe and expect to see a perfect man.

TENNYSON'S RELIGION.

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.

WHAT a great man, who was also a great poet, believed regarding the greatest matter that can engage the human mind must always have an interest for the world at large. That Tennyson was great in the essential attributes of manhood is granted by all competent judges. He belonged to the race of the Titans in the build of his body and in the massive make of his mind. His old face was that of a Prometheus who had done battle with the gods of the world's darkness, and had come victor out of great tribulation.

His matchless skill and delicacy as an artist have seemed to many the most wonderful of his gifts, but his spells were wrought with a giant's hand. And his mood, from youth to old age, was as far as possible from that of

“The idle singer of an empty day.”

The lighter preludes of his youth were but the tuning of his lyre for the great themes of the time to come, and amid the bewildering music of his lines there were, even then, prophetic tones foretelling the deep-voiced epic of a great soul's quest for the vision of God.

The prophecy of Tennyson's youth was amply fulfilled. His poems, the fruitage of a life, an inspiration, and an art, that continued full and sustained until past fourscore, reveal for us the spiritual struggle, the doubts, the fears, the agony, and the victory of a soul greatly endowed, passionately in earnest, utterly sincere, and nobly sane. To the last, he was like his own gray Ulysses, —

yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought;

and when the hour had come for him to seek a newer world, he nobly realized Milton's conception of the bard whose long experience and lofty thought had risen

“To something like prophetic strain.”

What such a man thought of the world as he passed through it, what he thought about the Power that manifests itself in the cosmic laws and in the soul of man, how he looked upon human life and what he believed regarding human destiny, are matters concerning which we may well feel a very deep interest. To set forth Tennyson's own answer to these questions, as truthfully as possible and as far as may be in his own words, is the purpose of this paper.

He was, in a double sense, a son of the Church of England. His father was a clergyman and his first home was the rectory of Somersby, in Lincolnshire. He remained, to the end of his life, a loyal believer in the church, as an institution for conserving religion and for helping the best life of England. How much of the church's doctrine he held for truth, he has nowhere definitely set forth. It is clear, however, that he had no sympathy with those who tried to use the church to restrain or oppress what they called heresy.

When Bishop Colenso was assailed for having discovered things unknown to some of his colleagues, Tennyson sent him a letter of warm sympathy, and invited him to visit him and stay as long as he liked. When F. D. Maurice had been expelled from King's College, Tennyson sent him a similar invitation, which said :—

Should all our clergy foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

Such behavior gave practical emphasis to his much-blamed couplet,

There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds

and evinced his practical loyalty to

the Christ that is to be,

when the light is clear enough to reveal Him and men's hearts are large enough to receive Him.

One of his later poems, "Akbar's Dream," is prefaced by the following inscription for a temple in Kashmir :—

O God in every temple I see people that see Thee,
And in every language I hear spoken, people praise Thee,
Polytheism and Islam feel after Thee.

Each religion says, "Thou art one, without equal."
 If it be a mosque people murmur the holy prayer,
 And if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to
 Thee.
 Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the
 mosque,
 But it is Thou whom I search from temple to temple.
 Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy,
 For neither of them stands behind the screen of Thy truth.

When, therefore, we say that Tennyson was a loyal son of the Church of England, we must remember that he held his church to be but one out of many divinely recognized shrines. When Aubrey de Vere asked him if he was a conservative, Tennyson replied, "I believe in progress, and I would conserve the hopes of man." Service was his test of sacredness. Be it church or mosque, it was made sacred by the worship of a sincere soul.

In another respect Tennyson was quite out of harmony with the churchmen of his mid-age, and with many of them to the end of his life. In his theory of things he was an evolutionist. Of course we cannot expect to find in his poems anything in the nature of a formal statement of his philosophy of the universe. We must find his theory in his method of treating his great theme—the nature, the hope, and the destiny of man. Of this theory he gave an early intimation in the famous lines in "Locksley Hall",—

Yet I doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
 And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

This note of his youth is taken up and repeated in four lines written in his old age, and entitled "The Play":—

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloomed with woe
 You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
 And yet be patient. One Playwright may show,
 In some fifth Act, what this wild Drama means.

Again, in his poem entitled "The Dawn":—

Dawn, not day !
 Is it Shame, so few should have climbed from the dens in the level
 below,
 Men, with a heart and soul, no slaves of a four-footed will ?
 But if twenty millions of summers are stored in the sunlight still,
 We are far from the noon of man; there is time for the race to
 grow.

The consummation of this æonian evolution is foretold in still another utterance of Tennyson's old age, which he called "The Making of Man":—

Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,

Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finished — Man is made."

In his conception of "the Power not ourselves" which manifests itself in the growth of worlds and of man, Tennyson may fairly be called a theist, although some of his declarations would not be regarded as satisfactory by the bench of bishops. In a conversation with Mr. James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, he said: "*There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures. That's my faith, and that's all my faith.*" Though he could not describe or define "the something that watches over us," Tennyson held it to be very real and unescapable.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains —
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the vision He, though He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

* * * * *

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

* * * * *

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this vision — were it not He?

A friend once said to Tennyson: "My dearest object in life, when at my best, is to leave the world, by however little, better than I found it. What is yours?" His answer was: "*My greatest wish is to have a clearer vision of God.*" That wish was one of the great passions of his life. Its deep undertone mingles with all the music of his song. When the vision failed him, he said, —

Who knows but that the darkness is in man?

And when his logic was powerless before his doubt, he took refuge in the counsel of his "Ancient Sage":—

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven; wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!

When compelled to face what we are accustomed to call the problem of evil, to look on

— Nature red in tooth and claw
With ravin,—

to consider the wrongs and sorrows that afflict the lives of men, Tennyson seems to have taken refuge in the thought that this world might be the imperfect work of some Power below the Highest, a work which the Highest would some day take in hand and finish. Thus "The Ancient Sage":—

But some in yonder city hold, my son,
That none but gods could build this house of ours,
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond
All work of man, yet, like all work of man,
A beauty with defect—till That which knows,
And is not known, but felt through what we feel
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend
On this half-deed, and shape it at the last
According to the Highest in the Highest.

But whatever might be the true explanation of evil, Tennyson rejected, with passionate denial, the common notions of God and of a world smitten by His curse. "Men have generally taken God for the devil," he said to Mr. Knowles. "The majority of Englishmen think of Him as an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie." How he felt towards the doctrine that was held for religion by "the majority of Englishmen" he has made known in his terrible poem called "Despair":—

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come . . . resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

Is it you, that preached in the chapel there looking over the sand?
Followed us too that night, and dogged us, and drew me to land?

* * * * *

See, we were nursed in the drear night-fold of your fatalist creed,
And we turned to the growing dawn,—we had hoped for a dawn
indeed,

When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of
 the Past,
 And the cramping creeds that had maddened the people would vanish
 at last,
 And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
 For He spoke, or it seemed that He spoke, of a Hell without help,
 without end.

* * * * *

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?
 Infinite cruelty, rather, that made everlasting Hell.

Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with
 his own;

Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

* * * * *

Ah, yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
 Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know;
 But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought.
 If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring
 him to nought!

Blasphemy! Whose is the fault? Is it mine? For why would you
 save

A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave?

* * * * *

Blasphemy! true! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
 But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk.

No more terrible indictment of the common doctrine of sin
 and its doom—an indictment which is simply a forcible
 statement of it—was ever put into words. As a counter-
 part to this, and as a statement of the poet's own doctrine, we
 have the lines entitled "Faith":—

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
 Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,

Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling
 Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than thy heart's desire!
 Through the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is
 higher.

Wait till death has flung them open, when the man will make the
 Maker

Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

The "immeasurable clergyman" who has darkened the
 world with his shadow, and the evil in which he has found
 his reason for being, are no abiding parts of the universe.
 The doom they have pronounced they have no power to
 inflict. "The great God" has other plans for the time to
 come, and these plans He will fulfil.

Let us pass on to survey the future of man and of society, as Tennyson saw them from his prophetic outlook. We can hardly call the writer of "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After" an optimist. He certainly did not regard the world, as he saw it, as the best possible. Its wrongs and crimes roused him at times to a passion of denunciation that raged like the stormy wrath of Lear, and he returns more than once to the fancy of a finite God, whose defective work waited the coming and the redeeming touch of a greater than himself:—

O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser God had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the high God behold it from beyond,
And enter it and make it beautiful?

But as we have seen, he was a believer in theistic evolution, and he held to his faith in "the high God" who is to perfect what has been begun.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

That was the cry of his on-looking youth, and the faith of his old age took up and repeated the grand refrain:—

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye;
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, through the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

The world is as yet in its childhood.

For Babylon was a child new-born, and Rome was a babe in arms,
And London and Paris and all the rest are as yet in leading-strings.

What we see in the world is the beauty and frolic of childhood, attended by the lawless folly and selfishness and cruelty of childhood.

In a strange and powerful poem of his later years, the philosopher-poet vindicates the ways of God with the individual soul, and incidentally justifies the Maker's dealings with the human race.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

* * * * *

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones
on the rack?

Would I had passed in the morning that looks so bright from
afar!

"Done for thee! starved the wild beast that was linked with thee
eighty years back.

Less weight now for the ladder of heaven that hangs on a star."

If my body comes from the brutes, though somewhat finer than their
own,

I am heir of this my kingdom. Shall my royal voice be mute?

No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from my throne,

Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy province of the
brute.

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low
desire,

But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last,

As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a
height that is higher.

No man of our time faced the conclusions of scientific in-
quirers and the evils that seem to deny the high hopes of the
soul with a clearer eye and a fuller comprehension than did
Tennyson. No man felt the burden of the world's woes
more keenly than he, and yet his religious hope for man and
for society never surrendered to his doubt and fear. In his
youth he sang "The federation of the world," and when he
had grown gray amid battles and crimes, that seemed to
mock his hope, he could still "defy augury" and strike his
harp to the star-music of a better time to be.

On a mid-night in mid-winter when all but the winds were dead,
"The meek shall inherit the earth" was a Scripture that rang
through his head,

Till he dreamed that a voice of the Earth went wailingly past him
and said:

"I am losing the light of my youth

And the vision that led me of old,

And I clash with an iron Truth,

When I make for an age of gold,

And I would that my race were run,

For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,

And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and Slaves,

And darkened with doubts of a faith that saves,

And crimson with battles and hollow with graves,

To the wail of my winds, and the moan of my waves,

I whirl and follow the Sun."

Was it only the wind of the night, shrilling out desolation and wrong
Through a dream of the dark? Yet he thought that he answered
her wail with a song:

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
 Heart-weary and overdone!
 But all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven
 And less will be lost than won,
 For all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

Reign of the meek upon earth,
 O weary one, has it begun?
 But all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music
 Or ever your race be run!
 And all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

Let us now advance from man's earthly future, and see what Tennyson held concerning the life beyond the earthly. He held that a longing for a continued and a larger life was native and inextinguishable in the human soul.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
 No life that breathes with human breath
 Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
 Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
 More life, and fuller, that I want.

Mr. Knowles says : —

His belief in personal immortality was passionate — I think almost the strongest passion that he had. I have heard him thunder out against an opponent of it: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshadow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend created us. . . . I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all."

Tennyson did not find this life a thing to be grateful for, if this life were all.

My own dim life should teach me this,
 That life shall live forevermore,
 Else earth is darkness at the core,
 And dust and ashes all that is.

It seemed to him blank blasphemy for one to affirm that the soul's hunger for life was simply a device of nature for

keeping the race from suicide, so that the meaningless tragedy-farce of history might go on to its foredoomed end. The sanity and veracity of the Universe were, so he held, at stake in the debate concerning man's future, and he refused to believe himself an inmate of a cosmic madhouse.

He regarded the future as a proper continuance of the life man has here, and he seems to have held that the advancing soul might sometimes hear greetings, even on this side of the gate, from those who have passed beyond it. In his poem of "The Ring," he says :—

The Ghost in man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other through a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.

What Tennyson thought of the facts that have now for some years puzzled the Society for Psychological Research, he has nowhere made public. The lines above quoted may mean that, in his view of it, there is no reason why "Æonian Evolution" should refuse to carry the soul beyond the bounds set for its earthly experience by the orthodox tradition. If read in the light of the poet's basal faiths and expressed convictions, no narrower meaning can well be given them. Tennyson believed in the coming of a time

When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and light in light,
Shall flash through one another in a moment as we will.

Of his friend, he said, —

Eternal form shall still divide
Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet ;

and in many places, he expresses his conviction that but for the darkness that is in man, the wider realm which he inhabits but does not see would be open to the eye of the soul.

The religion of Tennyson finds, perhaps, its grandest expression, certainly its most touching and solemn expression, in the poem that stands last in his collected works. He called it "Crossing the Bar." He might have called it "My Death Song." It is set to a strain as sweet and strong as that which tells of "The Passing of Arthur," in which we

hear the rhyme of the great tide that bore from the shore
whereon he strove for truth the soul of God's true knight.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea ;

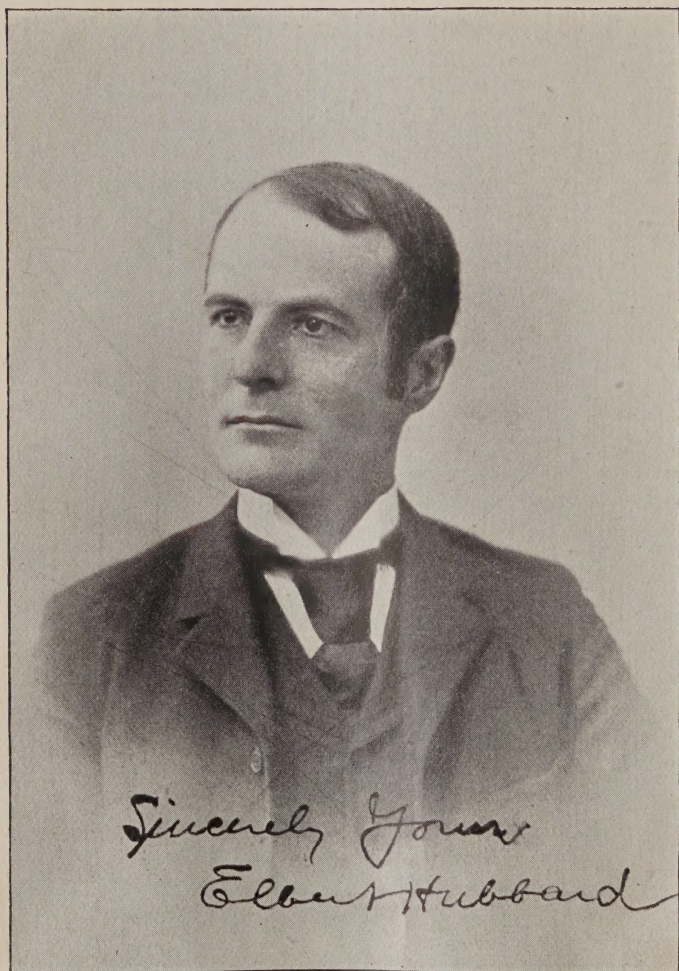
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark :

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

With such a hope the great bard, the brave champion of
the soul's right to its trust in God, sailed out into the twilight sea and was lost to the sight of men.

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.



THE RIGHTS OF TRAMPS.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

GOVERNOR Lewelling's manifesto, directed to all boards of police commissioners in Kansas, in defence of the constitutional liberties of tramps, is a very extraordinary document. He maintains that the right to go freely from place to place in search of employment, or even in obedience to a mere whim, is a part of that personal liberty guaranteed by the constitution of the United States to every human being on American soil. Even voluntary idleness is not forbidden. If a Diogenes prefer poverty, if a Columbus choose hunger and the discovery of a new world rather than to seek personal comfort by engaging in some legitimate business, there is nothing in the laws to prevent his so doing, and the governor of Kansas proposes to protect the tramp "in the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Out of one hundred editorial clippings, taken at random from papers all over the United States, ninety-three speak in terms of disapprobation of Governor Lewelling's action. Many of these articles are designed to be semi-humorous; they take the whole thing as a joke, just as if Governor Lewelling wore the cap and bells. Other papers are libellously abusive, accuse the governor of consorting with anarchists, and say that he is inviting to the state a base and lawless element in order that he may thrive politically. Seven of the editorials out of the one hundred feebly commend the manifesto. Surely no one can accuse the governor of having bought up "a venial press."

A "Tramp Law" is quite a different thing from a "Vagrancy Act." Every state in the Union has on its statute books a law entitled "An Act for the Suppression of Vagrancy." The phrasing of this act is almost identical in every instance, being taken from the old common law of England. Section 1 of this law is as follows:—

All beggars and vagabonds who roam about from place to place without any lawful occupation, sleeping in barns, sheds, outhouses, or in the open air, not giving a good account of themselves, and all

persons roaming about commonly known as gypsies, shall be deemed vagrants and be liable to the penalties of this act.

The penalty is imprisonment in jail or at hard labor for a period not exceeding sixty days. When the prisoner has worked out his time, he can again be lawfully arrested, if found begging on the same day that he is discharged, and again sentenced, at the pleasure of a justice of the peace, and so on indefinitely. His redress is the right of trial by jury. This is provided for in Section 3:—

Such person convicted and desiring trial by jury, shall give a good and sufficient bond, the amount to be decided on by the court, for his appearance at the next term of the court of sessions. —

This provision of trial by jury sounds well, but “beggars who roam about” and “are not able to give a good account of themselves” and who “sleep in the open air” cannot give bail in the sum of five hundred dollars (the usual amount asked, although it can be made much higher). Let it also be known that a man in a town where he is unknown, be he chaste as ice and pure as snow, if he has no money, cannot “give a good account of himself.” He cannot telegraph to distant friends, his word is not accepted, he can produce no witnesses to testify to his good character. He is in the eyes of the law a vagrant, and may legally be robbed of his time, enslaved for two months, and compelled to labor for this period without reward.

Beside not being able to “give an account of himself,” if it can be proved that he “slept in the open air” the night before his arrest, and that, being hungry, he asked for food, both counts are construed against him as a proof of his guilt. The state legally regards him as a criminal, and being such, the state has the right to confiscate his labor. The taking of food by force to satisfy the demands of hunger is not a crime, but the asking for food is. Hunger, in the United States of America, is crime.

Our forefathers brought many useful things from England, and they brought also some things which they would have been better off without; among these are certain legal enactments. All progress is marked by the repeal of bad laws; civilization demands fewer laws, not more. Courts would rather perish in senility than act without precedent, and there is nothing that legislators hate so much as the throwing away of a law. If it has stood for two hundred years,

the fact is always brought up as proof of its "divine origin." When it originated, why or how, no one knows—all this makes no difference; its hoary antiquity is proof of its virtue. They say to us: Look at our splendid institutions—observe our fabulous wealth, our progress along all lines! And this law you complain of has been on our statute books all the time.

The Vagrancy Law of England came into existence before the days of Shakespeare, in this wise: Each parish was expected to care for its own paupers. These paupers and beggars were not allowed to roam—not because the people in Kent, for instance, objected to their beggars going over into Sussex, but because the beggars in Sussex objected to visits from the beggars of Kent. It was a matter of competition. The beggars in Sussex worked their own territory closely, and they wanted no help. So when a stranger arrived in a place, everybody made it his business to see whether the new comer had "a visible means of support," and the law provided that he could be taken before a magistrate and be made to "give an account of himself." If he did not do this satisfactorily he could be severely punished. When he was liberated (if he escaped with his head) he probably made haste to get across the border into his own parish. There he stayed, and kept a sharp eye out on every stray dog who might have a more piteous whine than his own. The beadles, poormen, and wardens enacted the vagrancy laws, and the beggars did the rest.

In this country we say every man is assumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty. *This applies only to men who have money.* No peaceable, decent man with money is asked to "give an account of himself." But let him have no place to lay his head, and ask for a cup of cold water, immediately we may legally assume his guilt and drag him before the notary, who shall demand that he "give a satisfactory account of himself." Satisfactory to whom, forsooth? Why, to this justice of the peace. And who is he? Often a man who has failed in business, of small learning, no breadth of intellect, no sympathy. Of course we know that a police justice may be (and often is) an eminently honorable and able man; but those who are in position to know how much of the time of higher courts is taken up in undoing the blunders of rustic justices, have small esteem for rural judicature.

We have all smiled at the verdict of the western jury: "Not guilty, but we advise hanging on general principles." Yet this rule of convicting of vagrancy on general principles is to be seen daily in every police court. Prisoners are run in on every conceivable charge, and where the testimony is not sufficient to convict, the judge gives the victim thirty days for vagrancy. It is a very common custom, indeed, to try a man on one charge and convict on another. Jesus of Nazareth was a victim of this kind of justice; and if He should come back to earth to-day and "pluck the ears of corn," we might not crucify Him, but we should certainly give Him sixty days, with a vigorous injunction to get out of town as soon as He had worked out His sentence.

In Russia strangers are often requested to leave the country; a mere hint usually answers the purpose. We comment on the subject (after we have gotten beyond the border), and draw invidious comparisons between darkest Russia and our own land of the free. But in the United States, every day, in every city, innocent men are ordered to "leave town." No law exists in America that gives a judge the right to deport a citizen; yet the right of deportation is constantly assumed, not only by judges but by ignorant policemen as well. It is a barbaric precedent of which courts and officers constantly avail themselves. Of course I anticipate the glib rejoinder — "The man need not go if he does not care to." We also have the privilege of remaining in Russia, but somehow we prefer to heed the "friendly advice."

However, no one is "ordered out of town" in this country unless he is (1) penniless or (2) an ex-convict (or believed to be one). There is a natural penalty attached to being homeless and an ex-convict which, God knows, is severe enough. Beyond this, must frail humanity be ground into the dust of degradation by those in authority? Are the unfortunate to be forever disgraced and shall they be eternally spit upon by society? Our law provides that no man shall be tried twice for the same offence, but how about the ex-convict who is ordered always to "move on"! Have we no pity? Are we dead to compassion? Shall we forever withhold the strong and friendly hand from those who most need our help?

If tramps were as numerous when work is plentiful and business good as when work is scarce and times dull, it might

do to indict the whole fraternity. But the fact is that while there are a certain number of vagrants at all times, yet the number never grows so large as to be troublesome excepting immediately after a financial panic. When the mills, mines, and factories are prosperous three fourths of the "vagabonds" disappear. Wise men are to-day looking upon the tramp as a product; they regard the actions of these men whom we call "vagrants" as being determined by causes over which they have no control, and question whether in punishing them we are not treating a symptom instead of removing a cause.

For many years gypsies were hanged in England. Vagrants were whipped naked at the cart's tail, their eyelids cut off, and the unhappy wretches exposed to the burning sun; their noses slit, their foreheads branded with a letter V. The stocks, gibbet, cross, thumb screw, and whipping post were all used to make men "good." Jack Ketch was employed, and masked headsmen did their work, until there came a time when no one could be found brutal enough to enforce the laws that the law makers made. Then things began to mend. But we still have the same loose statute under which these wretches suffered, only we have lessened the penalty. The question that interests us is: Should judges be shorn of the power to persecute?

A Maryland judge has recently said:—

If these vagabonds do not think the tramp law is constitutional, let them raise a fund and carry their case to the appellate.

As this suggestion comes from a learned man of law, it is certainly worthy of respect; I trust no one will risk the charge of contempt of court by smiling at it.

The financial panic of 1873 took the bread from many thousand men, and they began to wander. Someway we always think that things are not so bad somewhere else as they are here, so we search, often aimlessly, for a way to better our condition. The term "tramp" has been in the dictionary for many years, but we can thank the hard times of 1873 for recoinning the word.

The vagrant law was thought, in many states, hardly to cover the tramp question. Suppose a man did not even beg, and was not guilty of sleeping in the open air, yet should go about seeking work; what then? Could he be convicted of

vagrancy? No! so a new law was devised, called a "Tramp Law." Among the first states to adopt a tramp law was the state of Delaware. Delaware seemed to go into this thing not to make men good, but as a purely financial stroke. In the fruit season great numbers of men came into the state from Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia, and offered to work at prices much less than the regular inhabitants of the place. These men were not vagrants, for many of them had a little money. They did not beg; they sought work, and there was not work enough for them all. So the legislators devised a scheme for their benefit; it is called "An Act Concerning Tramps." It is to be found on page 963, Chapter 155, Revised Code, Laws of Delaware. Passed March 27, 1879. Section 1 reads thus:—

Any person without a home in the town in which he may be found wandering about without employment, shall be deemed a tramp and dealt with accordingly.

Section 2 provides that it shall be the duty of all officers of the peace to arrest tramps wherever found. These tramps are set to work for terms varying from one to thirty days, but can be immediately rearrested on being discharged. It is generously provided that this stranger, who has no home in the town and who is looking for employment, can appeal from his sentence and demand a jury trial on giving bail to the extent of five hundred dollars.

Will the reader please note that (1) a tramp is a man who has no home in the town where he is found; (2) he is seeking employment. To have no home and to seek employment is a crime in many parts of the United States.

Such a law as this is the one against which Governor Lewelling of Kansas has issued his manifesto. For this act he has been ridiculed, jeered, calumniated, reviled. His sin is that he has acted without precedent—we will forgive anything but this. Yet people who know the governor of Kansas consider him a strong and fearless man. He asks no political favors; he expects no reward. He does his duty as he sees it. He protects the weak, the unfortunate, and even the vicious, in their rights, as quickly as the strong, the rich, and the influential.

I make no defence of trampism nor vagabondage. I have lived with tramps and travelled with them for days; I know their ways, manners, and habits. As a class they are not

honest or truthful. Their way of living is not to be commended. But among them I have found honest men, unfortunate men, men of good hearts and generous impulses. Among tramps there are rogues and many of them. A tramp may be a criminal and he may not. If he is a criminal punish him for his crimes, but do not punish him for being a tramp; to do this may be only to chastise him for his misfortunes.

The tramp of the West is a much better article than the tramp found about Eastern cities. There is an army of tramps that start in every June at Arkansas and move northward with the wheat harvest. These men work, often irregularly, but they are a positive benefit to the farmers rather than a disadvantage, and many farmers in Kansas recognize this fact.

During the past year great numbers of men were thrown out of work in Colorado, Montana, and Nevada by the closing of mines. Many of these men had very small means and they sought to reach friends in the East. They came into Kansas by hundreds, and those who were hungry and penniless were criminals in the eyes of the law. Not all police officers are dead to pity, nor are all justices unjust; but in many places innocent men were thrown into prison, insulted, disgraced, robbed of their time, because the price of silver was so low that it no longer paid to mine it. Instances of cruelty in the name of law came to the attention of Governor Lewelling, and paraphrasing Burke he said, rightfully: "The great state of Kansas cannot afford to indict a whole class when they are what they are through a calamity; I will exert my influence to protect the innocent."

The mines are now starting up again, and in a few months thousands of workmen will be needed; poor men will leave the large cities in great numbers to reach the world of wealth that sleeps beneath the Rocky Mountains. These men will cross the splendid state of Kansas, and, thanks to Governor Lewelling, they will not be regarded by the state as criminals.

I will name but one incident, out of many I have seen, where a tramp law has worked a wrong. A moulder by trade, in a village in Maine, lost his position by the shutting down of a mill. Leaving his wife and seven children, he found work in a city forty-five miles away. He was a simple-

hearted man, who loved his wife and babes. Each Saturday night when he received his pay, he paid his board and sent all of the rest of the money to his family. One Sunday morning there came to him a telegram saying his wife was sick unto death. There were no trains running on Sunday; the man, dazed by grief, started to walk to his stricken wife. Night came on; he slept in a barn. In the morning he asked for food at a farm-house. The farmer was a constable; he took the man into custody as a tramp, and he was sentenced by the justice of the peace to thirty days' imprisonment. This justice, in response to the man's appeals, said, "You tramps are the greatest liars on earth." After serving out his sentence the man's mind (never used to self-reliant action) was shattered, and he begged on the highway; again he was sentenced. At the end of sixty days he reached what had been his home to find his wife dead and his children in an orphans' home. The man is now in an insane asylum.

All honor to the governor of Kansas, and to all others in authority who seek to give freedom where it is due.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART V.

THERE are evidently higher conditions with which the human soul becomes unified. One assertion of religious people is assisted by soul science, namely, that the human mind or its immaterial essence is capable of resisting its own advance. In unification with the vibratory conditions of a higher plane, participation in the beginnings of the spiritual life is enjoyed. Thus an alliance with a higher and more sensitive existence necessitates further sensitization in the human being. Other grades of similar processes are in operation when the wild dog is domesticated, and through many generations is taught, handled, mesmerized, sensitized, and rendered much more capable of both gladness and suffering.

The division of completed man as understood by the Buddhist soul science may here be given; not because its correctness or incorrectness is suggested, but because it is interesting to consider the conclusions arrived at by others. Their statement is that a perfected man would possess, or in the course of his individuality's completion would have previously possessed, in all, the following elements: (1) the body; (2) the vitality; (3) the astral body; (4) the animal soul; (5) the human soul; (6) the spiritual soul; (7) spirit.

Their explanations of the fourth, fifth, and sixth principles are partly in accordance with the conclusions suggested by the mesmeric experiments, namely, that they are not divisible into separate entities but develop upwards. The terms merely suggest the grades of improvement of the same ego. The advance is partly illustrated in the development from the animal or the lowest savage to the highest existing man. It is said that the fourth principle, the animal soul, is the seat of the passions, and of that will-force which is utilized in the mesmeric experiments. The fifth principle,

the *manas*, is spoken of as the seat of the reason and memory. The claim is that this fifth principle is not yet fully developed in ordinary man, and consequently that the sixth principle is embryotic. Yet it is also said that from this sixth principle the human soul gains those enlightenments which arrive to the searcher of wisdom, because it is asserted that this sixth principle contains attributes of omniscience more or less latent within it.

In this small treatise the author has preferred to confine himself solely to those deductions which his own experiments seem to insist upon. To those interested in their own advance it can matter little whether it is their sixth principle which assists them or the all-knowledge with which we find the human soul to be in correspondence. It is evident that the sixth principle, which is said to contain the attributes of omniscience, could only gain its powers from the all-knowledge of the seventh principle, and consequently its introduction may unnecessarily complicate ideas.

An objection to this division arises because it seems to place the power for receiving spiritual guidance too far off in the scale to accommodate itself to the fact that the lowest of the animal creation receives the guidance its sensorium requires as it becomes capable of experiencing needs. If this truth has been considered by the Buddhists, it has not, apparently, been set forth; and, as we said before, any acceptable system must fit in with all life from the lowest to the highest. The great desideratum is simplicity of law; and the Buddhists are so wedded to their favorite number seven that they seem even to create worlds, human principles, etc., in order to accord with the seven notes of music, the seven colors of the spectrum, etc. They may, perhaps, be right. But in the meantime we shall feel better satisfied to confine ourselves to our proofs, so far as they go.

As to the third principle, the "astral body," the writer has found no knowledge of it in his patients, and therefore declines, until further proof, to believe in its existence. Mesmerism proves sufficient to cover all the facts in a short way, namely, that when the soul is disencumbered of all bodily sensation, it is found to be in correspondence with some existence which is apparently omniscient. This is the royal fact so far as our knowledge now extends. And it is the only one which the ordinary reader will be apt to remember;

for an understanding of the different essences is evidently impossible to the human mind. Even electricity, which is perhaps the lowest form of these, is as incomprehensible to us as the highest grade of nature. That our internal faculties may discern and understand these essences during future development is probable. But at the present time it is an advance to discover that they are parts of a world of vibration.

The theory which is here advanced, that all sensation of happiness is caused by vibration and its unities, and that all advance of happiness implies increased capacity for increased vibration, meets with support in many directions. It is suggested by the effect of the emotions on the body itself. The more refined and sensitive a being is, the more it seems to vibrate when influenced by the intenser feelings; whereas in those who are living a dull and heavy existence these effects can be but little noticed. After excesses, the human being feels removed from possibility of unity with high and refined companionship and aspirations—and this, although without consciousness of being impaired. It is because the intenser and higher vibrations do not belong to the low plane with which he unwisely becomes unified.

While considering the theory, it is impossible to ignore the interpretation by music of all aspects of life. Music is the counterpart of life in spirit-speech. Animal life, bird life, etc., represent the passions, vanities, and aspirations in form. Music reproduces all these and the moods in sound. People are, for the most part, in one or other of the many phases which affect human life. These phases are the general sweeps or tendencies of the soul. If a soul could have an attitude, we would call them the attitudes of the soul. They influence mentality. Opinions fall into line with the prevailing one, and nearly every action is colored by it. It adapts an individual's life to itself. It is like the general water-shed of a territory. The rivers in it may wind and meander, but their general direction is certain. When a prolonged phase changes, the whole landscape seems to tilt up, and then the currents of opinion alter their courses. Phases are more noticeable in women than in men. They have their religious phase, their icy phase, that in which they mourn, their moral, or passionate, or dutiful, or love phase, the intellectual, the revengeful, the light-hearted,—the

phase which in continually craving sympathy exhausts everybody; or the self-sacrificing phase which assists everybody, — together with the opposites of these, and others.

Now every phase has its own music. Not only this, but the separate phases can be produced and created in the human being by music — by leading the individual into an accord and unity with those vibrations which are the spirit speech of the particular phase. Gayety, melancholy, love for war and victory, love for dancing (which of itself interprets different grades of passion) tendernesses, love-making, despair, reverence, worship, can all, by turn, be given in music; and the sensitive human is mentally altered by each one, in succession. A musician can lead up to a finely conceived but terrible discord that will make the unhappy fear for their own sanity. Or he can take the same people and bring peace to their souls like the caress of a mother. There is no limit to it. It is the reproduction of the delights, griefs, mediocrities, fantasies, passions, or sublimities of the composer's soul. The right music *must* produce its own phase — that is, with those who are in a condition to unify with it.

Now what do we learn by seeing that every phase of the human soul has its counterpart and speech in vibration? What can these facts possibly mean except that music is the speech of the soul life? The mood or phase is produced in the listener when he is sufficiently sensitive to have the vibrations of his soul drawn into accord with those vibrations and tones and times which are the set language of the phase. Thus music unifies vibration. Consequently we understand how the musical voice of great-souled sympathy brings peace to the miserable by retuning discordances and by making them unify with the vibrations of a soul that is in health and consequently in happiness.

These facts suggest that if any spirit life succeeds human life, some, at least, of the passions will still be present. But a man who is in an impaired condition, with his soul walled up or his system unstrung, is insusceptible to these soul perceptions. He is a harp in a rain-storm — sadly tuneless. No one realized this better than David, the singer of Israel. Indeed, with the new knowledge of nature as it is, the Bible becomes a living thing, especially for those who have been agnostic — fairly quivering as it is with the loves, hates,

aspirations, mistakes, and truths of the older time. In its portrayal of the passage from the Yawveh of Israel to the God of Jesus it is our fullest record of the earlier evolution of the soul.

Again, human beings are chiefly moved by the music of the phases in which they usually alternate. Above these grades they do not readily understand, or, rather, do not unify. Regard the Italian nation filling their opera houses. They vibrate to the music of their own phases. The Italian opera has no high range; it rings the changes on passion, revenge, despair, sensuousness, etc. Few of the truest lovers of Italian opera care for the intellectualities of Beethoven. All those who seek the highest in music go through its evolution, and the result is that music which bears no message is regarded as trumpery, except for light pastime.

Every view of life assists the idea that advanced refinement is the advanced capacity for vibration, which is — sensitization.

Again, what is sympathy? — compassion? What is this tendency and ability to assist those in distress or who ignorantly sin against themselves? Let us repeat the previous words about the vivified telegraph wire: — “It is, throughout its length, permeated by an immaterial essence, possessing a capacity for such inconceivably rapid vibration that a shock or alteration in one spot is immediately felt along the whole wire. It is as sensitive in its entirety as in its part. This is sympathy sublimated — unconscious sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree.” Now this work was not intended to speak as to our future condition; but it is difficult to avoid considering the powers which electricity suggests that other essences may contain. It shows us a case of sympathy sublimated — sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree, and we go back and ask what we know about the compassion and sympathy of a highly spiritual man. The answer is that he is sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree. Some faculty in him can proceed to every condition of life that needs him, and alleviate the wretched by drawing them into unity with his stronger and happier and well-tuned soul. It recognizes as brothers and friends those who belong to the planes where all promise to be as sensitive in entirety as in part. Evidently, this interior existence and electricity are both ethereal essences, and electricity is vibration.

Naturally we make comparisons. This is not an argument, but an indicating of a line of thought. We may not at present be able to place our ideas beyond the power of reply, and perhaps demolition; but is it possible to resist the conviction that human advance means advanced capacity for vibration? Those who try to make life go pleasantly will incline towards the lines of proof which tend to demonstrate the existence of a condition in which sympathy and sensitiveness are carried to a superlative degree. One feels almost grateful to the electric wire for showing on a lower grade that such things are, in part, a reality.

In following this theory as to man commencing in the spiritual world as he becomes fitted to vibrate in accord with it and as a part of it, we are merely understanding in its further range that same process which has from the beginning brought to brain of man and animal every sensation of happiness that has ever been felt. There is nothing new about the law itself. And if this eternal continuity of the past makes us feel justified in extending it into any future condition of man, either mundane or otherwise, we may expect to find two soul qualities—first, this vibration which contains all capacity for happiness; and, second, its alliance with the all-knowledge. These pleasant ideas are speculative; but, because of their present reality, they are more than

“Hints and echoes of a world
To spirits folded in the womb.”

A fact which heretofore has needed explanation inserts itself at this point, not only to be explained but to be explanatory. It is the fact that agnostics and others who are sensitive and who think they have no religion cannot yield themselves to enjoying the highest class of reverential music without experiencing peculiar longings—a sense of incompleteness that has an approach to completeness within reach. They find that this sense of incompleteness is owing to their refusal to enjoy these suggestive yearnings, or to think they mean anything. They have refused religion in the almost universal mistake of regarding God as a sort of priest. When priestly teachings have been dropped they have considered that religion could possess nothing for them.

The effects of the error have been most unhappy. It will be seen that religion cannot possibly be a creed. Religion is

the receiving of God in the heart. It could not be even necessary to say "I believe in God," because the seeking or acceptance of the holiness and gladness in the ego makes any words unnecessary. It is true that a man *does* believe while accepting this, but it is also clear that there is no necessity for his saying so, except, perhaps, to help others. Religion is a phase, a tendency, a merging of the soul. On man's part it is the acquiescence in and acceptance and seeking of those phases which tell of continual improvement and wisdom and nearness to the Great Gladness. So that there can be no necessity for words in that which is entirely of phase. What use could be made of them? For worship? Yes, if one likes to use them. But words cannot speak the soul's phases; and what could God want of words? Men worship *because they must*, because of gratitude, which is love's endless necessity. And in this necessity and gladness the natural worship is the natural soul-burst of melody and music. Man never yet found words for gratitude. Music is the spirit speech, and the language of the phases. Neither ecstasy nor despair can find speech except in tone.

Consequently, when these explanations sink into the heart as truths, it is seen that no one by doubting or denying God's existence escapes from the laws regarding the language of music. When such an one listens, for instance, to grand cathedral music of a reverential kind, his sensations will tend to make him agree with the statement here made—that the influences which proceed from the Great Gladness to man cannot be systematically shut out without incurring almost intolerable gloom. This fact contains potent suggestion as to the methods for punishment in the life after human death. We repeat a line which cannot be too well remembered: "Refusal means discord, gloom, despair, madness; prohibition produces a dirge; acquiescence is a song." Throughout all nature these laws rule.

The supposed necessity for words has always been a stronghold for hierarchies and the medicine-men of savage tribes. By means of this alleged requisite, nearly all the people of the world have been more or less blinded to the simplicities of true religion. Thus we see among our own lower classes all manner of absurdities, arising from the same ideas which are prevalent in fetish worship. In fact, all rites and ceremonies of an expiatory kind are nothing else

than fetish worship. We find men flattering God with words while continuously cruel towards their wives. We see people whom no one would trust with sixpence gracefully sacrificing their comfort by standing up at the repetition of a creed. Much of the study of religious cults is the study of absurdity; but, because of the deep underlying truths, sympathy extends to man's attempts at improvement.

If any one doubts the power of music to produce a phase, let him examine what occurs at revival meetings. He will find that the preacher makes proposals, but that it is the organist who makes the hearts leap to accept them. The preacher's proposals contain, in effect, the simple necessity of man's turning towards the spiritual life and the holiness of nature. To this there are drawbacks because of priestly *etceteras*. But when the swell of the music vibrates into those whom the preacher almost brought into unity by his voice and encouragement, then emotion obliterates objections and the patient shuts his eyes to what he cannot believe and accepts the holiness and is thankful. Conversion, the opening of the ego to spiritual influences, is a reality: but a very simple one; and many people are converted long before they think they are; for it has nothing to do with words, but is the emotion which turns with the ego's complete consent and will towards the higher life.

Intellect has sneered at emotion; but we need not try to answer as to which has had the best of it, for each is necessary to the other. In trying to deify itself, intellect has so advertised itself and so placed its own praise in everybody's mouth that it takes some courage to suggest how little it is capable of. Intellect is emotion's pruning-knife. It should not be allowed to be the worst of stumbling-blocks on the road to happiness. There is a consciousness which insists upon the prophecy that emotion will mean happiness when the present processes of intellect are forgotten.

A verbal picture which represents any human life correctly must contain its sermon. The eloquence of facts is generally sufficient. Yet deductions are sometimes missed unless mentioned. And there are silent suggestions in the fact that unless the animal mind (or its essence) unifies with the conditions of the spiritual planes it is not and never can be a part of them. This is a reality of nature. No sacrificial blood can make a tadpole live on land till it develops

into a frog. The unhappiness to which a continuous and wrongly-timed clinging to the animal planes gives rise is also a fact which in every life enforces consideration. Age, with its experiences, is expected to acquire its dignity. The universal idea, apart from all religion, that age and experience should bring improvement, exhibits the innate knowledge of what a life's evolution should be.

But, on the other hand, poor, ignorant, animal human nature is not so bad as priests have painted it. Much harm has been done by going to extremes. The old teaching that "The heart of man is desperately wicked," has been a source of incalculable riches to hierarchies, and of inconceivable misery to humans. So far as counsel for criminals may judge of the worst of men, it may be said that this teaching, except as to rare cases, is highly improper. Criminals, as a rule, are very commonplace people. Not one in a thousand of them could be in any way made romantic; the newspapers try this, but counsel know better. The extinction of the devil, which was one of the many moral uses of the sense of absurdity, has removed nearly all the luridity of the general view. There were times, not so very long ago, when attempts to appear pyrotechnically bad did not seem so asinine as they do now. That terror of olden times, the daring atheist hurling his defiance at God, is now interesting to no one but the policeman who arrests him for making a noise — but not for atheism. Outside the ranks of insanity, the existence of a real atheist is difficult to imagine, in spite of his own assertions; and, if existing, he would be entitled to much compassion. Agnostics say they "cannot think God" (and they never will); but they do not say He cannot be felt. Opinions have much changed of late years. All the old ideas about slighting God, or helping, blaming, cursing Him, or taking His name in vain, now exist only as vulgarities — to be considered, if at all, in the police court; — for the Power of nature has no name, and Yawveh, the tribal deity of Israel, was so confessedly jealous of the other local myths that he made his own name vain.

To suppose this purblind creature, who is usually conscious of but little more than his animal necessities, to be in anything like a perfect condition, is like taking sand into the eyes to assist vision. We were told that "Man was made in the image of God." A wrong understanding of this

produced conceit. Man has always been in the processes necessary for developing attributes of God. The presence, from the commencement, of the guiding all-knowledge and the guiding capacity for gladness shows what the truth is. The continuous presence of these removes all sense of degradation in the considering of the fact that we arise through lowly forms. Rather than believe that man is near perfection, it would be more reasonable to expect that our present condition will be as unwelcome a thought in the distant future as the consideration of our simian ancestors is to some people of this century.

It will be seen that while life is a continuous endeavor, it is also, if taken rightly, an exceedingly happy one. The claim that our actions in our little span of seventy years could not much affect the past and future eternities of the individual seems highly dangerous. History teems with instances of men who after continued success commit some great sin and never succeed again, but continue in gloom and die ignominiously. In the most romantic life of English history, William the Conqueror was an avalanche of continued success until the judicial murder of Waltheof. After that, his degradation commenced. In all his scores of battles the only wound he ever received was one delivered by his own son. He who had been almost worshipped, died hated, ignominiously, and without friends. Personal watchfulness of life produces the conviction that when a man becomes lost in immorality he is removed — he dies disgracefully.

Almost every one will remember instances where men and women have sought to give license to imagination. In this case, liquors and drugs become a necessity to drown the unhappiness which arises from determined rejection of those promptings which indicate the true gladness. By means of such temporary neutralizers of unhappiness the man kills himself. It is always suicide, either sudden or slow. No process of reasoning, nor any individual experiment, has evaded the old truth that the wages of sin is death. We know by watching the approaches of this death that it is, so far as we see it, an unhappiness so intolerable that men try to hasten the end by further reckless excesses. They have confessed that they do so. What this kind of death means, in any possible subsequent condition, we do not know. But the despair of it, during the visible approaches to it, is suffi-

cient to indicate that our actions during our span of life are of the utmost importance.

Sin is discord. Unhappiness is discord. That which removes the possibility for unity of vibration with the incoming gladness is sin. A system which is deadened out of capacity for the health vibrations is like a plant kept in darkness, without water. It will die. Health, both physical and spiritual, means being in tune. In religion we are tuned by the great Musician.

There is no sudden compulsion about the laws of music. If discord be preferred, or if it seem like harmony, then let it be tested, by all means! Nature does not prevent this. It is the scheme. The world is controlled by laws or principles which immediately inform as to either harmony or discord. Where all is vibration, vibratory laws are necessities. These exhibit the perfection of gentleness and kindness; with no absolute compulsion in them at any time, and yet containing a terrible alternative for those who become crazed by their own chosen discords. The scheme has the stamp of the zenith of wisdom on it. Nature is no policeman. No one is seized and rushed off in any direction, either up or down. It leaves one either to accept harmony, or to depart in any direction to construct one's own Bedlam in the region of discord. Nature does not prematurely remove the discordant one. He kills himself.

At the time of writing, one of the ablest minds in England—a mind so replete with logic that to some people it has almost seemed to argue away the necessity for God—is at the threshold of the madhouse. He has written (in the course of the most celebrated controversy of modern times): "I do not see what materials there are for any religion, or, indeed, what would be the use of one, or why it is wanted. I think that religion would die when theology died, but that we can get on very well without one." This is not a case for reply. Nature is making the whole reply. It is too terrible for words.

Religion is not a series of intellectual nuts to crack. In its first stages it is almost too simple to commend itself to minds which are trained to be nutcrackers. The case reminds of one hunting for the spectacles which are already on his nose—too close to be seen. Neither can it be quite properly said to be a matter of "give and take," because it

is nearly all "take." But the better men are so constituted that they cannot accept continuous gifts without trying to make some return. And in this case all they can do is to utter gratitude in song, worship, and proper guidance of life towards the unlimited wisdom. It is the same, on a much larger scale, as the love for wives. For, as already explained, a woman's seeming nearness to the soul life assists man to idealize her, and thus to feel the modesty of the gratitude which regrets its inability to repay for gifts. The marriage worship leads immediately to the higher worship. It is part of it. For this emotion belongs to the spiritual planes; and this the great Educator teaches through the channels of the passions and introduces the (perhaps) first reality of holiness through entirely natural media. It will be seen that some such process is a necessity. For unless nature could teach religion without books and priests, then religion could be safely discarded. It is more ancient than books, or it is nothing.

This impulse to worship, which gratitude for benefits creates, is not yielded to because any power needs worship but because man cannot do without it. This coercive tendency holds a power for further spiritual development, because an inner soul of worship is the hunger to prove worthy, and here lies a medium for guidance and improvement in the further ascents. Necessity for worship is developed in advanced nature, — almost unknown to a lowest-grade man, though not to a high-grade dog — dogs having the advantage of acquiring it without the faculty for criticising weaknesses. This hunger to prove worthy, which is so very marked when dogs worship men, has not as yet been discovered in the cannibal natives of interior Queensland, who are confidently reported as exhibiting in themselves no sign of gratitude even after many gifts and prolonged kindness. This, however, does not deny that a latent capacity for gratitude may be present.

Religion, therefore, provides a holiness without merit. There is no merit in holiness. In a mother's overwhelming love for her babe there is no merit; it is simply a phase she would not alter for any purchase. The consideration of merit only commences in the better or worse observance of those duties and good impulses which are outcomes of holiness. The sensation of holiness is not the production of personal

merit; though merit is an outcome of holiness, through gratitude for gifts and the desire to be worthy, and to do nothing to remove the capacity for its inflow. One part, but not all, of the condition of holiness is the intuitive perception of the illumination that lies beyond and which leads with gladness towards wordless perfection. The happiness of the assurances of this phase creates a sense of necessity for its continuance. The clouding tendencies of passions are dropped, not because they are good or bad, but because they are a nuisance. They were proper when proper, but they do not belong to the higher existence, and they become rudimentary through voluntary disuse. When the soul is alone with the great Musician and Illuminator, the idea of merit, which is largely that of comparison, is merged in the impulse to seek further advance. The sense of holiness is neither given nor won because of merit, but simply because it is allowed to enter; so that the first requisite of man is to remain "in tune" and receptive. There is no merit in accepting an unquestionable necessity. One might as well speak of the merit of eating.

Some space is allotted to this in order to correct some prevalent ideas. The question as to whether this or that is good or bad is swallowed up or forgotten in the desire to continue the greatest necessity and happiness of life. For this result, much that is permissible in social life and which is called "good" will be dropped as readily as a great deal that is called bad. When the ego finds any quality or pursuit to be inconvenient and unprofitable for its advancement, it is indifferent to any name that may have been given to it by human moralists. It simply abandons it in order that its whole system may be in that healthiest of all conditions in which it is strung and tuned to vibrate in unison. The soul in its great journey cannot afford to be hampered with impedimenta.

It will be seen that this sense of increasing holiness, purity, and wisdom which leads the ego with a gladness that makes detracting influences seem absurd, is not a matter which can be deputed to an agent. There can be no such thing as vicarious improvement. That any soul should go to God through the suffering of another is the wildest idea that ever entered the human brain. In religion, man is alone with God. Intercourse with others will be "fruitful of good life's

gentle charities"; but in the main, and in his instruction, he is alone. Priests are useless, for how could they assist? — except perhaps in friendly encouragement. And what power could ordain men to be priests? Every man who will be so is a priest of the temple of the spirit.

Men criticise human life when they find that nearly everything desired is made desirable by ideals. They find fault with life because of its unreality when their ideals play them false, and they angrily say that life has no facts but only mirages. In a half-seeing way, they are right. But they are ignorant of the great truth, namely, that ideals *are the facts* — temporary ones, of course, that disappear only to make way for better ones. This is not the *fault* of life: it is a main-spring of its development. It is a scheme of nature. Ideals must be improved upon. The God of the Old Testament differs from the God of to-day even more than savage music differs from that of Mozart. If man could anchor himself to any thoroughly satisfactory fact of the material world, then soul progress would cease — just as the hermit crab chooses a home in an empty shell, loses his limbs through disuse, and retrogrades almost to the level of an oyster. For instance, no one has defined "beauty," because beauty is each man's ideal, and consequently must alter as his taste refines. The wearing out of any ideal is a certain sign that it has become unprofitable. A high ideal ahead seems to be a fact, and is in reality a factor; but an ideal whose uses are completed joins the other mirages of the past. Thus human life is really a succession of improving mirages. While we are straining toward these, we call them ideals and think of them as facts. But after being acquired and fully utilized they are more clearly seen to have been part of the educational processes of nature, and only realities while their appearance as such should be profitable. This is nature, whose teacher is delight. The winning of the highest is always happiness.

But the delights are not successfully repeated on the same grade. First, the winning may be of a mother's cake for a good child; then a prize in field sports, or a fight; then a school prize, a university medal, a professional success, a woman, an election, the commanding or the teaching of men; and all along the whole of it there is the consciousness of something better to be won — but not on the same grades. It is only by attempted repetition that the soul is tired. It

demands advance. It is entitled to enjoy its advance, or life would be a farce. A quick rush for experience!—the view beyond the animal grades!—the life for love of wife and children!—to know the heart wisdom, and to yearn to be removed for further advance!—and then the human part of life, or one section of it, is over!

Speaking vaguely, LIFE is not words, but emotions. It is intended to be a series of happy achievements, and the soul is intended to become tired with repetition and to recognize it to be unprofitable and wearisome. *Ennui* is a lash. The *blasé* man must always be unhappy. Even marriage happiness cannot continue unless it be woven with ever-refining ideals of the spiritual life. The *liaisons*, and the so-called marriages which are based on passion only, have no more chance to endure than a child's gayly colored soap-bubble.

Thus ideals are the nearest approach to facts in life; but only realities while they are being used, after which they join the mirages of the past. Consequently the only real fact of life is God—considered as the ultimate ideal.

Whether the people who have been idealized were worthy or unworthy of idealization, is of very secondary importance. Their value lies in the good effects produced in those who idealized. Any one who has assisted another to be capable of a deep friendship or love has accomplished an incalculable benefit, irrespective of his personal reliability. We must not inquire what our ideals consisted of, for nothing in the world is substantial. The proper source of gratitude is the consideration as to how they have helped us in first educating our higher nature. For instance, the western world owes an enormous debt to the Christian religion, not because it was free from myth, but because it illustrated the human spiritual existence and filled myriads of minds with improving ideals. The revered images of pagans and Christians, no matter how tawdry and *bizarre*, have done good work when they gave rise to ideals which were better than previous ones.

In conclusion, then, it will be seen that the term "spiritual man" properly means one who passes to the higher grades of nature—having entered life as an animal and as such performed its functions, but progressing on a continual ascent of ideals (which are nature's silent instructions of the soul) until these usual gradations of improving aims and incentives

to alert endeavor are one by one sought, acquired, enjoyed, utilized, found wanting, and discarded. For him, life becomes divided into two parts — wisdom and absurdity. The winning of a boy's prizes, or his vows of devotion to a golden-haired schoolgirl divinity, are not now necessary. Yet all such events, which have been passed, very kindly, to the region of absurdity, were at one time a wisdom for him, and he is aware that in any grade of life the energetic seeking of an improving ideal is always a wisdom — also that the discarding of it, when utilized, is a further and more advanced wisdom. All the vanities are seen to have their proper place and due succession. Yet life must advance; and he objects when Solomon bewails the bitter lees of his exhausted ideals instead of avoiding the ignoble melancholia of sated lust by ascending nature's higher grades.

In this way, and while understanding and sympathizing with all the earlier vanities which provide nature's instruction to the young, the student finds that the terms "good" and "bad," while never lost as to practice, are virtually swallowed up in more extensive meanings: that to be morally "good" is only an *etcetera* and adjunct and assistance towards wisdom; also that "sin" ranks in with everything which obstructs the way towards true happiness. The hunger for the continuance and increase of the internal illumination and gladness will not submit to obstruction. Inevitably, all else is for him an absurdity. Yet he sees how every grade of life, and the advancing years of every individual life, all have their differing duties, functions, vanities, and ascending ideals. Thus for him to witness the pretty natural vanity of a young girl is pleasing — knowing that at her age one of her chiefest duties to God is to appear at her prettiest and sweetest, and attract her lover towards marriage. In its unconfessed heart, all the world delights in the vanities of a young girl; but hypocrites and forgetful old men have said it was wrong. Spiritual men have also said it was wrong, because they only studied themselves and not nature, and have, like Paul, endeavored to force the necessities and ideals of their own high spiritual grade upon young people who were almost totally unfitted to receive them. Happily, these attempted spiritual anachronisms have in most cases failed, to some extent, and the unconfessed convictions of rightly-thinking people have much protected the young in

the gladnesses proper to their years against the crushing effects of wrongly-timed spiritualities.

Man has never attempted to improve upon the work of God without creating suffering; and every human being finds out soon enough, in due course of years and experience, that many of the gay pleasantries of early days inevitably pass into the region of absurdities. Yet the number of women who cling to these as the only good of life is peculiarly large. A suffering, a despairing sense of loss as physical beauty vanishes is experienced by the majority of women. Often it is only short-lived. But, with many, the first sense of relief that comes from the wisdom religion is accepted with difficulty as a glimmer of consolation. When they find that the road to desired pleasures will be forever a *cul de sac*, the most critical period of life arrives, for the ego will gnaw itself cruelly if allowed to remain self-inverted.

Indeed, the most prevalent disease is a spiritual one — the melancholia which at this time refuses to be comforted and yet makes the world resound with one long, uncontrolled wail for sympathy. In some form or other, this crisis comes to all people who avoid the spiritual life as long as they can. When nature, in its inevitable succession of alterations, frustrates intended schemes for happiness, very many people have to face one of two futures, namely, insanity or common sense. Many suicide in the attempt to find harmonies in the region of discords; while others, in the apathy that succeeds more or less frenzy, accept half-heartedly the glimmer which leads to the illumination. Then, afterwards, they know what happiness is, and smile pityingly at their former distress. Every one will remember instances where human lives underwent extraordinary changes in short periods of time — where people, especially women, who had for years idealized a refinement of almost everything that was inspiritual, became in a short time almost unrecognizable as their own selves. A shock, a grief, a separation, an illness, or perhaps a great joy, and the woman gains a glimpse of the spiritual life which forever afterwards makes her shudder at her own past.

Now these things have nothing to do with book religions, even though the good books may in part mention them. All these matters are a part of the inevitable processes of nature exhibiting themselves in different persons in different ways, and which in every human being provide new duties, func-

tions, alterations, and aspirations as the years advance. And it is only through an almost complete misunderstanding of nature that any trouble of the above-mentioned kind arises. Nature's first attempt invariably is to teach through delight; but, when this fails, she can teach equally well through the griefs and despairs created by wrong-doing and by the new comprehensions which thus come to the surface. All pure joy and all pure grief arrive at the same result, namely, the increased sensitization of the human animal soul, without which (as elsewhere explained) it cannot be a part of the spiritual grades. If this were not so, if grief had any other effect than this, then life would be an unjustifiable burden placed on those who are made to suffer while innocent. The fact is, though (as can be vouched for by unnumbered people) that the real rewards, the real values of life, the internal peace, the light that brings its revelation and conviction of gladdest advance, all come to those who suffer purely and advantageously, — and in such measure, too, that they think themselves overpaid for their sorrow. It is a fact which I suppose every one is prepared from his own different experiences to believe, that the prisoner wrongly imprisoned can be as happy as a free bird when he takes command of himself and makes his spirit supreme. These are no fantasies. They are the realities which provide the only possible justification to those who suffer, for the creation of a world in which they have been made to agonize, but in which and by which they gain the peace which passeth all the understanding of the human intellect. The human spirit may be absolutely supreme. The grand men of the Bible gave praise for their suffering. The martyrs of many different faiths have died at the stake gloriously happy; and this, not because the statement they died for was always correct, but because in the time of supreme travail the soul knew its God through the flames.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

The resemblance which the recent trial of Dr. Briggs before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church bears to the famous Galileo case has not failed to be generally remarked. In each instance it is the traditional view of a scientific question which seeks to suppress a rival opinion in the name and by the authority of a dominant religious creed. The defendant in the older trial was a layman, and his sentence included at least a nominal personal restraint; but the court which has recently ended its sittings exhausted the resources of its power, as did not the other.

The Holy Inquisition in condemning Galileo furnished the text for a thousand sermons against scientific intolerance and theological heresy hunting. Prevailing theories in science are usually as hostile to rival ones as was the Ptolemaic astronomy to the Copernican, or the Aristotelian biology to the Darwinian; and individual religionists of every school will always endeavor to wrap the mantle of their creed around as many as possible of their inherited ideas; but the Catholic church seems to have learned a lesson from the outcome of the Galileo case which her enemies, at least, are not likely to permit her to forget.

The triumph of the Copernican theory was not a victory of science over religion, but a majestic reproof to the ecclesiastical impertinence which presumes to decide questions that fall within the exclusive jurisdiction of science. Never since the final victory of Copernicanism has the Catholic church, or any of the Roman congregations, attempted again to place an obstacle in the path of scientific progress. Rome has most judiciously limited her dogmatic definitions to points, such as the immaculate conception, upon which it is impossible for any rival authority to speak, and which inductive science can no more deny than affirm.

The history of the Bible since the beginning of the Christian era may be divided into four periods — the formative, the canonical, the traditional, and the critical. At first the personal teaching of the apostles and apostolic men, and a practical conformity of life to the new code, were the chief subjects of thought and solicitude, and no question arose regarding the inspiration of written documents. But the Torah or Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Prophets, were read in the assemblies of the faithful as in the synagogues from which they sprang, as was also the beautiful religious literature of Hellenic Judaism, certain written narratives of the life and words of Jesus, and other documents of various kinds which were venerated either on account of their subject-matter or as coming from the pens of saintly men or honored teachers. In this mass of sacred literature were included such works as the Book of Enoch, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistles of Clement, and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, as well as those now in the canon. At no place was there a collection of the works which were held sacred in the Christian community, and in each local church the names of the books known and made use of were different.

Then came a period of collection and criticism, in which all the sacred writings were gathered together and great disputes took place regarding certain ones, now called "deuterocanonical," such as Wisdom, Maccabees, Hebrews, Jude, and Revelation. This resulted in the general acceptance of a list drawn up by Pope Gelasius, containing the same books now used by Catholics, following the Alexandrian canon.

With the fall of the Roman empire and the decline of letters, at the beginning of the dark ages, all tendencies to a critical study of the sacred books and their sources died out, and there gradually developed, at least among the people at large, an extravagant worship of them, precisely similar to that which the Hindoo renders to the Vedas. They were looked upon as if they had fallen directly out of heaven, and came to be considered the foundation of the whole Christian faith. This period of blind acceptance of the Bible, on purely traditional authority, lasted through the Middle Ages and the early Protestant period. The Book was the standard of ecclesiasticism; rationalism continually straining in the direction of free thought, and mysticism in that of "free spirit."

The old Lutheran orthodoxy carried bibliolatry to its height; pietism forgot the letter in its insistence on the spirit; and finally the *Aufklärung* ushered in the age of a renewed scientific criticism of the Biblical texts. The Bible had been shaped by the critical scholarship of the post-Nicene fathers; and scholarship now claimed the right to review its ancient decisions in the light of a fuller knowledge.

The two men who were the pioneers of the higher criticism were Moses Mendelssohn, a Jew, and the Abbé Simon, a Catholic priest; but most of their successors were members of the state churches of Germany and Switzerland.

Although there have been few Catholic scholars at work in exactly that field, the church has scrupulously abstained from making any utterances upon the matter. The only papal or conciliar definitions ever made on the subject of Holy Scripture, were a decree of the Council of Trent in 1560, and a reiteration of the same at the Council of the Vatican in 1870, to the effect that the Holy Scriptures, including all the books of the Catholic canon, were divinely inspired "in all their parts." Neither council attempted to explain in what sense the Scriptures are to be held as inspired, or what degree of inerrancy follows from that inspiration. If a Catholic were to hold that the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta, or indeed all the books in the world, were inspired as well as the Bible, and that the inspiration of the latter did not preclude any kind of historical and scientific or even religious error, he might yet claim, with great reason, to be within the letter of the law.

The higher criticism has given rise to three schools of opinion on the Bible question, in the Catholic church as well as out of it. The extreme right wing holds to a verbal and almost literal inspiration, and an absolute immunity even from historical and scientific errors, and maintains all the traditional opinions regarding dates and authorship. The centre admits the possibility of mistakes as to dates and authorship, but maintains the plenary inspiration and absolute inerrancy of the texts themselves, whatever may have been their origin. The left maintains that, as the object of inspiration was the preservation, promotion, and application of religious truth alone, it is not inconsistent with errors in matters of science or history; and a few of the extremest

representatives of this school go so far as to allege, at least privately, that, since the doctrine of inspiration is a purely transcendental one, resting solely upon the authority of the church, and not capable of being scientifically tested, therefore any possible conclusion of the destructive criticism may be accepted without detriment to the Catholic faith.

Recently Monsignor d'Hulst, the scholarly rector of the Catholic University of Paris, published a pamphlet in which he described these three schools something as we have done, without directly expressing a preference for either. The Society of Jesus took umbrage at his toleration of the extreme left, and made every effort to bring about the condemnation of the little work at Rome, but it signally failed, and the Pope has taken precautions against a possible blunder of the Curia, it is said, by reserving to himself this question of the higher Biblical criticism, and refusing to allow the Sacred Congregations to meddle with it.

About a year ago Professor St. George Mivart, although a biologist and metaphysician by profession rather than a Biblical scholar, wrote several articles in which he predicted that the higher criticism would one day be accepted, with all its definitive results, by the Catholic church, just as the Copernican theory has been. These articles brought out a storm of criticism from several religious periodicals, and there ensued a spirited controversy in the pages of the *Dublin Review* between their author and the Bishop of Newport and Monrovia ; but no official notice of the matter was taken either by Professor Mivart's own Ordinary or by the higher authorities in England and in Rome. On the contrary, when, shortly afterwards, Mivart brought out his great work "On Truth ; A Systematic Enquiry," and sent a copy of it to the Holy Father, he received from him a special message of greeting and benediction ; and later still the Catholic University at Louvain offered him a chair in one of its faculties, whereupon that institution was heartily congratulated by His Holiness, in a special letter, upon its acquisition of so eminent and Catholic a *savant*.

Another of the leading Catholic thinkers of England has pronounced in favor of the higher criticism — the Reverend Dr. Barry, author of "The New Antigone," and a frequent writer on philosophical and sociological matters in the *Contemporary* and other English reviews. W. S. Lilley and W.

H. Mallock are to be assigned to a still more extreme position on the left flank of Catholic thought on the Bible question, as well as many others. These names include the foremost representatives of Catholicism in the forum of English thought. The scholarly element of English Catholicism is, in fact, largely under the influence of the left or radical wing.

In Spain and many other Catholic countries, also, the higher criticism has a large following. The United States is more conservative, though several of our prominent theologians are known to belong to the "left." France is largely controlled by the centre or moderate school, but there are not lacking there representatives of both extremes.

In Germany, strange to say, most of the Catholic clergy are ultra-conservative on the Biblical question, notwithstanding the fact that several Catholic scholars in that country take a high and honored place among the scientific critical students of the Scriptures.

Rome has not spoken, and each school is free to make the best showing it can, and rest its case upon its own merits.

The prognosis of the different schools corresponds with their peculiar standpoints. The conservatives are convinced that the higher criticism is a foe to Christianity, and that the acceptance of its results would be the deathblow to the church. The radicals, on the contrary, sincerely welcome it as an ally; a Daniel come to judgment, to weigh Protestantism in the balance and find it wanting. They maintain that if the entire Scriptures were swept away, it would leave the church intact, and would strengthen the cause of Catholic Christianity as against the Christian and other dissenting sects. Of course, even they insist that the Scriptures, whoever they were written by, whenever they were written, and whatever be their degree of accuracy or inaccuracy, are to be revered in some sense as sacred and inspired documents; but they consider that bibliolatry, both within the church and outside of it, is one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of Catholicism and of Christianity in general, and that the great stress laid upon the accuracy and authority of the sacred books, as if they were the basis of faith, serves only to obscure the true philosophy of religion, and to divert attention from the only really inexpugnable evidences for the truth of Christianity; evidences which are practically the outcome of the principle, "The church her own witness."

Mysticism is indifferent to these issues, and ecclesiasticism no longer needs the Bible as a basis for its claims, so it seems probable that those denominations that base themselves wholly upon the sacred texts will be left to struggle alone against the advancing hosts of nineteenth-century scholarship, without official aid from that church which claims to depend only upon a direct divine commission and a continuous providential direction.

THE FARMER AND THE LAND.

(THREE SHORT LETTERS.)

BY W. D. MCCrackan, A. M.

I.

To the Secretary of the Grange of A.,

DEAR SIR: I am delighted to hear that your Grange has at last decided to take up Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" for discussion. As a class you farmers have apparently failed to understand your true relation to the land.

You will, I know, forgive my frankness, if I write exactly what I think about the political conduct of the farmers of this country in the past. East and West, North and South, you have been, since the war, the most abused of our citizens. You bore the brunt of the great struggle, and ever since you have been alternately deceived and robbed by the classes which that war enriched. You allowed yourselves to become the unconscious means of fastening upon this country an iniquitous system of taxation. I know how it happened. In the North they made you think that the solid South would march upon Washington, if you did not vote the strict party ticket. That was a bluff! All the time they were consolidating their pet scheme of so-called protection to native industries. You could have sent it flying to the four quarters of the globe with a turn of the hand. But you were looking the other way.

My dear friend, do not fear that I am going to bother you with a dissertation on the tariff; that is too stale a humbug to need exposure at this date. But before you seek to remove the wrongs others are inflicting upon you, take stock of the faults you yourselves have committed.

Eight years ago I met an Australian, who had travelled extensively in this country and had quietly and unostentatiously studied our economic life. He told me then that we should never shake off the protective system. "The farmers,"

he said, "are still voting at every election for their own destruction, under the impression that they are preserving the Union."

It was all a clever confidence game on the part of the politicians, backed by a horde of monopolists. Railroad kings, land speculators, and all the other manipulators of other men's earnings were in the deal. You have paid dearly for your experience.

At last, thank Heaven, there is an awakening of the farmers through the agency of the Grange. You are beginning to think. As it was through your votes, (although you gave them under a misunderstanding,) that the era of special legislation began, so it is your duty now to usher in an age of justice and liberty. You hold the welfare of the country in your grasp.

When I think of this slow arousing of the farmers I seem to see one of those pictures of Millet's, in which a toil-stained peasant leans for a moment upon the handle of his spade, and looks about him on the surpassing loveliness of the earth. You, too, have raised your heads from tilling the fields. What do you see? While you follow the plow, your earnings are being absorbed into a bottomless pit called monopoly. The country grows richer year by year; you remain poor. Labor-saving machines without number are invented; you work harder than ever for your pittance. Latterly they have taken to building a navy at your expense. For what purpose? Nobody knows — least of all you, who probably never have a chance even to smell salt water.

No wonder that you are ready in your wrath to rise against your tormentors, and inflict upon them the wrongs they have so long practised on you.

But wait! Be generous and be wise. Else you will kindle a class war, in which not justice but selfishness, not brotherhood but brute force, will conquer. Rather sweep away this mass of indirect, indecent taxation that falls heaviest on all the poor, whether they be farmers or mechanics. Search for the true cause of your abiding poverty while the country progresses. Found your new system of taxation, of social and economic regeneration, upon the eternal principles of justice. Above all avoid makeshifts and expedients. Bring the country back to first principles. You can do it if you will.

Your well-wisher, M. —

II.

MY DEAR SIR: As secretary of the Grange of A., I have been requested to send you the following questions relating to the single tax. After a good deal of discussion, a number of points seemed to remain unexplained. Can you favor us with answers?

1. If the single tax is a tax on land, will it not fall heaviest on the farmer?

2. Under the single tax will not the rich bond holder escape taxation?

3. Suppose the palace of a millionaire and the cottage of a poor man stand side by side on lots of equal value, would you tax the two men alike?

4. What about made land, like the Back Bay in Boston for instance?

5. Would not land gradually lose its selling value? How could the necessary revenue be raised from it?

6. Would not the single tax mean confiscation?

SECRETARY OF THE GRANGE OF A.

III.

To the Secretary of the Grange of A.,

DEAR SIR: I find that your questions are those which are generally asked by intelligent men, when the single tax is first presented to them. In reality, Mr. George answers all your objections in his book, but sometimes an explanation from a new point of view is exceedingly helpful. A little reflection will clear up these apparent difficulties.

1. The single tax is not a tax on land, but on *land values*, irrespective of improvements. It is not to be levied on all land, but only on valuable land. City lots, manufacturing sites, choice grounds for residences — these represent far more value than farming lands. At the present time, you farmers are taxed on improvements which, from the nature of your property, cannot be hidden or disguised. The rich owners of personal property in the cities can, and do, dodge their taxes with the utmost ease. Under the single tax many poor farms would probably be exempt from taxation altogether, and in any case you would all benefit equally from the common fund, raised on land values and created by the community.

2. When you speak of bonds and other papers of that sort, you must remember that they are merely evidences of wealth. They have no intrinsic value. You could burn all the bonds, stocks, and bills of exchange in the country in one vast bonfire, and the wealth of the country would be as great as ever tomorrow. But these papers *represent* wealth. Now wealth means things produced by man from the crust of the earth, no matter now much their original form may have been changed. A loaf of bread, and a diamond necklace, are merely the result of the application of labor to land. The single tax would, therefore, tax the bond holder, not according to the evidences of his wealth, but by collecting revenue from the raw material of his wealth, his lands and mines, the road-bed and franchise of his railroad, etc. In other words, he would pay at the same rate for the privilege of using his portion of the crust of the earth, that any of you would do for the use of his farm.

3. Have you ever seen the palace of a millionaire standing side by side with the cottage of a poor man? Such cases must be very rare, and can in any case only be accidental and transitory. But if you could find an abnormal instance of this sort, why is it not right to tax both men alike? They enjoy exactly the same privilege. If the poor man cannot improve his land, if he cannot put it to the best use of which it is capable, he must yield the field to some one who can. He ought not to be exempt from taxation simply because he is poor. No landlord to-day would dream of remitting rent, because his tenant was poor. It is exactly this false reasoning which has allowed the vacant lot industry to grow, to girdle every American city with a fringe of unsightly waste places, dumping pits, held for speculative purposes, to be sold finally at enormous profits by men who have not added an atom to their worth.

4. Again let me ask you: "Can anybody make land?" Man can dig up dirt from one part of the earth, and dump it somewhere else. But he must have some place to cart it to, even if he is filling up a swamp, or the bed of a river. There must be a bottom somewhere. The Back Bay district of Boston is not made land, but improved land. Of course in time the original and the accrued values would tend to become inseparable, like those which attach to the terraces and embankments built by the Romans in Europe.

5. The term value must be used with the utmost care. We must distinguish exactly between its common and its technical meaning. In ordinary conversation anything has value, which satisfies man's needs or desires; in political economy only that which commands a price. Suppose Robinson Crusoe had found a monster gold nugget on his deserted island; it would have had great intrinsic value, in the common acceptation of that term, but it would have been worth absolutely nothing in the technical sense. Robinson Crusoe might have starved to death with the gold in his hand. But restore the ship-wrecked mariner to civilization, and his gold would have brought a fortune. So it is with air, for instance, and endless other necessities of life. They have an enormous intrinsic value, but under ordinary circumstances you cannot raise money on them, as we say.

Now under the single tax, economic rent would go into the treasury of the community, instead of into the pockets of individual land owners. If the whole of the economic rent were taken, the selling, or technical, value of land might, and probably would, disappear. But the intrinsic value would remain as great as before. Land would be as indispensable as ever; it could not run away, and men would pay rent for its use as readily as they do now. It would lose speculative value, of course, since it would not pay to hold it for a rise. On the other hand, all land values would fall in equal proportion.

Again, when you speak of "necessary revenue," you fall into what seems to me a decided error. Have you, as an individual, a *necessary* revenue? Are you not obliged to cut your coat according to your cloth, to trim your expenses according to your income? Neither can governments be said to have necessary revenues. Appropriations are not a fixed quantity. There may be, perhaps, a minimum expenditure below which it would be painful to go. But there is no danger that this limit would ever be reached under the single tax. Computations have been made which show that the economic rent of the United States is fully able to pay for all legitimate expenses of government. Besides, you must realize, as clearly as I do, that we are indulging annually in an almost incredible waste of public revenue. The expenses of collecting our import duties swallow up a large portion of the resulting income. Think of the monstrous extravagances

suggested by our spoils system, our pension system, by the river and harbor appropriations, by the army and navy.

Then the beauty of the single tax is its flexibility. Land values rise as the prosperity of the community increases, they sink as the community grows poorer and needs less revenue. The single tax is a self-regulating thermometer of economic prosperity. For this reason it seems to me clearly to be a natural, preordained means of raising revenue.

6. Confiscation! Did you think about confiscation when you freed the slaves of the South? The private ownership of men was wrong; that was enough for you. Well, the private ownership of land is wrong; let that suffice. Land is not property, for property is something which has been produced, and no man can produce land. He can improve it, and the improvements are his, but not the land. Few people realize that the ultimate ownership of land is to this day vested in the whole people; not only in England, where all legal procedure acknowledges the Crown—i. e., the representative of the people—to be the owner, but also in the United States. In Massachusetts, for instance, titles to land can always be traced finally to the Company of Massachusetts Bay, to the commonwealth which settled upon this coast. The single tax would only be a return to the principles of our forefathers after all.

Every state has a right at all times to alter its methods of taxation. Do we talk about confiscation when changes are made in the tariff? And yet the burdens and profits are undoubtedly shifted about by every such alteration. Furthermore, you do not quite understand that the only men who would lose by the single tax are the mere land owners. Do you know of any farmer who is not also an improver of his property—who does not work his farm? I do not. But I know of certain wealthy families who live upon the unearned increment of their lands; certain speculating monopolists who sit about waiting for population to increase, that they may reap the profits. Can you tell me what function in the economic world a mere land owner performs? Let him go the way of the feudal robber barons who collected toll from helpless travellers, but never did a stroke of honest work themselves.

Confiscation! Why, it is the land-owning class who have been confiscating the equal rights of their fellow-men to this

planet upon which we were all born. If there is to be any question of compensation, let it be the land owners who shall compensate the landless masses, whom they have robbed of their birthright these many years.

But, my dear friend, you have made me write at greater length than I had intended. I apologize for speaking my mind so freely. If we single taxers did not believe that the farmers would be great gainers by the introduction of our reform, we would stop our agitation in its behalf. You have suffered enough by the patchwork taxation of our day. Rest your new system upon the ample strength of mother earth. She will bear it as surely as she has borne you and me.

Yours very truly,

M.

TO CHICAGO.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

You that with limitless daring and might of gold and decision
Have furnished the world for an hour with that gorgeous and vanishing vision,

The fair White City, filling the earth with the ring of your fame,
The glory of what you have dared, the triumph chant of your name,
City of dreams and tumultuous life, city of fortune, Chicago,—

Be this your beginning of lessons only; a mightier field
Lies beckoning grandly before you, a harvest whose riches shall yield
In the future of justice and right a goodlier festival,
When the fruits of the earth for your children are won, for each and
for all.

O men of the brave new land, the West, the impetuous City,
Give rein to the strength of your hearts, the fire of your dreams, and
prepare

Another and purer example of what you can plan and can dare,
The visible form of a life purged clean from the sins of the old,
The horror of weakness and want, the triumph of self and of gold,
The life of a kindlier law, without strife, without care, without crime,
Of growth and of freedom for all, of brotherhood sweet and sublime.

THE BANK OF VENICE.

SECOND PAPER.

BY HON. JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

My paper on "The Bank of Venice" in the December ARENA, seems to have disturbed the serenity of gentlemen in the region of Wall Street. One of them has given utterance to his feelings in the form of a six-page, type-written criticism. It is from Mr. George W. Catt, *World Building*, New York, and addressed to "Mr. B. O. Flower, Editor of THE ARENA." On page 1, Mr. Catt says:—

In the December number of THE ARENA, under "Notes and Announcements, Vol. IX.," you say you "publish the first of a series of calm and thoughtful papers on finance, which will be of immense value to the students of the money problem." If this first article of the series, "The Bank of Venice," by Hon. John Davis, M. C., is a fair sample of his papers that are to follow, THE ARENA will certainly have to recede from its proud position of being the review which stands for progress, honesty, and truth in all things.

Scarcely a statement of historical fact made in the article on the "Bank of Venice" is true. There was a time when this idea in regard to the Bank of Venice was held by people of repute in such matters, but it was shown to be erroneous more than twenty years ago. The history of the subject is too long for me to present in this note. Fortunately it is not necessary that I should present it fully, for the history of the Bank of Venice has recently been reviewed in an admirable and scholarly article by Professor Charles F. Dunbar, in the April, 1892, number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, published by George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston. . . .

There seems to be no positive evidence that prior to 1584, Venice had a public bank.

Here we have an effrontery that dares pass judgment on the reputation of THE ARENA, and on the veracity of the writer of "The Bank of Venice," also the assumption that all men who disagree with the critic are not "people of repute in such matters." Before closing, however, the critic admits that many great writers are against him; in fact, almost all of them, except a certain Professor Charles F. Dunbar, whose superior "scholarship" has set the matter entirely at rest. All these assumptions and criticisms lead one to admire the audacity of the critic, whatever may be thought of his poor judgment and limited information.

Believing that one should do much for the advancement of truth, I beg the indulgence of my readers for a few minutes.

First, as to the matters of reputation and veracity, I will say that I have on my table a very large and valuable book published in 1884, about a dozen years after Mr. Catt says the idea of the Bank of Venice "was shown to be erroneous." This book is a quarto of six hundred pages, heavy ledger paper, bound in strong ledger style, with gilt edges, and magnificently illustrated and embellished with the Treasury of the United States, the Bank of England, La Bourse of Paris, and other great bank edifices, and the faces of about one hundred of the very *élite* of the bankers and financiers of America. It seems to have been created, regardless of cost, for the information of financiers, and for the embellishment of the counting houses and parlors of "reputable" and wealthy people. This large, useful, costly, and magnificent book is entitled: "History of Banking and Banks from the Bank of Venice, founded A. D. 1171, to the year 1883, including the establishment and progress of the present National Banking System of the United States, with important statistical information connected therewith; by Sidney Dean, editor-in-chief, assisted by gentlemen eminent in banking and letters."

Assuming that the united wisdom of so many "gentlemen eminent in banking and letters," is entitled to the respect of even Mr. Catt, I beg to quote somewhat freely from the book. Under the heading, "Bank of Venice," these gentlemen occupy fourteen quarto pages, from which I select as follows:—

All historians agree that the Bank of Venice was the first national or state institution of its kind in modern ages. The causes of its creation are to be found in the history of the republic, its situation, the character of its people, its industries, and its commercial relations with other nations. . . .

In these turbulent times, and heralded by such god-mothers as war, pestilence, and revolution, the first banking institution of the modern world found existence. The finances of the republic were exhausted by this series of calamities; the doge, in 1171, according to some authors, and in 1157, according to others—probably at both dates—was obliged to have recourse to a forced loan, exacted from the most opulent citizens, each being required to contribute according to his ability. . . .

Storch, in his notice of the Bank of Venice, says: "As the interest on its loans was always punctually paid, by the government, every credit inscribed on the book of the Chamber of Loans might be regarded as a productive capital; and, by law, these inscriptions, or the right of receiving interest on them, could be frequently transferred from one citizen to another. This practice, in the course of time, demonstrated to all the lenders the simplicity and ease of the process of paying and receiving debts among themselves by transfers upon these books, and from the moment that the advantages that commerce might derive from this method of paying were perceived, bank money was invented.

"The reimbursement of these loans to the government in all probability soon ceased to be thought desirable. Every creditor was reim-

bursed when he transferred his claim on the books of the bank, and the saying became common in Venice: 'The good bank is that which does not pay.' There is reason to believe that irregularities crept into the uses which the merchants made of the bank, and this probably had much to do with the numerous alterations which seemed to be made in its organization; but the fact is patent that the more these credits were employed, the more the demand for them increased, the more rapidly money flowed into the treasury, and the more readily the government could afford to receive payment of its revenues in the funds of the bank."

Savary, in his "Par fait Negotiant," sums up these instructions of the bank thus: "If Jean, Pierre, Claude, and Jaques, and consecutively every inhabitant of the same town, had but one banker, who kept an account with each of them in a register provided for the purpose, this banker could make all their reciprocal payments without moving a sou of their money, since it would suffice simply to write upon his register the receipt from one, and the payment to another; from which would result two things—they would avoid the trouble of receiving and counting money, and the expense of each having a cashier and bookkeeper. . . . Every payment was made by a simple transfer of a credit upon the books of the bank from one to another. He who was a creditor upon the books of the bank became debtor as soon as he assigned to another, who thus became creditor in his place; and so on from one to another, the parties simply changing their positions of creditor and debtor without any necessity of a payment in money."

* * * * *

Savary, in his "Dictionnaire de Commerce," article "Banque," says: "The necessity which existed of making occasional payments in money gave rise to the opening of a cash office (*Caisse de Comptant*), for those who wished to be paid in coin. Experience proved that this measure did not cause any sensible diminution in the funds of the bank."

In the modern acceptance of the term, the business of a bank consists of three parts, circulation, deposit, and discount. The Bank of Venice started as a *chamber of loans*. The credits or evidences of the loans on the bank books, by their transfers, fulfilled the part of circulation, and occasioned the name "*Banco del Giro*," to be applied to the institution. Later on, about the year 1423, there was attached to it a cash office, which received and returned deposits. Still later, about the year 1587, there was attached to the bank a discount office. But these attached branches in no way interfered with the operations of the original system of transferable credits in the payment of debts, which gave to the Bank of Venice its distinctive character, as compared with other banks.

On page 5 of his letter, Mr. Catt says:—

December, 1805, found Venice under the control of the French.

I am surprised to find this chronological inaccuracy by a man of "repute," like Mr. Catt. Alison says that Napoleon caused the city of Venice to be occupied by sixteen thousand French troops, under the Treaty of Milan, May 16, 1797. On the twenty-fifth

of that month, Napoleon wrote to the Directory in Paris as follows:—

Venice must fall to those to whom we give the Italian continent; but meanwhile, we will take its vessels, strip its arsenal, destroy its bank, and keep Corfu and Ancona. — *Alison, Vol. IV., page 350.*

From that moment the Venetian republic lost its independence, and the Bank of Venice ceased to exist.

On page 6 of his letter, Mr. Catt says:—

In reference to the premium or *giro* on bank money, the facts seem to be that the bank used a different denomination of account from the usual, a difference of twenty per cent, and that it was really not a premium; that is, a depositor deposited twelve ducats at the bank, and was credited on the books with ten ducats; another depositor drew out sixty ducats, and was charged with fifty ducats. Thus, when stripped of legend, the Banks of Venice seem to have been very common, every-day institutions. It is only the investigation of the last score of years that has brought these facts to light.

The word *giro* is carefully written with pen and ink in Mr. Catt's letter, hence he must mean what he says, showing that he knows no distinction between *giro* (circulation), and *agio* (premium). The explanation of the premium on bank funds, by Mr. Catt, is ridiculous, as depositors never "drew out sixty ducats" or any other sum from the Bank of Venice. But take his statement as it is, and it will be seen that bank ducats, or funds, were more valuable than the current coin. Mr. Catt speaks of "the *Banks* of Venice," using the plural. Alison, Napoleon, Dean, Colwell, and other orthodox authors, including the "scholarly" Professor Dunbar, use the singular, as if "the Bank of Venice" was somewhat distinct in character from the "common, every-day institutions."

On the same page, Mr. Catt says:—

Many of our modern writers in English have contributed to the error; among them the *North American Review*, September, 1885, "Our National Banking System," by Edward H. G. Clark; several American and English Encyclopædias; President E. B. Andrews in "Institutes of Economics," 1891, seems to have credited the tradition. Until something definite appears to the contrary, the facts as set forth by Professor C. F. Dunbar would appear to be conclusive.

This is quite a surrender of the whole case. It shows that numbers, respectability, and scholarship are on the side of THE ARENA and Congressman Davis, and that Professor Dunbar and Mr. Catt are a forlorn hope in opposition. And besides this array of scholarship and numbers opposed to him, Mr. Catt might have added that, in 1891, Professor Dunbar published a college text-book for the use of students in Harvard University, entitled "The Theory and History of Banking," in which he mentions "the Bank of Venice" as an institution somewhat different from

modern banks, and playing a great part in the commercial history of the time. This was nineteen years after "the often repeated and long accepted legend respecting the origin of the Bank of Venice" had been, according to Professor Dunbar, proven to be erroneous. Yet I am unable to find in this college text-book any reference to, or explanation or denial of, the historic statement that a chamber of loans was established in 1171, out of which grew, in successive centuries, the Bank of Venice, whose book credits were used as funds of ultimate payment, by mere transfers on the bank books, with no coin or bullion (or pretense of any) in the bank vaults. That is the main point in dispute. Did not the professor, by his silence, mislead his pupils, and tend to perpetuate the error, which, a year later, he thought worthy of fifty-four pages of earnest and scholarly denunciation in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*? From whence came his new light and new-born energy on the subject? Now, letting the professor's delinquency in 1891 balance his enthusiasm in 1892, the gentleman in the *World Building*, New York, is left quite without company among the people of "repute in such matters."

But I have another authority which stands high among financiers and "gentlemen eminent in banking and letters." I refer to an able and scholarly work by the late Stephen Colwell, of Philadelphia, entitled "Ways and Means of Payment." In October, 1878, the *Bankers' Magazine*, of New York, published Mr. Colwell's chapter on the Bank of Venice, with the following prefatory remarks by the editor:—

The excellent work of Mr. Colwell, entitled "Ways and Means of Payment," which ought to be in the library of every financier, has for some time past been out of print. Among its interesting chapters is that giving the history of the Bank of Venice, an account which is considered the best in the English language of that institution.—*Bankers' Magazine*, New York, October, 1878.

That true statement by the *Bankers' Magazine* places Colwell among the very highest authorities. His exhaustive researches included the original documents in the archives of Venice, and his testimony is certainly worthy of respect among "people of repute in such matters." Mr. Colwell says:—

In the year 1171, a Venetian fleet of a hundred galleys was sent to avenge an outrage perpetrated by the Grecian emperor, Manuel, upon Venetian merchants in his empire. This fleet humbled his pride, and compelled him to give satisfaction. The contest is memorable for having given origin to the Bank of Venice. . . .

On this occasion, and by the determination of the Great Council, the office of Chamber of Loans (*La Camera degl' Imprestiti*) was established; the contributors to the loans were made creditors to that office, from which they were to receive an annual interest of four per cent. The Bank of Venice gradually assumed the form under which it was, for

many ages, the admiration of Europe, the chief instrument of Venetian finance, and the chief facility of a commerce not surpassed by that of any other nation. Its progress and form were, however, clearly that which naturally grew out of the position of the first contributors to the loan. . . .

The reimbursement of the loan ceased to be regarded as either necessary or desirable. Every creditor was reimbursed when he transferred his claim on the books of the bank. From being convenient and valuable as an investment readily obtained, and as readily disposed of, it became, by a natural process, a medium of payment in transactions of commerce. . . .

There is no question, although we have no details, that the government had found it perfectly easy to enlarge the amount of the original loan or stock of the bank, as the demand for its funds generally exceeded the supply. All money deposited for the purpose of obtaining a credit in the bank was accounted an addition to the original loan, and as such taken into the public treasury as money lent to the state. Every such investment increased the stock of the bank, and replenished the treasury of the republic. If individuals could make purchases and pay debts by transfers in the bank, the public treasury could well afford to receive, in payment of its dues, credits in bank, as that would be only equivalent to taking up its own obligations. Thus the more these credits were employed, the more the demand for them increased, the more readily the money flowed into the treasury, and the more readily the government could afford to receive payment of its revenues in the funds of the bank. . . .

If the whole sum to be paid and received annually was a hundred and twenty millions, the monthly payments would be ten millions, and the daily over three hundred thousand. The amount of bank funds which would be sufficient to meet such a daily, monthly, or yearly aggregate, experience and time could alone fully teach. It would depend on the rapidity of the movement; on the regularity with which the paper matured; on the degree of confidence subsisting among the parties, which would lead them to favor each other by short loans, from those who could spare for a brief time to those whose receipts did not, for the time, correspond with their payments. The whole fund in the bank would thus move in a circle among its customers, each one receiving and paying yearly according to the extent of his business. The funds would substantially remain, all the time, among the same persons, only varying in the distribution. It was from this movement in a circle, the efficacy of which was perceived in Venice, that the bank took the name by which it was long called in Europe, *Banco del Giro*.

The facility of payment furnished by the bank, which made it the admiration of Europe, honorable at once to the government and merchants of Venice, and a support to the pride and power of its people, consisted in substituting, as a medium of payment, the debt of the republic for current coin. . . . The government took the coins one time for all, giving therefor a corresponding credit in the bank; and allowed the depositor or lender to transfer this credit claim upon the republic in payment of his debt, in place of transferring or paying over the coin in each payment. Whatever men can employ in payment of debts, they will be willing to receive in payment, and this independent of any legal compulsion. . . .

But this economy resulting from increased speed and power of circulation was still more important, arising from the fact that the coins which were deposited as the basis of the credit were very soon again restored to the usual channels of circulation by the payments of the government.

Thus the coin was not withdrawn from its proper functions, and the credits remained a perpetual fund, to be employed in large payments. . . .

To comprehend this extraordinary fact of a credit on the books of a bank, with no money in its vaults, and not bound to make that credit good in later times even by the payment of the interest, or to redeem it in any way, having been for hundreds of years at a high premium over gold and silver, we need only to remember that these credits were the funds in which debts were chiefly paid. If credits had been convertible at will into the precious metals, the *agio* could never have originated, much less attained so high a point; for the moment the holders of credits advanced the price, specie, if a legal tender, would have become the medium of payment, as the cheaper medium. . . .

There was, then, probably ten times more demand for bank credits than for coins, which were only required for export, for the retail trade, and for other special but limited uses. The necessity of punctually meeting all commercial engagements was not less in Venice than in New York or in Philadelphia. Failure to pay was ruin. The merchant in good credit might purchase at his pleasure upon deferred payments; but the day of payment must arrive, and with it the unavoidable necessity of meeting these liabilities, however thoughtlessly incurred. To this compulsion no resistance could be offered; from this obligation of mercantile punctuality there could be no escape, or evasion. . . . Bank credits, by the law of the land and by their own arrangements, being the only funds in which these constantly maturing and constantly pressing debts could be paid, were in demand proportioned to this urgency. If the same mode of adjusting debts were resorted to now, the result would be that inconvertible bank credits would go frequently to a high premium over gold and silver. . . .

No doubt this premium created surprise, and many, perhaps, looked upon it as unjust; but it was the result of the merchants' own movements. The government did not cause it, nor did the bank. It was, therefore, acquiesced in by the merchants as a result of their own acts in their own business. The government, so far from producing, attempted to limit it to twenty per cent, an attempt which was rendered wholly abortive by the introduction of a *sur agio*, or super premium, calculated upon the *agio* and the original sum together. This additional premium ranged at from twenty to thirty per cent for a long period, and exhibited in its fluctuations partly the pressure for money to pay debts, and partly the current value of the coins which were offered in exchange for bank credits.

The precaution against mistakes and frauds enforced by the government of Venice in the affairs of the bank, far exceed any required by the authorities of the present time, jealous as they are of the banks. Not only, as we have seen, was every transfer made in the presence of two bookkeepers, who were required to keep separate sets of books, but the bank was shut one day in each week, and four times in a year, each time twenty days. This was to balance and thoroughly supervise the books. During the period the bank was thus shut, no bill payable in it matured; or, rather, none could be protested until six days after the opening, six days being the grace allowed on bills in Venice. . . .

The great feature of the Bank of Venice—that which required all bills of exchange payable in that great commercial city to be paid at the bank—appeared at first blush to be an arbitrary requirement, if not a most unjust one. It was giving a forced currency to the bank deposits, consisting merely of debts due by the government. It was soon found, however, to work so well in practice, that it brought an immense accession of business to the city and to the bank. Bills of exchange became

of increased use in all the neighboring commerce, and a vast concentration of payments took place at Venice and in the bank. The money brought in to pay bills was taken by the government as fast as it was received, until the amount of the deposit, or debt of the state, was adequate, by rapid circulation, to the current payments of commerce. This made the bank a great clearing house, or place of adjustment, for merchants of many countries. Venice was for centuries the greatest *entrepôt* of commerce in Europe, if not in the world. The chief payments or liquidations of this trade were effected at the bank. As is the case in many great commercial cities of the present day, payments to a great amount were thus effected at Venice upon transactions which had occurred elsewhere. It was found, therefore, then, as now in regard to London, Paris, Hamburg, and New York, that it was convenient and of advantage to have funds in Venice. The payments of bills required daily such a large sum, that the demand for funds for that purpose was always very great; and where everybody wanted funds, everybody sent them.

The bank became, then, a place of liquidation; merchants made their bills payable at the point where was the greatest concentration of means to pay them, and where it was most for their advantage to receive payment. Those who had occasion for gold and silver, purchased with these deposits what was required; and, with slight exception, for more than four hundred years the precious metals were at a discount, compared with the bank funds — the demand for that which would pay bills of exchange being greater than for gold or silver for any special use to which they could be applied. The great mass of the purchases of commerce were made, in the first instance, by bills of exchange; and the great operation of payments consisted in liquidating these bills. The demand, therefore, for the deposits in which they were paid was incessant as the movements of commerce itself. These bank deposits circulated on the books of the bank, therefore, precisely in accordance with the movements of trade; and the customers of the bank thus applied these credits, or the debts due to them, to the discharge of the debts they owed.

In another chapter Colwell further says: —

The government enjoyed a loan, free of interest, equal to the whole capital of the bank, without having given any special guarantee, or any evidence of the debt, except an inscription on the books of the bank; the people enjoyed a currency which for centuries stood at a high premium over gold and silver. The Bank of Venice, and its public finances, commencing in violence, soon settled into a simplicity and regularity of progress and freedom from undue fluctuation, of which, for such a long period, there is no parallel.

I could fill many pages with the most positive and unimpeachable evidence of similar import with the foregoing, but as my critics discard all human testimony except of their own choosing, I must ask my readers' attention to the circumstances of the case.

Once upon a time there existed a republic and city of Venice, on the Adriatic in northeastern Italy. In the course of several centuries that brave republic, through war and commerce, attained to the front rank among the Italian republics. About the close of the eleventh century, when those great tidal waves of humanity known as the Crusades, led by kings, princes, and

nobles, began to inundate western Asia for the recovery of the Holy Land from the infidels, Venice was found to be in the line of march. For nearly two centuries her ships carried the Crusaders to and from the coast of Asia Minor, and her merchants did a lucrative business with both the east and the west. In this business the republic employed many hundreds of ships, and her busy dockyards constantly worked more than two thousand men. We can learn something of the importance of this business when we read that a single flotilla, transporting troops and munitions to Palestine, earned by contract two hundred thousand pounds; and that, besides cash payments, Venice received a liberal proportion of the wealth and power growing out of the eastern conquests.

In this way the republic became and remained mistress of Constantinople for more than fifty years, with territorial boundaries covering three eighths of the eastern empire of ancient Rome. And after the Crusades had ended, near the close of the thirteenth century, when depopulated and exhausted Europe lay an easy prey to the invading Moslems, intent on retaliation for their losses by the Crusaders, Venice alone maintained a defensive war of fifteen years against an army of two hundred thousand Turks, under Mohammed II.

From the very beginning of the Crusades, Venice made rapid strides in wealth and power. Her constitution and the genius of her people "prepared the republic for a brilliant career of political and commercial grandeur." "The maritime republics became vastly enriched by the Crusades." Abbott, in his history of Italy, says:—

The record of the wealth and power to which the Venetian republic attained, remains to the present hour one of the marvels of history. Her fleet conquered Constantinople, and that city was retained by Venice for fifty-seven years. At the time of its greatest power, Venice held nominal sway over three eighths of the old Roman empire.

Such was Venice, and such was the history of her wealth, power, and resources from the closing years of the tenth century to the beginning of the fourteenth; and as late as the last half of the fourteenth century her fleets dominated every known sea, and were able to lose in a single battle, January, 1352, near the Bosphorus, two thousand men killed and fifteen hundred captured, without damage to her maritime prestige or power. And still later, she was not driven from her commercial standing by the loss of six thousand men killed and four thousand captured in a single fight at sea. A contemporary writer of the eighteenth century (1739) states that the Bank of Venice was, at that time, "one of the most considerable in Europe." An old geographer (Maltebrun, 1829) tells us that:—

The arsenal, enclosing the dock yards of Venice, formerly the most celebrated and the largest in Europe, was once filled with ships, materials for building, and all kinds of arms. The outer wall measured two or three miles in circumference, and within these walls during the republic two thousand five hundred workmen were constantly employed. . . .

One may judge of what Venice has been by the number of edifices and charitable institutions; thirty-six Catholic churches, two Greek churches, an Arminian and Lutheran chapel, seven synagogues, a founding hospital, two lazar houses, and twenty-three hospitals, serve to recall its past splendor, and render its decay more apparent. . . .

Those who have seen it [Venice] forty years ago can no longer recognize it; such changes have taken place in the capital, which had its navy in the sixth century, which protected Petrarch, and encouraged the arts, when Europe was in the darkness of barbarism, and which, during nine hundred years, was treated on equal terms with the greatest sovereigns. . . .

Such was Venice; and yet, Mr. Catt, who appears to be the shadow of Professor Dunbar, says, "There seems to be no positive evidence that prior to 1584, Venice had a public bank."

Venice was the principal point of rendezvous for the Crusaders departing by sea to Palestine. Venice was the safest and most convenient point for the deposit of the immense treasures from both Europe and Asia, and the opulent merchants of all lands found it to their interest to have funds in Venice. Most of the great writers, including "gentlemen eminent in banking and letters," and Mr. Colwell, whose record is said to be "the best in the English language," join in the statement that Venice had a public bank managed by the government, which started as a government loan, as early as 1171. It had its origin in the necessities of the government and the opulence of its citizens. That such a government and such a people could carry on, successfully, their tremendous enterprises of war and commerce for so many centuries *without a public bank*, requires a heavier tax of faith and imagination than most men are willing to bear.

I have before me a paper of fifty-four pages, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, April, 1892, by Professor Dunbar, from which Mr. Catt draws his inspiration. I also have a two-page note, in the same journal, January, 1893, by the same author, admitting an important oversight and mistaken statement, quite fatal to the implicit confidence one would be willing to place in so scholarly a writer. The professor had stated that the history of the Bank of Venice subsequent to 1619, had not been written; but later he admitted his oversight and error. Now with that error in view as to the later history, is it not barely possible that he is in error respecting the earlier history of the Bank of Venice? The professor would have us believe that Venice had no public bank prior to 1584, and when, finally, a bank

was organized to take the place of all others, it had only ten persons as the full and lawful managing and clerical force; and that force to perform all the bookkeeping in duplicate, which required double work. The entire bookkeeping, in duplicate, was performed by two bookkeepers and two assistants, in this great "clearing house of the world" — in this "most considerable bank in Europe." That absurd position is the corner stone of the professor's argument. And he publishes a law which was, perhaps, for the reopening of the cash office after a twenty years' closing, giving it some of the qualities of a circulating bank. This law, with ten persons as the entire managing and clerical force, we are expected to believe established the great "*Banco del Giro*" of Venice, in 1619; and, in default of sufficient faith in that theory, we are to lose our self respect and good standing among "people of repute in such matters."

I may refer to the Bank of Venice and the object of the attack on its well-known history in a future paper, entitled "Money in Politics."

Whatever features may have formed a part of the Venetian finances, they all clustered around the original bank of circulation — "*Banco del Giro*" — which had its origin in the chamber of loans — "*La Camera degl' Imprestiti*" — "the real basis of the bank's existence" — which Mr. Dean, "assisted by gentlemen eminent in banking and letters," says, "by general agreement of authority, took place in 1171." "And," continue Mr. Dean and the "eminent gentlemen," "justice requires the acknowledgment that at no period of its existence, whether as a chamber of loans or as a bank, is there to be found any objection to it, or criticism of its management, by any contemporary citizen of the republic." These statements by the gentlemen, it must be remembered, were made a dozen years after the time when, Mr. Catt says, the whole story of the Bank of Venice had been shown to be "erroneous," and was no longer credited by "people of repute in such matters." If this general plea of denial, in the face of the plain and authentic facts of history, is the strongest argument which the shylocks have in favor of their golden god, then their case is worse than I had imagined. Herein is new reason for encouragement.

MUNICIPAL REFORM: THE NEED OF A POSITIVE PROGRAMME.*

BY REV. LEIGHTON WILLIAMS.

For the sake of brevity and clearness, I shall at the outset give the divisions of the subject I desire to note: (I) The need, as seen in the present condition of this and every great city. (II) The need not met by negative or so-called reform movements. (III) The outline of a positive programme. (IV) The value of a positive programme in harmonizing the reformatory and progressive elements of all classes, parties, and organizations in a united movement for its realization.

I. *The Need.*—On this first head, I pause but a moment to enumerate briefly a few elements in present conditions of our city life which enhance this need.

1. Rapid growth of cities, from a thirtieth to a third of our national population.

2. The greater complexities of social relations in city life. The individual citizen and the family group are less isolated and independent of external surroundings than in the country. They impinge more closely on neighboring individuals and groups, and consequently the network of relations binding society together in civic life is more delicate, intricate, and vital than in the looser social organization of the rural districts. The differentiation of individual and family types is wider also in the great cities, where race, custom, creed, and standard of comfort vary so widely.

3. From these elements of city life a third results, unhappily not as yet clearly apprehended, viz., the defective social adjustments in our large cities.

De Tocqueville, the French student of our social and political institutions, greatly admired the township system of our eastern states, and undoubtedly that system was developed in a wholesome state of society, and was for a long period admirably adapted to its needs. But no society is fixed and stationary, and with progress there must be change of social mechanism.

The township was the political unit of a simple agricultural

* The substance of this admirable paper was delivered at Amity Hall, New York, Jan. 18, 1894.

society, pretty evenly distributed over wide areas of country. But with the rise of cities and the aggregation of population in these centres, the township system has been breaking down under a social pressure for which it was never adapted, but under which it still persists as a snare and encumbrance.

Unfortunately the weakness of the system is as yet very imperfectly understood, and the admitted failure of our political machinery in the large municipalities is attributed more usually to individual or party corruption than to this, which I believe to be the chief cause, namely, the survival of an antiquated and inadequate township system, supplemented and pieced out by a conglomeration of ill-adjusted commissions and bureaux.

For while the truth that men make institutions is clearly perceived, few note with William Arthur how largely, on the other hand, men are made or marred by institutions. Witness, for example, the too general apathy among professing Christians regarding the social aspects of their religion, and the too exclusive regard had for its merely correlative teachings concerning individual liberty and destiny.

4. Again, we may note the corrupting influence of wealth, and the malaria (so to speak) of a *prevalent commercialism* which affects the popular standards of opinion and judgment, regards the freedom of individual and corporate aggregations of wealth as the chief condition of social well-being, and considers the chief function of government to be the maintenance of a race-track for these commercial competitive contests.

Innumerable are the evils engendered in the body politic by this worship of gain, and the substitution of material in place of moral ideals of the commonwealth. The high ideals of patriotism are dethroned. Young men of ability scorn to serve the commonwealth and seek to satisfy their ambitions in the more lucrative pursuits of business. Which shall we blame most severely for the confessed evils of our day, the vices of the illiterate and degraded who fill the slums of our metropolis, or the selfish indifference and the blind, ease-loving optimism of the more opulent classes, who neglect the social obligations which are the just concomitants of the social privileges which they enjoy, and grow faithless to the democratic institutions whose beneficent shelter has furnished the smooth channels and broad highways for their commercial aggrandizement? I leave this question for others to answer. I simply reaffirm the ideals on which our grand commonwealth is built, and which are now too often overlooked or ignored. The principle of democracy has not failed. The people may still be trusted. From the people ill-informed we may still appeal, with high confidence of success, to the people better-informed.

Social well-being, not the mere aggregation of wealth, is the chief aim of government and the criterion of its successful administration. Every statesman and student of political affairs echoes and will ever echo the sentiment of Goldsmith, —

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

“Sweet Auburn” not only, but all Ireland, attests to-day the true inspiration of the poet’s prophetic voice, and nowhere do his lines have sharper point of application than in the heart of this proud capital of commerce.

5. Lastly, note the growth, where overcrowding, with other attendant evils, has been permitted to increase, of the dependent classes beyond their natural limits. The aged, the infirm, the infant, the incapacitated, are legitimate charges upon others in the community, and when in a healthy condition their support is not an inconvenient drain on its resources; but where these classes are swollen by the inclusion in their ranks of those who should be self-supporting, an unnatural burden is imposed on the resources of the community which it cannot long endure. This increase of the dependent classes beyond their natural limits will be found to be always due to causes which are artificial and remediable, but not always immediately discoverable. The social pressure which forces the self-supporting wage-earner into the ranks of the dependent classes may have its origin at a remote point, and be traceable only with patient sympathy and earnest endeavor. But if this is not done, the old Roman cry is raised by the poor — *panem et circenses*, bread and games. They become willingly dependent, and the moral fibre of the commonwealth is weakened and destroyed. No, charity can never be a substitute for equality and justice. You cannot balance the social pyramid on its apex.

May we not, then, lay down as an unquestionable truth that the chief function of municipal government is not, as some have fancied, mere *police duty*, the maintenance of public order and the protection of property, but far more than that, *the highest social well-being of all its citizens?* “Is not the *life* more than meat, and the *body* than raiment?”

Individualism may develop naturally in an agrarian community, but socialism is the basal principle of the *free city*, and has been from the Middle Ages down to our own day.

II. *The Need not met by Negative, so-called Reform, Movements.*—As I have already endeavored to point out, municipal corruption has been too exclusively attributed to individual or party corruption. Hence the reform movements have sought usually nothing further than the redress of these abuses, the punishment

of offenders, and the honest and economical administration of government along existing lines, or at most the establishment of legislative checks on such public leakages as manifested themselves. These ill-considered, inconstant, and inconsecutive efforts have given us, therefore, the municipal patchwork or crazy quilt of legislative enactment which is cited as "Laws relating to the City of New York."

In saying this I would not be understood as slurring or undervaluing the true public spirit or the high worth of much that has been accomplished by individual citizens or associations of citizens in these directions. But the confessed failure of a satisfactory permanent result of these efforts is sufficient evidence of the statement under consideration.

Accepting it, therefore, as admitted, that these reform movements have failed, in part at least, of what was hoped from them, permit me to suggest some possible causes of failure, either through characteristics of the movements themselves, or in conditions overlooked.

1. A limited scope. They were negative and *destructive* rather than positive and *constructive*. Their scope was too narrow and contracted. The territory was conquered but not occupied. The house was swept and garnished, but the devils returned and found it empty and the last state was worse than the first. Contrast Joseph Chamberlain's great success in Birmingham by the inauguration of a progressive policy and the popular support elicited by it.

2. Unpopular tendencies. Too often these movements have appeared to be the effort of a particular, property-holding class to assume for itself the reins of government. Thus the movement, otherwise praiseworthy, became reactionary and unpopular.

3. Too often they were allowed to become *partisan* and *personal*, and thus antagonisms were awakened which blocked the path to success.

4. Again, the aims were *material*. Property rather than life was the subject of agitation. Clean streets, light taxes, and honest administration were not *vital* questions to the mass of voters, living often in homes less cleanly than the streets, and careless of taxes which fell primarily on others, and of the final shifting of which to their own shoulders they could not be made conscious, while they were, on the other hand, in close and friendly touch with the very politicians whom they were implored to distrust and abandon. The inadequacy of attempted reforms, and the occasion for their failure, is largely due to the want of any sufficiently lofty motive capable of inspiring enthusiasm. The elevation of the whole community, not the ease of a privileged class, should be the aim.

5. Legislative tinkering at Albany in matters of merely local concern is contrary to correct political principles, and fruitful of many evils. Yet reforms have been attempted by each unwarrantable interference.

6. Want of centralized authority and responsibility. Mr. Andrew H. Green found in the government of New York, some years ago, not less than eighty different boards or individuals who could create debt independently of one another.

7. There is a limitation of functions, so that a good mayor can do but little. We had an excellent mayor in Mr. Hewitt, but what could he do? Many things that he proposed were not entered into.

8. The farming out of the public revenues to private corporations, as well as donations of public property and franchises. These are some of the defects in our present system of government which produce corruption.

9. There is also the opposition of privileged classes to improvement. In London, the great mediæval guilds, coming down to our day, have been the opponents of good government, so that while smaller English and Scotch cities have good government, London has not until recently secured anything like it. In Philadelphia, I am told, the street car lines oppose good pavements because it will make traffic by omnibuses and carriages more frequent. In Brooklyn, recently, a new school was needed and about to be built, but the erection was prevented by property owners because of increase of taxes. I hold the very respectable classes, so-called, who cry out for reform, themselves largely responsible for the existence of special privileges and exemptions which cause the corruption complained of.

10. There is also a lack of a definite programme. Mere exhortation will not reform a city; you must propose something definite.

11. There is also the dependence on selfish motives. You must have something more lofty than the simple proposition to turn the rascals out and put our friends in.

12. Reform movements depend too much on organization, too little on the inspiration of a lofty principle and high hope.

Let us, then, admit without further discussion that there is a *need*, and a need which previous reform movements have not met, in the condition of our noble metropolis, which requires a programme of improvement *positive* and *ample*. To it we proceed at once.

III. *The Outline of a Positive Programme.*—Our basal principle is the well-being of all citizens. As Chancellor MacCracken happily phrased it, "The municipality is not a thing," but a living organism. The conception of it as a business concern, to

be run on business principles, is not satisfactory. Our conception is that it is an organism composed of living beings. On this principle we should aim to secure the following conditions: (1) None without work who are able to work. (2) None in want who cannot help themselves. (3) None without education who cannot acquire it for themselves.

1. In regard to the reconstruction of government, my first suggestion is that we should have a *general municipal government act* passed by the state, prohibiting legislative interference in local concerns and conferring ample local powers.

2. My next proposition is that there should be a *concentration of power* in a large municipal council, and a mayor with large appointive powers, and the dependence of all appointive departments on the will of the mayor and this body combined. I cannot stop to argue these propositions, but they are not by any means untried proposals. There are good names of high position for all of them, and I have simply to put them before you in this brief way. It is objected, perhaps, that it is the proper object of government simply to secure well-being. In reply I say no; it is to seek the moral elevation of all the community, life more than property.

3. In the third place, on *the necessary extension of the functions of municipal government*, I would note the remarks of Mr. Goschen, in reference to the traffic on streets. He used this illustration: On a country road you have nothing but the custom in England of passing to the left, but when you come to the traffic in the city you have to limit the individual liberty and make a more fixed law, and have a policeman there to carry it out. In this way it is necessary in all departments of municipal work to extend the municipal functions, *not against individual liberty, but with the idea of securing equality of individual liberty*. As an illustration: Why is there no railroad on Fifth Avenue? why no Sunday omnibuses? Because it is a street of homes. But some mischievous reporter asks, Is not Avenue A a street of homes? Are there not about ten or fifteen or twenty homes there to one on Fifth Avenue? The difference must lie in something else. It is because of the greater property value of the houses on Fifth Avenue, and the care is not to injure property. Property again before life.

4. *Some Specific Measures*.—I shall only have time to indicate them. It is not my province to go into details, only to outline them.

First, in regard to education. We need free kindergartens, manual and industrial schools, evening schools, museums, libraries, and free school-books. Birmingham has gone so far as to provide free lunches. In our city of New York fifteen thousand children

could not be received into the public schools because there was not room for them.

There should be supervision of private institutions for children and the sick and dependent classes.

The work-house system should be made honorable. It is now a principle of common law that every citizen is entitled to food and to work from the municipality or district if he cannot obtain it elsewhere, and that is the foundation of the work-house system. But there is a dread of the work-house in New York, as if it were a kind of penal institution, and it is generally regarded as such.

The question of the unemployed is a great question. One writer says it is the presence of one million of the unemployed that is constantly cutting down wages, and honest labor cannot stand out against it. Methods for relieving this pressure are now frequently discussed. Inspection of factories is an important requirement, also the enforcement of laws against child labor, the regulation of female labor, and the prohibition of tenement house manufacture.

In regard to the housing of the poor, in London they have tried the experiment of building houses. This we do not propose to do, but we do propose by our building department to regulate what kind of houses should be built.

The regulation of the liquor traffic is also demanding attention.

Tax reform is needed. I should advocate for cities a single tax on land values.

Public sources of revenue can not only be made to pay a large part of municipal expenses, but in some cases could pay the whole. Paris hopes to be entirely self-supporting by the year 1920. Berlin pays a large portion of her expenses in this way. Docks, franchises, gas, water, and street railways, could easily provide a very large and ample revenue, hence the success of certain experiments in this direction.

Public regulation of private enterprises has been found in American cities to be valuable in a number of ways. We have our paid fire department, our paid police, our water supply in New York, our building bureau, health bureau, all found to be excellent even in a corrupt city, and even in a corrupt city have been adopted.

We come now to the last division of this paper: —

IV. *The value of a positive programme in harmonizing the reformatory and progressive elements of all classes, parties, and organizations in a united movement for its realization.* It will be seen from what has been said, that I am of the opinion that the regenerative elements in the community are sufficiently powerful to accomplish the improvements which have been suggested; that I do not admit the failure of democratic institutions

in our large cities; that I still trust the people, and still believe with President Lincoln that while "You may fool *some* of the people *all* of the time, and *all* of the people *some* of the time, you cannot fool *all* of the people *all* of the time." I therefore confidently make the appeal *from the people ill-informed to the people better-informed*. But here the objection may be raised, If the regenerative elements are thus present and powerful in the community, why have they not already effected the needful reform? This objection has been partially answered in the considerations already presented, but there is a further reply, which is yet to be stated. It is briefly this. There is a diffused longing for better government. There is also the more or less distinct and adequate expression of that desire in various reform organizations. But there is not only no hearty coöperation between these organizations, there is positive repulsion, jealousy, and antagonism. The results desired have not been achieved, can never be achieved, but by the hearty and general agreement and coöperation of the great mass of the community. How is this to be secured? Is it by the absorption of conflicting interests, parties, and organizations into some existing club or party? Or is it by the institution of a new organization or party? Some assume that it is to be this latter. We are to have a *new municipal party*. I disagree with them, however. We do not need so much the perfection of existing reform organization, nor the creation of new reformatory machinery, as we need the *unifying influence of a great ideal*.

Once create that ideal, and get it instilled into the innermost heart of the community, and it will be speedily realized in political action, either through machinery already existing, or organizations which it brings into being. Both happened when the anti-slavery agitation split the existing Democratic party, giving up the Free Soilers, and at the same time brought the Republican party into existence, and wiped out of existence the Whigs.

Our reformers trust entirely too much to organization, fair elections, and the honest registry of public opinion; but, as Mr. Scudamore has aptly remarked, the great need is an *intelligent public opinion to register*. The early victories of the Republican party were not won through the perfection of its organization, but through the popular enthusiasm evoked by its principles. So has it always been; so will it always be. Away with these petty panaceas. They are but snares and delusions, framed by those who fail to grasp with a triumphant and energetic faith the moral powers which have ever ruled the hearts of men, when earnestly invoked, and will to the end of time.

I look, therefore, to the creation of a healthy, hopeful, ener-

getic public opinion for the moral power to achieve the true municipal ideal, and I suggest the promulgation of such a positive programme as that which has been outlined in the foregoing portions of this paper as the means for its creation. This I believe to be the primary importance of such a programme. It may never be realized precisely as we here propose it, but nevertheless it will create an ideal which will fire the popular heart and force the realization of many if not of all its provisions. But enough has been said. I need not enumerate the regenerative elements in the community. Let us cordially welcome all that makes for social righteousness, regardless of its source. We are neither Puritans nor Pharisees. We have no quarrel with any creed or party or organization. We seek the union of each and all under the common banner of a noble ideal for our *metropolis*, the mother city of us all.

I close with a brief summary of some methods promotive of unity of purpose and action.

1. The general trend of thought is from the limited franchise to the universal franchise. This we have. It is now in the power of the body universal to express itself.

2. Our first need is therefore a popular assembly where this public opinion can make itself felt. This is the reason why I asked for a large municipal council such as the county council of London, where leading men will take part. They will not go into our board of aldermen, who have little power except to pass by a *pro forma* vote estimates and appropriations determined by a small commission. A large popular assembly and a mayor of full executive power would begin to attract the attention of the newspapers, and as soon as the attention of the newspapers is aroused and reports are given of debates, the whole community will be interested, and we will see some of the prevalent apathy begin to break away.

3. The cause of progress would be served by the separation of municipal from state and national issues, with separate elections.

4. There should be also the extension of municipal territory. Western cities are doing this in a marvellous way; New York is just proposing it. It ought to be done. The reluctance of the suburbs to come in is due to a wish to enjoy civic privileges without sharing corresponding civic burdens and responsibilities.

5. I suggest also the feasibility in the future of some system of municipal savings banks and industrial insurance and pensions. It is not necessary, in my thinking, to do away with theory, but to have a theory in advance of the experiment.

6. The advanced state of English opinion is due to Christian influence primarily. Some years ago Professor Richard T. Ely was asked in a ministers' conference in New York, if the social

chasm were greater here than in England, and he replied, much to the surprise of his audience, that it was greater here. The advanced social opinion in England may be due to the union of church and state, which has forced people to feel that Christianity, being responsible in a certain degree for the state, must also take an interest in its welfare. I desire to be a citizen of no mean city, and if this feeling of true citizenship grows strong in our young men, I believe we shall have less reason to feel that we are citizens of a corrupt city. I think of Christ weeping twice in His life, once at the grave of a deceased friend, and once over a city. I have seen a good many weep at the graves of deceased friends, but have never seen a man weeping over a crowded city yet. When I do I feel there will be hope.

I close with the noble words of the great Italian patriot Mazzini: "Let not the hateful cry of reaction be heard from your lips, nor the sombre formula of the conspirator, but the calm and solemn words of the days to come."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

BY FRANCES M. STEELE.

So long as history has been written, so long has the extravagance of women been an alleged important factor among the causes of grave political and commercial disaster. Sumptuous clothing has been thought to be an evil of so great proportions that all the despotism of government, all the authority of ecclesiasticism, all the reproaches of conjugal mastership, have been arrayed against it.

To ensure frugal living among the early Grecian republics, sumptuary enactments were directed against the prodigality of Dorian women. In Rome, 215 B. C., it was provided that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a dress of differing colors, or ride in the city. From the days of Frederic II. in Italy, from Philip the Fair to the ascendancy of Richelieu in France, from Edward II. to 1621 in England, and from Ferdinand III. in Spain, kings issued edicts against the use of rich fabrics, fine linens, jewels, laces, gold thread, and embroidery. As late as 1651, in New England, it was ordered that no one whose estate was valued at less than two hundred pounds should wear gold or silver lace, gold or silver buttons, or bone lace, or silk hoods or scarfs. And this, not because Puritans wished to legislate piety, but because they shared in the prevailing conception of good government.

Sumptuary laws were generally enforced by kings whose reckless expenditure of the public treasury threatened to bankrupt the nation. Nevertheless, when disaster came, the extravagance of women bore the obloquy. When men and women dressed alike, it was the ruling sentiment of the age, if anything, that was vicious. In the worst of times there have always been women who valued the sanity of simple ways, who in licentious ages led calm and dutiful lives, treading the narrow paths of household industry and domestic joy, faithfully interpreting religious motives into daily deed, and satisfying social instincts with homely entertain-

ment. To be reckoned, beside, has always been a great body of humble housewives, too lowly to invite menace, too simple to arrest attention.

Women of the higher classes made a show of obedience to rigorous law, often with pleadings and tears over the necessity; regaining before long, however, their former serenity in resuming their elegant array.

That this over-zealous legislation, levelled as it was against industries and manufactures, was impolitic in the last degree, is easily comprehended, now that the world has been taught the true wealth of nations. The prodigal use of lace, "the jewel work of the needle," has always been so favorable to industrial classes that the merit of reviving lost stitches is now extolled as one of the worthy charities of the time.

That magnificent array continued to be unchecked by legislation proves that the nations advanced in prosperity. Before banks were established, it was difficult to husband the inevitable gain. Nobles had already too much land, too many retainers, and sufficient arsenals of the destructives of the time. Costly garments and jewels might be worn to ensure their safety. Men and women alike enjoyed gorgeous apparel. Why should they not?

Three times within easy memory has the increased importation of silk been charged with the financial disasters that have overtaken our own republic, in the face of the fact that the large majority of silk wearers spend only what is given to them more or less reluctantly; and of the other fact, that women in America have always been called to help shoulder the burdens of religious and social enterprises whose management required thrift.

There seems occasion for modern governments to learn lessons from the failure of sumptuary regulations in the past. We are told that a Vienna ordinance proposes to interfere with such Austrian women as essay to clean the pavements by dragging long dresses over them. This method of street-cleaning is inadequate, we grant; it is gratuitous, however. As to the interference of law, the folly of the remedy seems as gross as the folly to be cured.

Even in our progressive country, there has been a city ordinance prohibiting a certain pattern of dress upon the street. Later, a state legislature wasted its valuable time

and force in forbidding the wearing of tights upon the stage. We can hardly think with patience of existing statutes to prevent a woman wearing a so-called man's dress in public, while a man may at any time wear so-called woman's gowns.

Beside the edicts of despotism, the whole force of ecclesiasticism has been arrayed against sumptuous apparel for women. It has been the habit of priests to fulminate against the "pomp and vanities of this world," among which the dress of women has always been conspicuously counted. Faint echoes of former interference have been heard within half a century, denouncing the use of artificial flowers and feathers on women's bonnets.

Indeed, headgear seems always to have been irritating to churchly authority. The Norman hennin, an innocent tower of buckram, covered with silk and worked with beads, having a short veil from its lower front edge, and a cloud of fine muslin from the top of the cone, was a covering that peculiarly enraged the clergy during its long reign of popularity. One zealous priest was so impressed with the enormity of wearing an appendage so perilous to womanhood, so damaging to society, that he was moved to preach from town to town a crusade against it, at times descending from the pulpit to batter the bonnets of the frightened women with his staff. The monk went on his way, but hennins rose higher than before, like grain after a passing breeze. Why should they not?

There came a time when fine linen undergarments were added to the toilet. Their possession was an evidence of competence. Slits in gowns so contrived as to show the presence of the new luxury were denounced as "doors of hell." Long-toed shoes, which must have been inconvenient enough to the wearer to offset any possible harm to others, were called "outrages upon the Creator." Popes and church councils denounced them. Nevertheless they were constantly worn during three centuries. Royal decree and church fulmination alike missed their aim. Women listened—and faithfully followed the fashions. In this respect, women always have been, and probably always will be, a law unto themselves, ignoring all authority, royal, ecclesiastical, and marital. We cannot disguise our personal complacence in this fact. But let us reason about it. Why were women fond of fine array? Why have they always managed to

secure it? Where is the harm of it? These much berated excesses, how bad were they?

Fashions in dress in early times were spread abroad, not as now, by printed periodicals, but by dolls sent out at regular intervals, so that the duchess in her distant *chateau* in Brittany, or the wife of the Palatine, perched on her rock above the Neckar vale, might know how her sisters appeared in the grand central courts of Paris and Burgundy. Venice, the connecting link between Eastern commerce and Western splendor, annually imported a Parisian doll which was exhibited under the arcades of the Merceria, at the end of the Piazza of San Marco, that all might know the "toilette of the year."

Why were the lonely dwellers in mediæval strongholds and the denizens of walled cities eager to see these dolls? Because then, as in far older times, the "virtuous woman laid her hands to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff. She was not afraid of the snow, for all her household were clothed with double garments. She made coverings of tapestry, her clothing was silk and purple. . . . She made fine linen, and delivered girdles to the merchant." From year to year she wanted to know how best to do it, "looking diligently" not only "to the ways of her own household" but to the progressive ways of the rest of the world. As a *manufacturer* she needed to be abreast of the times. While "She sought wool and flax, and worked diligently with her hands, rising while it was yet night," why should not the "fruit of her hands be given to her"? She might well be "clothed with strength and honor." Who had a better right? The thrifty woman of every age has the same right to be clothed with dignity and beauty.

A decorative artist writes: —

No matter how debased the people, we find in them the instinctive desire for and love of ornament . . . a natural desire for added grace . . . not content merely, brute-like, with the meat that perishes, but in some dim way feeling something of the Divine, of that spirit that paints the little wayside flower with loveliness while scattering it broadcast over the earth; that which, enthroned in a majesty no eye can see, no heart conceive, tints with effulgent beauty the little earth-born beetle that glistens in the sunlight.

All this show of legal and ecclesiastical authority, then, was levelled against the gratification of a natural instinct, a remnant of the divine image.

All the world loves beauty. Every woman naturally seeks to be beautiful. It is part of her mental constitution. However false may be the methods employed, however imperfect the result, women array themselves in their finest because they believe that fineness will create admiration and love. Then why should not women make themselves imposing by wearing hennins, or exclusive by long-toed shoes, or masculine by broad sleeves, or short necked by shoulder puffs, or long limbed by trailing skirts, or humped on the spine, *if* they imagine such additions are beautiful and becoming? What wonderful repressive ingenuity, what glowing religious fervor, what untiring energy, have been expended to prevent woman from indulging harmless and innocent, if absurd, fancies! How little has ever been done to help her to the height of reverencing her body and caring intelligently for it!

THE TENEMENT HOUSE CURSE.

I. EVILS OF THE SYSTEM, BY WILLIAM HOWE TOLMAN, SECRETARY
OF THE CITY VIGILANCE LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

THE awakening interest in the problems of a great municipality, is one of the best refutations of the sneer of pessimism or the danger of optimism. The search-light of publicity is dreaded by those who work by dark and devious methods which need the obscurity of conventionalism or policy. The brotherhood of man is more than a shibboleth of the socialist or the Utopia of the reformer; it is daily realized in the social spirit of the new era, and the Christlikeness which lives in the social settlement and extends the helping hand through the varying agencies of the church. The church, too, is awakening from the bonds of the last eighteen hundred years, and the conviction is forced upon her, that if the world is to be humanized through her instrumentality, methods must be changed; a kingdom of God on the earth must be preached; the mental and the physical, as well as the spiritual, must be made the object of her solicitude; in other words, three thirds and not one third of a man must be saved. With such a renaissance of ideas, whereby the life of man on this earth may be made to yield for him the greatest measure of happiness, the varying obstacles barring such progress must be removed. The condition most essential to the rational development from humanity, of *men* and not of *masses*—that element which differentiates men from the animal, is the home. Some truisms need no apology; in this category is the statement that the home is the basic element of the social life of a community, whether it be city or hamlet. If the supporting force be weakened one fifth or four fifths (employing the usual estimate of five to a family), the superstructure is thereby made unstable by just that amount, and rendered the less able to withstand the winds and floods.

The tenement house has come to be a synonym for degradation and unwholesomeness. There is no reason why this should be so, as there are homes scattered throughout the district, but the above fact exists in the popular mind. There are many tenements which are managed by men and women with souls, but the thoughts usually evoked by the words "tenement house" are

those in which greed, avarice, and disregard for humanity are chiefly prominent, especially when it is an adjunct of the money-getting machine euphemistically called a landlord. Light, air, and space are the essentials for life in any civilized community, much more so in this last decade of the nineteenth century. The addition of the human element to the above essentials makes a home. Too frequently the tenement house is a menace to the home. Accordingly in this discussion, I shall include by the term tenement house, all those which are an obstacle to the growth of the home.

In a presentation of the evils, I shall assume a knowledge, hence a condemnation, of abuses which are apparent from the merest surface study — namely, those of overcrowding, unsanitary conditions, and the tendency to immorality.

The first evil of the tenement house is the fact that *it is a menace to a republican form of government*. A government should provide for the best interests of its component parts. We are fond of thinking that a democracy exists for, of, and by the people, but if large numbers so live that their whole energies must be bent on scraping together enough money first to pay the rent and then to buy something to eat, the time will come when they will begin to question social conditions that admit of such a state of affairs. The submerged tenth will be very near the surface when the conditions become intolerable. For some the struggle will be too great; the mechanism of their physical machinery has actually worn away its bearings, which have never been lubricated with a little wholesome recreation, the sight of grass, trees, or a body of water, or a thought beyond that of rent and food. This class has made an honest effort to live an independent life. A second class has also tried, but lacked the grit to continue, so we find them living on so-called charity — doubly uncharitable, for it pauperizes the recipients and is diverted from worthy cases. There are men and women who have been supported casually for the last twenty years by the charities of this city. The term "Charities and Corrections" is illogical; the elements should be reversed. The third class is the worst of all, because their natural traits, continually stimulated by their environment, have made them criminals, and the tenement is their hothouse. The influence of this class on their neighbors is incalculable for harm, nor can society interfere with them, till their malady has broken out in some overt act against itself. They are then put in an isolated ward, only it is called a jail or a reformatory. The existence of this class is a menace to a republic, and unless such dangers are averted at the sources, they will grow till the republic may be overthrown, or a one-man power be established. The tenement house is the cradle, nursery,

kindergarten, school, university, and profession of the dependents, defectives, and delinquents.

The tenement house is a feeder of the saloon. The attractive power of the home is in direct proportion to the amount of heat, light, and companionship afforded. Failing to find these essentials in the home, people seek them elsewhere, and for elsewhere you may read saloon. Liquor is one of the minor inducements of the saloon. I can tell you of saloons in whose back rooms weddings and christenings have been held; many of them offer facilities for letter writing, and all of them have a cheery welcome for the incomers. These are the demands which a home should supply, and the failure is one reason for the number of saloons in the tenement-house district. In the sixty-one blocks of the Third Assembly district in New York City there are three hundred two openly advertised saloons, to say nothing of the liquor sold at the corner groceries, so-called coffee houses, *cafés*, and disorderly houses. The estimated population of the same area is 77,927.

I claim that there is a vital connection between the absence of the home and the presence of the saloon. No truer statement has been made than that calling the saloon "the poor man's club." A club represents the idea of congenial companionship. For many a husband who lives in the tenement house there can be no companionship in his wife. She works too hard for her nature to respond to such a demand; her time is too much occupied in bearing and caring for her children. In the statistics of a city parish in New York City recently compiled from forty-seven blocks, there were 24,993 fathers and mothers and 25,539 sons and daughters. The large number of children in the families of the poor is not a blessing, but a drag to the parents and an injustice to the children, when there are more than can be supported by the father's wages. Wife, husband, and children cannot form a home, unless there is room for the growth of the home idea, a condition of affairs which is impossible within the four walls of one room, or the eight walls of two. Even a bulb will send out feelers towards the light, and has a human being less intelligence than a potato? Alas! no, but the social cellar is too strong and dark.

The absence of the home compels the street life of the child. There are no children in the tenement-house quarter; the little strangers which come "above Fourteenth Street" are called babies, but in the slums they are potentialities which will, after some trouble in raising, contribute to the support of the family. I know of one little tot, three years and a half old, who was sewing labels on pants, made in a sweat shop. Fortunately such cases are rare, but in sweat shops I have seen many a child who

should have been at school or, better, at play. The new laws are driving the sweat shops out of the homes, but the old conditions in some cases still exist. "The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty." Because of poverty, the services of the children are demanded at an early age, but before that time comes, there are the periods when the child life is plastic and impressionable. The rich can shield and shelter their children, but alas for those of the poor! The tenement house has no more attractive power for the child than for the adult; only when the latter goes to the saloon, the former goes on the street. The influence of the street as a training school is not of a high grade; I never yet heard that a kindergarten had been opened on the street.

I do not claim that the children of the tenement-house quarter would never be exposed to the lowering tendencies of the street life, but I do maintain that if they could have homes the evils would be minimized. The danger of the street education lies in the fact that it influences the children, who would be just as responsive to wholesome training. If we lose the children, the sociological salvation of our municipalities is almost hopeless, for the fathers and mothers are nearly all beyond our reach, while the potentiality for good or evil lies with the children.

Among other evils which can only be mentioned, as the brevity of the paper precludes any farther discussion, are: Lack of room accommodations compels a state of poverty; the exploitation of those who cannot help themselves, the many by the few; a deenergized existence caused by any adequate opportunity for recreation.

WILLIAM HOWE TOLMAN.

II. SOME CHICAGO TENEMENT HOUSES, BY ALZINA PARSONS STEVENS, ASSISTANT FACTORY INSPECTOR FOR ILLINOIS.

A Chicago writer in an Eastern magazine in 1892 said, "The tenement-house evil [overcrowding], as it is known in New York and London, shows almost no trace in the new, spacious mart on the edge of the 'Grand Prairie.'" This opinion is very generally entertained by our citizens, but is not well grounded.

It is true that this city, so congested at its business centre, so widely scattered over the rest of its territory of 180.14 square miles, has no towering, closely bricked-in quarters expressly built, street after street, for the hiving of human beings. Our many-storied buildings, put up where ground rent is so high that no space may be wasted for mere light and air, are business blocks erected and used for commercial and manufacturing purposes. Our tenement houses, scattered over all sections of the city, are a chance medley of all sorts of structures, in all sorts of conditions, many of them built and first used for all sorts of purposes

other than dwelling rooms. There is nothing uniform in their construction, nothing of that crowded and compact appearance that first strikes the eye in tenement-house sections of older cities. As a result, the look of overcrowding is often absent where that condition really exists, and will be found by any one making more than a superficial inspection. He who would know what tenement-house life in Chicago really is, must know the city's alleys and courts as well as its streets and boulevards. Behind the house that fronts the street is the house he must explore.

An interesting section for the study of conditions of tenement-house life in this city is found in a small area in the West Division, along those streets of the Nineteenth and Seventh Wards which lie between Halsted Street on the west and the ill-smelling Chicago River on the east. The Nineteenth Ward has an area of 0.822 of a square mile, has 22.7 miles of streets, and its population, according to school census of 1892, was 54,172. The subsequent increase is variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000. The section east of Halsted Street is rather less than one third of its area, but has nearly two thirds of its population. The Seventh Ward, most of which lies east of Halsted Street, is also 0.822 of a square mile in area, and its population in 1892 was 49,264. Its increase since then has been about 5,000.

The returns from the voting precincts of the Nineteenth Ward, presidential election of 1892, will give a fair idea of the nationalities of the residents of both wards. The total number of votes cast in the ward was 9,155. A little more than one-half the voters were native born, and the remainder were divided as follows: Irish, 1,035; German, 721; Russian, 477; Canadian, 438; Bohemian, 468; English, 285; Italian, 278; Austrian, 187; Scotch, 99; Swedes, 39; Poles, 38; French, 35; Hollanders, 35; Norwegians, 18; Danes, 14; all others, 61. The ward is also credited with 56 Mongolians, and has an unknown (but not very great) number of Greeks and Armenians. The foreign-born population, therefore, outnumbers the native-born, as there must be several thousands of the former who have not been in the country the five years necessary to enable them to vote in a presidential election. More than of any other nationality these latest comers are Russian Jews, immigrants of 1892-93, who have settled in the Nineteenth and Seventh Wards because here they found many of their former country-men had made homes and founded synagogues and schools, and because here the sweat-shop system most flourishes, furnishing almost the only work these unfortunate exiles can get to do.

In the eastern sections of these two wards, along Polk, Ewing, Forquer, Taylor, DeKoven, Bunker, Dussold, Judd, O'Brien,

Kramer, Wilson, Maxwell, Liberty, and streets to the south of these, the sweat shop and its parasite, the Italian home finisher, abound. This is not the place to discuss the wrong done society and the individual by the custom we have allowed manufacturers to build up unchecked, of saving factory rent, light heat, and power by farming out their work; but something of the evil results of that custom must be seen by whomsoever investigates the "homes" in the tenement houses along the streets named.

The "great fire" of 1871 started in the Nineteenth Ward, on DeKoven Street, but swept eastward over the river; therefore most of the buildings on these streets are frame structures, antedating that time, one, two and three stories high. They have the dilapidated look which attaches to all wooden buildings not kept up, the additional grime which comes from soft coal smoke, and within have that accumulation of slime which comes with constantly changing inmates whose only trait in common is that they never clean. But these are palaces compared with the houses that are dropped in behind them, wherever there is room for a fragile foundation, or wherever a one-time shed or barn can be made over into living rooms by the erection of a wooden outside stairway and the cutting in of a window frame.

In the block between Clinton and Jefferson streets, these backyard tenements are so thickly built on Maxwell Street that they join not only the houses facing Maxwell Street but also those built up in the rear yards of Liberty Street, the next south. There is no alley between Liberty and Maxwell Streets in this block, and no proper sewerage for some forty houses averaging six tenements, or thirty people, to each house. Originally intended for one family only, and now with one family and sometimes more to every door opening upon a hall, these one-time cottage homes appear to be, but perhaps are not, worse housing for tenants than the larger houses put up purposely to accommodate many families.

These larger and more modern houses are of stone or brick, wooden structures within the city limits being now prohibited. They are generally mere shells, often with rough-plastered brick walls left unfinished as sides of rooms, and uncovered wooden rafters overhead. If they are built as deep as the city lot, there will be a complete division down the centre of the building, and a side entrance for two more sets of tenants. If the building fronting the street takes in only two tiers of tenants, there will probably be one or more separate buildings on the rest of the lot.

In the cottage and frame buildings one thinks the larger buildings are better. In the larger buildings, one knows the cottages cannot be worse. The cottage will probably have only one set sink, and that one out of order. The larger house will have

water pipes through the building, but not always water supply. The cottages have vaults in back yards, without proper sewer connection. The larger houses have closets on each floor, without air shafts, with insufficient water flush, often broken, always unhealthy. All are overcrowded; all are filthy and could not possibly be kept clean. All are in condition to breed infection and carry contagion, not alone because of filth and overcrowding, but also because of defective architecture, drainage and plumbing. If in all the health-destroying, vermin-breeding places along these streets there is one bath tub, I have never seen it nor been able by inquiry to locate it.

Yet these people do not live in uncleanness from choice. In January of this year the Carter H. Harrison bath-house — the first free bath in Chicago — was opened in the Nineteenth Ward, on Mather Street. Some of the ladies of the Municipal Order League, by whose unceasing importunities the city council was moved to make appropriation for its erection, feared that opening the institution at such an inclement season, for people not accustomed to bathing, would result in such lack of patronage as to discredit the enterprise. In the first three days after the opening, 1,244 persons availed themselves of the bath, and many more were turned away because they could not be accommodated. The place is still used every day, up to its limit, Thursday being set apart for females; and encouraged by this success, the ladies of the league are now moving vigorously for the establishment of two more, one on the north and one on the south side of the city.

Perhaps a special description of some of the houses in this section will give a clearer impression than any mere generalizations. We will take 82 Wilson street, one of the modern structures, a five-story brick, full depth of city lot. There is one narrow street entrance, with straight flights of stairs, very dark, and narrow, dark hallways. This front entrance is for the first four stories, and for the tenants three rooms deep. The upper story and the rooms back are entirely shut off from this entrance, and are reached by a side entrance. On these four floors eleven families were living at one time last summer, tenants and sub-tenants. Some, in addition to the regular family, had "lodgers." Rents vary from four dollars to one dollar per week according to location and number of rooms. The front basement is a Jewish butcher shop. On the side of the building is another entrance, used for the tenants and shops north and south of it.

The occupants at present are as follows: Ground floor, south side, Jewish Talmud school; north side, closed; second floor, south side, sweat shop employing eight men and four women. North side, Max Brightman, a home tailor, lives with wife and five small children in three close, dark rooms; the kitchen only hav-

ing light enough for him to sew by, he sits there making fine custom coats, while cooking, washing, eating, etc., go on. Third floor, north side, is also a living apartment of three rooms, occupied by a family of six; the south side of the third floor and both sides of the fourth and fifth floors are sweat shops, the five shops employing, in the brisk season, some sixty men, women and children. The only fire escape on this building is in front. The stairways and hallways, common property, are littered with sweepings from the shops, with vegetable and meat refuse, with odds and ends of broken household goods; the closets are out of order always, emitting frightful odors, the insufficient water supply not mounting to the upper stories for days and weeks at a time.

No. 26 Kramer Street is a two-story frame house, five rooms occupied by two families. Here, in an extremely filthy kitchen, dark and low ceiled, a "Jewish sweater" was found with three workmen, making coats for a fashionable down-town house. On the table touching one of the machines the wife was preparing entrails for cooking; the sink was sending up a stench; three half-washed children were tumbling about on a dirty floor.

At 132 Liberty Street Max Lavine was found living with wife and four children, one a pretty boy of seven years kept at home from school by want of clothes. Lavine was making knee pants out of filthy second-hand clothes that had been bought or begged. Washing, cooking, eating, and the work of the sewing machine all went on in the one low-ceiled, foul-aired, dirty room. The house was a one-story wooden shanty, and the family slept in the only other room. Vermin were crawling on the walls of this room.

In the rear of 86 Liberty Street is a one-storied, two-room cottage, occupied by Louis Lambert, wife and two children. A room without windows is used as a common sleeping apartment. The kitchen contained stove, sink, table, three chairs, and the sewing machine on which Lambert makes bedticks for a down-town firm. In addition, table space and room for a gasoline stove are rented to a man who presses knee pants and long pants for sweat shops on Canal and West Twelfth Streets. Lambert had only four months' work in 1893, and "rented" to the presser because his landlord was about to evict him for non-payment of rent.

On West Nineteenth Street, Peter Darwut was found living and running a shop in a dark and dirty tenement-house basement. His workroom was fourteen feet square and seven and a half feet high, with two windows. In addition to a stove with a fire in it, the room contained four sewing machines and seven workers, three of whom were women. The work was ladies' woollen

street suits. Folding doors were between this workroom and the living room in which Darwut and his wife sleep, and which is also kitchen and dining room. This room had only one window, outside of which, a foot away, was a high board fence, so that the light for that room had to come through the shop. There were no children in this family, and, not to waste space, Darwut boards two of his workmen, who sleep in a low room off the shop, unlighted and unventilated. Here, too, the plea of inability to meet the weekly rent of two dollars, when work is so uncertain, is the excuse for such miserable living.

It is needless to multiply these illustrations of living conditions. Whoever has eyes to see can find them, not alone in the section of our city here specially mentioned, but everywhere that extreme poverty and inability to rise above it fix the kind of habitation its unfortunate victims must accept. My official duties in the last six months have taken me to every part of the city where tenement houses abound, for certain sections of our factory and workshop law are intended to regulate the making or finishing of clothing in the home; and cloaks and all manner of clothing, including ladies' underwear, wrappers and street suits, men's coats, vests, caps, pants, shirts and neckties, and children's wear — work of all kinds and prices, from the costliest fur-trimmed cloak to the calico wrapper, from the seventy-five-dollar custom suit made to order for the avenue society gentleman to the knee pants that sell for a quarter of a dollar, is done in whole or in part, in just such homes as are here described.

There has been no mention in this article of those tenement-house sections of the city in which the criminals of the underworld congregate. There are such quarters, in our First Ward and in some other parts of the city. Whatever has brought this class of the poor to their misery, whether drink and sexual vices antedated or followed upon their drifting into Custom House Place and Fourth Avenue, has no bearing upon the questions this paper is designed to bring forward.

The people of whom we have specially written do not belong to the criminal class. There are saloons in the Nineteenth and Seventh Wards, and wherever there are saloons there will be brawls. There is also a hoodlum element in these wards which gives the police a good deal of trouble. But the tenement-house dwellers of these wards are not, as a class, criminals. They work whenever they can get work, which the criminals will not do. They pay their bills when they have any money with which to pay them, which is more than a great many outside of the criminal class will do. They are honest, kindly to one another, devotedly attached to their own households. But they live in such conditions of housing, food and environment that their life and

health and the life, health, and morals of their offspring, are always in peril. There is no escape for them from their material surroundings by their own initiative. Who is to rescue them from conditions worse than savagery?

Has the state, which must punish them if they blindly or desperately infringe upon its codes, no other duty toward them? Have we, as individuals, a right to feel there is no tie between us and these less fortunate children of our common Father? Is it just — is it safe — to leave them always to feel no kinship with the rest of the world in which they live? to recognize no others in that world as having common interests with them save the sweeter who takes the last hour of their strength for the least penny they can live upon and the landlord into whose pocket that penny goes for a "home" the landlord's dog would not be kept in over night?

ALZINA P. STEVENS.

III. TENEMENT-HOUSE LIFE IN BOSTON, BY REV. WALTER J. SWAFFIELD, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST BETHEL, BOSTON, MASS.

To write the story of tenement-house life in our great cities, especially in the slum districts, is to present phases of existence that are a disgrace to modern civilization, a menace to morals and health and a reproach to that spirit of Christianity which professes to hope all things and believe all things and loudly proclaims its great mission upon earth to be the salvation of men and the purification of society. My practical knowledge of tenement-house life in Boston is confined for the most part to the North End of the city, which in very truth has come to represent the dead sea of city life. But from intercourse with those well informed as to other portions of the city, I judge that similar conditions exist in other localities as in the North End, though perhaps in a less degree.

Let it be understood that the section of the city of which we speak was once the aristocratic quarter of this heart of the commonwealth. Here in former years the wealthy, the learned, the influential and the pious had their homes; but when from foreign lands the very poorest, and in too many instances "fellows of the baser sort" came in, the wealthier classes left their palatial abodes, and betook themselves to other parts of the city, leaving the homes of former splendor to be let and sublet to those who were prepared to pay almost any price for one or more rooms — regardless altogether of the cleanliness or uncleanness, the largeness or smallness, of the families admitted. Two results have followed: —

First, the houses have been and are crowded with families who for the most part are indifferent to the common proprieties of life, who are huddled together in such close quarters that

it is a marvel that disease is not more prevalent than it is, and the social evils more deadly in their havoc among the people.

A second result is that a large number of cheap and poorly appointed structures, chiefly wooden, have been reared, which serve as the homes of thousands of Boston's poor.

Hence what was once the residential part of the city for the "upper ten" is now the rendezvous of the "submerged tenth." Its courts, alleys, lanes and burrows swarm with representatives of nearly thirty nationalities. Few and wretched are the tenements to let where these people throng; any kind of a place that has a door and a roof is eagerly sought after and rented without any demand to "clean up," repaper, whitewash, or paint after the last tenant. The tenement houses in the slums are about the best paying properties in the city. Much of the property so used is found to be part of a large estate whose heirs are scattered in various places throughout the country. They hire an agent whose chief characteristics appear to be lack of sympathy and greed for gain; the poorer he can keep the tenement the larger will be the gain. No repairs are called for, or if called for they are not forthcoming, for many houses I know have not seen a paint brush or new wall paper, or even plaster on the broken, black and grimy walls for the past seven years, during which we have gone in and out of them in our efforts to show the people that life might be lived to better advantage elsewhere.

Let us now look in upon a few of the tenements that of late have aroused our indignation towards the landlord and our pity towards the tenants. I will number them and give for the sake of verification, if desired, the names and addresses referred to.

1. No. 126 C. Street. This underground tenement was occupied by man, wife, and two girls. You descend some five or six feet from the main street; the walls of the house are wet and slimy, the paper is loose, and as you lay your hand on the dark, grimy walls a cold chill runs through you, as though you were touching the walls of a tomb—and tomb it is for the living, for both man and wife are sick with the rheumatism, children cold and pale. They had to pay for two such rooms \$2.50 per week. These people were found in great suffering; the children were so far gone through cold and hunger that when given a bowl of hot soup from our kitchen it proved too strong for their weakened stomachs and they were sick for several days. This family has been moved to better quarters and found work, through money received from the Arena Fund. The rentals from this house must have netted the estate at least 20 per cent.

2. No. 198 E. Street. Here is another deplorable case—man, wife, four boys from five to seventeen years old and two girls three and sixteen, all huddled together in three small rooms; one

is a dark room where the sun never shines, in which is a bed that fills the room. Two beds are found sufficient for the needs of eight persons; both beds are made up on empty boxes. The air is foul and damp, the walls are disgustingly greasy; certainly no expense has been incurred there for years past in the way of "cleaning up." For this *home*, which is quite near the state house, the poor people pay the sum of \$2.75 per week.

3. No. 345 N. Street. Here we find one of those crazy, filthy-looking rookeries that ought to be emptied of its human inhabitants, and then given to the flames. The stench both within and without, the vermin both great and small, the vice and immorality of which it must be a veritable hotbed, all stamp it as a place wholly unfit for human habitation or civic toleration.

4. No. 6 G. Alley. This is another of those cheerless, sunless tenements. Here is a family of six living in three rooms, one of which is merely a dark closet, and the others are never penetrated by the sun's rays. You have to get used to the twilight of the place before you can appreciate your surroundings. The walls of the room where the four children of the family sleep, are almost black, and slippery with smoke. What wonder that the children are puny, sickly-looking creatures? What sort of men and women will they become? The people, at the time of our visit, were being dunned by the landlord for the three weeks overdue rent which, on account of their inability to get work, was in arrears. They were threatened with eviction if the rent was not forthcoming and as it was not to be had, the threat was executed by the heartless landlord; but they were comfortably housed the same day, through the Arena Fund. The tenement remains for other occupants.

5. No. 408 C. Street. This is a large brick block, which from the outside presents a fair appearance, but as you enter you find that the place is like the tombs of the prophets, whitewashed without, but within full of rottenness and death. The sanitary provisions are of the cheapest and poorest kind; poisonous gases enough to stifle one are met with on every floor. Each floor accommodates from four to five families. Here sickness, weakness and destitution abound.

6. No. 28 C. Street. This house is the most scandalous in its sanitary arrangements that I have ever seen. The whole house is divided into tenements of one and two rooms, and at this date, February 19, has seventeen families of all sorts and sizes. Adults of both sexes live and sleep in the same room with married people; little children are forced to inhale the most awful and sickening fumes by night and day. The sanitary arrangements are in a shed close to the door where all the people must go in and out. There are three apartments opening out of a single entrance

which must be used in common, and in sight of all. The moral sense of both young and old is quickly dulled by such surroundings, to say nothing of the effects upon health.

But enough of this; these are but a few of the places met with by us during the past few days. They describe with varying details hundreds of places where the poor and unfortunate are compelled to linger. They are typical rather than exceptional cases. I have not overdrawn, but rather the opposite. With emphasis I can substantiate the statement made by Rev. Mr. Barnett of Whitechapel, London, when he made a tour through the North End for the purpose of examining and comparing conditions there and here. He said, "We have nothing nearly so bad as this in Whitechapel."

It may be objected to all this, that if we have knowledge of such things it is our business to acquaint the officers of the Board of Health, for the purpose of ridding the city of such nuisances. To this I reply that it is the business of the Board of Health to see to it themselves that the laws are enforced, and not to tolerate, as they are doing in many quarters, direct violation of the laws which they themselves have attached to these houses; if they only took the same trouble that we do they would find open violation of every item of law both as to number of occupants and condition of building. Now it may be that the officers of the Board of Health are overworked; nevertheless the fact remains that in numbers of instances there is open, flagrant and dangerous violation of laws which they are appointed and paid to enforce or see enforced.

It may be objected, again, that these people are not bound to occupy such wretched places and pay exorbitant rentals for inferior and unclean quarters. Granted that, from the standpoint of the cold and heartless philosopher, there is no need. But the people themselves feel that the irresistible law of necessity compels them. They came to this country upon the recommendation of emigration agents who painted the picture of waiting fortune, abounding wealth and glorious possibilities in the New World; and when they were landed here they found that the whole thing was a delusion, if not a snare. Nothing remained for them but to take their chance with thousands of others for any kind of work that might offer. They brought with them large families, large expectations, but no money nor even the ability to speak the English language. Under these conditions they simply had to enter the first open door at whatever rent might be asked, and in whatever state of repair or condition of cleanliness the tenement might be. Feeling themselves insufficient for the hard struggle, courage and hope have died within them, and they have fallen back in despair, beaten, cowed and

disheartened. They are in very truth the creatures of adverse circumstances. I verily believe, from my own observation and experience with these people, that fully seventy-five per cent of the suffering is uninvited poverty brought on by circumstances over which they had but little control.

To say that these people had no business to come to this country does not solve the problem. They are here, and here to stay and as seems all too probable, are here to rule also. Now their presence in these wretched hovels with such sad disappointments clouding their lives, must be reckoned with by those who would forecast the future of our country.

Can anything be done to remedy or remove the existing evils of the tenement-house system? We think there can be, along the following lines.

1. A more thorough and strict enforcement of the immigration laws by which foreign paupers shall be returned to the land from whence they came if brought here by the greed or indifference of steamboat companies.

2. By a more painstaking execution, to the very letter of the law, by the officers of the Board of Health and a hearty coöperation with them on the part of those who come in contact with violations of plain enactments governing the construction, equipment and care of tenement-houses.

3. By a law requiring landlords to do more and take less for the tenements of the crowded districts.

4. By a persistent effort on the part of those who recognize the magnitude of the evils of this system of housing the poor, to show unfortunate dwellers in the social cellar that the possibilities of life are not yet exhausted, and that if *they* are willing *you* are willing and able to move them into the country or suburban towns, where there is a better chance for them to get work. We have found many who were willing to be moved and through the coöperation of the readers of this review a large number have been thus transplanted from the miasmatic soil and surroundings of the slums, to the clear and healthy conditions of country life. The children are now attending the public schools and enjoy a little home and garden of their own, for no more rent than they paid when in the city.

Persistent and intelligent agitation of the question will accomplish much. Through the agitation started in THE ARENA some three years ago concerning the wretched habitations of Boston's poor, many of the squalid and abominable resorts pictured by flash-light views and vivid description by the trenchant pens of those who had seen the affliction of the people, have been removed, and in their place large, roomy, well-appointed houses have been erected.

More and more we feel the need of some large-hearted, wealthy man who will undertake a work similar to that of George Peabody in London, who will erect a model tenement house which shall be at once ample in its space, healthful in situation and construction and at the same time be under the control of men who will see to it that exorbitant rents are not charged and that the strictest rules of cleanliness and order are enforced. Such a building would pay good interest, and be at the same time a great educational factor in city life.

Certainly there is a crying evil that needs righting in our midst. We are brought face to face with a great need. Need brings responsibility and responsibility fruits in duty. Duty to face the need in all its horror; to go if necessary in and out of the dark alleys, the darker rooms, breathe the foul, damp air, touch the dirty, slimy walls, look into the faces of those who are our brothers and sisters, listen to the story of wrongs unrighted, of burdens grievous to be borne, of smothered curses upon the country that invited them to its shores and then gave them the stone of poverty for the bread of contentment and the dingy cellar for a home instead of the free fields of Italy, Portugal or Norway. Duty to go to these spirits in prison, as Christ did before us, and let our life drop like a kernel of wheat into the furrow of suffering, hoping against hope, oftentimes, that it may come back again quickened and multiplied. When thus we are willing to do surely one will be near at hand to

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

IV. SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON THE TENEMENT HOUSE EVIL, BY THE EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

I.

What shall be said of a civilization which boasts of its religion and glories in its temples dedicated to the worship of the common Father of all the children of earth, and which permits, even if it does not foster, in every populous centre, the tenement house curse of the social cellar? These dwellings may be justly characterized as (1) the prisons into which a careless, money-mad civilization forces hundreds of thousands of honest and industrious children of an adverse fate; (2) the rendezvous of the commonwealth of the double night; (3) hotbeds from which springs life as multitudinous as it is hopeless, which casts a dark shadow over the threshold of to-morrow's dawn.

It is, indeed, difficult to convey to the minds of those unacquainted with the real facts through actual personal investigation, the nature or extent of this evil, and yet until society recognizes the social crime which is being committed and the real menace which is the legitimate outcome of this evil, no radical or far-reaching remedy will be possible. The conscience of civilization must be aroused to the magnitude of the tenement-house evil. The people must be made aware of the awful fact that tens of thousands of their brothers and sisters are existing in squalid quarters totally unfit to be shelters for the lower animals. They must be made to know that not only would no millionaire on Fifth Avenue, New York, or Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, permit his horse or his dog to remain in quarters so foul and loathsome as those in which thousands of men, women and children in our great cities are forced to dwell, but that the humanity of the average farmer would not permit him to stall his horse or cow in such places as some of the cellar homes I have visited in Boston.

The tenement houses of the slums are the shame and menace of our present-day civilization. Here, frequently from cellar to attic, human beings are huddled together in a way which suggests the crowding of swine and cattle in transportation cars. The air they breathe is heavy with fetid odors. Here gloom is perpetual and filth omnipotent. The influence of environment, which means so much for weal or woe to child life, presses downward from all sides. Here physical contagion is fostered and moral contagion is ever present. Here honest poverty jostles against hardened iniquity and the hopeless come face to face with those old in vice and schooled in crime. Here a large section from the retreating battalion of the industrious wage-earners is ever taking a last stand in the struggle for an honest and respectable livelihood while environed by the Ishmaelites of society; and, most tragic of all, here we find multitudinous little lives swept into the struggling, seething world of social night as driftwood borne to shore by storm-lashed ocean waves.

II.

Child life in the tenement-house quarter presents a problem so essentially tragic when considered in its bearing upon the little victims of an unkind fate and so portentous when viewed in its relation to the civilization of to-morrow, that it would be difficult to overestimate its gravity. The children who swarm in these regions are dowered with evil; baleful hereditary and prenatal influences color their lives before they utter a cry or open their eyes in their sad and cheerless homes and they are environed by that which develops all that is bad, gross, and animal, while the

divine germ knows no sun-compelling warmth or light at a time when nature sets the seal of destiny on the human soul. On this subject Helen Campbell, in the following extracts from her admirable work, "*Darkness and Daylight in New York*," makes some thoughtful observations and cites a typical case giving a glimpse of the utter hopelessness which pervades the future of a large per cent of the waifs who are swept monthly into life in the worst tenement sections of our great cities:—

The tenement house and its life have done effectual work and one that goes on day by day. It is here that we must seek for the mass of the poor and it is here that we find the causes which, combined, are making of the generation now coming up a terror in the present and a promise of future evil beyond man's power to reckon.

There shambled along the street a man once hard-working and honest. Drink led him here and a weak will and constant temptation made him powerless to reform. He married a woman in the ward, who, as he went lower and lower, took in washing and tried her best to give the children a chance. Eleven of these came into the world, each a little more burdened than the last with the inheritance of evil tendency. Five died before they were three weeks old, from want of proper food and from vitiated blood. Two were born idiots, and are in an asylum. Two are in prison serving long terms and one has disappeared.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox, another competent writer on this subject, observes*:—

In some of these wretched localities no education but that of crime obtains. Ignorant, weary and complaining wives, cross and hungry husbands, wild and ungoverned children, are continually at war with one another. The young criminal is the product almost exclusively of these training houses of vice and crime in the worst tenement-house districts. Eighty per cent of the crimes committed in New York City against property and against the person are perpetrated by individuals who never had any home life, or whose homes had ceased to be decent and desirable. Ignorant and poor, filthy and degraded, the low tenement victim drags out an existence which is as logical as it is miserable. Born in poverty and rags, nursed in filth and darkness, reared in ignorance and vice, matured in sin and crime, is the life history of the great majority of tenement-house creatures, and the end must be either the almshouse or the prison, or possibly the felon's death.

It is estimated that the Eleventh Precinct of New York City, which is a tenement-house district, contains six per cent of the city's population, and the fact that the proportion of arrests in this precinct is nearly double that of any other precinct is a striking commentary upon the evils resultant upon tenement-house life and its tendency to crime. This precinct contains a dense cosmopolitan population. It abounds with tenement houses, good, bad and indifferent—mostly bad. No district of equal population in the city better illustrates the extreme destitution and misery of vast numbers of human beings huddled indiscriminately together like a mass of garbage, to ferment and decompose into offensiveness; and certainly there is no other district in which intemperance, pauperism and crime prevail to so large an extent as in this. In it are born and bred a class of beings whose immediate

* "*Darkness and Daylight in New York*."

ancestors were drunken, poverty-stricken and vile, whose progeny must be paupers and criminals—pitiable as well as lawless.

Even though the solemn moral obligation of society to the unborn be left entirely out of consideration and the problem studied simply as an economic question, wisdom would suggest the abolition of conditions which make an increasing number of insane asylums, homes for idiots, reformatories and penitentiaries inevitable, and which at the same time exert a still more baleful influence upon the social body, even if more subtle, by poisoning the current of political life as surely as would the once pure water of a reservoir be poisoned by the emptying into it of a sewer carrying the refuse of a city.

III.

The fact that those who in answer to the cry of dilettanteism prophesy smooth things, have systematically minified the extent of the evil when they have found it impossible longer to deny it, has led many persons to believe that the slum problem was largely exaggerated. This impression has been strengthened by the fact that casual passers-by seldom see from the street anything which suggests the life revealed in the courts and alleys leading from the great thoroughfares. I have on many occasions been startled by the transition from apparently substantial wealth to indescribable poverty when taking a few steps up a passage way or through an alley from Hanover and other streets in Boston. The street front of the buildings was brick, sometimes several stories high and bearing no marks of dilapidation; in the rear were squalid courts, swarming with the city's miserales. And what is true of Boston is doubtless true of other cities. Mr. Riis, in speaking of New York, says:—

The worst tenements in New York do not, as a rule, *look bad*. Neither Hell's Kitchen nor Murderer's Row bears its true character stamped on the front. They are not quite old enough, perhaps. The same is true of their tenants. The New York tough may be ready to kill where his London brother would do little more than scowl; yet, as a general thing, he is less repulsively brutal in his looks. Here again the reason may be the same; the breed is not so old. A few generations more in the slums, and all that will be changed.* To get at the pregnant facts of tenement-house life one must look beneath the surface.*

One of the most faithful pictures of tenement-house life is found in the report of an agent of the New York Sanitary Aid Society, who thus described the result of his investigations in the Eleventh Precinct:—

The investigations reveal a state of affairs than which nothing more horrible can be imagined, and which, although perhaps equalled, cannot be surpassed in any European city. To get into these pestilential human

* Jacob Riis in "How the Other Half Lives."

rookeries you have to penetrate courts and alleys reeking with poisonous and malodorous gases arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions and often flowing beneath your feet. You have to ascend rotten staircases which threaten to give way beneath every step, which in some cases have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. Walls and ceilings are black with the accretions of filth which have gathered upon them through long years of neglect. It exudes through cracks in the boards overhead and runs down the walls; it is everywhere.

The rooms are crowded with sick and dirty children. Often several families occupy the same apartment. One of the inspectors reports twenty-five persons in three so-called rooms, of which two are mere closets without windows or openings to the hall. Here is a family of father, mother and four children, taking in fourteen boarders and living in three rooms. There are fifteen people of all sexes and ages in two little rooms, a great portion of which is in addition taken up with old rags and refuse. One of the directors discovered parents, three children, and fifteen geese living in a filthy cellar. Another visited a room which had actually not been cleaned or whitewashed for five years, where the ceiling was tumbling down in pieces, one of the children being in bed from severe wounds on the face and shoulder inflicted by the falling plaster. Here were found a woman and five small children who were actually starving, having eaten nothing for two days; there a woman but two days after confinement being ejected by an inhuman landlord.

It is frequently exceedingly difficult to get at the facts concerning the struggles and privations of thousands who slave themselves to death in the heart of our great, bustling, careless cities. A very striking illustration of this truth was given by the well-known economic writer and lecturer of the Northwest, Eva McDonald-Valesh, who as special agent for the Chicago *Tribune** went to New York after the press had heralded the announcement that the sweating evil had been abolished in that city. This lady found that the evil had not been abolished, notwithstanding the positive assertions of conventional prophets. She found that for political or other reasons some were indiffer-

* *The Tribune* in an editorial notice of Mrs. Valesh's revelations said: The gauntlet of dangers run by *The Tribune's* representative in visiting New York's "sweater" district last week, and the refusal both of the police and factory inspection departments to furnish any manner of assistance or protection, give an adequate idea of what municipal government may become under Tammany domination and an official corps composed of Tammany's minions. The same Supt. Byrnes who protects the saloons, gambling and bawdy houses against the investigations of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, sought to protect the "sweating" bosses from the investigations of *The Tribune*. Like Dr. Parkhurst, Mrs. Eva McDonald-Valesh, in her investigation for *The Tribune*, was told that *The Tribune's* mission in the interests of labor was none of her business. As told in yesterday's seven-column review, fifty-eight "sweater" buildings, the abodes of over a thousand families, were visited by *The Tribune's* representative, despite the claims of the police and factory inspection departments that there were no "sweaters" in New York. Think of nine adult workmen living, cooking, eating, sleeping and toiling by continual lamplight in one unlighted and unventilated room eight by twelve! Think of an entire family, down to the children that should be in the primary department at school, working in such a den at twelve dollars per week for from twelve to fourteen hours' work daily! No wonder the contractors needed the protection of the Tammany police and factory inspectors. Without such protection, such beastly conditions could not survive on American soil. . . . New York has laws against the sweating system; but of course the officials of that city see that the laws are not enforced "too hard." That would be "Puritanic." So within a few minutes' walk of the city hall the sweater tenements exist by the block.

ent, while one man who knew where the sweaters could be found refused to go without police protection. Accordingly Mrs. Valesh repaired at once to Inspector Byrnes. Her ill success here was thus given in her report*:—

It is sufficient to state that he courteously but decisively refused our request and threw in some fatherly advice, without extra charge, as to the advisability of minding one's own business and not meddling with strange people. He even delicately hinted that the sweating system might be a figment of some agitator's lively imagination.

Finally, however, this courageous little lady with an indomitable will chanced to meet a young Hebrew tailor with whom she was acquainted. He promised to pilot her through the dens which, according to the conventional writers, the press, and the authorities, *did not exist*. This young man assumed the rôle of a boss sweater hunting for strayed workmen and with Mr. and Mrs. Valesh, visited over fifty sweaters' dens. The plan succeeded admirably and in the following lines Mrs. Valesh, while narrating some of the scenes she witnessed, gives a word picture of the lives which thousands of our fellow-beings are leading in this republic*:—

About five minutes' walk from the city hall in New York is the most densely populated section of the earth. From 225,000 to 500,000 people to the square mile are packed in tenement houses which cover from sixty to ninety per cent of the ground space in each block. There are not only the four and five story houses fronting the street, but another row built inside the first and only separated from it by a few feet, then in the middle space another square building packed with humanity from top to bottom. Within the area of Mulberry, Hester, Baxter, Canal, Ludlow, Essex, and East Broadway streets are hundreds of sweat shops. Not only the coarser goods but the finer grades of women's underwear, cloaks and men's clothing are made there.

That underwear which you buy so much cheaper than you could make it at home, probably comes from a sweat shop and could you see the conditions under which it is made, you would shudder at the bare thought of having it touch your skin. That ready-made suit seems so cheap and pretty, probably served as a bed for the filthy, diseased wretches who made it. I know that reputable firms deny that their goods are made by sweaters. The wholesale firms in New York are insulted at the bare imputation of such a thing; yet they admit that the work is given to contractors and they don't know where it is done. I found those same contractors running sweat shops in Essex and Baxter Streets. Under the impression that our guide was a boss himself, they told him what firms they worked for and where contracts could be obtained. One of the worst places visited was a fourth story attic, where six men and two women lived and worked. They were making coats for a firm which has branch houses in Minneapolis and in every city of any size in the country.

Nearly all of the tenements are four or five stories high. The ground floor of the outer building will be occupied by a store of some sort. The other floors have four flats on each floor and two rooms to each flat.

* Chicago Daily Tribune, Jan. 1, 1893.

The outer room is ten by twelve and has two windows. The inner room has no window and measures four by six. In a two-room flat of this sort it is a common thing for six or eight grown people to live and work, not to mention an average of four or five children to every family. These buildings, facing the street, get some sunlight and such air as filters down the crowded streets.

Then remember that back of this outer building is always one and sometimes two inner buildings. In these inner buildings people actually live and work and rear children without seeing daylight from one end of the year to the other. They keep lamps burning all day. A faint twilight on a summer's day is the nearest approach to daylight that their habitation ever knows. One water faucet and waste pipe in the hall does service for every four families. The closets are always in the crowded court yard and all fuel must be carried up by hand.

In the two days and a half we visited fifty-eight buildings and saw the dwelling places of more than a thousand families. Breathing the foul air, in addition to the physical exertion involved in climbing and descending five-story buildings, left me in a state of prostration from which I did not recover for several days. After it was over I understood better why no woman and but few men had ever made anything like a thorough investigation of the system. Filth and wretchedness, the desperate struggle for existence and the absolute lack of anything approaching home life, combine to make a picture which seems to be burned into the memory of any one who has seen it. The little children are the most pathetic sight of all. The bad conditions, instead of killing out the race, seem only to encourage reproduction. The alleys, court yards, cellars and streets fairly swarm with children.

"They die like flies in the summer time," said our guide, "and the undertakers make special rates for the summer traffic in the tenement district."

At 45 Ludlow Street, in an inner court building, the first and second floors were used as stables, the third floor was divided into three rooms, each eight by twelve. The rooms were unplastered and through the rough board floor a stifling odor arose from the stables. The sweaters' rooms could only be reached by a staircase on the outside of the building. In one room were two women and five men; in another four women, a child and four men. Nine men worked in the third room. These people lived and cooked in these rooms. Besides the sewing machines there was a roll of bedding and a few cooking utensils scattered about the fire place. The air was so foul that we were unable to stay more than a few minutes.

At 29 Orchard street there was an "improved factory," as it is facetiously termed. The present law in regard to sweaters requires that workmen shall not live in the place where they work. The law is openly disregarded in most instances, but in this case the boss said, "Ah, mine vriend, I haf complied vith de law, see,"—adding to our guide in a lower tone, "It costs less." The "improved factory" was a room partly below the level of the ground in an inner court building. It was five by seven and the brick walls were dripping with moisture. Three men made vests there and burned a Rochester lamp fourteen hours a day, as there was no window in the room. A few fines would reimburse the boss for the rent of the room, and more workers could be crowded into a room when no space had to be allowed for bedding or cooking utensils.

In the attic of a gloomy building at 10½ Ludlow Street six girls and thirteen men worked in a room twenty by twenty-five and seven and one half feet high. These people lived and cooked in a separate room. But with nineteen sewing machines in this room and bundles of clothing

heaped on the floor it was so crowded that one worker couldn't stir without disturbing others. The low ceiling and utter lack of ventilation made the air so thick and murky that one could hardly distinguish the faces of the workers. They never looked up from their work as we came in, but stitched away as if their very life depended upon not losing a second.

People who know Mrs. Valesh know she is a careful, conscientious, high-minded woman, as thoughtful as she is truthful. Her report can be relied upon as being an under, rather than an over, statement of what she and her husband witnessed. Referring to the sanitary side of the question, she shows how in case of a plague the nation may well expect to suffer the penalty of its criminal indifference. On this point she thoughtfully observes:—

The New York tenement district continues to exist because the dear public doesn't like to interfere with an arrangement which is solely profitable to landlords and contractors. Verily the tenement district is an example of the American interpretation of *Laissez faire*. Even conservative old Edinburgh in its city council passed an ordinance and seized upon a tenement district which didn't compare with that of New York for filth and density of population. By right of eminent domain the tenements were pulled down because their existence menaced public health. A rule was then enforced prohibiting more than a certain number of tenements to a block, and also regulating the number of tenants to a building. Even the cholera scare could only make New York spill a few hogsheads of whitewash on its dangerous district.

We found several districts, however, to which the health department had not penetrated at all. The sweat shops change their location every time a list of them is printed. We found a new colony on East Broadway, which is a comparatively wide, clean street.

At 28 East Broadway there were three sweat shops in one building. This had another building inside, and only about two feet of space between the two walls. The tenants had hit upon a convenient way of disposing of garbage by dropping it out of the windows into this space. Even in winter the stench was nauseating, and how it could be cleaned out without tearing down a wall was a mystery. This building had not received the cholera coat of whitewash. The halls and stairways were slippery with dirt.

A suspender factory presented the common condition of three men, a woman, and a young girl working and living in two tiny rooms. On the next floor three women and two men were working on ladies' fine underwear. This place was remarkable because it was the only place where I saw old people. One of the women was sixty-five years old and very feeble, but said she must work as long as she lived. She seemed to wonder why she need live so long, when others died before they were fifty. The man was fifty-four years old. It looked strange to see his big, coarse fingers trying to guide the work under the machine and turn out the requisite amount of work each day. The younger woman had her head bandaged, and said she suffered from toothache and neuralgia so that she couldn't sleep nights. Still such incidents as old age or illness cannot be allowed to disturb the daily and nightly click of the machines. Speaking of old people, our guide said he had never before seen any sweater over forty-five, and I think it may be safely stated that the conditions under which the sweaters live cuts off life from ten to fifteen years before the normal limit is reached.

IV.

The enormous revenue in rents realized from the tenement houses, and the fact that under our present system of taxation the moment a landlord improves his building the taxes rise, have much to do with the maintenance of these plague spots. A writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript** some time since called attention to this matter in the following lines:—

So far as my observation extends, the poor laborers of Boston are very imperfectly housed. They are mostly living in old buildings, much out of repair, and many of them unhealthy from a sanitary point of view. About two hundred buildings were last year declared unfit for habitation, and the occupants were obliged to leave them in midwinter. Few of us can realize the amount of suffering the poor people must have endured during the present winter, on account of the difficulty of keeping themselves warm. Many of them are obliged to buy coal by the basket, and pay for it at the rate of nine dollars per ton. We give a few statistics from the last report of the Labor Bureau, which will surprise many of our people:—

WARD.	ASSESSED VALUATION.		Annual Rental.	Percentage of Annual Rental of Combined Valuation of Land and Buildings.
	Land.	Buildings.		
4	\$300	\$300	\$228 00	38.00
4	400	200	288 00	48.00
5	800	200	276 00	27.60
7	1500	500	402 00	20.10
12	1700	500	390 12	17.73
16	1000	500	441 96	29.46
5	7300	200	344 00	4.59
.	1500	500	336 00	16.00

The root of the difficulty seems to be that most of this property is held for speculative purposes, and the owners are trying to get as much income as possible from the buildings on the land, while spending as little as possible on them. Hence we have as a result, in one instance at least, that a building worth \$200 obtains an income of \$344 a year. It stands on land valued at \$7,000 or more. A report of some six hundred of these buildings shows that, taking the valuation of land and buildings, they yield a rent of twelve and a half per cent yearly, and about twenty-five per cent on the value of the buildings themselves.

After the agitation originated in Boston by THE ARENA's papers on the slums of the modern Athens, one of our daily journals † published a series of articles, giving the rental profits on some of the tenement buildings. It showed that in some instances the slum tenements yield as high as twenty-five per cent profit; some return fifteen per cent and some ten per cent. On this phase of the subject Mrs. Valesh, in her report alluded to elsewhere, says:—

* Edward Ginn, in Boston *Transcript*, Feb. 23, 1893.

† Boston *Evening Record*.

In one of these dark buildings we happened to find the "housekeeper." She is the agent of the landlord. Her duties are to let the rooms, collect rent, and see that tenants do not get behind or move out without paying. As the housekeeper must be some one who is willing to live in the building, her manners are not apt to be the most refined. This housekeeper was an Irish woman about fifty years old. She wanted to rent rooms to boss sweaters, and was quite willing to tell her terms. Two rooms in the inner buildings rent for eight dollars a month. In the outer buildings the second floor rooms rent at twelve dollars, and the others at ten dollars. These rates are really higher than those paid by mechanics for clean, airy rooms up town. She figured the proceeds of the outer and inner buildings of which she had charge at \$368 a month, or \$4,416 a year. She said no room was ever idle more than a few days. The constant influx of emigrants always creates a good demand.

"Do people always earn enough to pay such high rent?" I asked.

"Well, if they don't, out they goes, that's all," she replied. "These houses ain't hospitals nor asylums. If people can't pay it's none of my business."

"Enough has been collected out of every one of those tenements to rebuild them in brown stone and marble three times over," said a prominent rental agent.

The systematic agitation of this problem which has been carried on in Boston for three years has done something toward bettering the lot of the dwellers in the tenement houses. But the abodes of a large proportion of our social exiles are still so terrible that only those who personally visit them can appreciate the horror of life condemned to such a prison, and things will continue thus until radical or fundamental social changes are inaugurated. The time has arrived when something more than palliative measures should be urged. No civilization can hope to endure which tolerates conditions so unjust that industrious citizens are forced to live as thousands of our people are living, and no nation can prosper which is indifferent to the existence of such moral and physical plague spots as the ever growing slums of our great cities. In this connection it is well to bear in mind the important fact that almost every great city is walled in by vacant lots, which are being held idle by syndicates or individual capitalists, until society doubles, trebles, or quadruples the cost paid for them. And it should be remembered that our present system of taxation fosters the vacant-lot industry by not properly taxing *land values*.

Another fact to be remembered is that the people's common property — the streets and highways — are occupied by monopolies, which in many instances, octopus-like, twine their coils around legislation and the press and gain their own ends at an immense expense to the public, instead of paying a handsome income into the city's treasury for the use of the highways and being compelled to furnish adequate car service for the needs and comfort of the public. These corporations pay nothing for the enormously valuable street franchise and compel a large per cent of those

who daily enrich their coffers to stand on the platforms of the cars in order to enjoy the privilege of reaching their destination. Until our cities municipalize their street railways their citizens will be plundered and people will feel it necessary to remain huddled in the centres of the cities rather than hazard life at the mercy of avaricious and conscienceless corporations.

Statutes condemning the old death-trap buildings and compelling all new structures to be erected under proper sanitary regulations will be of service provided the laws are properly enforced. But to see that they are enforced, vigilant committees in many cities will be required.

Another important work which should command the attention of thoughtful people is that of establishing cheerful centres in the tenement-house regions — coffee houses, reading rooms and halls for concerts and various healthful forms of recreation, where the poor shall be welcomed and where they can be brought into touch with educational influences which will neutralize in a degree the evil effect of the omnipresent saloon. A great work lies along this line, and one which can be made a potent factor for elevating life and transforming many voters who are now a menace to honest and clean government into aids and defenders of justice and progress.

Many lines of work can be followed in the *immediate future* looking toward the abatement of the present evil, but the most important work of the hour is *an educational agitation* so fearless and earnest that people will be compelled to see the inhumanity of the present and the duty devolving upon the individual; an agitation so persistent and aggressive that the conscience of civilization shall be forced to cry out for radical economic changes so fundamentally just that the Golden Rule in Christian lands will come to mean something more than an "iridescent dream."

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THE NEW TIME AND HOW ITS ADVENT MAY BE HASTENED.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE heart hunger of our time is as significant as it is inspiring. The inquiries relating to methods for the organization of the forces for justice and progress, which come from all quarters, indicate the universality of desire, as well as a general recognition among earnest men and women of the need for prompt action. In this paper I wish to give, by hints and illustrations, some helpful thoughts to those who desire to work in the moral and reformatory crusade now being pushed at various points throughout the republic.

We must not lose sight of the fact that while our union must ever be *one in aim*, having the *elevation and emancipation of humanity, through education and justice*, as its loadstar, the specific means and measures employed to accomplish this end will be varied to meet the requirements of the situation. In the great cities, for example, certain local evils will call for special consideration from unions; while in towns, villages, and small communities where those evils are absent, other lines of work can be effectively carried on. It is of the first importance that the moral and reformatory forces be brought into sympathetic relations; that in every community a moral and intellectual fire be started which will warm into life the frozen consciences of a large number of well-meaning people. It is also important that the larger views of justice and life be disseminated as rapidly as possible, and that they be so presented as to awaken a high sense of duty among intelligent persons who are in comparatively easy circumstances, and at the same time win the great commonwealth of the discontented, who are growing bitter under the injustice of present conditions.

Among those things which I feel to be of special importance along the line of educational work, I would mention the organization of educational classes, such as young people's clubs, societies for the discussion of vital problems, leagues for the promotion of justice and brotherhood—organizations which should encourage and educate the people into a knowledge of their individual duty and responsibility, and impress on each person the power which he or she should wield for progress and human brotherhood.

Shakespeare tells us, "There is no darkness but ignorance," and in the whole compass of literature I believe there is no profounder truth than this. Great and far-reaching questions of a fundamental character are to-day confronting the political world, and especially the republican world. These must be candidly discussed and examined, not by scholars alone, but by men and women who toil with hands as well as brains.

The social, economic, and political world is in a ferment which must eventuate in a magnificent educational step upward or a revolution. To speed the former and avert the latter is the sacred duty of the hour for all high-minded souls. What man or woman who has followed the social, and at times savage, unrest of England's industrial masses during recent years can doubt that bloodshed and undying hate have been averted through the vigorous, systematic, and unceasing labor of the Fabian Society?—a society whose propaganda work has probably been unequalled in the history of social movements, and through whose educational influence the impetuous and unreasoning have been restrained from convulsing society by deeds of violence, while millions of men and women have been awakened. Great reforms have been inaugurated through educational methods, and by organized work, while the greater strides which the near future promises indicate the power for peace and progress which lies in this plan of action.

Societies should be formed in every community for the systematic study of social and economic problems. Circulating libraries, filled with the literature of the new time, should be established in every neighborhood, and evenings should be set apart for the discussion or talking over of the great ethical, economic, and social problems which relate to the wider justice demanded by the present time.

Switzerland has shown what can be accomplished toward preserving an ideal republic, by the introduction of the initiative, the referendum, and proportional representation. Let our people be thoroughly acquainted with these measures, let them clearly understand what they mean and how they may be introduced, and then leave the matter in the hands of the voters.

The land question is a problem which will command more and more attention until radical readjustments are made which will recognize the principle that the earth belongs to *all the people*. It is the duty of the people to acquaint themselves with this great fundamental question, and after a clear conception of what it involves has been gained, it may be left with perfect safety to their intelligence.

The problem of transportation, which involves so much, affecting as it does all producers and consumers should be thor-

oughly discussed. Why are they who produce bounteous harvests barely living, and frequently, in spite of every effort, losing year by year homes upon which they have expended the strength of a score or more years, while our cities are thronged with the starving? Why is it that the producer and consumer are compelled to pay interest on watered stock, or stock representing many times the actual monetary outlay of the nation's great arteries of trade? Why were hundreds of thousands of Americans denied the opportunity of the unequalled educational advantages offered by the World's Fair through the avarice and cupidity of American railway barons? The evils of usury, and the just rights of the wealth producers, are questions which must be agitated until justice comes. These and other vital national problems must be discussed, for they affect the prosperity of America's millions.

The larger rights of woman also demand the attention of all who love justice and true morality. The truth, the philosophy, and possibilities expressed in these noble lines from Tennyson must appeal to all true men and women:—

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse;
. . . . like in difference.

* * * * *

Yet in the long years liker must they grow —
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured poet, each.

* * * * *

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man;
Then come the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

The cause of woman is the cause of every true man, and her rights and that broad justice which appreciates the real meaning of the Golden Rule should dominate every person who believes that nothing is so safe as justice, and that the highest wisdom will always be found in *doing what is right*.

In our great cities the slums — America's vast nurseries of crime, degradation, and immorality — the tenement evil, the sweating system, child labor, and other social wrongs and evils which are due to moral lethargy on the part of the people, and the operation of unjust social conditions, must be abated by a systematic and wisely directed educational agitation.

It is important, further, that classes be formed and lectures be given by specialists who have sympathetically studied the great

issues of the new time, and who are able to meet honest inquiry in such a manner as clearly to explain the nature of the questions involved.

The clubs or classes should not be confined to the investigation and discussion of social, economic, or political problems. The duty of man to man, of the individual to the state and the state to the individual, as comprehended in the popular conception of social problems, while of great importance, is not all. We must impress upon the individual the dignity of life and its responsibilities. Man's duty as husband and father; woman's duty as wife and mother; the influences of heredity, prenatal culture, and early environment—all these fundamental problems should be broadly treated, with reference to their bearing on society at the present time and the generation of to-morrow.

The ever present aim of all educational work should be to awaken the highest and best in man, woman, and child—for the child must not be overlooked. Indeed he is, perhaps, the most important factor to be considered, for upon his brain the most enduring impression can be made. And in order to further his advancement, classes for children should be formed, where not oftener than once a week the story of some noble life should be told in an entertaining way, a chalk talk or a magic lantern lecture given, and a fifteen minutes' study of some question calculated to awaken noble thoughts and stimulate high ideals. After this meeting the young people should have a picnic supper, which could easily be provided by a committee appointed to wait upon people interested in the cause of human advancement.

Young people's glee clubs should be formed, where the old and unjust thought should be sung out, and the new evangel of human brotherhood sung in. Few people appreciate the wonderful impetus a great reformation receives when songs which have leaped from prophet souls at white heat are passed along the line. Let the new truth be sung into the hearts of the people by such justice-awakening lays as James G. Clark's "Battle Hymn of Labor." Let some of the thrilling lines of Massey, Morris, and Charles Mackay be put to popular airs, and the cause of earth's millions will gain greatly by the tribute of song, while many who at first may sing these words mechanically will come into the vibratory currents or moral atmosphere in which the words were written, and henceforth they will be children of duty and of love.

II.

In relation to this work perhaps nothing is so important as for the individual to appreciate his duty and the possibilities for good which lie within his power, if he will faithfully and unselfishly

utilize them for the good of his fellow-man. There is no one whose influence for light and truth may not be extended down the generations if he appreciates his duty and is willing to exert his best efforts for the highest good. And because this truth of paramount importance is so little appreciated, I wish to give a few examples of varied character which illustrate what a single individual may accomplish.

A few years ago the wife of an ex-Governor of a New England state conceived the idea of helping and brightening the lives of the girls engaged in the factory in which her husband was interested. She accordingly organized a young woman's club, which met regularly on her husband's premises. Here the girls were taught how to cook, sew, and do domestic work; how and what to read, in order to develop the best in them; how to think originally and cultivate the individuality which marks the free man and woman. Many, also, were the pleasant hours passed when talks were given and papers read of an interesting, thought-stimulating, and hope-awakening character. They also sang and enjoyed music. And what was the result? A new world opened to them. This noble lady had awakened their higher natures. She had led them to discover a new and more glorious content within their own being; nor was this all. The awakened soul can no longer be selfish; these girls told others of the new light which had come into their barren lives, and from all directions came applications for membership. This club has grown to be a power for good of far greater proportion than the originator dreamed would be possible.

The results which have attended the guild work and university settlements in London, New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere are now too well known to require more than a mere mention as illustrative of the greater work to be accomplished by organized effort resulting from a union of earnest men and women who are ready to be just, and who appreciate the importance of awakening and quickening the higher nature which has too long slumbered.

Almost two years ago Mrs. Ferguson, the wife of a well-known physician in conservative New Orleans, conceived the idea of establishing an Arena Club, for the discussion of live and vital problems, and for the wider dissemination of the new truth which is dawning on our age from so many sides at the present time. Mrs. Ferguson is a Virginian, a descendant of Patrick Henry, and a woman of that superb courage which characterizes those who help the world onward. The club was formed. It has proved a wonderful educational factor, calling forth the highest thought and centering the minds of its members on noble and living truths. It has also secured the services of a number of the most eminent thinkers of the new time, who have given the club

the benefit of their careful, earnest, and profound thought. So important have been many of the papers or addresses given that the great dailies of New Orleans have published liberal extracts, and in one or two instances have given the entire address. In this way the fine new ideas of the dawn have been carried into tens of thousands of homes, and numbers of readers have been made acquainted with vital truths of which they would have remained in ignorance, had not one earnest, high-minded, and progressive woman appreciated and utilized the opportunities which lay before her.

Now let us suppose that on the week in which the New England lady, of whom I have spoken, formed her young woman's club, one thousand other American women had organized similar clubs; and let us suppose that at the time Mrs. Dr. Ferguson formed the Arena Club in New Orleans, similar clubs had been formed by thoughtful women in every city in America—what an immense upward leverage these organizations would have exerted by this time.

But it is not alone in the cities that this work can be carried on successfully; a splendid field opens before earnest individuals in every town, village, hamlet, and rural community. And it is well for those who dwell in the sparsely settled regions to remember that it is from the children of the soil that our nation draws her greatest minds and noblest heroes.

A few days ago I received a letter from the little town of Ketchum, Idaho, written by Mrs. I. I. Lewis, in which she outlines the work carried on by herself and family and Mr. and Miss Gillet of that place. Mr. Gillet is a scholar and widely read; he has become the natural head of the educational work carried on by what is called the "History Class." This association or club welcomes all people, and in it history is studied in a broad and philosophical manner. The outlines of past and recent events are given, and from these are drawn lessons for the present. Nor are its labors confined to history, even in the broadest meaning of the term. Each member is compelled to address the chair when called upon, if only to say yes or no, and in this way ready speakers are being developed, while the methods of instruction are so arranged as to interest all members while the reasoning faculties are being strengthened. Their aim is: (1) to broaden the horizon of knowledge; (2) to show the results of past history and the bearing of those events upon the present; (3) to strengthen the reasoning faculties and encourage independent thinking; (4) to make ready speakers and to brighten the barren lives of its members.

Another division of work, under the direction of Mrs. Lewis' daughter, is a large kindergarten class. Here, however, while

the children receive direct instruction, the older people are welcomed, and a most enjoyable evening is spent each week. Mrs. Lewis says: "Our people are poor, but the families who attend the history class pay twenty-five cents a month, and those who come to the kindergarten pay fifteen cents a month; and in this way money enough is raised to enable the work to be carried on." I regard the information contained in Mrs. Lewis' letter as very valuable, as it shows what is being done in a remote little snow-enveloped mountain town, and it contains hints for serious workers everywhere.

These are only a few suggestions thrown out for the encouragement of individuals who have heard duty's call, and for the purpose of awakening the sense of personal responsibility in those who are letting golden hours pass unfreighted into eternity under the delusion that one person cannot do anything of real value for the race. These thoughts relate to educational work; they are of paramount importance, for they look to the foundation of the new order, which is to be guided by knowledge and justice, love and liberty. This work is, in the highest sense, visiting Christ in prison. Knowledge and justice alone will liberate him.

But there is the starving, shelterless Christ at our door; he must be succored, and succored without delay. Philanthropy which regards charity as an ultimate is, to my mind, pernicious in the extreme. It is vicious in its influence upon the rich and the poor. But the charity which is carried on as a palliative or an emergency measure, and which ever holds the ultimate of justice and duty before both giver and receiver, is beneficent alike to all who come under its influence. It softens the bitterness of the poor man's lot, and places him in an attitude to receive the gospel of equity. It shows him how justice can be inaugurated without savagery, and thus stays the blind, unreasoning fury of hate and violence; while by bringing the other half into direct *rapport* with the world's bread winners, who suffer so much and enjoy so little, it will awaken all that is best in great natures, and lead them to make the cause of justice their cause.

Hence I would see that every man and woman in every city and county who had bread enough and to spare be advised of the exact conditions and needs of the naked and starving almost at their door. I would compel all persons to know the truth by a systematic campaign in which facts should be made to pierce the soul of all who are not so deeply self anæsthetized that the cry of the suffering Christ cannot awaken them. Next I would have the cities divided into sections, with committees who, in connection with the guilds or educational societies, would seek the suffering, and secure for them work when possible, and relief

when their needs demanded food and shelter. I would sow hope broadcast in the heart of the dweller in the social cellar.

There are many ways in which aid can be obtained. Perhaps a committee of earnest women would take up the work of house-to-house canvass. Perhaps ministers would be willing to plead the cause of the naked, starving Christ in their pulpits. In many instances the little ones in the schools would joyfully relieve distress and bridge over the gulf of abject want for those whose cases had been investigated by the society. And here let me illustrate what may be done wherever uninvited poverty pleads for aid, by giving, in the briefest possible words, the story of what has been accomplished along this line in the city of St. Paul, Minn.

In the year 1892, a gentleman with some earnest assistants who were giving their time and means to relieving and uplifting the poor of that city, found that as winter approached there were two hundred fifty families, more than two thirds of which were without male heads, who were facing starvation. There were more than two thousand persons in those two hundred fifty homes—a little army who could not think of the coming winter without a chill of terror. An appeal was made to the authorities of the public schools of the city for permission to allow those children who desired, to contribute something toward making Thanksgiving a day of gladness to these prisoners of poverty. The authorities consented. The teachers joined in the plan with an enthusiasm equalled only by that of the children. The problem was explained to the little ones, and they were left to bring anything they chose. Soon the stone began to roll, and little by little contributions were brought in by the children. In four days the forty-three public schools of St. Paul donated one hundred seventy-two wagon loads of provisions, fuel, and clothing for distribution, although no one pupil brought more than a peck of any kind of fruit or vegetables. Many incidents occurred which proved how valuable as a soul developer was the opportunity given the little ones to help others.*

* In referring to this phase of the question one of the St. Paul dailies made the following thoughtful observations: "It is the effect of this lesson in altruism upon them which cannot be weighed or measured. At an age when impressions are deep and lasting, when a profound stir to the feelings may develop traits that last a lifetime, when the character is sensitive to the moral argument of good works, and when enthusiasms count and wait for their fulfilment, the children of the people have been engaged in a noble work whose great results they themselves could witness and in whose joy they could share. It was, to many of them, a matter of personal self-sacrifice and an aid to discipline. It was by no means only or mainly the children of the rich whose thank-offerings filled to bursting the storerooms of the relief society. Each gift was a small one, and most of them represented not the careless generosity of parents, but the willing sacrifice of the child.

"One story is told too touching to be spared, because in it lie the divine suggestions of this Thanksgiving jubilee. A little girl came to her teacher, a child herself of the straitened homes of the poor, with a little cotton bag that held a single apple. It was a small apple, knotty and unpromising. But she had taken it such as it was, all that she had and to her a delightful treat, had carefully cleaned out the worm-eaten places,

So much for the story of Thanksgiving week in St. Paul in 1892. In 1893 the noble work was repeated on a larger scale. Over two hundred bushels of potatoes alone were contributed. The following from a communication from Mr. C. B. Gilbert, superintendent of the St. Paul schools, will be encouraging and valuable to those interested in this work. In reply to an inquiry from a friend in St. Paul, Mr. Gilbert, under date of December 17, wrote:—

The quantity of food and clothing taken to the relief rooms was enormous, but I have no exact statement of totals. Some of the larger schools sent from fifteen to twenty wagon loads of supplies. The principal of one school wrote me that six of the larger boys were busy from two o'clock until six taking the supplies in a wagon from the school to the relief rooms only a few blocks away. The supplies consisted of food of all kinds, clothing, and fuel. I enclose copies of statements from two schools which will indicate the general character of the work:—

354 lbs. flour, 27 lbs. corn meal, 12 lbs. graham flour, 31 lbs. oatmeal, 9½ lbs. tea, 2 lbs. coffee, 12 lbs. meat, 15 lbs. rice, 1 package macaroni, 1 box crackers, 11 lbs. beans, 10 lbs. sugar, 4 lbs. dried beans, 3 qts. cranberries, 2 cabbages, 3 squashes, ½ peck onions, 1 can beans, 2 cans oysters, 1 can blackberries, 1 can figs, 30 bushels potatoes, 5 ladies' waists, 2 scarfs, 1 hood, 1 skirt, 2 prs. overshoes, 5 caps, 11 men's vests, 14 coats, 10 prs. pants, 5 prs. shoes, 3 prs. men's overshoes, 4 ladies' jackets, 2 overcoats, 2 shirts, 1 lady's coat, 6 hats, 3 sets underclothes, 2 neckties, 1 pr. suspenders.

(No. 2.) 8 bbls. potatoes, 1½ bbls. cabbages, 1½ bbls. turnips, 1 bbl. onions, 1 bbl. apples, 1 bbl. carrots, parsnips, and squash. Tea, coffee, salt, sugar, ginger, spices, cider, vinegar, pickles, and catsup in great quantities. Many packages of oatmeal, cornmeal, buckwheat, rice, beans, and wheat flour in from 10 to 25 pound sacks. Meats of all kinds: chickens, turkeys, hams, bacon, salt pork, sausages. Canned fruits of all kinds, with many jars of home-made jelly, jam, preserves, and marmalade. Cakes, doughnuts, boxes of crackers, vanilla wafers, cookies, home-made buns and pies. Seven full loads of wearing apparel, including every article of attire for men, women, and children.

A noticeable feature of the work was the sewing done by the girls in the schools. Many articles of wearing apparel and home comfort were made in the schools, and others were made at home. In some of the schools most of the girls contributed an article or articles of their own handiwork. One little girl of twelve made entire a dress for a poor child of six. In some of the schools bedquilts were tied. In one kindergarten a bedquilt was made for the children's ward of St. Luke's Hospital, and scrap books of pictures pasted upon cloth were made for the Babies' Home, and delivered by the children in person.

and placed in them two little pieces of candy. This gift, precious to her as a feast to others, she brought carefully to school to be given to some one poorer than herself. It is the old, touching, divine story over again of uttermost compassion and self-forgetfulness. It is a glimpse of the higher kingdom through the heart of a little child. And in the thought of this, even the relief of the destitute and the comforting of the stricken seems a small thing. To create the impulse of sacrifice, to make it easy to forget self, to bring to the surface, with faith and courage, the divine instinct of altruism that lies so deep beneath the crust of selfish greed—this is to set at play the waters of a fountain which all the rest of life shall not stifle. Thousands of children knew that lesson last week, not as a dogma, but as an article of acted faith. What is it not worth to them? What may it not be worth to the community, torn by the love of mammon and the struggle to be first at any cost, when it is made up of men and women who took their first real lesson in altruism at Thanksgiving time?"

I have given this extended notice because it illustrates so impressively what can be done through concerted effort, without any one being made to suffer. It will be helpful, further, as showing what has already been accomplished.

Another thing to be considered is, a systematic crusade looking toward overcoming evil by good. Coffee houses should be established in the humblest and the worst sections of every city. The houses should be clean and inviting; the food should be plain and nutritious, and furnished at as low a price as possible, covering the actual cost. In connection, free public reading rooms, supplied with the latest and best literature, should lure men, women, and children to high thinking and noble endeavor. Halls should also be erected, where concerts, chalk talks, stereopticon lectures, and other entertainments, elevating, interesting, and instructive in character, would gladden otherwise dull and heavy hours, and put high thoughts and new hope into darkened souls. There should also be gymnasiums, swimming pools, and in fact everything that could develop and make brighter and better the lives of our poor. These temples of life would prove most formidable enemies to the omnipresent temples of death—the low dance hall, the saloon, and the gambling dens, which at present are almost the only brilliantly illuminated spots at night in the slums of many of our cities. This would be a practical way of overcoming evil with good. These places could be made educational centres, and from them could be carried on a propaganda work, along the lines of social, political, economic, educational, and ethical progress.

Another work which would come in time would be the establishment of industrial homes, where orphans and children who had no person competent to care for them could be educated amid pure, healthful surroundings and taught useful trades. These schools have proved so successful in the Netherlands and in Scotland that it is a crying shame that our people should remain indifferent while in every populous community hundreds of children, who might be made useful citizens, are yearly sinking into vice and crime. These things, it will be understood, are only thrown out as hints along the line of procedure which the life and teaching of Jesus suggests, and which the New Democracy demands.

The serious objection to our present-day charitable work, and its method, lies in the fact that it is not made an auxiliary to the more important and truly fundamental educational work. It is not subordinated to the demand of justice, and is either spasmodic in character or pursued as an ultimate instead of being regarded as merely a temporary palliative while every hand and brain works for the great fundamental reforms which alone can

emancipate the millions, by securing them justice. Charity carried on instead of justice, or as an ultimate, in effect strengthens conservative injustice, and renders more hopeless the very conditions which make possible uninvited poverty in one of the richest nations on the face of the earth. Moreover it tends to weaken the independent spirit of the poor and lowers their self-respect. But employed as a palliative, under such conditions as outlined above, it would be at once beneficial and humane; and, rightfully carried on, it could be made the door through which we might enter the citadel of poverty and enlighten it.

On the other hand, our philosophers and theoretical reformers, after they have promulgated noble ideals and outlined practical plans for redemptive work based on justice, frequently remain in seclusion, expecting the cause to reach and leaven society, ignoring the fact that the grandest ideals of social progress will remain as exquisite marble statues, so far as the multitude is concerned, until the breath of life—human sympathy—is breathed into them. They must be carried to the industrial millions in such a way that the humble will see and feel that they are more than glittering generalities. The truths contained must be taught line upon line, by hearts alive with tenderness, by souls aglow with human sympathy. And this personal work, which is so effective in its redemptive character, is equally helpful to the apostle of justice, for nothing so deeply impresses thoughtful people with the need of radical and fundamental social reform as personal contact with the miserables in the sloughs of want.

To me it seems not only wise but essential that this twofold work be carried on, if we are to conquer peaceably and speedily. The present is no time for sleeping. We are living in a crucial hour for the republic. Peace and progress may be ours if we are wise enough to be just and prompt in improving our opportunities along broad, wise, and humane lines of conduct. But a few more years characterized by increasing poverty among the wealth producers, and increasing millions among the wealth acquirers and absorbers; a few more years witnessing abject want crouching in the shadow of colossal fortunes (which have risen through class legislation and special privileges), and we shall reap in the whirlwind of savage revolution the fruits of our slothful short-sightedness and selfish indifference. I have no fear for the ultimate triumph of justice, because general intelligence and widespread discontent will render it impossible for wrong to conquer. But the real question which confronts us is, whether the next step shall be revolutionary or evolutionary in character. Our appeal is to those who believe in the brotherhood of man and the establishment of justice on the earth, and who wish to see the new time ushered in as a golden dawn instead of being born amid the storm and wrath of violence and animal savagery.

THE CHURCH AS A MISSIONARY FIELD.

BY REV. WALTER VROOMAN.

A SHORT time ago I attended a social reform meeting which for hall rent, advertising, and speaker's hire cost its promoters forty-five dollars. There were twenty-two persons present and a friend informed me that to his certain knowledge twenty of these already held the lecturer's opinions concerning the measures advocated and were probably as familiar as he with the evils described.

Soon after this I attended a Sunday evening church service devoted to the same social reform. The audience numbered more than fourteen hundred persons, to nearly all of whom the ideas suggested were new. There were several speakers and their words were published at length in the morning and evening papers of the following day. The cost of this meeting to the reform element was fourteen dollars.

At the former meeting two strangers were induced to listen to an exposition of the new ideal for an hour at a cost of forty-five dollars, or more than twenty dollars each; at the other the new gospel was presented to fourteen hundred strangers in a much more impressive way at a cost, to the reformers, of about one cent each. In addition to this the meeting was a matter of public interest and through the press the main points presented were carried to a hundred thousand more. These two incidents illustrate the difference between the old educational methods and the new; between those who expect to lead the masses from whom they isolate themselves and the scientific reformer who remains with the people and utilizes their established institutions in the cause of progress. It suggests the superior methods of the new Union for Practical Progress. And has the time not come when a man should use his mother wit in humanitarian work as in other matters? Do not two and two make four in reform as in business? Is it not the course of wisdom to make two converts to the belief in happier social conditions with one dollar and one hour of exertion rather than one convert by spending two dollars and two hours?

There is one fact to which reformers everywhere should have their attention called. It is that in every large city there are several hundred magnificent structures now used only a few hours a week.

The words of the ancient prophets are now repeated in them freely. They can also be made to ring with the words of our modern prophets. And not only can these buildings be made to resound with the promises of a better and happier world, but a large number of sincere people of every community already have the habit of assembling in them at least once a week and this church-going habit, as well as the buildings, can be made to minister to the cause of human brotherhood.

Instead of leaving the people and getting up an opposition meeting in an opposition place, we should remain with them and utilize the church service, and it can be done. Contrary statements notwithstanding, a considerable part of the membership of what is called the Christian church to-day, shares, though unintelligently, the divine social enthusiasm exemplified in the life and death of Jesus. And although the percentage is smaller, there are many clergymen who in preaching forget our national deity — *Gold* — and only think of God; some in every city and nearly every town, who, if encouraged, will permit the proclaiming of the simple gospel from their pulpits. Scattered throughout every state are those who will help in urging the people to take the Sermon on the Mount from the book of Matthew and translate it into the fabric of our national life, some who will help in the eminently Christian work of reorganizing human society on a basis of love.

A novel plan has been devised for holding up the hands of such; it is the organization in every city of what is called "The Wandering Congregation." This Wandering Congregation is made up of persons interested in social reform, who instead of scattering their attendance go once each Sunday to one church service devoted to the cause of the Union for Practical Progress. The members contribute each a few cents weekly for advertising and the expense of securing speakers who are supplied, one or two in addition to the regular pastor, at each of these services. Some different church is induced to devote a service to the movement every Sunday, and to discuss the particular social reform topic of the month in harmony with the programme of the national union. The Wandering Congregation alone might form an insignificant body, but when added to a regular church congregation insures a splendid audience. This not only leaves a more favorable impression on each listener, but insures a fair report in the daily papers, thereby carrying the gospel of social reform to a whole city once each week.

There are hundreds of people in every city who will attend church if promised something helpful and alive. They are not especially attached to any one building, locality, or clergyman, and rather prefer variety. The Wandering Congregation is

adapted to their needs, and in inducing a church to devote a service to the cause of justice, no argument can be more effective than the promise of several hundred new faces among the pews. This work should be started immediately in every town and city of the country.

Another plan that has been signally successful in connection with several local unions for practical progress is that of the Young People's Missionary Society. Instead of circulating Sunday-school papers containing pictures of prostrate Hindoos waiting to be crushed by the Juggernaut, or of Hindoo mothers throwing their infants into the river Ganges (both of which customs, by the way, are now nearly obsolete), and instead of raising money to send religious teachers to these far-off lands and peoples, this new missionary society exists for the purpose of sending missionaries among the modern mammon worshippers of the mis-called Christian churches of America. These young people are engaged in the heroic task of holding up the example of Jesus among our civilized heathen who have displaced the meek and lowly Social Reformer of Nazareth by a phantom of their imaginations, and are now as of old crying for the crucifixion of the faithful few who follow in His footsteps.

These new missionaries talk not of the Juggernaut of India nor the cannibalism of distant islands, but are concerned with the civilized Juggernauts of our modern cities whose cruel wheels by crushing humanity send a constant stream of gold into the purses of pew-renting stock holders; and with those refined species of cannibalism known as "sweating," child labor and coal mining, that devour the bodies, minds and souls of men and women, children and invalids, from the profits of which many churches have been built and the salaries of many clergymen paid. These death-dealing implements of American idolatry are described in all their hideousness by our young enthusiasts in the very strongholds of our gold-worshipping cities. Were there ever before such missionaries as these? And many of them are still only boys and girls, attendants at high school and college. Still, imbued with the new spirit of our time, these young disciples of the new dispensation are doing sublime service in the cause of justice.

Their plan is as follows: They make a list of the churches of the city with their locations the hours of prayer meetings, young people's meetings, Bible classes and all meetings at which a stranger would have an opportunity to speak. Then each missionary is assigned to a church. He or she attends during the week one or more of its meetings, speaks of the Social Reformer Jesus and asks all who are interested in His religion to attend the missionary meeting of the following week. At the

close of the service he gives out written or printed slips containing address and time of meeting, and continues his work by conversation with the few who are invariably interested sufficiently to gather round him and wish him God speed. Some may be sufficiently interested to attend the meeting announced, or it may be the whole incident will pass from their minds. But at the next meeting there is another stranger present who also testifies concerning the gospel of social reform, and promises the eventual overthrow of evil in the world and the universal reign of love. He again invites those present to aid in this holy cause. At each meeting a different stranger, filled with faith, appears with the same pressing invitation, until some one or two of the members are induced to join the central body. These are then expected to keep their fellow churchmen informed concerning the movement, and their church is counted among those joined to the central body. Then a new church is selected in its place as a field for systematic missionary effort.

Each missionary is expected to visit a different church every week, or fifty-two during the year. The results will be most surprising. When the secretary of the local Union prepares his monthly letter to the clergy, asking their coöperation in some one definite reform measure, each missionary is expected to deliver at least one letter personally, and add his persuasive power to the written plea. When in the central body there is one member for every church in the city, the method of sending these letters by post will be at an end.

In a similar manner the Catholic literary and temperance societies and the Jewish and other social clubs, classes and debating societies are visited, and an attempt is made to secure at least one member of each organization to the central body. Such intimate relations are thus established between the central body and the various existing organizations of a city that nearly the whole population can have a new moral issue presented to them within a week's notice and each society receive the message by one of its own members.

When the Union for Practical Progress becomes as well organized throughout the nation as it is now in several cities, it will be able, by this method, to secure a million signatures to a petition in behalf of some needed reform within two weeks after the order is given by the national committee. Such a thing is unprecedented, but it is perfectly practicable.

A PROPHET'S CRY TO THE CHURCH.

WE are in the midst of a social revolution and the lines of demarcation between the positions held by the priesthood of conventional injustice and the prophets of the new democracy, are being more clearly drawn with each succeeding month. The priesthood of plutocracy are engaged in attempting to show how *little* a working man can live on, and in assuring the people that, despite the fact that our slums are growing more populous every year and our farmers becoming a peasantry of *renters*, social conditions are improving and in the course of a few centuries will be better than they are. *It is the duty of the people to be patient.* Such is the gospel of the popular defenders of conventional plutocracy and class privileges, on both sides of the ocean. In opposition to the teachings of these minions of entrenched injustice is the rapidly increasing army of prophets who stand for the democracy of the new time, and who are pointing out to the people the fact that plutocracy is systematically carrying on a sham battle, while the capitalists on either side are ever ready to fall on each other's necks when the sham fight is over and enjoy a good laugh at the expense of the duped masses who have been misled by the cannonading with blank cartridges. They are pointing out the important fact that *nothing but radical or fundamental social changes can meet the demand of the present day*; that the abolition of all class privileges and the establishment of "equality of opportunities" must mark the next step in human progress.

Last month I called attention to the wonderful social vision written by Joaquin Miller. I now wish to notice a volume quite as remarkable in its way, and one which is destined to exert a far-reaching influence upon earnest men and women within the church. In Professor George D. Herron's new work, "The New Redemption," we have a prophet's message to the sleeping church which reminds one of the clarion voice of Savonarola. It is a book which has come from a mind ablaze with lofty enthusiasm for humanity, a soul fired with a passion for justice.

The author though orthodox is not conventional. To him Jesus is not an impractical dreamer whenever the great Nazarene discourses on man in his relation to his fellow-men. "The Sermon on the Mount," he says, "is the science of society; it is a treatise on political economy; *it is a system of justice.*" I have not, in years, read a work from an orthodox Christian, so brave, bold and strenuous as this remarkable little volume. It will prove exceedingly disquieting to easy-going church-members, who honor God with their lips while their hearts are far from Him. With unflinching courage Professor Herron assails the evils of plutocracy in lines which will thrill the justice-loving reader. He points out to a sleeping church her duty. Here are a few expressions in this message to his Christian brethren:—

We do not believe in Christ any more than we are ready to obey Him. It is the religious self-delusion of the modern church that calls Jesus its Lord without dreaming of doing the things that He commands. . . . If Christianity cannot be applied to the actual life of man, *if the Golden Rule cannot be practised in the market*, if the search

*"The New Redemption," by George D. Herron, Professor of Applied Christianity in Iowa College. Author of "The Larger Christ," etc. Cloth, pp. 176, price 75c. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. For sale at the office of the Arena Publishing Company.

for righteousness is not the natural law of progress, if the secular doctrine of property is essential to material success, then God has not spoken His truth and revealed His life in Jesus Christ. . . . Matter is a usurper, a tyrant and destroyer, when permitted to rule the spirit; when it absorbs the strength of life in physical comforts and material gains that are not an end in themselves, but must perish with the using. . . . What we call the getting of a living ought to be merely incidental to the development of a Christ character. It is as immoral for us to make physical comfort and material gain the object of our thought and deeds as it would have been for Jesus to make the comfort of His body and the accumulation of property the object of His miracles. . . . The authorities of the world had come to rest upon the principle of selfishness. Jesus stood for the principle of sacrifice. He taught the Golden Rule as the principle by which the kingdom of God, this reign of justice, this brotherhood of love, could be received and made permanent. He declared that the principle of selfishness was the source of all evil, of all the woe that sin brings.

It is in his chapter on "The Social Revolution" that we are impressed most profoundly with Professor Herron's intellectual kinship with Savonarola. It is here that the contagion of moral ideas and the power of noble thought, cast off at white heat from a soul fired with the divine love of justice, are felt most perceptibly by the reader:—

A great idea is now leading the world's thought and lifting its hopes. Everywhere are the signs of universal change. The race is in an attitude of expectancy, straitened until its new baptism is accomplished. Every nerve of society is feeling the first agonies of a great trial that is to try all that dwell upon earth and issue in a divine deliverance. We are in the beginnings of a revolution that will strain all existing religious and political institutions, and test the wisdom and heroism of the earth's purest and bravest souls.

It will not do to say the revolution is not coming, or pronounce it of the devil. Revolutions, even in their wildest forms, are the impulses of God moving in tides of fire through the life of man. The dangerous classes in every age and nation are they who, in the interest of religious or political parties, say that the wrong cannot be set right; that selfishness, injustice, and inequality are natural virtues, essential to progress and the stability of civilization. They who say that man's conceptions of justice cannot be enlarged and purified are the ones who bring disaster and wrath upon the world. And they who seek to lift the works and institutions of men with visions of larger truth and assertions of wider justice are not destroyers, but builders; they make ready the way of the Lord into new redemptions of human life.

The whole social question is fast resolving itself into a question of whether or not capital ought to be brought into subjection to law.

Work ought to bear fruit in the livelihood, in the physical comfort, in the moral development, of all who work. When men began to use the earth, there was nature, which was the gift of God. And all the wealth of the world, in its last analysis, has been created from nature by labor in social relationships. Any wealth that is not the creation of labor is fictitious. The wealth of Mr. Gould represented the poverty of society. Every dollar his speculation made for himself made society so much the poorer.

Nor can the difference between the working and the capitalistic classes be concealed by the fact that wages average better now than forty or fifty years ago. It is a waste of time to cite statistics to show that the laboring man has economic goods he did not formerly have. Forty or fifty years ago the mechanic and his master worked side by side; the apprentice was the social equal of his employer. There was not the stratification of society which we now see, and almost every man produced something of his own livelihood. Fuel cost him but the work of bringing it to his own dooryard. He raised necessities which must now be purchased. The lowest wages of half a century ago represented a more equitable share in the social benefits of civilization than the highest wages of to-day.

There is enough in this world for all to have and enjoy in abundance, if there were a system by which there could be an equitable distribution of that abundance upon the principles of the divine economy. The state must be redeemed from the worship of property and from commercial theories of government.

The social revolution making the closing years of our century and the dawning years of the next the most crucial and formative since the crucifixion of the Son of man, is the call and opportunity of Christendom to become Christians.

These quotations give us an idea of the spirit of the work. We feel that the writer is a noble, justice-loving man, that he is essentially a prophet nature. Though I cannot say that I am in perfect accord with all of his social views, I recognize that he is a general fighting on the side of the earth's millions. He is a strong, brave man, who speaks from within the temple of conservative Christianity and speaks in such certain tones that many who have hitherto remained indifferent will awaken and perceive that in this strenuous and impassioned cry for

justice, God speaks to their higher selves. The cause of the people is stronger to-day than ever before. *The sun of the new democracy is rising.* The prophet souls of the new time, the economists who have the conscience and courage to go to the root of the social question, students of social problems who are not beholden to plutocracy or fettered by conventionalism, the sincere humanity-loving novelists and the finest natures among our poets, are responding to the civilization-wide cry for a higher code of ethics in the economic world. The tide of democracy which has for ages risen and ebbcd, but which has with each approach come nearer and nearer the ideal of liberty, justice and fraternity, is in these closing years of our century carrying with it a power unapproached in other days, and behind it, nay, impelling it, are the intelligent and progressive instincts of civilization and the great heart-hunger of earth's millions for a higher, purer and truer life.

And now I come to speak of a few lines in this work which do not reflect the broad spirit of the volume, but which call for notice because they represent a spirit inimical to any union of the moral forces a spirit which has in all past time proved an immeasurable curse to man; a spirit which at once limits the measure of work for human brotherhood and justice, and through its exclusiveness awakens a feeling of bitterness where the broadest charity must prevail, if the new day is to dawn in the near future. The spirit of dogmatism should not be permitted to blight the people's hopes, and, therefore, whenever it appears it is the duty of all who love the race to oppose kindly but firmly that which, in its first stages, is exclusive and in the end becomes an intolerant and persecuting influence. Hence I regret to find such a passage as the following in this volume:—

The creedless Christian moralist and the Christless devotee of the creeds, are alike without the living and saving faith which is the power of genuine Christianity. We have no power to obey the Golden Rule or keep any of its commandments save as we receive that power through fellowship with Christ.

Here we see manifested a spirit foreign to that which pervades the work. It is the spirit of the dogmatist, the child of the old time, and I do not believe that it represents the thought of the author, because the general atmosphere of "The New Redemption" breathes the spirit of a religion of deeds rather than that of a creedal theology. Yet we must not forget that the great danger which a prophet soul has to contend with, is a tendency to become narrow and intolerant. Many of those who were otherwise among the noblest reformers the world has known have permitted their conceptions of the truth to blind them to the rights of those who loved humanity with as great a love as theirs—but whose conception of the truth was not the same as that advocated by the reformer. In the great battle for the realization of earth's age-long dream of human brotherhood, we must not set up any dogmatic theological beliefs. The "doing the will of the Father" must be the only demand. Anything more than this would be at once sectarian and suicidal.

It will not do to say, "We have no power to follow the Golden Rule or keep any of its commandments save as we receive that power through fellowship with Christ." For as a matter of fact, through all the ages men have taught and lived the Golden Rule. Confucius, centuries before Christ, exemplified this high ethical teaching and devoted his long, pure life to the ennobling of his people. Epictetus, the pagan philosopher, taught the noblest ethics and lived the truths he taught. Among the precepts of this great Stoic were the following:—

As a rule of practice, *prescribe for yourself an ideal and then act up to it.* Be mostly silent, or if you converse, do not let it be about vulgar or insignificant topics,

such as dogs, horses, racing, or prize-fighting. Avoid vulgar entertainments, impurity, display, spectacles and all egotistical remarks. Set before yourself the example of the great and the good. Do not be dazzled by mere appearances. *Do what is right, irrespective of what people say or think.*

Nothing is nobler than high-mindedness and gentleness and philanthropy and doing good. A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring, for it is pure, limpid and refreshing, inviting, serviceable, rich and uninjurious. Wish to win the suffrage of your own inward approval. Wish to appear beautiful to God. Desire to be pure with your own self and with God, and when any evil fancy assails you, rise and depart to the society of the noble and the good. Live according to their examples, whether you have such examples among the living or the dead. Go to Socrates and gaze on his utter mastery over temptation. Consider how glorious was the conscious victory over himself. *What ought not to be done do not even think.*

Innumerable other instances might be cited in confutation of Professor Herron's observation. I emphasize this thought because it is of the utmost importance that dogmatism and creedal theology, which always stir up bitterness and hate, be kept entirely out of any great progressive movement which seeks to forward a true social democracy. It is of the first importance that we remember that it is not he who says "Lord, Lord," but he that *doeth* the will of God, who may hope for divine approval. And we cannot too frequently impress upon the minds of thinking people the fact that many of the most terrible persecutions which darken the pages of human history were due solely to a sincere conviction on the part of the religious dogmatists that they were carrying out the wishes of God. On this point we should bear in mind the observation of Mr. Henry Lea:—

The cruel ferocity of barbarous zeal which, through so many centuries, wrought misery on mankind in the name of Christ, has been traced by philosophers to the doctrine of exclusive salvation, by which it seemed the duty of those in authority to coerce the recalcitrant for their own benefit, and to prevent them from leading other souls to perdition. There is no doubt that men of the kindest tempers, the profoundest intelligence, the noblest aspirations and the purest zeal for righteousness, professing a religion founded on love and Christ, were ruthless when heresy was concerned, and were ready to trample it out at any suffering.

The spirit of intolerance must be discouraged whenever it appears, and it is safe to say that unless the church is ready to work for the uplifting of humanity with all who believe in human brotherhood in such a way as to show their faith by their work, she will never draw to herself the industrial millions who have been alienated through human indifference to their cry for justice. I have dwelt on this one blemish in this otherwise noble work, not because it breathes the spirit of the volume, but because it touches upon the vitally important truth which cannot be too strongly emphasized. The moral forces can never be united into an invincible army on the noble platform of the Golden Rule, if those our author terms "creedless Christian moralists" are to be excluded. Dogmatic theology must be omitted from any successful plan for social progress.

I number among my friends many of the noblest souls I have ever met—men and women whose passion for justice is quite as great as that of Professor Herron; but they would stand outside the creed-barring implication, for some are Hebrews, some are agnostics, some are Theosophists; which all are as sincere and honest in their beliefs as is the author of "The New Redemption," and all are consumed with a great desire to further the cause of human brotherhood. Who shall presume to raise the bars of belief against those royal souls in the advance guard of civilization? On one point, the world over, the reformers must be united if plutocracy is to be supplanted by a true social democracy; and that is, that no barriers of belief shall separate those who are battling in the common cause of justice. The head of the camel of intolerance must not enter the tent of the new democracy.

The prophet is usually strenuous and intense in his devotion to what he conceives to be right. Duty is everything to him. But if there is any lesson of the past more impressive than another it is that not even the loftiest prophet soul can afford to persecute or maintain a dogmatic attitude upon questions of belief. Had Savonarola been born in Constantinople and educated under the influence of the Mohammedan faith, he would without doubt have become a zealous Mussulman. Belief is largely a question of geography and environment; not so with the great fundamental principles of ethics. And on this point I cannot do better than quote from the eminent Catholic essayist, W. S. Lilly, Esq., who in turn repeats the observation of the distinguished Catholic authority, Saurez* :—

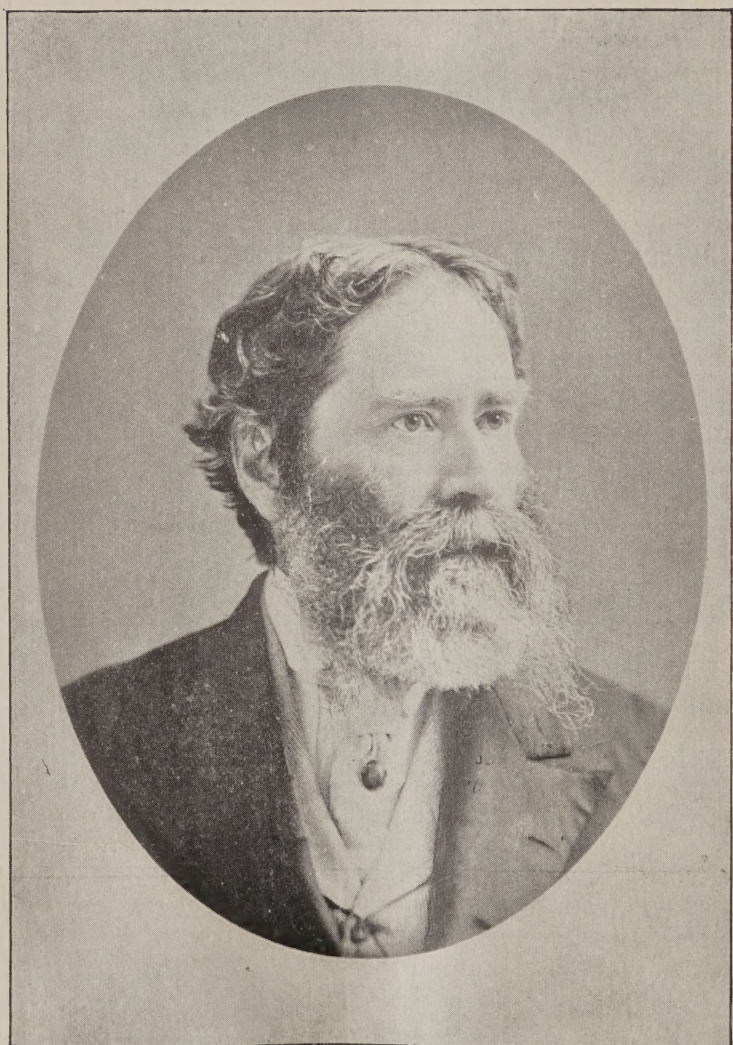
The ethics of Christianity are not, as Mr. John Morley somewhere calls them, "a mere appendage to a set of theological mysteries." They are independent of those mysteries, and would subsist to all eternity though Christianity and all other religions were swept into oblivion. The moral law is ascertained, not from the announcements of prophets, apostles, evangelists, but from a natural and permanent revelation of the reason. "Natural reason," says Saurez, in his great treatise, *De Legibus*, "indicates what is in itself good or bad for men"; or as elsewhere in the same work he expresses it, "Natural reason indicates what is good or bad for a rational creature." The great fundamental truths of ethics are *necessary* [the italics are Mr. Lilly's], like the great fundamental truths of mathematics. They do not proceed from the arbitrary will of God. They are unchangeable, even by the fiat of the omnipotent. The moral precepts of Christianity do not derive their validity from the Christian religion. They are not a corollary from its theological creed. It is mere matter of fact, patent to every one who will look into his Bible, that Jesus Christ and His apostles left no code of ethics. The gospel and epistles do not yield even the elements of such a code. Certain it is that when, in the expanding Christian society, the need arose for an ethical synthesis, recourse was had to the inexhaustible fountains of wisdom opened by the Hellenic mind; to those

"Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools,
Of academics, old and new: with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe."

The clearness, the precision of psychological analysis, which distinguish the ethics of the Catholic schools, are due more to Aristotle and Plato than to Hebrew prophets or Christian apostles.

All persons, whether Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, Buddhist, or agnostic—I care not what be their honest religious conviction—should be welcomed into the great movement to bring about brotherhood among the children of men, and the establishment of the real kingdom of God by introducing a reign of justice and freedom.

* *Forum*.



J. M. Lowell

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THE RELIGION OF LOWELL'S POEMS.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

THERE are certain superficial thinkers who are continually telling us, over and over again, that our time is a materialistic one. The "age of faith," they say, is behind us. Scientific criticism, agnosticism, sceptical inquiry, materialism, the commercial spirit and the greed of gain—these, they assert, are the dominant characteristics of the modern world.

Even without the aid of the poets, these pessimistic wails might very easily be shown to be without any adequate warrant. For never before in the history of the world has so much time and thought and labor and money been devoted to the higher sides of human life. But perhaps the poets show the readiest way of proving how utterly unfounded are all such charges. Begin with Homer, and trace down the stream of human civilization. Note the characteristics of the singers and the burdens of the songs that have voiced the tendencies and aspirations of each particular age. Wars, loves, tales of adventure, satires, and frequently of a texture too gross for common reading—is not here the substance of almost all? Milton, with his great Protestant epic, stands almost alone as a religious poet. I do not forget Dante, but he is conspicuous as a great exception. The age of Queen Anne was a dead level of poetic fashion and convention.

Now the poets are the ones, above almost all others, who reveal the secret of their time. And this so-called materialistic age, as it has found expression in its poetry, is the most

grandly spiritual and religious that the world has ever seen. Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Whitman—all of them, in every fibre of their being, are on fire with spiritual feeling and aspiration. The great problems of God, man, destiny—these are the soul and substance of their song. Religious are they, but with no backward look. It is not only the God of yesterday, but of to-day and to-morrow, in whom they trust. It is indeed significant that these men, the seers and prophets of the time, are all liberals. There is not an "orthodox" man among them. They are singing birds that herald the dawn of the new day. Intensely religious are they, but not as those who bow to the altars of the dead gods of the past. Out of their living inspiration they are kindling the fires that shall flame on the altars of "the living God" who cries, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"

In treating of the religion of Lowell's poems, I shall take the liberty, by way of preface, of noting a few hints as they are given us in his "Letters," recently edited and published under the direction of his personal friend, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. Lowell was, by nature, extremely reticent concerning what he regarded as the purely personal and therefore sacred sides of life. He was intensely disgusted by what he regarded as the keyhole-peeping style of biography. Certain things were "none of your business." And I think it a most excellent principle to regard. Some one was once asked, "What is your religion?" He replied, "It is the religion of all sensible men"; and when asked what that was, he said, "No sensible man ever tells." That Mr. Lowell did not make his personal religious feelings and convictions a frequent topic of conversation is plain. For Mr. Francis H. Underwood, in his little book, "The Poet and the Man," says that, after an acquaintance of thirty years, he did not feel himself competent to speak with any authority on the subject. And if, in any of his letters, there were any remarkable self-revealings, such ones have not been selected for publication. The editor has faithfully regarded what he knew would have been the strong and abiding wish of his friend.

But, as there was nothing to conceal, we may expect to find significant outcroppings which indicate the nature of the basal formations that underlay the surface of his life. A

few of these, then, we will briefly note. In doing this I shall follow no special order, but let them appear naturally as they might have done to any personal acquaintance.

Like many young men, he considers several professions as possibilities, and among these the ministry. But he says, "No man ought to be a minister who has not a special calling." By that, he explains that he means "an inward one." In his youth he does not think much of the established church in England, chiefly because of its interference with personal freedom. In 1839, satirizing the religious conceit and exclusiveness he sees about him, he writes —

What is religion ? 'Tis to go
To church one day in seven,
And think that *we*, of all men, know
The only way to heaven.

And then he speaks of one "who in a spirit of love and wonder offereth up acceptable offerings in the temple of nature," and thinks that he, of the two, walks with God.

In the same year he declares against the substantial or eternal nature of error: —

Error is not forever; hope for right.
Darkness is not the opposite of light,
But only absence — day will follow night.

In another letter of this year, he incidentally discusses "inspiration"; doubts if the prophets were inspired, or only enthusiasts, longing after ideal truth. He does not seem sure of the inspiration of Jesus, even.

In 1842, in an argument on spiritual matters, he declares that he is often "dimly aware of the presence of spirits." He says: "I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. The whole air seemed to me full of God."

Speaking of his "Prometheus," he says, "I have made it radical, and I believe that no poet in this age can write much that is good unless he give himself up to this tendency."

In 1844, he writes: "The older I grow, the less am I affected by the outward forms and observances of religion, and the more confidingness and affection do I feel towards God. . . . It is therefore no idle form when I tell you to lean on God." Discussing the course of history, whatever

may be true of the external motives of life, he says, "In the *internal* you will find a steady progress."

In 1845 he thinks "Christ has declared war against the Christianity of the world and it must go down." The church seems to him "That great bulwark of practical paganism."

In 1846 he writes: "The cathedral-and-surplice mania is the natural reaction from the old *slam-seat* meeting houses and the puritanical creed. . . . If men have not enough of spirituality to find an inward beauty in religion, they will begin to bedizen her exterior."

He says, in 1849, "The name of God is written all over the world in little phenomena that occur under our eyes every moment"; and he speaks of those who cannot translate these hieroglyphics into the vernacular.

As to the breadth of his religious sympathy, take this stanza from a poetical letter:—

The prayers of Christian, Turk and Jew
Have one sound up there in the blue,
And one smell all their incense, too.

In 1855 he is giving some lectures in the near west. To show among what kind of people he then felt at home, I quote the following: "He knew many artists whom I also knew" *i. e.*, the man with whom he was stopping. "Moreover he was a Unitarian, so we got along nicely."

Referring to Buckle's book, in 1858, he goes on to say, "It seems to me that the bane of our country is a profession of faith either with no basis of real belief, or with no proper examination of the grounds on which the creed is supposed to rest."

He writes, in 1866, "The flowering of the buttercups is always a great, and, I may truly say, a religious event in my year."

As to whether good is to be found by reaction, he expresses his opinion in 1868, in these words: "You know that there is a very considerable party in the world, headed by the pope—that pagan full of pride—who would cure all our ills by simply putting the world back."

The finest, wittiest, profoundest thing he has said in all his letters, I think, is this from a letter written in 1869: "I take great comfort in God. I think He is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that He likes us, on the

whole, and would not let us get at the match-box so carelessly as He does, unless He knew that the frame of His universe was fireproof. How many times have I not seen the fire engines of church and state clanging and lumbering along to put out — a false alarm! And when the heavens are cloudy what a glare can be cast by a burning shanty!"

To a friend in 1875 he writes: "You ask me if I am an Episcopalian. No, though I prefer the service of the Church of England, and attend it from time to time." A year later, he writes: "I don't meddle with what my friends believe or reject, any more than I ask whether they are rich or poor. I love *them*. I sometimes think they will smile (as Dante makes St. Gregory) when they open their eyes in the other world."

In 1882, he says, "Death seems less solemn than he used, now that we have seen him so often look at the number on our own door, as he was on his way to knock at a neighbor's."

One of his last and most significant references to religious matters is in 1890, *apropos* of Cardinal Newman: "Your latest sensation is Newman's death. A beautiful old man, as I remember him, but surely a futile life if ever there was one, trying to make a past unreality supply the place of a present one that was becoming past, and forgetting that God is always '*I am*,' never '*I was*.'"

So much for the letters. The Lowell we find in them is a man who trusts God, and who — in spite of his weaknesses and follies — believes in man. He is in no haste to die, but has no fear of death when it comes. He is broadly liberal in his thought, though, having been trained in the intuitionist school and being essentially a poet and literary man, he has no love for scientific studies.

Let us turn now to his poems. I shall here follow substantially the same unmethodical method as I have with the letters. I shall let him speak for himself, with only so much of connection and comment as may seem to be needed to make all clear. He was no theologian; so I shall not attempt to separate any treatment of doctrines, or even set them in any logical order. His religion was all of one piece; and its warp and woof were honor, truth, and the service of God through the service of man. He has two poems with the same title. In one he shows us where to look for God; in the other, the kind of service God wishes at our hands: —

A PARABLE.

Worn and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here His presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt Thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served Thee
As Thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine;
By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
Grant Thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank Thee," said the Prophet;
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still Thou speakest with Thy children
Freely as in eld sublime;
Humbleness and love and patience
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou Thyself wouldst then have sought me
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;—

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me!"

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church and palace and judgment hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church and palace and judgment hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard — with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

We noted in his letters that he did not believe in evil, in the ordinary theological sense. So in "Prometheus," —

Evil its errand hath, as well as good;

and later in the same poem: —

Eyil springs up and flowers and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth in truth;
But good, once put in action or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe germs of a forest.

This, to my mind is not only truer but grander and far more hopeful than the despairing words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony as he laments the dead Cæsar, —

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd with their bones."

Though, I take it, this may not have been Shakespeare's personal belief: it is put in Antony's mouth for dramatic effect at the time.

Lowell's great belief that God was not the Father of a chosen people only, but of all men, finds fine expression in the opening lines of "Rhæcus."

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;

Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

The most magnificent challenge to be faithful for the sake
of God, of man, of truth, which poet ever uttered is the
bugle-call of "The Present Crisis": —

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the future's
heart.

So the evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff
must fly;

Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne, —
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
 Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
 But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
 List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within, —
 "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with
 sin."

Slavery, the earth-born cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
 Sons of brutish force and darkness, who have drenched the earth
 with blood,

Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
 Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
 Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, — they were souls that stood
 alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath
 burned

Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven
 upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
 Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;
 Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind
 their time?

Turn those tracks toward past or future, that make Plymouth Rock
 sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the past's;
 But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us
 free,
 Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
 The rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the
 sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our
 sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires;
 Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we in our haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
 To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of
 truth;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter
 sea,
 Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key.

In his "Eulogy on the Death of Dr. Channing" he sings the same great note of trust in the eternal triumph of truth, even through and over death itself.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" is one of the loveliest poems and at the same time one of the mightiest sermons ever written. The Holy Grail was the legendary cup from which Jesus was supposed to have drunk at the last supper. One tradition tells that Joseph of Arimathea brought it to England. But, as the times grew corrupt, it disappeared, and could be found again only by one who was perfectly pure in heart. In the stories of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, the search for it was a favorite quest. You see, then, how easily it lends itself to allegory. To find the Holy Grail became the symbol of discovering the secret of the true, the divine life.

Lowell treats this in a fashion wholly his own, and with most rare poetic power and beauty. The poem is in two parts. The knight goes forth in the glory of summer. As he leaves his castle, a leper asks alms. The proud knight tosses him a piece of gold in scorn, and goes on his way. But in that temper his quest is fruitless. The second part is a winter scene. Sir Launfal is returning, old and decrepit, only to find another in possession of his earldom. He is a

sadder, wiser, humbler man. The same leper asks an alms again. Now he shares with him his poverty:—

He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

Then the poem goes on:—

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

But we must not leave the poem without also hearing some of its opening lines:—

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;

Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

The "Biglow Papers" are all one glow of the religion which consists in the service of humanity; and rich with a fund of wit and pathos hard to match in the works of any other man. But there is no space for quotations.

In "The Parting of the Ways" he brings out the great, fine truth that he who turns away from beauty to follow duty finds, at the last, that duty herself is the divinest embodiment of ideal beauty.

But the great poem, in which he deliberately gives us his clearest and strongest thought on religious matters, is "The Cathedral." Let us note some of its more special utterances:—

Science was faith once; faith were science now,
 Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
 And arm her with the weapons of the time.
 Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.
 For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
 And truth defensive hath lost hold on God.
 Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
 That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust
 The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
 Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
 Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas?

* * * * *

Each age must worship its own thought of God,
 More or less earthy, clarifying still
 With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
 Nor saint nor sage could fix immutably
 The fluent image of the unstable Best,
 Still changing in their very hands that wrought;

To-day's eternal truth to-morrow proved
Frail as frost landscapes on a window pane.

* * * * *

Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense
But nature still shall search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from that Source
Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures.
This life were brutish did we not sometimes
Have intimation clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent
And onward yearnings of unstilled desire;
Fruitless, except we now and then divined
A mystery of Purpose gleaming through
The secular confusions of the world,
Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours.

* * * * *

I, that still pray at morning and at eve,

* * * * *

Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God;
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy, —
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stripped of the raiment warm
By faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east window of divine surprise.

Where others worship I but look and long;
For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
Its forms to me are weariness, and most
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
Still pumping phrases for the Ineffable,
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.
Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all bygone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires,
Can they, so consecrate and so inspired,
By repetition wane to vexing wind?
Alas! we cannot draw habitual breath
In the thin air of life's supream heights,
We cannot make each meal a sacrament,
Nor with our tailors be disembodied souls —
We men, too conscious of earth's comedy,
Who see two sides, with our posed selves debate,
And only for great stakes can be sublime!

Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
 We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
 And, seeing where God *has* been, trust in Him.

* * * *

Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
 Will see God rather in the strenuous doubt,
 Than in the creed held as an infant's hand
 Holds purposeless whatso is placed therein.
 Say it is drift, not progress, none the less,
 With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
 We shape our courses by new risen stars,
 And, still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
 Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
 Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, time.

* * * *

Whilere, men burnt men for a doubtful point,
 As if the mind were quenchable with fire,
 And faith danced round them with her war-paint on,
 Devoutly savage as an Iroquois;
 Now Calvin and Servetus at one board
 Snuff in grave sympathy a milder roast,
 And o'er their claret settle Comte unread.

* * * *

The miracles fade out of history,
 But faith and wonder and the primal earth
 Are born into the world with every child.

* * * *

His holy places may not be of stone,
 Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught
 By artist feigned or pious ardor reared,
 Fit allars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.
 Doubtless his church will be no hospital
 For superannuate forms and mumping shams,
 No parlor where men issue policies
 Of life assurance on the Eternal Mind,
 Nor his religion but an ambulance
 To fetch life's wounded and malingeringers in,
 Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
 To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome,
 And old Judea's gift of secret fire,
 Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
 And worship some ideal of himself,
 Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
 Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
 Pleased with his world, and hating only cant,
 And, if his church be doubtful, it is sure
 That, in a world made for whatever else,

Not made for mere enjoyment, in a world
 Of toil but half requited, or, at best,
 Paid in some futile currency of breath,
 A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift
 And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er
 The form of building or the creed professed,
 The cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
 Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
 Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.

* * * * *

Shall not that Western Goth, of whom we spoke,
 So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
 Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God,
 Served whether on the smoke-shut battle field,
 In work obscure done honestly, or vote
 For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
 To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
 Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
 Shall he not learn that all prosperity,
 Whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense,
 Is but a trick of this world's atmosphere,
 A desert-born mirage of spire and dome,
 Or find too late, the past's long lesson missed,
 That dust the prophets shake from off their feet
 Grows heavy to drag down both tower and wall?
 I know not; but, sustained by sure belief
 That man still rises level with the height
 Of noblest opportunities, or makes
 Such, if the time supply not, I can wait.

* * * * *

O Power, more near my life than life itself
 (Or what seems life to us in sense immured)
 Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
 Share in the tree top's joyance, and conceive
 Of sunshine and wide air and wingéd things
 By sympathy of nature, so do I
 Have evidence of Thee so far above,
 Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
 Invisibly sustaining, hid in light
 Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
 If sometimes I must hear good men debate
 Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
 As if there needed any help of ours
 To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
 Blown out, as 't were a candle, by men's breath,—
 My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
 To change her inward surety for their doubt
 Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof;
 While she can only feel herself through Thee,

I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hookwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

Here are firm confidence in God, a trust in man, and a belief that the divine is to be found ever and always in the natural and the human.

In some of his verse, as in "*Credidimus Jovem Regnare*," there is an appearance of break with modern progress. A few sentences in his letters will bear a similar construction. There are those who have charged that the young leader, the Lowell of anti-slavery days, became a timid conservative at the last. Indeed, when the "*Credidimus Jovem Regnare*" was published, I myself was afraid of this, and having always been an enthusiastic lover of Lowell, I felt a sense of personal loss. As giving an expression to my regret, I published a poem entitled "*These Degenerate Days*," addressed to Mr. Lowell. This led to correspondence and an interview. I thus found that my fears were groundless. He told me that he intended originally to call his poem "*A Humorist's Growl*," and that it was written as a half-earnest satire on certain things, or ways of doing things, from which he shrank. For Lowell was an aristocrat by instinct and taste, hating what was coarse and loud. He could not else have been the artist he was. And it was all the more to his credit that he did not flinch from following his convictions, which led him to such grand and practical service of his age. Those who think he became too fond of England had better read over again his "*Democracy*"—an address delivered in England, and which is the finest defence of America that has ever been written.

In the course of the conversation which followed on the publication of his poem above referred to and of my reply, he told me that, in the main, he presumed that his position was very much the same as my own.

His funeral was conducted after the order of the Episcopal church. But this meant only that he liked a simple order, did not wish any talk, and that his daughter—the only surviving member of his immediate family—had married into the Episcopal church. It had no meaning as bearing on his religious convictions.

As a fitting close, let us now turn back to his letters, and quote from a poem written in 1841, some lines that give us his feeling about death:—

Sin hath told lies of thee, fair angel death,
Hath hung a dark veil o'er thy seraph face,
And scared us babes with tales of how, beneath,
Were features like her own. But I, through grace
Of the dear God by whom I live and move,
Have seen that gloomy shroud asunder rent,
And in thine eyes, lustrous with sweet intent,
Have read that thou none other wast but love.

Thou art the beauteous keeper of that gate
Which leadeth to the soul's desired home,
And I would live as one who seems to wait
Until thine eyes shall say, "My brother, come!"
And then haste forward with such gladsome pace
As one who sees a welcoming, sweet face;
For thou dost give us what the soul loves best—
In the eternal soul a dwelling place,
And thy still grave is the unpilfered nest
Of truth, love, peace and duty's perfect rest.

Into such a death went Lowell, leaving behind him a poetic voice, sounding deeper deeps and higher heights than that of any other American poet. And the dominant, the prevailing note of this voice was trust in God, faith in man and faithful devotion to the loftiest conceptions of truth and right.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART VI. THE INDIVIDUALITY.

IF the myriads of other worlds around us were not visible, nature's continual insistence on improvement would more frequently be questioned. But the telescope suggests much opportunity for employment elsewhere. There is a great deal of happiness in the world. The savage on the animal grades finds life pleasant as long as he keeps as well in tune as other animals. Evidently the Zulu will not be seriously damaged by his inability to become a member of the Reformed Methodist Episcopal Church, or even of the Unreformed portion (if any) of the same sect. Yet he is subject to the same universal laws as we are, though slightly more in subjection to the fetish-man.

There is no potency in a law. The ruling vibratory laws which control in ways similar to those of music do not supply, as we have explained, a power which exerts force like a policeman. We have seen that the product of sensation called the brain has only utilized its correspondence with the all-knowledge as it became cognizant of its own sensations and wants. But all evolution shows a want of power (or an unwillingness to use power) in regard to the creation of intelligence and wisdom. Apparently no knowledge has been supplied except that which was required, or, rather, in a manner, demanded, during the long ascent of brain development. But the intended results of the long process are evidently wisdom and individuality, both of which may combine in the human soul. Nature forcibly suggests that supreme intelligence cannot (or will not) reproduce itself. The reproduction is, therefore, by an evolutionary process in which the all-knowledge continually assists in supplying demanded information.

It has often been suggested by religious people, that man was produced to eventually rule, or assist in ruling, other

worlds. If this could be true (and it is only mentioned as speculation) a good reason for evolution's slow processes can be discerned, because the soul, which is the storehouse of memory, never forgets; and consequently the wisdom which thus reached the highest grade would possess in its memory its own experiences in every previous plane of existence. Without this process, the necessary wisdom which a ruler of a world would require could only be conferred by means of a miracle, which is evidently unknown in nature. We notice, too, that the only sympathy that is of real value to those in lower grades is that which carries with it an understanding of the conditions which there obtain. So that if any personal sympathy be required in a ruler of a world (which, considering the kind and searching efficacy and scope of nature's laws, may be questioned) it is clear that it could only be acquired by the advance of the ruler's individuality through every condition of existence.

There is, however, no doubt that wisdom and individuality are the required product; and if we must sooner or later acquire these ourselves, or else suffer, it seems reasonable to assist. No one who respects himself wishes to be eventually unfit, or to go through any period of probation which might be avoided by personal effort at the present time. The hunger for knowledge as to all that pertains to life will of itself be sufficient to make some seek any condition which may await.

The animal nature of man makes his assistance difficult. Examination of results of Christian conversions shows that the majorities subsequently oscillate more or less between the two planes. Except when in its religious phases, the human mind pursues its ordinary courses. This fact has led nearly all religious men to say that "The mind of man is at enmity with God." But there is no enmity in the matter. It is simply that the animal and spiritual planes are different in grade, and that as soon as the ego's correspondence with the higher plane becomes obscured the animal mind pursues its own course, which may or may not be hurtful.

The avoidance of fanaticism on this point is desirable. We read that "To be carnally-minded is death." This is true, as we have already shown, when understood: but quotations like this come down from a time when Adam's love for Eve was supposed to be the first outcome of the sin of

Eden. They also proceed from men who knew nothing of the fact that man is raised to spirituality through natural marriage love. They come from a time of the densest possible ignorance, when men, in order to kill out passion, lashed and tortured and even mutilated themselves—a proceeding Paul approved. These men experienced the difficulties of continuing on the higher levels; and no torture or stripes or condemnation could deal sufficiently with the marriage law of God, which to them was the arch sin of hell.

Buddha, on the contrary, dealt with human nature in a totally different way. The gentleness of his treatment of man is well shown by Sir Edwin Arnold in Buddha's sermon in "The Light of Asia":—

Spread no wings
For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels; only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of wife and child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years;
Fruitful of good life's gentle charities;
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the path.

Buddha recognized nature. His suggestion of the evolution of all life from the lowest grades to the highest spiritual existence was profound, though vague and incomplete. In some ways his system runs parallel with the late discoveries of western science in regard to evolution. The scheme follows on into the advancing grades of spirit life until the reader's mind grows dazed with the magnitude of the ideas. As to this latter part, one can neither praise nor blame—not having proof of its truth. One can only say that the probable parts of the system bear the stamp of knowledge, and that its dealings with the grades beyond man are at least interesting, however speculative.

Compared with this exhibition of nature's plan, which included all other religions and all individual effort, the Christian system is like some village aldermen undertaking to regulate and arrange the affairs of Europe. The promulgators of the Christian religion were spiritually enlightened. They saw the beauty of love, compassion, forgiveness, and of all the Christian virtues, just as every other man who is lifted from the animal life *must* see them; but, beyond this, the apostles were peculiarly ignorant and incapable of dealing with nature in an educated way.

Since that time, the Christian world has been in a constant state of apology for and avoidance of nature, which has been referred to as base — though admittedly beautiful in many ways. Poets have been allowed to sing the beauties of nature, but, until lately, a man would incur social disaster if he set it forth that carnality was a part of God's law. Yet we see that with a view to producing the holiness of love in marriage the human being is, to this extent, urged by every alluring device and disguise of nature, towards exerting a force which lifts man from the animal to the spiritual planes. There is no evading the fact that for the production of best species and general development, the whole system of nature is dependent on this; because any force exercised must come from the creature itself — nature in this respect being law, not force. These truths are unpleasant to some people; but the unpleasantness is chiefly the result of continuing the ideas of those mediæval saints whose minds were so diseased on this subject that their lives supplied the most abhorrent and disgusting portion of the world's history.

No idea could depart further from the laws which necessitate the acquirement of wisdom than the priestly one which connects knowledge with sin — seeking to retain an ignorance in others, useful to hierarchies, under the name of innocence. Lovely as it is, innocence, while necessary to provide for nature's education in marriage and for pure ideals and happiness of life, is usually an early and transitional condition. In mature human life, innocence is superseded by right-mindedness, which grasps the real purity of full knowledge. There has been no human creativeness without passion. Genius never existed except when passion has been side-tracked into pursuit of some kind of creation. It has been

this power for desiring, and for forcing its own ideas into the consciousness of other souls, that has produced the masculine successes. It was with the power of this diverted passion that Shakespeare forced from the all-knowledge the verification of his truths — incidentally showing, when he fertilized the world with thought and left his brain-children as his only ones, that human beings may select the channels of their own creativeness.

When nature's system seems opposed to human ideas of morality, it may safely be said that God's ways are right — seeing that nothing is true but nature. It is at this point that education, and the thought of the human brain, must assist comparatively ignorant spirituality. Because all the knowledge a spiritual man usually seeks in his soul is that which may assist his spiritual development, and the answer made known to his intuitions is and must be invariably the same, namely, that the conditions of a lower plane are unprofitable. If the spiritual man, either by ordinary education or otherwise, examined the past he would realize how his general comprehensions needed a retrospect. Parallel cases would be parables. He would see that some conditions necessary for the fishes were highly unprofitable for the amphibians, who, being the fathers of animal creation, were intended to remain on land, which they eventually did. It is the same at the present day.

Buddha was no fanatic. He knew that to defy the effect of a thousand ages of brain building was what few men could accomplish. But he knew that to the spiritually-minded man anything which clouds the capacity to receive holiness and wisdom will be avoided because unprofitable and hurtful. In this way, also, he deals with overeating and overdrinking.

The development of the individuality, which is man's chief care, must be of that kind which continually gives out and assists. Throughout all lower nature, sex is different both in disposition and abilities. But in marriage, as the result of the one-ness produced by unified vibration, the most marked mental qualities of each sex begin to disappear. In the truest marriage, which means the best first step to the spiritual life, the man assumes part of the nature of the woman. The most perfect man is he who has a large portion of feminine qualities incorporated with his own. Christ,

Buddha, St. John, and millions of others have been like this. It is the stamp of the spiritual life. The *brusquerie*, savagery and animal consideration for self are eliminated in complete marriage ; and the man acquires a more feminine susceptibility in regard to those influences which produce compassion, sympathy, ability to endure suffering, and other virtues peculiar to the spiritual life. In one word, he is sensitized. In other words, and as previously explained, his human soul has been unified with the increased vibration of the spiritual planes.

With the wife, exactly similar exchange has taken place; and both know the first grades of that which is the new life. Without necessarily formulating a word as to creed, they are on their way to God, with religion in their hearts. They rarely understand why this education has its background of holiness and thankfulness, because trained to think that nature is base. This result is a certain indication that God (whatever else He may or may not be) is not a priest.

The alterations produced in the nature of the wife by true marriage are as peculiar as those experienced by the husband. In the interchange and communion of soul the wife acquires those more masculine characteristics which go to make strength of character, of which the chief acquirement is courage. Presence of courage, or the absence of it, determines truthfulness or duplicity of character. Throughout nature, brute force usually disdains stratagem. With the female, duplicity is a natural safeguard. Man's seeming necessities for untruth are, therefore, infinitely less than woman's. With him, lies are a nuisance. But, in either sex, duplicity is the hall-mark of weakness. In true marriage, the wife, in thus acquiring courage, develops the capacity for general staunchness. To this are added firmness, capacity for judgment, and all the qualities which are the outcome of strength of soul. The facile impressionability of girlhood disappears — at least for outsiders — and the woman has become a strength for husband, friends, society and religion.

She holds to her church — not necessarily because she believes in the creeds, but because the religion of the heart, as explained in this work, is her necessity. Not one per cent of these best of women care for agnostic argument. You may disprove Jonah, the flood, the desirability of the mediæval saints ; you may show her the very papyri of the

Egyptian Negative Confession from which the Commandments were constructed — but you cannot stop her from going to church. Men have sneered at this and said she was stupid. Not so. She is right, and her happiness is saved to her because she is not blinded by brains. The devotee of intellect may be shocked at the thought of people being “blinded by brains.” Yet it is a truth that they are so — one of the most extraordinary truths in existence and the most difficult one for brains to admit.

All that has been said of the holiness of marriage love, and of the extraordinary change and interchange of nature which it produces, will go far to explain the damage which results from the opposite case. A great many people have sneered at religion when it has seemed to try to make a church ceremony sanctify one part of life to the exclusion of the other. Pagan men have said, “If nature be wicked, then paying a fee to a priest won’t make it any better.” But the examination of the soul life in human beings and of the physical and spiritual effects produced in mesmeric processes shows that the instincts of religion were beyond doubt correct. Marriage is the greatest sacrament of the world part of nature, for the reasons already given; so that the ceremony will probably be always continued, although nature knows only the fact.

It is of the nature of love to exchange all that is best, and we have seen that in woman it is a passion for submission; consequently her whole nature is altered. In the marriage holiness and love the wife’s character assumes the sterling qualities of the husband, as already described. But the woman of the streets knows none of this. She assumes only the brutal qualities which, in time, will always make her a virago. It is a pity that the subject cannot be here dealt with more explicitly, because it is only in understanding the possible fatefulness of the mesmeric effects and processes that one gains the more secret explanation of female improvement or degradation. But in the latter case and on such an enormously important subject, one must at least point out that that which nature has produced, and which alone can proceed to any further world or condition, is entirely altered in its nature. In such a case the human soul is not its original self. It is a collection of the brutalities and bestial ideals of low-grade men. The Bible called this “taking to

oneself devils," and, although wrong in fact, it is rather correct in idea and quite the same in effect. The woman who is dragged to the lockup, screaming and fighting and biting the policemen, is not the person whose name she bears. She is a nameless museum of hell.

The above paragraph explains why women are more blamed than men. It is because men, in the mastery allotted to them by nature, do not alter except when love is present; whereas women, with whom a certain crime of violence must be forever unknown, must be mesmeric patients by reason of their necessity for submission.

The feminine perfections which owe their nobility to the addition of masculine virtues are, through heredity, also partly found in girlhood; but rarely outside those territories in which the spiritualities of true marriage have been producing noble types. Allowing for just exceptions, this grandeur of character, which is shown in nobility of feature, is impossible in any country where the ideals are on the animal level. It is a spiritual production, and a direct proof of the effect of ideals on the embryo. Yet this highest type of youth does not necessarily proceed to the highest type of woman. The individuality is one's own — to be preserved or lost; and rare examples of this same type are seen among the poor women of the London streets. It is also far from true that youth produced on a low social level may not acquire high grades of womanhood. The influences of the spiritual life in the creation of really valuable women are apparently unlimited. Even a savage may, with happy marriage and some education, attain this rank.

In fact every one will have remarked the extraordinary alterations which become manifest in the feminine appearance. Some slim, fragile girl marries and takes to overeating and stimulants. This mode of life often presents her in a form so huge and unwieldy that her appearance after maternity is almost pitiable. See her again three years after widowhood and hard times and she may be as slim as in girlhood. Clay in the hands of a modelling sculptor is hardly more plastic than a woman under the influence of her spirit. Especially when young and delicately constructed, she immediately mirrors her ideals and passions, no matter what they are, in her appearance — especially the changes effected in the unities of marriage when love is present. This is the most

alterative of human material, and the writings of the animal soul or spiritual soul upon it are so unmistakable and prompt that one may here become aware that the human body is scarcely more than a mere apparition, and that the soul life within is its only reality.

Thus, Buddha describes the body and its desires to be "fantasies" — as well as every wish to continue in the animal life, or indeed in any human life. The more carefully life is studied, the more correct his teaching appears. The chief urging of his system is the acquiring of wisdom in regard to life, soul, religion and all things. And one does not proceed very far without discovering that religion consists in something more than writing the names of saints with capital letters; in something more than searching the Hebrew scriptures; and in something more than an idea that one goes to God by claiming a certain statement to be true. One also sees that religion is not to be viewed as if from a great distance and prone on one's face, but to be approached with confidence rather than timidity, with consciousness that soul wisdom and holiness are the same thing, and with assurance that the all-knowledge has always been waiting for human minds to seek it through the correspondences of the soul, — especially when urged by the determination of the will. It will be seen that the soul life as ordinarily led by Christian people may be advanced much farther than it usually is.

In this work, remarks have been confined to results produced and knowledge acquired in the mesmeric processes which need a patient. Nothing has been said as to those powers (attributed to Buddha and others) which proceed from dealing with one's own interior faculties. These have not been here mentioned because proof has not been forthcoming that these orientals can accomplish what is alleged. But touching the question of the soul faculties an account must be given here of a matter which occurred on the day before these words are written.

A lady arrived from a distance to procure some legal advice. She has been known to the author for a number of years both professionally and socially. She is here spoken of as a "lady" because always recognized as such; but when it is said that she called to inquire the extent of her own criminal liability, and when her actions appear more fully,

her title to this rank will seem open to question. Yet ladies do very peculiar things sometimes, and lawyers receive strange confidences.

It seems that she desired to get a certain person into her power. Perhaps he was her husband and perhaps not; no particulars are necessary. She is a woman of most alert intuitive faculties—the exercise of which she conceals from every one. Yet sometimes they have frightened her, because she does not know how certain effects are produced.

Over four months ago she was cudgelling her brain to devise some scheme that would accomplish her object. As she sat lost in a concentrated energy of thought and hate she seemed to see herself go out, take a conveyance and go down to this man's office. He was out (as it seemed) and she made an excuse to reach his desk in his private room. This the clerks permitted. She opened a certain drawer and took from it a peculiarly-colored envelope, which was addressed to him. Then she went out with it and, at a certain spot, stopped, opened it and read it. She discovered that she had acquired what she desired.

The vision seemed to her more than any ordinary thought. It seemed as if she were enacting it all. She said she was wide awake. It made a curious impression on her. This was over four months ago. Five days ago, as she says, she dressed and went into the city, acting on what seemed sudden impulse. She entered the conveyance knowing what would happen. Everything occurred in the office exactly as she had seen in the vision. She found the peculiarly-colored envelope in the right drawer, recognized the handwriting, went out, tore it open and read it at the spot indicated in the vision.

When requiring advice on other points she read aloud this letter, and the author saw it. The envelope bore the postmark of the day she stole it. It was an epistle which will certainly ruin the happiness of two families if the client uses it. Of course she was advised not to do so. But at this time of writing it is not possible to say what her hate will urge her to do. Like other women, she has the capacity for being dangerous, but is liked by every one because she appreciates fairness and possesses much charm of manner. The cause of her hatred was not mentioned. The publication of this account, at a subsequent time, will show that the affair

has blown over and that this story is told with the client's consent. She says smilingly that she is not quite sure whether she is in alliance with the fiend or not. Visions of a similar kind have occurred to her three or four times before. She is superstitious, and they frighten her.

The above story can be accepted as true. The author has been for a long time aware of this faculty which she possesses. The occurrence is peculiar enough to be inserted here; and one reason for doing so is that it differs from all the mesmeric results previously related in showing the soul's power for prophecy. This is a point that the author has not so far dared to mention, because he feels that the truths he has drawn from his own experiments in mesmerism may have already taxed the reader's credulity to the utmost. But one marvel contained in the account is its showing that the soul's powers for acquiring knowledge may be put into action by one's own concentrated will; and this is exactly what the orientals claim can be done. Without this power, it is impossible to suppose that Buddha could, in an ignorant country and twenty-five centuries before Darwin and Wallace, have produced the stupendous system of evolution which now claims the attention of western science.

The above-mentioned vision of the client * was certainly the result of no holiness, but of a hate so concentrated and forceful that it produced an effect not readily understood. When the soul revelations only refer to existing facts, one's own experiments compel belief; but when it comes to seeing all the details of a morning's trip four months before their occurrence then we may well stand dumbfounded. The account also shows that this power for seeing into the future, which in this case was quite unexpected and unlooked-for, is one which no doubt could be educated by training; and also that it need have nothing to do with holiness.

Many of us have had dreams of which all the occurrences were subsequently enacted just as we saw them in sleep. Two of these are put in the appendix. They refer only to trivialities, but they exhibit quite clearly the soul's power for foreseeing coming events, together with a good deal of trivial detail. The falling of an apple to the earth is a

* In this note, made several months after writing the above, it may be of interest to state that after bringing several people to the verge of distraction the client finally gave up the letter, and the matter was patched up in some way. She seems very much pleased with the result.

trivial occurrence, yet it led to the discovery of the law of gravitation: and these unlooked-for little visions which view the most unimportant matters of the future cannot reasonably be ignored when their necessary outcomes in showing the abilities of the soul are so stupendous. If the author thought he was alone in such chance occurrences he would be silent about them: but he has found that a great many people have known experiences that are analogous. Perhaps all readers of this work will remember facts that would compel them towards inquiry if they thought any one could make answer. No tests of the prophetic powers of the soul were made, or indeed thought of, during the author's mesmeric experiments, and he does not wish to go beyond his proofs and the deductions which arise from them. But while acknowledging ourselves to be totally at sea regarding the subject of the next few paragraphs, let us discuss in a non-committal and friendly way some of the possibilities.

Our dreams which are afterwards reënacted in fact during the awake condition, and such visions as that of the client who took the letter, suggest that under some conditions, or when in some way forced, the soul can become aware of and see events which have not yet happened. The author is fully aware of the disfavor with which this statement may meet, and it taxes one's courage to print it. But after reducing to scientific proof the soul's power for knowledge of any event occurring at a distance, we may in a non-committal way regard the further powers of which we have not at present sufficient proof. In any case, we are urged to seek explanation of these phenomena, which in minor ways are of every-day occurrence.

During all our lives we have considered the biblical prophecies. Are all these merely the records of impostures, or are they something more? I once spent some time in a fruitless search along the shores of Galilee to discover some remains of Bethsaida and Chorazin. The prophecy that they would be lost so that their sites should not be known was correct; and it seems the more peculiar from the fact that the neighboring Magdala, the village of Mary, still exists and is called Mejdél by the Arabs. Some time afterwards, while bathing in the Mediterranean, near the modern town called Tyre, I found myself wading over a large number of round stone or marble columns. These were covered with sea-

weed, but they could be felt by my feet and traversed from end to end. They were doubtless the remains of ancient palaces or temples. And then came the memory of the prophecy, "And thou, Tyre, shalt be laid in the midst of the sea!"

Of course it may be suggested that Bethsaida and Chorazin were known to be on the wane for lack of business, and that the action of the water on what was then the promontory of Tyre had been carefully watched; and that the character of Buddha as related by East Indian caravan travellers at Jerusalem facilitated the prophecy regarding the coming of Christ; we may say that Daniel had secret priestly information concerning the approaching enemy when he foretold the annihilation of Belshazzar;—but this continual need of explanation is a little tiring, and to impute intentional imposture to all the grandest men of ancient days is offensive to the instincts of our better selves.

The only question that we need ask is, "Can any one at the present day accomplish anything similar to that with which Daniel and others are credited?" If so, are we justified in asserting that the biblical prophecies were *all* impostures? Certainly no one is authorized, from a scientific standpoint, in crediting matters which are totally removed from all the experience and intuitions of his life. The case just related of the client and the letter may be accepted or not. This point demands more proof than is in my own experience, though I have no doubt that mesmeric experiments will soon show that the patient is capable of foretelling what will happen on the following day. If this be proved (and I greatly regret not testing the point when I had the opportunity) then doubt will cease to be reasonable concerning at least some of the biblical prophecies. After all, this result would not be a very great advance upon those I have already obtained. One must keep one's opinions receptive. Pride in unshakable opinion is generally the pride of a fool. I totally disbelieved the story of one individual showing another the kingdoms of the earth: but I found I could do it myself. Already it is evident that the results obtained by the force of the mesmerizer's will on the soul of the patient are only another way at arriving at the results which a human being may himself accomplish when *his own* will is sufficient to force into action the latent abilities of his own soul.

A good many of the biblical prophecies were issued at a time of the intensest anger or hatred; and it was in just such an intensity of anger and hatred that my acquaintance unintentionally forced her soul to reveal in vision the proceedings which, four months afterwards, placed two families at her mercy. No one who has not lived in the East can conceive of the intensities and fanaticisms of some orientals. I knew a Jewish rabbi of Jerusalem whose name was Mizrachi. He was an exceedingly good man except in his fanaticism, and he abhorred the modern innovations in the Hebrew faith. I used to sit and study him as, in a mixture of French, Italian and English, he denounced Christ (whom he called Chreese) as "all lies." His deep-set eyes glowed and burned, with ages of barbaric fanaticism in them, and his huge mouth grew terrible as the power of the man showed itself.

I mention the case because he made me realize the awful, the perfectly frightful, intensities that belonged to the men of Yawveh* in the ancient biblical times. In him I saw again the Jewish bloody wars and religious massacres. To me he was gentle because I had done him a small service and he did know how to show his gratitude. But in him I understood how men were crucified and slashed, how their bowels were torn out and the rivers ran red when Yawveh's supremacy was questioned. I saw the terrific power for concentration on one idea that characterized the Jewish prophets, and I seemed to understand why no confessed prophets have since existed, because now, in the diffusion and hesitation of careful thought, no one concentrates as in former times when the entire passions of splendidly endowed men were focalized with an awful energy upon one idea. If any one can acquire or be endowed with this titanic concentration I feel sure (in my own private opinion, which I do not ask others to share) that he too can prophesy. For there is clearly no miracle about it. As we see, people do it unintentionally; and the soul does it automatically (or apparently so) during human sleep. We have already seen that every invention, every discovery of underlying truth, is man's forcing of knowledge from some principle of nature

* As there has been some discussion about the pronunciation of the name which appears in our Bible as Jehovah, I may state that the Rabbi Mizrachi gave it as "Yawveh." The word "Jahveh," as usually printed in England, does not clearly suggest the proper sound.

which awaits his demand; and there seems to be no reason why he may not do so to a very unlimited extent.

Religion and the power to prophesy may evidently be quite separate. It is clear that there is no necessity for piety or holiness in prophecy, but only conservation of vital energy and concentration of will power. The prophets who were called upon to curse unpleasant people were certainly in no pious frame of mind, nor was the woman whose case I mention. Much has been said by great teachers about the abilities of those who have faith. But this does not mean faith in any creed. It means utter confidence in the supremacy of one's spirit when conjoined with its higher alliances.

Napoleon knew no piety; but his enormous will power acting on his soul faculties revealed to him the nature of every man he dealt with, so that every man's weakness was harnessed to the emperor's triumphal car. George Eliot was not orthodox; but in the soul-verification of life's truths she was mighty — deeply religious at heart, but with the greatest joy of life crushed by science — the best example of what is meant by people being "blinded by brains." Again, the mighty men of finance and politics may have nothing of holiness or piety. We see, then, that all these people may use the soul's powers exactly as they like and for any purpose; and that the processes which bring about the great worldly successes, of which the prophetic power is an undeveloped branch, may include a vast amount of sheer brutality and may have nothing whatever to do with religion, which is the sensitization of the higher planes, and leads through gentleness and sympathy to the higher joy and wisdom which will always make the aspect of the latter days of a Napoleon, a Voltaire, or a Jay Gould seem in the highest degree pitiable. The partial wisdoms which do not seek the highest wisdom must invariably prove Dead Sea apples in the end.

We must also ask about those forebodings which from time immemorial have warned people of coming danger. It is no egoism to relate a case in my own life, because if all people ignore their own proofs we cannot obtain a collective view. In October of (I think) 1875, I was sailing a small yacht to Hamilton, Canada, and at sundown fell asleep on the deck. About nine o'clock I suddenly awoke, trembling in an unexplained fright. The yacht lay in a dead calm, the

night was pitch-dark and the lamps were not lit. I found that my friends, who at that time were novices at yachting, had not reduced canvas, and I hurriedly lowered the large racing topsail to the deck. As soon as this was done, the worst squall I ever experienced struck us from ahead. Luckily we were able to lower our other canvas before complete capsize, and the boat lived through the night. If the squall had caught us with the topsail up — if I had slept one minute longer — nothing could have saved us. The "Sphinx," another yacht of same size as mine, which in another part of the lake was proceeding to the same race, met a different fate, and three of my acquaintances died of exhaustion after clinging to her upturned side for several days. The hired man was picked up insensible and afterwards told the story. Those lost were well known, and Canada remembers the disaster.

Now what is this which sends a sleeping man to his feet, trembling with apparently causeless terror? It saved my life and the lives of my two friends, and I feel my right to ask the question, which indeed has always been a solemn one to me. Can it be referred to anything else than to the usually latent prophetic power which lies in every human soul? The internal sentinel which never sleeps, never tires, never gives wrong information, and which possibly never dies, must be considered in all such matters.

These things are not more mysterious than the growth and reproduction of our bodies. Different channels of research lead to wide differences in the power for giving credence. To me, knowing nothing of mechanics, a trolley electric car is the nearest thing I know of to a miracle. When that little wheel at the end of a rod draws down some unseen power from overhead and hurries three carloads of people up a hill, it seems to me to throw the prophecy of Daniel completely into the shade. But perhaps some electricians will find my experiments equally difficult to believe in. The fact is that we cannot always wait until Hodge is prepared to agree with us. Pleasing as is the approval of the majorities, that of the few is more valuable, and it must be admitted that truth is better than either.

In this region there is an infinitude of knowledge yet to be discovered, with which man, if he will, may become acquainted while yet in this life. It all lies within the legiti-

mate field of science, and the world has a right to demand that science shall extend its methods and not stagnate in its present materialism.

To return. The extraordinary unification of natures which takes place in true marriage is the first suggestion that after human death the individuality is without sex, or at least without the sex passions. The uses for these are then over and done with. Material creations demanded assistance of material methods, and of the animal forces which could assist those laws of nature which are passive, instructive, guiding, and which influence towards the general Intention without the exercise of any force in themselves. In this arrangement, which required individual effort throughout, we have seen that guiding laws of a spiritual world continually assisted, in the same way that one's ear for music directs us in reproducing a certain harmony—immediately informing of discord, and thus compelling obedience in a way that is without force.

Thus we see that music, which is the speech of the phases, is another example of the wordless comprehensions of the soul. Some of the best musical critics do not know one note from another, on paper. The appreciation of music, one's judgment concerning it, is entirely a question of soul properties and training; and the man who has the most musical soul is the greatest musician, although ignorant of every note, on paper. Most musical critics are listening to the technique. The true musician takes the technique for granted, if he can, and listens to the composer's message—to the speech, to the aspiration, the intention, the glory, the soul meanings. It is the same with painting. Few have time to study the technicalities. This leaves the rest of mankind, including the most idealistic, outside the recognized ranks of art; so that it may (although without proof) be confidently guessed that the greatest artists are among those who do not paint. The greatest pictures find no canvas. Indeed, the lack of ideality and interpretation of higher life which the many miles of picture galleries exhibit is very peculiar.

Until the passive coercion of the vibratory laws becomes appreciated, it is impossible to comprehend the guiding powers of nature. Various writers who, perhaps momen-

tarily, became poets when reaching down into their souls for truth, have recognized the existence of the vibratory guidance which controls without force. It is shown in a part of an anonymous sonnet: —

That thine own realm of peace I too might share,
Where nature's smallest things show much design
To teach kind thoughts for all that breathe; and where,
As music's laws compel by rule divine,
Naught but obeying good gives joy and rest.

George Eliot hovered on the same truth when singing of the lyre of Jubal: —

He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight,
Teaching to ear and hand *the blissful right,*
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
And all desire bends towards obedience.

Many have circled around the same idea without bringing it down to definite shape, while Plato suggested a system which more or less dealt with it, but in a vague and incoherent way.

The effects of these passive coercions have been recognized from the earliest times; and now that the material machinery for the production of intelligence is about to be superseded we are hardly justified in supposing that the individualities which have been in company with these gentle systems of guidance for many ages will now part company with them. On the contrary, the vacillatory and unassured condition of the human ego suggests that long training must ensue before it even approaches perfection. To suppose that a sensitized man now passes into annihilation at death would be to stultify the whole scheme of evolution. The proofs of the spirit life would mean nothing. The idea of annihilation at this time would in improbability rival that other notion, that the ego will be transplanted into heaven as something miraculously made perfect.

La Rochefoucauld wrote: "La faiblesse est le seul défaut que l'on ne saurait corriger." After a season of listening to silly praise or blame of human nature, a dose of La Rochefoucauld is sometimes a salutary corrective. There is truth in what he says — but, also, untruth. The brain, being the product of sensation, finds it difficult to eliminate customs

which have become built in by supplying predominant amounts of sensation. But in the spiritual life frailties are not cured by the determination to root out the noxious mental weeds, but because their existence becomes obscured and gradually forgotten in the general strain for that which is more desirable.

La Rochefoucauld's proverb indicates his limits. Yet it must be admitted that the most pitiable history is that which shows the vacillation and vagaries of the human mind. When monkey-trainers are choosing the animals they intend to educate as trick-performers, they only select those whose attention can be caught, concentrated, and held through their curiosity. Those whose eyes continually wander are discarded. The curiosity in the monkey is our earliest form of scientific inquiry. In ourselves, this is called a God-given desire for knowledge. The phrase sounds well, but the curiosity of the monkey was and is the same. This is what Nature has striven to produce, namely, concentrated intelligence. And the same faculty that lifted the monkey into a man is now intended to lift man into a still higher grade.

Further processes of nature may in some way effect realization of truths which now seem dim. But spiritual men of the Christian religion have seemed agreed that we only receive one human life. This is a point on which a good deal may depend. And when all knowledge of soul and of natural law indicates that the individuality *must* be advanced, it seems rather absurd to run risks through neglect.

Life, to man, is a question of values. It is useless to put business or religion on any other basis. No one will, as a rule, give up a pleasure in hand except for a better one. Perhaps, in reality, no one gives up "a fond offence" because of the idea that God wishes him to. No one who possesses animal courage and is fond of the animal life will give it up by reason of threats regarding hell. The fact is that such a man snaps his fingers at hell. Neither will any one who values his virility and his ultra-masculine independence accept religion, as Sir James Stephen says, "in a yearning after some object of affection, like a woman's love for a lap-dog." If the religion of nature did not offer men pleasures for this life that would be greater than those which they already enjoy, there would be no use talking about it. Any heaven which could not exhibit itself to some extent

here would surely be rather doubtful of its own value. Any portions of religions which cannot endure the test of the sense of absurdity need not be mentioned to scientific minds. But the internal promptings towards natural religion are as far removed from criticism as the necessity to eat.

Now, it is these courageous men who perhaps have followed their animal instincts defiantly but honestly — men who can command, who are foremost in a fight, who can concentrate with a mighty purpose in their will, who will smash everything, themselves included, to have their own way — in short, it is evidently men of individuality and brute force that the kingdom of the spirit seeks. It is the men whom women would die for that God would live for. Every device of nature has been devoted for a thousand ages to producing these splendid creatures. They are the cream of creation. And is nature to be unable to hold its best? Are its places of command to be filled by weaklings?

But this is a treatise relating to experiments, and is not produced except to indicate the way to experiments. Yet the approaches to the spiritual life may be tested, if test be desired, as carefully as any other alleged panacea. Sooner or later, these big men will feel a great need for this great medicine. Some will say: "You put it fairly! show us these extra advantages and we will go where our self interest lies." To this may be replied: "You, too, are fair. But you must, if you are interested, find things out for yourself. If a whole volume were written concerning the happiness of the spiritual life you would not believe a word of it. Nobody is yearning over you; no one is approaching you in the usual uncomfortable way to ask 'Is your soul saved?' Your neglect will affect nobody but yourself."

This is a book of experiments. And you wish to experiment? Well, then! when you wish for rest and peace and freedom from all the troubles which the following of fantasies has produced, go into some cathedral or church where you can hear grand and reverential music. Sit alone — or, better still, if you really love any one then take that person with you. Let your mind be a blank, and let the music do the preaching. If hymns are sung, join in! If they contain words you object to, never mind! It is not the words: it is the rhythm, the aspiration, the swell, the illumination, the comprehension of the great Intention. Let your mind be a

blank, but receptive. Give way to the impressions which the music will bring to you. If you are a young man, you will very likely love some one in a reverential and pure way. If so, the music will make you feel purified and better fitted to be in her presence. If you have brought this person with you, and if you really care for her in the highest way, you will very likely feel that it would be a happiness and no lack of reverence to hold her hand while the music plays through you and makes you think that life could be noble and perfect in her presence. Very well! take her hand, by all means! The religion of God desires no unhappiness; and your reverential delight in her presence indicates exactly what she was made for.

Now this sounds like very foolish reading. Of course it does. It needs some courage to print it. Words are an entire absurdity in all these matters. This remark has been made repeatedly. The truest happiness of life cannot be reduced to words without some appearance of absurdity. The religion of God has no words; neither at this first experiment nor at any other time. But you will not leave the edifice without feeling strengthened, purified and uplifted. You have not done so badly in the first experiment.

But suppose you, the next experimenter, are an agnostic. You have felt for many years that life has been a gloom, and that some gladness of youth has gone out of you, and that your existence points nowhere. You have ascribed your gloom and painful want of outlook, to increasing years. You have felt, somehow, that your fine intellectual arguments are Dead-Sea apples. You are so utterly wearied of having no outlet for your emotions that you are about to sneak into the temple of superstition to see what chance there is to feel the old swing.

Well! first leave your admirable intellect at home. Go down tot he cathedral feeling that you would like to be a fool again—a glad, happy fool—a child who could believe in the presence of God and delight once more in that rush of emotion and hope and promise and certainty which no pleasure of intellect ever equalled. When you get there, don't try to believe in anything. Listen only to the tones and the fervency. Don't let the preacher annoy you. If he does, don't listen to him. But let the organist take possession of you. Let him do as he likes. We leave you at the door

of the edifice. Nor will we speak of that which may come to a tired soul. Only—don't criticise! Be a child; be a fool; be what you like,—be anything except an intellectual agnostic. You go in feeling old. You will come out feeling young.

Now this will perhaps be said to be undiluted superstition. Very well! call it what you like! Superstition is only unscientific science. Nature's proofs are its results. The way to God is happiness. Achievement is happiness. The advances into the spiritual life contain the gladness of this world, and, partly, of the next. True science and true religion give us that which has no equal. But no one can learn of these things by words. The great teacher has shown that each one must be his own experimenter in that region where the weak are made strong—where the passion for wisdom and holiness is overpaid with gladness, till the fantasies of animal life cease because useless and forgotten; till all desire for even human life has passed away, and the unquenchable spirit will have nothing but God.

APPENDIX.

During boyhood I one night dreamed that I was in certain woods, near Toronto, Canada, and while sitting on the ground heard a noise which I thought was made by a horse galloping through the trees. I hastened to place myself behind a tree to avoid the rush of the animal; but, when there, I discovered that the sound was caused by the sudden flight of some bird, perhaps a partridge, and I sat down again. This dream was vivid, and afterwards I seemed to remember it as if for some object. About six months afterwards I was at the same spot in these woods, when suddenly I heard the same noise and all the details of the dream were experienced in reality.

When at Trinity College School in the winter of 1865 I dreamed that I was in front of my father's residence in Toronto when a cavalry regiment came marching up, fours deep, apparently from the railway station. In my dream I did not know what soldiers they were. Their uniforms were strange to me, being dark blue, with white facings. These were old and worn, and dusty with travel. The men were

all carrying haversacks, canteens and various other articles. They turned when opposite our gates and went into the parade field of the Parliament House enclosure, where they were drawn up in companies, facing east. I watched everything that was done while sitting at a certain part of the enclosing fence. Afterwards, I seemed to remember this dream as if for a special purpose. At that time there was no mention of any such troops coming to Canada, but in (I think) the summer of 1866, the thirteenth Hussars were sent out to Canada in consequence of the Fenian raids. I was standing at the same spot as in the dream when they came through the city on their arrival without their horses. Their peculiar uniform was the same, also their impedimenta. They went into the field and drew up in companies, facing east. The inspection proceeded and every small detail of that dream was lived through once more in reality. I felt sure of what would happen as soon as I saw them.

THE END.

THE POWER OF THE MIND AS A REMEDIAL AGENT IN THE CURE OF DISEASE.

BY JAMES R. COCKE, M. D.

LET us first consider what we mean by the mind, and without repeating the lengthy definition given by the text-books upon metaphysics, I will give a definition which from a medical standpoint will be sufficiently comprehensive. The mind is at once the expression of all consciousness in its relations to the outer world. The mighty strains of music which the great masters have voiced, the lofty mountains which stretch their snow-tipped peaks heavenward to receive a loving kiss from the rising sun, exist for me in the direct proportion to my capacity, at first to conceive, and then to reason upon and understand, the phenomena external to my senses.

Whence is the mind? Ask Old Nature to repeat again to us the story of the creation of the temple of the soul. Let us inquire by the microscope and see if it will disclose some of the hidden mysteries of embryology. Can we find in those mysteries an explanation of the secret of consciousness? We find in our reply no rational explanation of mental phenomena *per se*. You may watch the development of the cerebrum from the time when the first evidence appears in the embryo to its culmination in the fully developed brain of the man, and you will learn only one thing—and that conclusion is not yet established—namely, that as man acquires more knowledge, the surface of his brain becomes more convoluted (wrinkled).

Ask those who have practised vivisection whether by their mutilations of the brains of the lower animals, they have wrung from outraged nature the secret of intelligent consciousness. Their replies are very uncertain, because their methods are at best inaccurate. It is true that a dog can live when the whole of his cerebrum is destroyed. The animal seems to act like an automatic machine in the main, and yet he does manifest a low form of consciousness.

We know, also, that when certain parts of the brain are stimulated by means of an electric current, definite movements will take place in parts of the body, and that a part will move when the centre in the brain controlling its motion is stimulated by electricity. For instance, when a certain portion of a monkey's

brain is stimulated the toe will move; then stimulate a little higher up, and the foot will move, and so on.

Also we learn from the symptoms of the sick, and from *post-mortem* revelations, that when certain parts of the brain are injured in man by disease, certain parts of the body become paralyzed. We know that some forms of insanity are accompanied by fairly definite anatomical changes in the brain and spinal cord. (See "Disseminated Cereus.")

What can biology tell us about the mind? The mute history of the world's evolution speaks to us more plainly than words, and the lesson taught us is that the higher the development of the being the more intricately complex is the nervous system. That the mind can cause disease of the body, the accumulated testimony of the ages emphatically bears witness. We are told in Roman history that impressions made upon the mother while carrying her infant before birth, might seriously affect, for good or ill, both the physical development and mental characteristics of the offspring.

I will not describe the effect in detail of the emotions upon each of the several systems of the body, but will give only a condensed survey of them, and their relations to the different bodily states which they produce. The effect of the emotions upon the blood vessels is well demonstrated in blushing from embarrassment and shame. Who has not had his face burn with indignation? or has not felt his heart stop still, and had his face turn pale and limbs grow cold from the crushing blow of some shame or sorrow? Who has not felt the heart bound with joy from some heaven-sent message of peace?

Witness the step of the old man, tottering and feeble, suddenly made strong by some recollection of bygone days; and all of us know, alas! too well, how grief and despair dry and parch the moist, warm mouth, and pinch and wrinkle the beautiful face of youth and make it old before its time. Every physician knows the effect of a cheering, kindly word and a bright glance upon the sick one.

It is equally well known to the medical profession that violent mental emotions may produce an acute dyspepsia, or may cause jaundice and tint the face of the patient yellow: and how that oppressive thing, care, can so break Morpheus' magic spell that the eyes can know no sleep and the brain no repose. In my professional experience I have witnessed, many times, a healthy body fade like a flower before the scorching sun, when the sweet balm of hope was withdrawn. I have seen many a woman and a few men, who had been children of disease all their lives, made strong, either by adversity or by a noble purpose entering their hitherto useless existences.

Having shown in a general way the effect of the mind upon the body in causing disease, I will now endeavor to show some of the diseases in which healthy mental action may be curative, and how the mind may be best directed to obtain this result. Since it is the grandest duty of the physician to prevent instead of cure disease, I will also show some of the diseases which I believe could be prevented by a wholesome mental life, and at the same time demonstrate the effect of suitable mental treatment upon them after they have seized upon their victims. I have tried the effect of mental treatment, in its broadest sense, in some of the emotional forms of insanity.

One of my patients was a lady thirty-eight years of age, and her symptoms showed an instability of all the emotions of the body. She was tearful at times and then unreasonably sanguine, hating and loving as rapidly as the ever-changing images of the kaleidoscope. Under medical treatment these symptoms rapidly grew worse, and everything done for her, in the way of diet and hygienic measures, simply centred her attention more upon herself and exaggerated her emotional life. The following plan of mental gymnastics was tried, drugs being used only when needed to correct some definite bodily ailment.

A careful examination was made of the whole body to determine the presence or absence of organic disease; each system of the body was interrogated in turn, and serious organic disease was thoroughly eliminated from our diagnosis. The bed-ridden patient was told to get up for five minutes a day, to which she objected, protesting that her limbs would not hold her. She was at first carried to a chair in the arms of an attendant. The interval was lengthened every day, and the patient soon walked to her chair.

Realizing now that more purpose must be given her if she were to rally, I told her of a little blind child whom I knew, who was sadly in need of education, and requested her to begin by reading five minutes a day to the child and to increase the interval of time a few minutes each day. Readers, it would have done your hearts good, could you have witnessed the slumbering maternal instinct in this woman awakened to life by the needs of this sightless child. The whining, selfish, narrow woman, given wholly to her own complaints, was transformed almost as if by magic, by the rapidly developing love for the helpless one. She realized that the child could not walk out well alone, and in her care for it she secured that exercise and fresh air which no command of the physician could have obtained for her. The patient recovered, and found her compensation in using her eyes to enlighten the dweller in an eternal night.

Another patient under my care was relieved by the following

plan of treatment. She was about thirty-six years of age, pale, and to express it technically, was anæmic. She complained of insomnia, for which she had used large quantities of opium and chloral, without obtaining relief. Her digestion was badly disordered, and she imagined at night that she heard voices saying obnoxious things. She was rapidly developing into that condition known as delusional insanity. She had several times threatened her life and was listless and inattentive.

Having tried medicines and found them futile, she was put upon a system of mental exercise, beginning with fifteen minutes of arithmetic in the morning, and was required to read aloud to an old lady for forty minutes, with an hour's rest between her arithmetic and reading. She was then driven in the open air one hour, and requested to give a report of what she saw and describe the appearance of at least two of the people she met while out. Food was then given her, after which an hour's rest was taken. Her attendant then discussed various fashions from the fashion plates, and the papers were read to her, as well as books of a healthy moral tone.

Towards evening she was allowed to go shopping or to see any friends for an hour or so, and usually spent the evening quietly, but was advised to take part in different games or some other diversion. At nine o'clock she was given massage for forty minutes by a skilled operator, and was told she would sleep. For three nights it was necessary to hypnotize her, but sweet sleep wooed in this way soon came and kissed the eyelids of the patient and she slept.

The treatment was varied from week to week, but one definite purpose was kept in view; this was to teach the patient self-reliance and to make her life worth living by rendering herself useful to society. In three months she was restored again to her home and family, a well and happy woman. Of course this plan of treatment involved much care and expense, but no more than it would have done to carry out the treatment used in our more expensive sanitariums for nervous diseases.

HYSTERIA AND NEURASTHENIA.

These terms have many times been used by the medical profession, together with the term "functional nervous disturbance," or, to be more correct, "functional-neurosis," in a very loose, slack way; and too often the terms have been applied to patients who did not deserve them, and have proved simply cloaks with which the practitioner has covered his ignorance.

An elaborate description of hysteria would require more space than is at my command, and I will only outline a few of its unusual and graver forms. The term is derived from the Greek

word *ἰστέρος*, meaning "the womb," and as women mainly are afflicted with the disease, the Greeks supposed, so I have read, that this organ had the power of migrating at will to any part of the human economy, and of producing a great variety of symptoms in different parts of it. That this organ may affect the different systems of the body reflexly is a fact well known to the medical world, but hysteria is not caused, in many cases at least, by it; hence the term "hysteria" is a misnomer, and I would substitute for it the term "psycopathia," because in this disease every manifestation of consciousness is exaggerated and perverted.

I will now describe a person afflicted with *hysteria major*. She was a girl of fifteen, had been a bright child and studied hard in school. Her mother described her as having always been a nervous child. When I saw her, the lower limbs were completely paralyzed, insensible to touch and to pain. They felt cold when the hand was laid upon them. The patient began to laugh as soon as I commenced the examination, but in three minutes was crying profusely, although I did not hurt her in any way. Taking her hands in mine I found that the muscles kept up a constant tremor. The face was pale, the eyes were preternaturally bright, the speech was rapid and somewhat incoherent.

Her statements were all exaggerated. She told untruths about herself, and simulated many symptoms which she did not really feel. She began one evening spitting blood, to the dismay of her attendants and family; but on my arrival I soon discovered that she had wounded her gums with a pin or other sharp instrument, and made them bleed, for the express purpose of calling attention to herself and alarming her family. Language is wholly inadequate to describe this case, so I will enumerate a few of the symptoms as they occurred from day to day. One day she would claim to be totally blind for an hour or two. Again she would suffer with severe pain in one of her limbs and beg me to amputate it. Then one side of the body would be insensible to touch and to pain. She would complain again of a severe headache, or would lie for hours in an apathetic state, apparently unconscious of events happening around her. And thus I might enumerate for pages; but now for the treatment.

First metallo-therapy was tried, following the French school. When a part of the body felt numb, a thin piece of any metal applied to it would cause the sensation to return to the part to which the metal was applied; but the opposite side of the body, corresponding to the one to which the metal was applied, would grow numb, and one could chase this numbness about over the body by applying pieces of metal to different parts of it, until another fancy would take her crazy brain. Then she would lie entranced; and when in this state could not be aroused even by

throwing ice-cold water by means of a shower bath against her bare back for ten or fifteen minutes. Suffice it to say that electricity and all the other paraphernalia of modern medicine having failed, she was at first hypnotized several times. This seemed in a measure to restore the equilibrium of her existence. Following this, mental gymnastics suitable to the case were tried, and gradually one by one this mighty symptom complex vanished, and we had left a quiet, simple little maiden, rather more sensitive than was good for her it is true, but still able to take her place with her stronger sisters.

I treated a younger sister of this girl, who was developing the same disease, and I believe that I prevented her from getting into the deplorable condition just described, by suitably regulating her mode of existence and mental life.

Should any of the readers of *THE ARENA* wish to know more of hysteria, they will find it fully described in the writings of Professor Charcot. It is a singular fact that in certain families one generation may be afflicted with hysteria, another with epilepsy, and another addicted to alcohol, while consumption claims the next for her own. Cannot something be done to correct the degenerate nervous tendencies which seem to be inherent in such families, by regulating their mental and moral natures? I trust the loving heart of the nineteenth-century civilization, guided by the broadest knowledge of science, will prompt a mighty answer — Yes.

A similar condition, termed technically "neurasthenia" (nervous prostration), exists in a very marked degree in the United States. An eminent writer in one of the medical journals said recently, "We are getting to be a nation of neurasthenics." The condition is apt to afflict any one of a highly sensitive, nervous temperament. It is caused by overwork, abuse of alcohol and by many other errors in living. The digestive system may be upset and certain restricted habits of eating may be formed as a consequence of the dyspepsia, which are more injurious than over-feeding.

A patient under my care complained of profound depression and sleeplessness, and above all thought he could not eat solid food, owing to the distress it caused him. He was cured by repeated persistent suggestion that he must eat, and a diet was ordered for him. I have no doubt many of the obstinate cases of dyspepsia which the Christian Scientists claim they cure, are really cured by a more generous diet and by mental suggestion. I am satisfied that physicians frequently do harm to these patients by ordering a too restricted diet and by misuse of drugs.

There are, I find in my experience, many curious mental states besides those of somnambulism, hypnotism and the various

trances. Not the least curious is a form of delusional insanity in which the sufferers believe themselves to be possessed by evil spirits. They are usually melancholy and say and do many ridiculous things. A similar condition is one in which a person will fear to cross an open space without any reason for the fear, while others are afraid to be alone or in the dark. The conditions are very susceptible to treatment by mental suggestion; they can often be prevented entirely by training the minds of children, and guarding them from superstition and from sudden nervous shocks.

An obstinate form of nervous disease is known as hypochondria. The condition is closely allied to neurasthenia and hysteria. I have had some interesting cases of it under my care.

One young man twenty-five years of age, of good family, spare of build, light hair and eyes, believed himself to be a sufferer from cancer of the stomach. To such an extent did he carry his delusion that he would partake of no hearty food whatever, living on broth and milk only. He claimed that the juice of a few mouthfuls of beef would stimulate him as much as a glass of whiskey. His condition was pitiable in the extreme. He was depressed, weak in mind and body, led a listless, indolent life and imagined that he suffered with severe pain in the stomach and many other distressing symptoms. As he was wealthy he had tried most of the specialists of Europe and America and in addition had consumed a prodigious quantity of patent medicines. Without going into details, it is sufficient to say that under a healthy mental discipline, together with occupation and a nutritious diet, he entirely regained his health.

In speaking of the case of hysteria in the girl of fifteen, I mentioned that when I first saw her, her lower limbs were paralyzed. I wish to emphasize the fact that there are many cases of hysterical paralysis, and in these paralyses there are no discoverable organic diseases of any part of the nervous system.

HABIT PARALYSES.

I saw a patient recently who had not walked in twelve years. He met with a railroad accident and was carried home. As his lower limbs were useless and numb and as he had sustained an injury to his back, the attending physician at that time made a diagnosis of injury to the spinal cord from a probable fracture of one of the vertebræ. The limbs shrank considerably in size, probably from disuse, and the man made no attempt to walk from the time of the accident until I saw him.

Examining the *planta* and *patella* reflexes, I found them diminished in intensity but present. The sensations of touch, pain and temperature (if they had ever been absent) were now

present, and it was my belief that the man could be made to walk. I commanded him to get up and he shuffled his lower limbs about in an aimless manner but could not rise. I applied to his limbs, by means of a wire brush, a strong Faradic current of electricity. This burned him considerably and he sprang to his feet and took a number of steps; subsequently he regained full use of his limbs.

Are there not and have there never been miracles? Must we disbelieve all the testimony which tradition brings us down the dim vista of bygone years? Every intelligent religion which has ever found acceptance from a soul-thirsty multitude, has not only claimed to heal the souls but the bodies of men, and when Jesus of Nazareth anointed the eyes of the blind man and bade him see and he saw, no wonder that a shout of joy went up from that benighted mind, a shout to which the multitude through the ages down to the present time reëchoed until the universe resounded with rejoicing. The sick, no matter in what clime, have ever prayed to God and felt themselves especially beloved of Him.

Are these cures miraculous? are they lies? or, as has been claimed, have they only cured imaginary diseases which were the foolish fancies of idle brains? These are questions I cannot answer in this paper. It is possible that many of the miraculous cures reported are capable of explanation upon the hypothesis of the disease being purely psychic, in the mind. Many seemingly miraculous things, when they are investigated, are robbed of their halo of mystery under the keen eye of common sense.

There are many functional diseases and disturbed states of the nervous system and psychic life of man which at times simulate graver organic diseases so closely that only an expert in medical diagnosis can differentiate them. Hence before a cure of any important organic disease is claimed by any especial method of practice, the physician should exercise the greatest possible circumspection in his diagnosis.

There are many diseases which are termed by medical writers, self-limited. This holds true as well of the chronic as of the acute. Many diseases run their course, and if the constitution of the patient can hold out, he will frequently get well under any reasonable treatment.

Every physician knows well the effect of some harmless substance when given to a certain class of patients, with the reassuring promise of help. A patient under my care was cured of obstinate insomnia, after he had used a large number of opiates, by some pills made of starch.

The power of the human hand in relieving disease and pain has long since been recognized by the medical profession, and

many seemingly miraculous results have been obtained by so-called magnetic healers. That there is such a thing as the transfer of vitality from one human being to another, I know to be true. I have a patient who suffers with severe abdominal pain at times, and I have repeatedly relieved the pain, in fact never failed to relieve it, by simply laying my hand upon the bowels; this was not due to the heat of the hand, for I would cool it to the temperature of the surface of the patient's body before applying it. When I did not treat the patient in this way the pain would last, in spite of opiates, from eight to fourteen hours.

The effect of so-called magnetic belts, rings and other appliances is due solely to the imagination of the patient, as the great majority of these appliances have no magnetism about them. A patient told me, some years ago, that he was cured of neuralgia by magnetized paper, which he obtained from a man who advertised it very extensively. For the sake of experiment I told him I could prepare some paper which was very strong with magnetism. I gave him two sheets of brand new blotting paper which had never been handled, and told him if he would bind them upon his back and chest, he would feel a very strong current from them. He did so, and informed me that the current was so strong that it burned his skin badly and that he could not bear to leave them on over an hour, although there was no redness visible upon the skin after the paper was applied. There are two rational explanations for this curious mental phenomenon. The first one is the mere fact of his faith calling attention to the part to which the paper was applied; and again, if one stops and thinks of any part of the body intently, he will become painfully aware of the presence of this member and usually experience unpleasant sensations in it.

A shrewd professor in a homœopathic medical school wished to ascertain the effect of a certain drug upon healthy men and women. Without their knowledge he gave them sugar of milk to start with, and requested them to bring him an account of all the symptoms they experienced in twenty-four hours. A half dozen healthy men and women, supposing they were taking a drug, brought him a ridiculous list of symptoms, including every system of the body, and received from the professor a lecture upon imagination which they will never be likely to forget.

My readers can readily understand from what I have said that there may be perverted and diseased states of consciousness which have no discoverable organic basis, and it is reasonable to treat these diseased states of consciousness by calling into action the faculties of the mind.

Having shown the curative effect of mind in disease, let us ask if medical science has found anything which will give a rational

explanation of it. Yes, in a measure. In the secretion from the bodies of persons suffering from certain forms of insanity, chemical analysis and physiological research have revealed the presence of certain substances technically termed "tox-albumens." Experiments with these substances upon man and the lower animals prove them to be poisonous to the nervous system. Now if disturbed mental states can cause the production within the organism of substances which are antagonistic to health, does it not rationally follow that healthy states of the mind would equally advance the assimilative and nutritive processes of the system?

Physiology is able to tell us little as yet concerning the nutritive processes of the body; but this we do know, that nutrition is presided over primarily by ganglionic centres in the brain and in the spinal cord. We know, as a result of carefully conducted experiments, that when that portion of the spinal cord known as the anterior horn, is damaged by disease, disturbance in nutrition of the body, corresponding to the portion of the cord affected, takes place. If the disease be in the upper part of the spinal cord (the cervical or upper dorsal region) the arms or upper portion of the body shrink (atrophy), and the same thing happens in the lower extremities if the corresponding portion of the upper lumbar and lower dorsal cord is injured. We know, too, that it is possible to hypnotize one portion of the cerebral cortex, while the remainder of the brain is active. I have a number of times rendered an arm insensible to pain by hypnotism without otherwise disturbing the consciousness of the patient.

Is it not, then, reasonable to suppose that we can direct by the will and by suggestion, that intangible, immeasurable thing we call vital force to a diseased member and promote its healing? Is it unscientific and against the laws of physiology? Not at all.

Eminent neurologists tell us, and they are borne out by anatomical and physiological research, that different parts of the brain and nervous system, under certain conditions, may learn to perform vicariously the duties of another part of the brain or nervous system which may have been injured. We know certainly that motor impulses pass down along certain tracts in the spinal cord, and that there are also paths over which the sensory impulses travel to and from the brain. Pathology teaches us that when from disease or any injury, one part of the brain is unable to do its work, another portion of the nervous system will not only perform its function, but will develop a new path over which its work may be transmitted to the periphery of the body, if the injury be not too extensive. So we find for mental therapeutics not only a rational explanation in its empirical results, but a firm foundation in physiology and pathology.

There is always a danger that each newly-discovered truth

will be carried by the fanatical into the realm of absurdity. While mental therapeutics promises to prove a great boon to many sufferers and at the same time a valuable means of preventing disease, it would be of course unreasonable and repulsive to every earnest, scientific student, to claim that it is a universal panacea.

In the light of our present knowledge it is impossible to state with absolute accuracy the definite limitations of the effects which the mind can exercise over the condition of the body. We know that ill health of the body may produce perverted mental states, and I have shown that mental states may act either beneficially or injuriously upon the bodily health. I have seen one person made desperately ill from a bad dream, and Sir Walter Scott, in his "Legend of Montrose," beautifully portrays the effect of presentiment in his character study of Allan Macaulay. It is also a curious and interesting fact, illustrating the intimate connection between mind and body, that many people were made insane by the late epidemic of influenza, while others were cured of long-standing insanity by the same disease.

Many of the effects supposed to be produced by drugs are undoubtedly due to the effect upon the patient caused by his knowledge that medicaments are being used. During my student days I was suffering one evening with an attack of toothache. Local medication having failed, I determined to inhale chloroform sufficient to relieve the pain, no matter what the result might be. I seized a bottle which I supposed contained the drug, and poured a considerable quantity upon a handkerchief and placed it over my face. As the handkerchief had previously been used to apply the chloroform to my jaw, the odor on it still lingered. I promptly went to sleep and awoke next morning to find that ink was the medicine which had relieved the toothache, as my well blackened face bore ample testimony.

I have carefully studied the effect of therapeutic suggestion upon the different organic diseases. Briefly these are my results: The pain of rapidly growing cancer can be temporarily relieved by either hypnotic or simple suggestion. Experiments were tried in thirty-nine cases. The cough of consumption, as well as the other symptoms, were apparently in no way benefited. Therapeutic suggestion did seem to quiet the delirium of fever in certain diseases. By constantly acting upon the mind by suggestion, some obstinate cases of paralysis from hemorrhage into the cerebrum were apparently benefited, although Swedish gymnastics were used at the same time.

After a careful study on this subject, covering a period of eight years, I am satisfied that the limitations of mental therapeutics are as follows:—

First, They are of value chiefly as curative agents in cases of functional neurosis, such as are described in this article.

Second, In correcting vicious habits formed by the mind of the individual.

Third, In removing some of the acute symptoms of organic disease.

Fourth, I consider that their greatest value is in the department of preventive medicine: I believe that more diseases could be prevented by studying the minds and souls of youth, and by correcting abnormal tendencies in them, than can be cured in later life by any amount of treatment, no matter of what kind.

METHODS OF APPLYING MENTAL THERAPEUTICS.

I said in the early part of this article that the mind consists of consciousness, and that consciousness is our ability to understand correctly that which its faculties perceive. I care not what view the student of metaphysics takes of the constitution of the mind, — whether he believes in the mind-dust or mind-stuff theory, or in the spiritual essence of the mind; or whether he believes consciousness to be the sum total of the activity of the living organism and thinks this activity depends wholly on the metabolic changes of the protoplasm.

How can we apply mental phenomena to the cure of disease? The field is as broad as the human soul itself. Its *materia medica* is more inexhaustible than the drugs of the pharmacopœia. The senses are the avenues by which our medicine reaches the patient. The intellect is the sick one to whom we minister. The soul's basest passions are the diseases we seek to cure. Our most potent remedy is hope, the physician is love and our pharmacist is the broadest charity.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE LAND QUESTION.

BY LOUIS F. POST.

THE land question is essentially a question of the rights of living men as against the exactions of one another. That is to say, it is a question of human equality—not equality of stature nor of weight nor of physical or mental strength, but equality before the laws that men make for the government of men. It is really the “man question” rather than the “land question.” The latter designation is appropriately significant, however, for it points to the particular instrument by means of which in modern conditions men may be, and to a greater or less extent actually are, as effectually denied equal rights before the law as ever they were by cruder methods of mastership.

Men have natural desires to consume food by eating it, clothing by wearing it, and houses by living in them. Satisfying these desires as to quantity stimulates them as to quality. Palatable food is demanded instead of mere provender, pleasant and handsome garments displace artless coverings, the rude shelter gives way to cheerful homes. And along with this desire for better food, clothing and shelter, comes an expanding desire for other things whose consumption may add to comfort, together with a growing demand for tools and machinery for making and transporting objects of consumption. Life itself depends upon the satisfaction, in some degree, of some of these desires; while civilized life depends upon satisfying to a considerable degree the wider range of desire.

But none of these desires can be satisfied by magical means. From first to last and all together they are satisfied, so far as they are satisfied at all, with things that owe their existence to the energies of men. Food, shelter and clothing, together with every other material comfort that men enjoy, let the quantity be little or much and the quality poor or good, are made for the consumption of men by the skill and industry of men. Men also make all the artificial materials of which every object of consumption is composed, together with the appliances, simple and complex, puny and massive, with which the powers of men in providing such objects are multiplied. Men do it all.

And they do it now. To no considerable extent do those of

one generation provide for those of another the material things that the latter consume or otherwise use. Each present lives upon itself and not upon the past. If men ceased to make appliances, those for example that facilitate food making, the existing supply would soon be worn out, and food making could go on only at a disadvantage, the extent of which we of this era cannot conceive; if no more artificial materials for food-making were produced, those for example of which bread is composed, the existing supply would soon be exhausted and bread-making would be at an end; if production of food ceased the existing supply would soon be consumed, and then, no matter how great the accumulation of food-making materials and appliances, people would starve. It is the same with other articles of human consumption. Almost literally day by day, they are provided by living men for living men.

Now what are the rights of men in regard to obtaining and consuming such things? The answer of justice is obvious, simple and conclusive. Each man is entitled to an equal chance, so far as the legal rights or privileges of others are concerned, to make what he chooses, and without abatement to consume that identical thing, or such quantity, variety and quality of other things as the men who make them give him freely in trade for the whole or any part of what he makes; and if from motives of public expediency some men are by law given exceptional chances to make and trade and consume, which place others at a disadvantage in those respects, the others are entitled to equitable compensation.

But in what fundamental ways can the law place men at a relative disadvantage in respect of making, trading and consuming? There are but two. One is by vesting in some persons titles to the ownership of others, and another is by vesting in some men titles to more useful land than others can obtain. All ways but these are secondary. The first is chattel slavery and calls for no exposition here; but the true character and tendencies, the logical extreme and the far-reaching effects of the second are so obscured by custom and habits of thought, as was once the case with chattel slavery itself, that it must be dwelt upon even at the risk of seeming to amplify axioms.

Without land men can make nothing and trade nothing, neither artificial materials and appliances nor the finished objects to be consumed; for land includes all the natural materials and forces of the universe outside of man. It is his standing place, his natural workshop, the storehouse from which he draws everything required for ministering to the satisfaction of his material wants. To invest one person, therefore, with exclusive ownership of the land, or to recognize and enforce the claims of

one man to such ownership — whether his claims originate in force, fraud or contract — would be equivalent to conferring upon him absolute power over other men.

No ownership by one person of any other thing (the literal ownership of other men as chattel slaves excepted) involves such perfect power. If one man who owned all existing money should withhold it from use, substitutes for money would be more extensively utilized, and manufacture and trade consumption would go on as before, while the value of the monopolist's money would shrink in his grasp. If one man who owned all existing machinery and buildings and other artificial implements and materials for making things for consumption, should withhold them from use, men would tap the earth and trade over it, and new supplies, more abundant in quantity and better in quality, would flow forth in all the directions of demand, while the monopolized artificial implements and materials would go to waste for want of men to use them. For people will not submit to much extortion, nor submit to any long, for the use of what they can replace; and considering men as a whole there is no artificial thing which may be withheld from them that they cannot replace, at the sacrifice, at the worst, of but a little time, provided they are free and their access to the various kinds of land they require be not obstructed. This very fact is the most perfect security against the least extortion in free conditions, for he who would become an extortioner is restrained by fear of ultimate loss.

But by no sacrifice can land be replaced. If one man who owned all the land withheld it from use he could impose his own terms upon other men. Without making anything himself, he could demand and acquire all money, all machinery, all buildings, all artificial tools and materials for making objects of consumption, and all objects of consumption, save enough to maintain the men that he saw fit to hire, and not alone the existing supply of those things, but the future product as well.

If one man owned all the land, other men, except with his permission and upon his terms, could lawfully make nothing and trade nothing. If they made anything without his permission he might lawfully take it from them, not merely in part but to the uttermost. Were manna to fall from heaven for their relief it would all belong to him; they could have no share save by his gracious charity. If it pleased him to evict them from his premises they could not find even a standing place nor so much as breathing space in the habitable universe. The birth of a child, should he choose so to regard it, would constitute a trespass. While his legal right was respected or enforced, all other men would be subject to his mercy; by denying to them the use

of his land he could condemn them to death by a self-executing sentence.

Nor would he need, by denying the use of land to his fellow-men, thereby to deprive himself of any object of consumption that man can make. His power over the lives of men, his power to limit their subsistence to bare animal necessities, to drive them "far from the haunts of men" and keep them in lonely exile, would make it seem a privilege to work for him or his favored servants under any circumstances at any living wages, and an inestimable boon to be allowed to serve in his august presence for the leavings of his table and the cast-off garments of his wardrobe. For mere permission to live upon his land and satisfy their simplest wants in the rudest way, those to whom he accorded that privilege would supply him, both as to quantity and quality, with all the desirable things within their power to draw forth from the earth, which he might demand of them for himself, his favorites, and his personal retainers in army, navy, church and college, his serfs thanking him most gratefully the while for "giving them work." They would also submit to any other conditions that he might impose. Though the law guaranteed them freedom of worship, they would worship as he commanded; though it secured them freedom of speech and equal suffrage, they would speak under his censorship and vote at his dictation. And if some of their number, more spirited than the rest, rose in armed rebellion against his blasphemous title, the great majority would stand ready to march in his regiments and to cheer his victory. Owning the land, he would own all living men.

And in respect to this power it would make no difference whether exclusive ownership of all land were vested in one man or in many, provided the owners were few enough to combine and agree among themselves, and should actually do so. It is not until the number of land owners becomes so large as to make unity of decision and action impracticable, or until for any other reason they cease to act together as one man, that a difference may be distinguished; and then the difference is one of degree, not of principle. The same virtual ownership of man by man is involved, though the power can no longer be arbitrarily wielded to the extreme. It is then regulated by the value of land in the market, being weak when the value of land relatively to its usefulness is low, and strong when the value of land relatively to its usefulness is high. But just as land rises in value relatively to its usefulness does ownership of the earth by multitudes approach that extreme, the possibility of which is so obvious when ownership by a single individual is considered, where absolute ownership of land includes absolute ownership of men.

Nor shall we find any difference in principle when ownership extends only over the lands that lie within the boundaries of civilization. The difference is still only one of degree. If all civilized localities were owned by one individual, though the owner could not condemn other men to death by evicting them from his property, since there would still be land to which they might resort for a living, he could condemn them to exile by denying them the use of land within the limits of civilization. And if such localities were owned by many individuals, too many for an effective combination, the competition of the landless for permission to live in civilized surroundings would tend to raise the value of land within civilized limits relatively to its usefulness, until the value of even the poorest would be so great as to leave to the ordinary producer less than enough to live upon. This would force him to produce more, to go into exile, to become a criminal on either a small and contemptible or a large and respectable scale, or to starve amidst the squalor of civilized slums. If he produced more, competition for land would go on until the value of land relatively to its usefulness encroached upon the greater product, and this again and again while his powers of increasing production lasted. If large numbers emigrated to uncivilized places, as they most probably would, the same conditions would set in with the development of civilization there. The land as it became scarce and grew scarcer would rise in value relatively to its usefulness as a civilized workshop and abiding place, and in the course of time the landless in the new country would be in the same plight as those in the old.

And when civilization had conquered the world, the whole earth would be owned by some of its inhabitants, and no part of it, not even the worst, would be available to landless men except for a price. Then, with increasing population and continuing improvement (the twin causes, in the last analysis, of expanding demand for land) values would go on rising relatively to the usefulness of the land until land would be a luxury that only the very rich might presume to own, and concentration of ownership would have set in. Those who were not rich could not afford to buy land, and if they happened to own any a high price would tempt them to sell.

It is not intended to imply by the preceding observations that the demand for land is limited to demand for immediate use. If it were so limited land would not rise in value out of proportion to its usefulness; because just as soon as any land exhibited a tendency to rise in value relatively to its usefulness, demand for it would be weakened by the greater relative usefulness of poorer land. But choice land if used yields unearned

revenues to its owners, which generates a supplementary demand—a demand for land that is not now choice, but which with advance of general demand promises to become choice. This supplementary demand, which would be by far the greatest of all demands for land, would of course make it abnormally scarce in the market and thus cause it to rise abnormally in value, a phenomenon that would persist with demand for land until none remained out of ownership. Then, though plenty of all kinds of land were unused, none could be had except upon payment of more than its natural worth as determined by the scarcity of that in actual use.

Here the ownership of the earth by many, besides being identical in principle, would approximate in degree the conditions of ownership by a single individual. Men would suffer and die for want of things they could make if other men did not stand between them and the materials they required, and the landless masses would be slaves to a few landed proprietors, who in turn would yield to the will of the strongest among them. Nothing could stop this but occasional spasms of non-production, such as we call “hard times,” and these could stop it only for brief periods.

As a matter of logical speculation the result may be calculated with more than the ease and all of the certainty, except as to time, of an astronomical prediction. But it is not merely a logical speculation. The development of inequality before the law, which is involved in the principle of land ownership, may be observed in actual experience to-day. The extension of the area of demand for land, the intensification of demand, the consequent rise in land values, and the concurrent reduction of politically free men to states of dependence and subserviency that in extreme cases, by no means few, seem little if any less deplorable than literal enslavement, are the most notable general phases of industrial advance. They are manifested in greater or less degree in every growing village, in every progressive city, in every promising section of country, and as one comprehensive class of phenomena in the civilized world at large. The whole earth is rapidly coming into the ownership of some of its inhabitants, from whom others must get the land they need, or, what is the same thing, must in diminished wages buy opportunities to work from such as already have land or who by some means succeed in getting it. And an increasing value is attaching to land as a whole, a value far out of proportion to its use; that is to say, a much higher value than the scarcity of land relatively to the actual use of land would bring about.

The effect that might be logically foretold is thus actually produced in high degree in our own time and country. Now

and here we may see evidence that owners of land are forbidding its use. Not whimsically, as a single owner might, but greedily; yet with similar death-threatening and enslaving effects. That is the meaning of so many valuable but vacant lots in villages, towns and cities, of so many valuable but unopened mines, of so much fertile and valuable but unused agricultural land. That men need these various kinds of unused land is sufficiently attested. While people go beyond the outskirts of villages, towns and cities for homes, while miners famish for lack of work, while farmers resort to sterile places and distant regions for their farms, and farm hands wander helplessly about between seasons unable to find employment with others which they could soon supply to themselves if the land were available, and while people who are able and willing to make what farmers and miners want, suffer the world over from scant agricultural and mineral supplies, it cannot be fairly urged that the reason land is unused is because it is not wanted.

The owners of all kinds of land forbid its use except upon terms that are more onerous than the difficulties and comparative unprofitableness of resorting to much poorer lands. This, by limiting the activities of business and lessening opportunities for employment, lowers the scale of comforts that men in general might otherwise enjoy, and in increasing degree tends to a denial of the equal right to live. Hence we have a world-wide struggle for opportunities to work, a struggle more like a stampede of animals from a burning barn than the orderly competition of self-respecting and neighborly men to satisfy their normal desires from the boundless supplies of nature's storehouse; and rather than die, rather even than live wholly outside the pale of civilization, many men beg for opportunities to do the drudgery of slaves for a slave's compensation—a bare rude living. This alternative already stares scores of thousands in the face. We need not wait for extreme phases of land ownership to behold its enslaving effects. In lower but by no means minor degree those effects may even now be observed. Already we see in the development of our competitive land owning system a close approximation to the conditions that obviously belong to the ownership of the earth by a single individual or combination.

And long before that approximation is reached, even while land ownership is in the infancy of its development, we may observe its interference with the relative rights of men in regard to producing and consuming the things that men desire and for which they work. Each man is entitled to an equal chance, so far as the legal rights and privileges of others are concerned, to make what he chooses, and without abatement to consume what he makes or what others freely give him in exchange. But

from the moment that value attaches to land, land users as a class are compelled to refrain from consuming part of what they make, and to allow land owners as a class to consume it in their stead, the only consideration being the "permission" to use the earth that land owners accord to land users, which would not be necessary but for the usurpation of land ownership. And from the moment when land begins to be abnormally scarce by reason of appropriation without use, its abnormal value operates not merely to compel land users to refrain in the interest of land owners from consuming part of what they make, but also to enable land owners as a class actually to prohibit land users from making what they choose.

If these considerations are sound, land ownership is essentially incompatible with equality of legal rights. And if, as few will venture to dispute, men are entitled to equality before the laws made for the government of men, it follows that land ownership is a social crime and should be abolished. But no sooner is this conclusion reached than the problem of "vested rights" in land confronts us. If land ownership were abolished, so the plea runs, land owners would be justly entitled to compensation.

"Confiscation!" is the slogan of those who make this plea. But in the nature of the case society *must* confiscate, whether it abolishes land ownership or not; and if it abolish land ownership, whether it awards compensation or not. That this is true a brief consideration will show. To abolish land ownership without compensation is to confiscate a legal right which some men have to appropriate property that morally belongs to other men; for the essence of land ownership is its power of misappropriating a portion of the earnings of land users. On the other hand, not to abolish land ownership is to confirm the legal right of land owners to confiscate property which morally belongs to others. And to compensate land owners for abolishing their legal right, what is that but confiscation? For whence would the compensation come? and to whom would it go? Taken by force of law, it would come from those who earn it by their labor and therefore have a moral title, and be given to those who in that connection earn nothing and at best could have but a legal title.

Now, when a proposition to abolish a legal right of property is assailed as unjust, the appeal is to the forum of morals. In the forum of morals, then, when as in this case a legal right and a moral right conflict, which shall stand? There is but one honest answer. The legal right gives way to the moral right. Upon this principle the case of the land owner must be thrown out of the court into which he brings it by his plea of "confiscation."

And if it be urged that land owners or their predecessors in

interest bought their right from generations that have gone, then comes the question, conclusive in the forum of morals, Upon what principle of justice could any man now dead convey to some men now living the moral right to confiscate the earnings or any part of the earnings of any men now living? Whoever accepts the moral axiom that all men are in justice entitled to all the goods they earn, is precluded not only from defending landlordism, but also from demanding compensation for landlords as a condition of abolishing landlordism. From the fact that land owners as such earn nothing, it follows that all the goods they receive in their character of land owners — whether by way of rent or of purchase price or of compensation from the public for relinquishing ownership — are extorted from others, who to that extent are deprived of goods that they earn.

And if we descend from the higher plane of justice to the lower one of expediency, we shall reach the same conclusion as to the compensation of land owners upon the abolition of land ownership. Compensation would be inexpedient as well as unjust, because it would make government a great and unlimited buyer of land, which with the first announcement of the purpose would so enhance demand as enormously to increase land values, and thus intensify inequalities before the law and magnify the very evils and dangers that by the abolition of land ownership it is proposed to set aside.

But the abolition of land ownership does not involve the throwing open of all land to common use, nor the nationalization or municipalization of ownership. It not only answers the purpose, but it is best that private possession for use should be substituted for all kinds of land ownership. And this can be easily done without resorting to such inefficient and obstructive methods as "land limitation." Nature herself seems to have pointed the way. When land is privately possessed for use, as well as when it is owned outright, the land of each possessor has a value from zero upward, which is determined by the demands of men for the possession of land relatively to its scarcity, and is measured by differences in desirableness. Men will give a higher price for land that is more suitable to their uses than for that which is less suitable. If the possessors are allowed to profit by these differences, as under all systems of private ownership they are, not only to some extent may they live upon the labor of others by means of the superior lands in the possession of which they are secured, but the fact that this can be done generates an abnormal demand for land, not to use but to hold as a means of extorting products from those who may desire to use it either in the present or the future. As already explained, it is this that makes land scarce, paralyzes business, diminishes opportunities

for employment, lowers wages, enslaves men, and generally brings about approximately such conditions as a solitary owner of the earth might establish at his own pleasure.

But if the possessors of land were not allowed to profit by its rent or value, if for example the rent or value of land were taken by the community for common use, no one could derive any benefit from the possession of land except the benefit of use — what he individually earned. Therefore the incentive to hold land out of use for higher prices would be gone, and possession of land would be possession for use and for nothing else. This would lower the value of land not needed for use, which would consequently be abandoned. The abandoned land, not merely that which was far away but also that which was alongside of land in use, would then be available at all times, and business would not stagnate nor opportunities to work fall off nor wages decline nor men beg for employment. Moreover, as the value of land relatively to the benefits that its possession confers is the same in the same market, a decline in the value of unused land would tend to lower the value of all other land. This would leave to every individual his full individual earnings, while taking for common purposes the value of the land in use.

It is true, as is sometimes objected, that what the community would so take would be part of the earnings of men; but it would not be part of individual earnings. As men work both individually and in common, so they earn both individually and in common. Individual earnings are measured by individual wages; common earnings are measured by the rent of land. By taking the rent of land for public use, therefore, and taking nothing else, society, while appropriating common earnings for common uses, would leave individual earnings to those who morally owned them; it would take nothing that labor earns except what land owners now appropriate.

The statutory device by which this may be accomplished is simple and effective. No commission need be appointed arbitrarily to determine the annual value of land; no auctioning of land year by year need be made. Let the form of land ownership continue. As Henry George observes in another connection, "Forms are nothing when substance has gone." Let land be bought and sold in the market as now, which would determine land values with greater certainty and fairness than could possibly be done by an arbitrary appraisement, while affording better security of tenure and less opportunity for favoritism than either arbitrary appraisement or an auctioning system. Then concentrate taxes upon the value of land so ascertained and abolish all other taxes, taxing men according to the value of the land they hold and not according to the value of the work they do.

Under such a system it would be so expensive to hold land out of use and so profitable to use it that land would come into the market in such quantities as to make its value so low that there would be no lack of opportunities for work while men hungered for what men are able to produce. If this tax did not take the whole annual value of land it would approximate it so closely that the substantial effects would be secured from the beginning, and when the principle was once recognized and established, the expense of making and maintaining better public improvements would soon leave but little surplus to the possessors, or, if they pleased to call themselves so, the "owners" of valuable land.

Such, in substance, are the first principles of the land question. Briefly restated by way of summary they are as follows:—

First, *Man produces all that man consumes.*

Second in order of statement, though equal in importance and concurrent in time, *To produce and consume man must have the use of appropriate natural objects external to himself, all of which objects are included in the term "land."* Denied the use of all land, man cannot live even the life of an animal. Denied the use of land within the limits of civilization, he cannot live the life of a civilized man. And to the extent that he is denied the use of land, to that extent his ability to produce and consume is limited.

Third, *Legal ownership of the land by some men interferes with its use by other men, and by enabling the former to derive an advantage from what by nature is common to all, makes men unequal in respect of their rights before the law.* The one extreme of this inequality is the establishment of differences of income, due, not to different services, but to different legal rights as to the use of the earth. The other extreme is the enslavement by land owners of all other men.

Fourth, *To restore equality of legal rights, the value of land must be taken for public use.* Then the prosperity of men would be determined by the service they render to others, and no longer by the privilege they enjoy of appropriating the value of superior land.

Finally, this involves no formal revolution. *To take land values for public use requires no greater change than the abolition of all taxes save the single tax upon land owners in proportion to the value of their land regardless of its improvements.*

To adopt this simple remedy would be to apply to public use approximately the full value of land, to make the mere ownership of land unprofitable, to remove all incentive to hold it for any other purpose than its best use, and, while lowering rent, to increase wages, make hard times impossible, and banish poverty and the fear of poverty.

HEREDITY: IS ACQUIRED CHARACTER OR CONDITION TRANSMITTABLE?

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

It has been well said by Herbert Spencer, and more recently by Professor Osborn, the able biologist of Columbia College, that the question involved in the discussion of heredity is not a temporary issue and that its solution will affect all future thought. Whether or not acquired character is transmitted to children is the most important question that confronts the human race; for it is upon the character of the race that depends and will depend the condition of the race.

No school of scientists questions the fact of heredity; but there is a warm and greatly misunderstood contest over the exact method used by nature in the transmission. Now, so far as the general public is concerned, so far as the sociological features of the case go, so far as personal conduct is involved, it does not matter a straw's weight whether the theory of heredity held by Lamarck and Darwin, or the one advanced recently by Weismann, be correct.

It matters not whether your drunkenness, for example, is transmitted to your child directly as plain drunkenness, or whether it descends to him as a merely weakened and undermined "germ plasm" which "will tend to inebriety, insanity, imbecility" or what not. It matters not a farthing's worth, from the point of view of the laity, whether the transmission is direct, *via* "pangenesis," or whether it is indirect, *via* a weakened and vitiated "germ plasm" as per Weismann, or whether the exact method and process may not still lie in the unsolved problems of the laboratory. Whichever or whatever the exact process may be (which interests the scientist only), the facts and results are before us and concern each of us more vitally than does the question of what we shall eat or what we shall drink or wherewithal we shall be clothed. It is all the more unfortunate, therefore, that even an untested scientific theory cannot be advanced without the igno-

rant, the half-educated and the vicious taking it in some distorted form as a basis of action. Indeed it would seem to be wise, if one is about to make a scientific suggestion of importance, to take the precaution to say in advance that you don't mean it—for the benefit of that large class of intellectual batrachians who hop to the conclusion that you said something totally different from your intent.

Because a surgeon might say to you that he knows a boy who carries a bullet about in his brain and that he appears to be no worse for it in either body or mind, it would not be safe to imply that he proposes to teach you that it would be a particularly judicious thing for you to attempt to convert your skull into a cartridge box.

Because Weismann asserts and attempts to prove that nature's method of hereditary transmission precludes (for example) the possibility of producing a race of short-tailed cats from Tom and Tabby from whose caudal appendages a few inches have been artificially subtracted, some of his followers exclaim in glee: "It does not make the least difference in the world what we do or refrain from doing in one lifetime. Our children do not receive the results; we cannot transmit to them our vices or our virtues. We cannot taint their blood by our ill conduct nor purify it by our clean living. The 'germ plasm' from which they came is and has been immortal; we are simply its transmitters—not its creators. Our children were created and their characters and natures determined centuries before we were born. We are in no sense responsible for what they may be; germ plasm is eternal; we are exempt from responsibility to posterity. Long live Weismann!"

Now this is about the sort of thing that is springing up on every side as a result of the new discussion as to *how* the facts of heredity are to be accounted for. One sometimes hears, also, from these half-informed jubilators that "Weismann doesn't believe in heredity; that old theory is quite exploded." The fact is that Weismann is particularly strong in his belief in heredity—so strong as to give almost no weight to any possible process of intervention in its original workings. He simply holds that the transmission of "acquired characters" is not proven, and he doubts the fact of these "acquired" transmissions. In his illustrations he deals chiefly (when in the higher animals) with mutilations, and

in the human race shows that the most proficient linguist does not produce children who read without being taught!

Of course there are many and varied points in his theory of heredity with which only the biologist is capable of dealing. But as I intimated at first, the Lamarck-Darwin-Weismann controversy, so far as the sociological aspect of the question is involved, does not touch us. It belongs to the laboratory — to the *how* and not to the *fact* of transmission. But since the opposite impression has taken root in even some thoughtful minds, it is well to meet it in a direct and easily grasped form. There is a simple and direct method; I undertook it. I went to a number of well-known biologists and physicians and asked these questions: —

1. Are there any diseases known to you, which you are absolutely certain are contracted by individuals whose ancestors did not have them, which diseases you can trace as to time and place of contraction, and which are of a nature to produce physical and mental changes that are recognizable in the child as due to the parent's condition?

2. Have you ever had such cases under your own care?

3. Have you a record of cases where the children of your patients received the effects of the disease of the parent in a manner that would show that "acquired character or condition" is transmittable?

4. Is this true in a kind of disorder which would produce in the child a change of structure or condition so profound as to change its character and run it in a channel distinctly the result of the "acquirement" of the parent?

I thought it best to go to specialists in brain and nerve disorders and to those who had had large hospital or asylum experiences. One of these, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, ex-medical superintendent of Randall's Island, where the city of New York sends its imbecile and epileptic children, and where many hundreds of these come under his care, replied that there could be no doubt of the fact that such "acquired" characters or conditions are transmitted. One case which he gave me, however, from his private practice will illustrate the point most clearly. B., a healthy man with no hereditary taint of the kind, acquired syphilis at a given time and in a known way. Before this time he was the father of one daughter. Several years later another daughter was born to him. The first girl is and has always been

absolutely free from any and all taint. The other one has all the inherited marks of her father's "acquired character" and condition, which even went the length in her of producing the recognized change in the form of the teeth, due to this disease. Now, for all practical purposes it does not matter in the faintest degree whether that transmission was in accordance with pangenesis or by means of a vitiated environment of the "germ plasm." The fact is the appalling thing for the reader to face. And I give this case only because it was one of a vast number of similar ones which came to me in reply to my questions to different practitioners and specialists.

Among other places I went to the head of a maternity hospital. This is what I got there: "If Weismann or any of his followers doubts for one second the distinct, absolute, unmistakable transmission of acquired disease of a kind to modify 'character' both mental and physical—if they doubt its results on humanity—they have never given even a slight study to the hospital side of life. I can give you hundreds of cases where there is no escape from the proof that the children are born with the taint of an 'acquired character' from which they cannot free themselves. Sometimes it is shown in one form, sometimes in another, but it is as unmistakable as the color of the eyes or the number of the toes. To deny it is to deny all experience. I am not a biologist and I do not undertake to explain *how* it is done but I will undertake to prove that it is done to the satisfaction of the most sceptical. Come in this ward. There is a child whose parents were robust, healthy, strong country folk until"—and then followed the history of the parents who had "acquired" the "character" which they transmitted—which had made the mental, moral and physical cripple in the ward before me. "Now here is what *they* transmitted. Do you fancy that if that half idiot should ever have children they will be 'whole'? No argument but vision is needed here. That child's condition is the result of acquired character. Its children and its children's children will carry the acquirement—for we are not wise enough yet to eliminate even such as that from among active propagators of the race! If it were possible (which, thank Heaven, is not likely) that the other parent of this half imbecile's children would be of a sane and lofty type there might be a

modification upward again in the progeny, but even then we would not soon lose the direct, undeniable, patent 'acquirement' which you see here."

It was the same story from each and every practitioner. The hospital and asylum experts, the specialists in diseases of mind or body which were due to direct acquirement (such as drunkenness, syphilis and acquired epilepsy), were particularly strong in their contempt for even the theory that acquired character and condition are not transmittable. One laughingly said: "I'll grant that if I cut off a man's leg or a few of his fingers, his children will not be likely to be deformed because of that operation. This is not a permeating constitutional condition, it is a mere local mutilation. But if I were to take out a part of his brain so as to produce ["acquired"] epilepsy upon him I *believe* his children will be affected, and if he is a bad syphilitic [acquired] I *know* his children will be. Mind you, I don't say exactly *what* they will have, and they may not all have the same thing, but I do say that their 'germ plasm' or whatever they come from, will carry the results of the acquired condition and character."*

So I beg of you to remember that while the fact and law of heredity is as certain as death itself, its course of action, its variability of operation, is as the March winds. To say that the constitutions of your children will be determined in great part by the condition of your body and mind is but to utter a truism; but to say exactly *how*—in what given channel this effect will flow—is not, in the present state of biological knowledge, possible.

For the sake of illustration it is usually the part of wisdom to give the most probable trend of a given disorder; but to assert dogmatically that the son of a lunatic will be insane or that the daughter of a woman of the street will live as her mother did, is quite as unsafe as to say that a fall from a fourth-story window on to an iron door would be certain

* "Brown-Sequard observed that injury to the central or peripheral nervous system (spinal cord, oblongata, peduncle, corpora quadrigemina, sciatic nerve) of guinea pigs produced epilepsy, and this condition even became hereditary. Westphal made guinea pigs epileptic by repeated blows on the skull, and this condition also became hereditary."—"Manual of Human Physiology," by L. Landou, translated with additions by W. Sterling. 1885.

Dr. L. Putzell, in his "Treatise on the Common Forms of Functional Nervous Diseases," 1880, after describing the methods by which Brown-Sequard produced epilepsy traumatically in guinea pigs, says:—"Brown-Sequard also made the curious observation that the young of guinea pigs who had been made epileptic in this manner, may develop the disease spontaneously. These experiments have been verified by Schiff, Westphal and numerous other observers."

death. You must not forget that you *may*, if you want to take the chances, drop an infant out of a fourth-story window on to an iron door with no bad results to the infant (door not heard from), for I have known that to happen; you *may* sleep with a bad case of small-pox and not take it—as I once did; you *may* shoot a ball into a boy's head and take in with it several pieces of bone, you may extract the bone and leave the ball there and the boy appear to be as good as new afterward; you may live all your life long with a *roué* and your children not be inmates of hospital, lunatic asylum or prison. All these things have been done, but it is not the part of wisdom to infer that for this reason either one of them would be a safe or desirable course of action; for in this world it behooves us to deal—when we are attempting to study nature—with the law of probability. The accidents, the exceptions, will take care of themselves.

Notwithstanding this fact it will not be exactly fair to me for you to report that I say that every single one of Jane Smith's children will have fits and fall in the fire before they are twenty-one because she or their father is an epileptic. Perhaps one or two of those children may die in infancy, instead, or go insane—or to Congress; one may have hydrocephalus, and another be a moral idiot and astonish the natives because "his parents were such upright people." One may simply have a generally weak constitution—and another *may* win the American cup for wrestling; but the *chances* are that confirmed epilepsy (or what not) of the parent is going to "tell" in one form or another in the children. What I say of epilepsy is equally true of syphilis. This latter is so true that it can be readily told by the teeth of the children of a seriously infected case. That will strike the average "unprofessional" reader as impossible, yet it is well known to biologists, medical men and many dentists, so that a great many wholly innocent people who sit in a dentist's chair reveal more private family history than could be drawn from them with stronger instruments than mere forceps.

I have been asked to write this paper because at the present time there is a tendency to discredit some of the well-known and easily proven facts of heredity, as a result of certain statements supposed to have been made by the recent school of biologists headed by Weismann. But in the hands

of the laity much that Weismann did say is misunderstood and misstated and much that he never said is inferred. To professional biologists the loose inferences from Weismann's suggestions and speculations are absurd, and to experienced medical men and experts in the lines of practice indicated above, the arguments are beneath discussion. It is in this particular line of practice that proof is easy and abundant, where the "acquired" nature of the modified "character" is readily traced and the transmission (or heredity) susceptible to proof beyond controversy.

It is for this reason that the illustrations are all taken from this field of investigation. If they were taken from consumption, tuberculosis or any of the various ordinary "transmittable" disorders, the cheerful opponent would assert (and no one could disprove if he held to the "germ plasm" theory back far enough) that the "tendency" had been inherent in the plasm since the days of "Adam"—that it was not an "acquired" character or condition which was transmitted. But with artificially produced epilepsy (either by accident or purposely as in the cases of Brown-Sequard's guinea pigs) or in the other so frequent and so frightful disorder mentioned above, it is a simple matter to trace the "acquirement" as well as the transmission. But when a new light arises in the literary or scientific world there are always many persons ready to spring forth with the declaration that they agree with the new point of view without first taking the precaution to ascertain what the recent theory really is. "Oh, I agree with him, the old theory is quite dead," greets the ear, and the placid pupils of the rising light so warp and distort the real opinion of the master as to make of him an absurdity. This has been markedly true of Weismann and his theory of heredity.

In ordinary cases of scientific discussion the misconceptions of the laity would soon adjust themselves and little or no harm would be done meantime; but in such a problem as the present far more is involved than appears upon the surface. The ethical and moral results—not to mention the physical—of a reckless mistranslation or misconception of a scientific theory of this nature cannot be readily estimated, nor can it be confined to one generation. It is pathetic to realize that many fairly well-educated and well-meaning people, who would protect with their lives the children they

give to the world and shield them against all possible physical, moral or mental distortion, mutilation or deformity, will stamp upon those children far worse mutilations and distortions (and even physical disorders) through and because of a half-understood version of "the new theory of heredity." Therefore I repeat that so far as the public is concerned, so far as the sociological features of the problem of heredity are involved, so far as the new theory relates to conduct and to physical and mental condition and their transmission, this controversy belongs to the laboratory — to the *how* and not to the fact of hereditary transmission, as I trust the above illustrations (which might be multiplied a thousand times) will serve to show.

A REVOLUTIONARY RAILWAY COMPANY.

BY ALBERT GRIFFIN.

THE magnitude of the railroad problem, the difficulties that environ it, and the necessity for its speedy solution, increase daily; but it has long been evident that single states cannot settle it, and that if "agitation and education" alone are relied upon, many years are likely to elapse before the national government will seriously undertake to do so. Fortunately, however, genuine Americans believe that "where there is a will there is a way"; that whatever ought to be done can be done — if not in one way, then in another; that all things are possible to those who know how — and that these who do not should keep on trying until they learn how. Therefore, when one key fails to throw the bolt back, they test another, and another, and, when necessary, make a new one. It was this characteristic that led some trans-Mississippians to organize a new departure in rail-roading. They decided to make a new key with which to unlock the door of their prison house, filed it with the secretary of state, in Topeka, Kan., Jan. 12, 1894, and labeled it "Articles of Incorporation of The Gulf & Inter-State Railway Company." Credit for the conception of the idea and outlines of the plan is, I am told, due to Alonzo Wardall, formerly of Huron, S. D., and now of Topeka, Kan.

This company proposes to build a bifurcated railway from Galveston northward, one stem reaching Manitoba and the other Lake Superior — with numerous branches from both — and traversing the states of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Indian Territory and Oklahoma. The general offices of the company are at Topeka, Kan.

The proposition is to build several thousand miles of railroad, not especially for the members of the company, but in the interest of humanity and for the benefit of the public at large. The charter, by-laws and subscription papers state unequivocally that when the legislatures of five states shall have made the necessary arrangements for taking charge of and operating the road, it shall be turned over to them; until which time the profits, if any, shall be paid into the school fund of the several counties of the several states.

The idea of building a railroad to give away is as novel as the

magnitude of the undertaking is stupendous, and it may well be asked, Where can enough money be found for such a purpose? Somewhere between thirty and fifty million dollars will be required — and that is a large sum, even in this day of big things. It must be remembered, however, that ten large and exceptionally fertile states and two territories — comprising the chief grain and stock-raising section of the United States and containing more than fifteen millions of the most prosperous people in the Union — are directly interested; and, before I close, it will be seen that all of the other states and territories, together with Canada and Mexico, are but little less so. The plan for raising the money is unique, to say the least. The company has unbounded faith in the scheme and it is expected that other people will have — as soon as they fully understand it. Briefly stated, it is as follows: —

1. Six million dollars of non-dividend paying common stock will be issued, the most of which it is expected will be exchanged with municipalities for bonds to be voted by them. Practically, this will be a donation to the company; but the donors will generally more than get their money back, directly, in taxes — to say nothing of incidental benefits.

2. Twelve million dollars of preferred stock — also non-dividend paying — is to be sold at par to individuals, who will receive twenty-two five-dollar transportation certificates, on account of each one-hundred-dollar share of paid stock. These certificates will be received in half payment for all kinds of business done by the company — a five-dollar certificate and five dollars in money paying for a ten-dollar ticket or for that much freight. It is expected that these certificates will circulate as currency, to some extent, along the line of the road, when building, and until taken up by the company.

3. Income construction bonds — not to exceed five thousand dollars per mile — are to be issued, bearing five per cent interest, payable out of the income of the company and not to be a lien upon the road. They will be used mainly to pay for right of way, grading, material, etc. They will also be received for traffic dues, like the transportation certificates, with five per cent premium added; and it is expected that they will also circulate as currency, temporarily.

4. First mortgage bonds, not to exceed ten thousand dollars a mile and bearing not more than five per cent interest, can be issued — “principal and interest payable in lawful money of the United States.” Being the only lien on the road, they will be a choice investment and it is believed it will not be necessary to go east to sell them.

Put in another way, it is expected that, besides voting bonds

enough to aggregate two or three thousand dollars a mile, the people along the line will, by purchasing transportation certificates and income construction bonds, make enough advance payments on business to be done, to amount, with the bonds voted, to five thousand dollars a mile; with which sum, honestly expended, the road can be so far advanced as to make it an easy matter to dispose of enough mortgage bonds to complete and equip it.

This is certainly an original way to raise money to build a railway, and it cannot succeed unless the people become convinced that it will be worth more to them than ordinary roads are. However, I feel sure that this fact can be made so clear that the necessary funds will be forthcoming. There may be some delay — which would be unfortunate — but I have no fear of ultimate failure. It will take comparatively little money to begin with. Work will be commenced at the southern end, and each section begun will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible, so that, long before the whole line is finished, millions of dollars' worth of transportation certificates and income construction bonds will have already been redeemed. Every completed mile will be an additional guarantee of complete success and make the raising of the remaining money easier. The hardest work will be to raise the money for the first few hundred miles; after that it will be plain sailing.

It seems to me that a railway built and operated on the principles hereinafter explained must quickly and greatly increase the value of all the real estate in the territory tributary to it and also the incomes of all classes of producers and those they deal with. Aye, more. Sooner or later, every man, woman and child on the continent, who is either directly or indirectly a patron of railroads (and who is not?), will be benefited. If I am right in this opinion, should it be a very difficult matter to raise the needed money? Before answering this question, read and ponder seriously over the following restrictions and principles embodied in the charter, by-laws and contracts.

1. The cost of the road, rolling stock and everything connected with it, is restricted to fifteen thousand dollars a mile — from one quarter to one third the capitalization of most western roads.

2. The indebtedness and liabilities, of every kind, cannot exceed this sum.

3. Passenger rates are fixed at two cents a mile; all mileage books are to be transferable and unlimited as to time and number of persons using them; all advertising is to be paid with mileage books and the free-pass system is cut up by the roots.

4. Charges for transportation, telegraphing, telephoning and all other services are to be fixed at rates not expected to net over five per cent on the actual cost of the road.

5. No discrimination is to be allowed in favor of, or against, any terminal or way station, corporation, company or individual. Every patron is to be treated alike.

6. No monopolies of any kind are to be tolerated — and this provision refers especially to sleeping car, express, telegraph and telephone companies.

One must think a long time before he will fully realize the immense importance, revolutionary character and far-reaching effect of these restrictions and provisions — which are only some of the most important; but, until he does this, he will not be prepared to pass judgment on the practicability of the scheme; and, when he shall have done this, he will be very apt to admit that, if he lived on the proposed line of road, he would do all he could to make it a success.

Now draw a line on a map from Galveston to Manitoba, with a stem from some point in Texas to the western end of Lake Superior, and branches in all directions, and then sit down and consider what *must* result from the building and operating of a vast railroad system, on such principles, and you will cease to wonder that the men who have it in charge are hopeful, determined and enthusiastic; and there are but few independent thinkers who will not conclude that, if the people along the line are not very low in the scale of intelligence, there can be no doubt of the ultimate raising of the small sum of fifteen thousand dollars a mile.

Every railroad man knows that this railroad can be built and equipped for that sum; that the regulations, rigidly adhered to, would greatly increase the business of the road; that the cost per ton of moving freight would probably be less on this road per mile than it is on the east and west roads; that the saving in railroad mileage, as against New York, would be considerable in Dakota and very great in Kansas; and that, because of these facts, freight could be taken to the Gulf at much lower rates than it could be to New York, even if the capitalization were the same in both cases; indeed, that this road would have such advantages that New York could not possibly compete with it in the most of its territory. Putting the saving on wheat from Kansas to Liverpool at only ten cents per bushel (and the difference would be greater) would have put seven million dollars more into the pockets of the farmers of Kansas in 1892, and the difference would be as great on other articles of export. Without going into details, I do not hesitate to say that the success of this enterprise will, directly and indirectly, increase the profits of the producers of the states through which it will be operated more, each year, than the entire cost of the road — to say nothing of lower prices on return freights.

Surely no argument is needed to show that an honestly-built long road, with easy grades, running through the most fertile portions of the country, capitalized at cost, carrying no dead-heads, allowing no corrupt combinations to paralyze business, and encouraging enterprising individuals and stations by assuring them perpetual low rates and an even chance with all competitors, would soon do an immense business and make of its Gulf terminal a truly great city, with steamship lines running in every direction — bringing back freight as well as carrying it away.

Nor would this be all. The demonstration, on a large scale, that the people can help themselves, without waiting for parties and politicians to act — indeed, that they have actually done so in one case, would fill the land with railroad rebels who, saying, "What has been done once can be done again," would proceed to build other roads on the same general plan. The managers of existing roads everywhere would, consequently, be constrained to reduce capitalization, rates, robberies and stealings; and, in all probability, the people would soon have to organize to prevent them from dumping their roads on to the nation for more than they are really worth.

It is, therefore, plainly to the interest of the people, in every section, to give this enterprise their hearty support. It is truly a continental experiment. Of course every publication that the railroad interests can influence will misrepresent, ridicule and denounce it, and they may deceive and mislead enough to postpone success, unless the independent press keep their readers informed as to the real facts and urge them to become something more than indifferent spectators of this struggle against transportation tyrants.

In order to prevent the monopolists from obtaining control, the preferred stock is sold on the condition that it shall be held and voted by the board of directors, as trustees. Then comes the question, Could not the board, if dishonest, betray its trust? Certainly, that is possible, but is extremely improbable — in this case. I believe that my associates are at least as honest as most men are, and, while the percentage of those who will betray trusts is not large, it would take a majority of the board to sell it out. Moreover, with nearly every member, the desire to help solve the railroad problem appears to have become a passion, and my experience is that even ordinarily unscrupulous men seldom betray "a cause" to which they have become deeply attached. They may try to make money in connection with it, but they do not often deliberately sell it out, and, in this case, the purchaser would get nothing unless he got everything. There is, therefore, but little danger that a majority will prove to be corrupt enough for that. But even in that case, courts could restrain by injunc-

tion or coerce by *mandamus* proceedings, and, if worst should come to worse, the guilty parties could, I believe, be prosecuted, criminally, for breach of trust. It is also probable that the courts would set aside any such sale as fraudulent, and hold that there could be no innocent purchaser where the charter, printed by-laws and contracts contained such restrictions as have been mentioned herein.

Allow me to digress here sufficiently to suggest that the laws against breaches of trust should be more stringent and more easily enforceable. In ordinary business matters that offence is increasing with alarming rapidity, because it is so seldom punished. Honest people are robbed every year of tens, if not scores, of millions of dollars, by scoundrels who betray trusts committed to them by business associates, and in most cases there is no effectual remedy. This is a crime which in magnitude and evil results exceeds all others, and which is more infamous and demoralizing, ethically, than either larceny, robbery or arson. Reformers would greatly bless mankind if they would form an organization to study the laws of the nation and states and agitate for their improvement in this direction. But remember that, while breaches of trust are numerous in the aggregate, they are committed by only a small percentage of men, most of whom are so situated as to be able to do so without the knowledge of their associates, or are in position where they can plan and plot for years.

In conclusion, let me say that the success of this effort to revolutionize railroading means a more even distribution of the results of labor — a larger share to the producer and less to the handler; less poverty and more comfortable homes; fewer colossal fortunes and fewer paupers; less temptation to swindle and greater inducements to honest industry; fewer criminals and bleeding hearts, and more purity and happiness. Therefore it seems to me that we have a right to ask all lovers of humanity to give this matter a candid investigation, with their sympathies for rather than against it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUTUALISM.*

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS.

I.

It is the business of statesmanship to guide society forward in the path of progress — to steer the ship of state across the future's shadowy sea steadily toward the port of her destination, the quiet harbor of the ideal. This business is our business, for, in America, every one has some share of responsibility, great or small, direct or indirect, in the affairs of government. In order to guide the good ship rightly we must know where the ideal lies, and what course to pursue in order most surely, safely and quickly to reach it. Reason, philosophy and experience must be our compass and our chart. Let us ask what they teach about the ideal and the path by which it may best be reached, and then let us stand at the helm and transform what we learn into action, that the ship may not drift into regions of calm or into a backward current, nor go to her ruin on the wild rocks, as she may if ignorant agony or heartless selfishness is allowed to grasp the wheel.

The ultimate purpose of all institutions and of all human effort is happiness. Misery is not of sufficient importance to make it worth while to build industrial and social systems to manufacture and distribute *it*. The ultimate test of a social system is therefore the degree of perfection with which it produces the happiness of man. But this ultimate test is so vague and indefinite that it is often quite difficult to apply. There are secondary or derivative tests, however, that are far easier of application, and yet have all the authority of the fundamental test, because they are clearly deductions from it.

Happiness requires complete and noble living. An ignoble life causes pain to the person who lives it and to every one who comes in contact with it; and an incomplete life, one that omits a part of the noble activities of which it is capable, loses the pleasures to itself and to others that would come with the omitted activities, and lowers the sum of the world's rightful joys. So

* In this article the author has treated in outline a few of the matters fully developed in his work entitled "Our Country's Need," to be issued by the Arena Publishing Company in five parts, the first of which is already out.

one secondary or derivative test of a true social system is its tendency to produce noble and complete living.

But noble and complete living requires perfect manhood and womanhood, for imperfect men and women cannot live perfect lives; so that still another secondary or derivative test, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, another form of the same fundamental test of a true social system, is its tendency to produce perfect manhood and womanhood—its character product, in other words.

Again, the spiritual element in happiness, in manhood, in noble and complete living, is love—not in the sense of the selfish passion that demands possession and control of the life of another, but love in the sense of sympathy, kindliness, brotherly feeling; the love that sacrifices self to the good of the loved one; the love that knows no way to be happy but to make others happy, that will not ask a pleasure at the cost of agony to others, nor seek a joy that comes as a burden on the back of pain. Every element of man's spiritual nature that is inconsistent with or contradictory to complete and perfect love, such as hate, revenge, injustice, cruelty, jealousy, etc., is a pain producer, while love multiplies the joys of existence a hundred fold. A selfish action may bring some pleasure in the activity, but its consequences are an infinite series of painful reactions in ourselves, among our fellows, and down through the future to the end of eternity, growing perhaps more intense as the years go by, through the cumulative power of habit and heredity. A loving action, on the other hand, brings just as much joy in the activity itself—often a far greater joy than the selfish activity—and its consequences are an infinite series of pleasurable reactions in and upon ourselves, among our fellows, and through the whole of the future, growing and spreading forever through the powers of habit, heredity and imitation. If x represents the joy of activity, and y the series of consequences, we have for the equation of the selfish action, $x-y$ —the pleasure of activity minus an infinite series of painful reactions; and for the loving action, $x+y$ —an equal or greater pleasure from the activity of our functions, plus an infinite series of pleasurable reactions; and the difference is $2y$, or the sum of two infinities. The ultimate results of the two actions are as far apart as the poles of opposite eternities. In this tremendous contrast, this all-important fact, lies the mathematical demonstrability of the wisdom of righteousness. Mankind can never be completely happy till every human being instinctively recoils from doing any act the law of love would condemn, and spontaneously desires to do every act the law of love would command or suggest. So that still another derivative test of a true social system is its conformity to the law of love.

II.

Let us apply these tests. It is clear, in the first place, that *The social ideal must be coöperative and not competitive.* Love requires harmony. Competition involves antagonism — antagonism is its very essence. It is impossible for one to love his neighbor as himself so long as he has to fight with that neighbor for bread and butter. Nor does it stand the test of manhood any better. Competition does not even aim to produce noble manhood. It utterly neglects the production of manhood in its eager pursuit of merchandise. Its political economy does not know that manhood is the supreme product of an industrial system; it does not know that manhood is the most important factor even in the production of that material wealth about which it is so solicitous. The competitive system expends the utmost possible care upon engines and dynamos and all its machinery of steel and brass, but on its human machinery, which contains whole worlds of undiscovered science and invention — the soul that vitalizes the steel and brass and determines their productivity — upon this no care at all is bestowed. Manhood is made the slave of machinery instead of its master. Thousands of children, tens of thousands of men and women, spend their whole lives in feeding, cleaning and ministering to these great, dumb, beautiful monsters that have usurped the throne of our civilization in the interests of a few cunning men who contrive to keep the favor of the monarchs of the nineteenth century.

Competition necessarily evolves the character product appropriate to antagonism — hardness, cruelty, cunning, injustice, oppressiveness, overbearing selfishness, in the victors; fawning slavishness, cruelty, deceitfulness, viciousness, abject selfishness, in the victims. The tendency of competition is to undo all that religion, ethics and law are trying to do for the ennoblement of man.

How does it stand the test of noble and complete living? We have already the answer. If it cannot stand one of these tests, it cannot stand any, for they are simply differing forms of statement of the same great fundamental truth, mutually necessitating, mutually inclusive, each enfolding all the others in its heart.

The competitive system does not aim, does not even pretend to aim, at producing nobility. Read "Civilization's Inferno," "In Darkest England," "Cæsar's Column," "How the Other Half Lives," and "The Battle Cry of Outcast London," if you wish to know the mind product and soul product of the nineteenth century's industrial mill. Or better yet, if you want the concrete answer in its sternest form, go into the slums of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston, and see men, women

and children by the thousand living worse lives than the beasts, and you will get the answer that will wring your hearts with pity and set your minds aflame, if they are not already aglow with the gospel of industrial redemption.

Not only does the competitive system violate the law of love by its antagonisms; not only does it pay no attention to noble living and the production of manhood, devoting itself with marked success to producing the opposite; not only does it give us a degraded character product, a debased manhood and a future burdened with evil inheritance and vicious environment,—it is also exceedingly wasteful of the resources that might be used for the ennoblement of man.

Waste is unwise and immoral. It is foolish and cruel to waste money and labor while human wishes are painfully waiting fulfilment, and infinite generations of exhaustless wishes are appealing to us from the future which mankind is awakening, demanding the means of satisfying the longings of that measureless tide of life humanity has called from the kingdom of unconsciousness. So long as an eye grows dim for lack of nourishment and rest, it is wicked for wealth to waste its wondrous power in pride and frivolity.

If, in the midst of the banquet at the Astor wedding of 1890, when \$25,000 was spent on the feast and \$2,000,000 in presents was given the bride—if, in the midst of the revelry, Jesus had come upon earth again, come to that glowing mansion bringing a hundred half-starved girls from the New York factories and slums, and, standing mute before them all with the love-light on His brow, pointed the feasters to their sad-eyed sisters, what would have been the result? Would not pity and tenderness and love have taken the place of mirthful folly? Would not the women have rushed to care for the hungry children? Would not the men have left the red wine and the dessert and helped to distribute the food to those who needed it more than themselves? Ah, yes. The sweet sympathy of woman and the loyalty of manhood would compel those guests to give the children a part of the feast—they could not eat till the hungry had been fed. They would feel intensely guilty to continue their wasteful revelry with the starving in their presence and the Saviour's eye upon them. But is the guilt one tittle less because the distances are different? Is cruelty less cruel because the victim is a mile away instead of twenty feet? Is the keen rebuke of an embodied love less worthy of regard because the visible form has passed away?

In the coöperative commonwealth, no more will luxury and want dwell side by side.

But revelry's follies are not the only wastes. Idleness, ignorance, unskilfulness and low character of workmen, impoverishment of labor, want of an energy born of an interest in the work and its profits, imperfect distribution of labor as to locality, aptitudes and occupations, unnecessary and pernicious employments, misdirected efforts, useless duplications, loss of time and labor in buying and selling, loss in transportation from the scattered condition of related industries, strikes, panics, flurries and lockouts, unnecessary superintendence and accounting, exclusiveness, pride, luxury, preventable disease and crime, and the barriers of protection—in short, the wastes of contention and anarchistic production, entail upon society a loss whose total seems beyond belief to those not thoroughly familiar with the subject. Let us glance at one or two items, and then at the total.

In round numbers there are to-day in this country twenty millions of workers, including the women who put in long, serviceable days in our homes; and the total wealth product each year, in agriculture, manufactures, transportation and distribution, labor of doctors, lawyers, ministers, actors, domestics, etc., the total wealth product in goods and services, is about twenty billions each year, or \$1,000 per worker. This is the new product due to the labor of the year—the net product after deducting repairs and materials. Now one million workers are wholly idle, and wage earners as a body are idle about one tenth of the working days in a year, on an average, equivalent to nearly two million idle the whole year through, which, added to one million absolutely idle, makes idleness cost us three million times \$1,000, or three billions a year. There are ten millions more, mostly women, who spend their time shopping and flirting, of whose capacities society does not avail itself. They would be happier if they had something useful to do, and the world would gain another ten billions of service.

Look again at the loss due to insufficient education of workers—physical, industrial, intellectual and spiritual education; the loss due to poverty and the poor food and low grade of life it frequently brings; the loss due to non-interest in profits. We all know how much energy it adds to a man if he owns the business or comes to be partner in it. When the Pillsbury Flour Mills of Minneapolis gave their men a share in the profits, the energy, care and economy of the men so greatly increased, that, after subtracting the \$40,000 of profit that went to the men (an average of \$400 to a man, or thirty-three per cent on their wages for the year) the part of the profits that went to the firm was more than the total profit it had by the old pure wage system. That was also the experience of the Le Clair shops in Paris, and it is always the case where profit sharing or coöperation is thoroughly tried under true conditions, as any one may see who will consult W. P. Gilman's history of "Profit Sharing." The men work with more spirit and diligence; they do not stop the moment the bell rings, nor wait for its stroke to begin; they economize; they take better care of materials; they do the best work they know how, for the firm's reputation is of moment to them. They watch each other; shirking and drunkenness become impossible, for the men say to each offender: "Look here, you must stop. You are spoiling our profits," and drunkenness ceases where sharing of profits is carried out. Superintendence also becomes unnecessary; the men superintend themselves and each other. At a minimum estimate we lose half the power inherent in the wage-earning masses. If all were well fed, well educated to bring out their talent, ingenuity and skill, to perfect their character and keep them from bad habits and disease, comfortable, hopeful, happy partners in the business of the world, the efficiency of labor would be doubled at the least; so we lose twenty billions a year on this count.

Pernicious activities: the saloon takes one billion of dollars a year from the people—a billion far worse than thrown into the sea—and the labor and capital involved in the traffic, if put to real use would add a good billion to the wealth of the country instead of constituting a machine for subtracting a billion from that wealth—a gain of two billions a year by destroying the saloon. Another two billions would be realized if gambling, lobbying and other fraudulent employments were abolished, and two billions more if the litigation, disease and crime consequent on competition could be avoided.

Look a moment at the item of useless activities: The drummer system costs more than a billion a year; in a coöperative commonwealth it would not be required, and the labor and capital involved could be used for some positive gain. In my native town there are twenty-five grocery

stores for four or five thousand inhabitants, and in Boston, 1,000 groceries. Yet a single coöperative plant, with a good delivery system, a central depot, and a few sample rooms to exhibit new articles or those that vary in character, would be able to do the whole work. Think of the saving, not only in selling but in purchasing, that would result from a coöperative system dispensing goods of a reliable quality at low and uniform prices. Look at the crowds of women who throng our streets going from store to store among the three hundred dry goods dealers of Boston, hoping at each new place to find something more to their taste in quality or price, and ending, perhaps, as the old couplet has it, —

A spool of silk and a hank of thread,
Eight hours, ten cents, and a dame half dead.

Let us walk down Tremont Street and investigate the piano business a little. In less than two consecutive blocks we pass the warerooms of Woodward and Brown, The New England Piano Co., Steinway & Sons, Ivers & Pond, Sohmer, Haines, Everett, Hallett & Davis, William Knabe & Co., Emerson Piano Co, William Bourne & Son, Hallet & Cumston, Vose & Son, McPhail, Guild & Co., Oliver Green & Co., Estey, Henry F. Miller, Mason & Hamlin, and Chickering & Sons — twenty piano-forte merchants all in a row, each endeavoring to persuade the people to buy the particular instrument he makes or represents, conducting his persuasions by means of costly advertising and solicitation, and a laudation of his instrument's superiorities that is limited only by truth and the eulogistic vocabulary of the English dictionary — the last limit in some cases being the only one able to stand the pressure of business. One of these warerooms costs \$60,000 a year to maintain. What the others cost I do not know, but you can see that the total is not a trifle. Moreover the buyer is delayed and confused by the multiplicity of conflicting claims. Each piano has some good points; the best have not all the good patents, and many charge more for the reputation they have won than they do for the materials and labor in the piano.

If the people obtained their pianos on the coöperative plan, the patented excellences of the various instruments could be combined to make a piano superior to any now in existence; one good wareroom would answer, instead of twenty; a great saving in the cost of manufacture would result from the consolidation of the business, the absence of competitive advertising, etc.; the people would not have to pay the enormous profits at present demanded, but would get their pianos at cost, a cost far less than the present one, and every family could have a first-class piano — a change that would do a great deal for the progress of art, a great deal to diffuse good music and strengthen the refinements, affections and nobilities it nourishes and develops.

Similar results would follow if the principle of partnership were applied to the manufacture of bicycles, stoves, carriages, sewing machines, etc. It *must* be applied, not only to these manufactures, but to all the business of the nation, to all the work of the world; for it is the only principle that satisfies the tests of a true industrial system.

We have touched but a few of the items of loss. When all are considered, the total is more than three fourths of the forces engaged in our industries. That is, with a true coöperative system, five millions of workers could achieve the full product of twenty billions a year, and, adding the labor of twenty-five millions more, if all were employed, the total net product would be one hundred twenty billions per annum, or \$4,000 per worker per year. A few hours' work every day would sustain the whole people in comfort and modest luxury. In addition to this, if the wastes of pride, exclusiveness, extravagance and pernicious activities were eliminated, the efficiency and comfort of the people would be

still further increased, and there seems no reason to doubt that the development of science and invention, and the training of intelligent animals to tend machines and do the drudgery of the world (a thing that has already been accomplished with the chimpanzee, to the added happiness of the ape servant as well as of his master) — there is no doubt that in these ways we may reach, in time, a civilization of almost absolute leisure for intellectual and spiritual pursuits, superior even to that of the Greeks, which was based on human slavery and marred by war, while ours will be moulded in peace and based on the service of magnificent machinery and the coöperation of happy animals, who are lifted and not degraded by obedience to man.

So much for waste. Another charge of still greater weight remains to be made against competition — it fails to distribute justly even the wealth it produces. This injustice affects individuals and classes, and is solidifying into hereditary poverty, capitalistic despotism, and a rapidly increasing congestion of wealth that constitutes a most serious menace to our civilization. The congestion of wealth means the congestion of intelligence, power, freedom and prosperity.

Men were found in the sweat shops of New York, working sixteen hours a day for eighty-nine cents a week and board — real board, with scarcely anything on it to obscure their view of it. Many a man gets less than one dollar a day, while Vanderbilt's cook gets \$10,000 a year, and Wanamaker's advertising agent left the ministry to become a writer of puffs, and receives more for his work than the noblest preacher in Boston is paid. An actress comes over the water, presents some demoralizing dramas, and takes \$50,000 profit in one week from our city. A pugilist makes \$50,000 in a single evening; a lawyer receives \$100,000 in one fee for a case he ought to be ashamed to have anything to do with; a railroad gambler (according to the New York dailies) clears thirty millions in a year, and a college president is given two or three thousand a year, — which illustrates the relative value our civilization places on education, as compared with gambling and pugilism.

When we pass from individuals to classes, the case is no better. \$115 a year is the average pay, including foremen and all, in the iron and coal industries (according to the United States Bureau of Labor); \$150 to girls in our stores; \$216 to agricultural workers, — never the worth of the work, but always the lowest figure to which the stern competition of starving multitudes can force the wages of labor. In the fifteenth century, according to Thorold Rogers (the highest authority, perhaps, in the world, on such questions), the wages of common labor would buy more of the necessities of life — beef, bread, house-room and clothing — than \$600 will buy to-day. Thousands of workers do not receive so much as an equal service received 400 years ago. Equal service? No, a day of common labor is vastly more productive now than in the fifteenth century. Since 1840 the total wealth product has grown twenty fold and the workers have increased five fold. The net product per worker has grown four fold. It is three times as great in money values, and four times as great in actual quantities, pounds, tons, yards, bushels, etc. The productivity of labor has quadrupled in fifty years, let alone 400. And still the laborer receives, in thousands of cases, less power to buy necessities — the only thing such workers have means to buy — less power of supporting a family in comfort, than belonged to such unskilled work in the fifteenth century. If a year of common labor was worth \$600 in the fifteenth century with the science and machinery

of modern times, then it is worth a great deal more now. A part of the increased product due to the partnership of labor and capital ought to go to the partner labor.

The reason that labor got what it was worth under the feudal system is that every man had his small plot of ground, and if he didn't get fair wages he wouldn't work out, but stayed safe at home and tilled his own soil for a living. But now there are multitudes who haven't a foot of land nor a kit of tools nor any means of production. They depend on the capitalist class for an opportunity to work, and the capitalists play them against each other, till their wages drop to the standard of living of the lowest classes able to do the required work. Immigration supplies an exhaustless mass whose line of subsistence is lower than ours, and wages go down below the level of subsistence for decent American citizens. Thus it is that, while labor as a whole is better off than it was 400 years ago, yet very large classes are poorer than any class was in the fifteenth century, and thus it is that capital has grown rich at labor's expense, and false distribution of wealth has resulted.

And the trouble is growing rapidly worse. In 1840 there was one millionaire to two million people; now there is one to each 15,000. In 1840 it took one fourth of the people to buy half the wealth of the nation; now it takes less than one twentieth of one per cent, or 30,000, to buy out the remaining sixty-five millions of people—a congestion of wealth 700 times as intense as that of 1840. Even yet we have not seen the full force and rapidity of the movement; the rate of movement is itself accelerating. In 1840 the agricultural laborer received his keep plus one half the product due to his labor—one half the average product per worker, that is; now he gets his keep plus less than one third of that product—a loss of over one sixth in the *proportion* of the product that goes to labor. In the manufactures the workers have lost one eighth of the share that used to be theirs, in commerce one fifth, and the whole body of working people have lost one sixth. The proportion of the entire annual wealth product which goes to capital is larger by one sixth. The importance of this fact in relation to the congestion of wealth can hardly be exaggerated. Together with the growth of monopolies, the concentration of business in fewer and fewer hands, the favoritism of indirect taxation, and the incalculable evils of a currency that contracts relatively to the growth of exchanges (as our currency is still doing)—together with these movements the change in the product-share that goes to labor, if allowed to continue, means the enslavement of labor and the despotism of capital.

We are moving with tremendous rapidity toward the danger line. Persia perished when one per cent of the people owned all the land; Egypt went down when two per cent owned 97-100 of all the wealth; Babylon died when two per cent owned all the wealth, and Rome expired when 1,800 men possessed the known world. The congestion of wealth is indeed a fatal disease—the heart-failure of nations. In the United States to-day, one per cent own more than three fifths of the wealth of the nation; 4,000 millionaires and multi-millionaires own more than one fifth and the billionaire is expected before the end of the century. If the present rate of concentration continues, in 1920 one per cent of our people will own 95-100 of all our wealth. Daniel Webster said: "The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of the few." Henry Ward Beecher said in 1881 that five or ten men controlling ten thousand miles of railroad and billions of property would have their hands on the throat of commerce, and "if they should need to have a man in sympathy with them in the executive chair, it would only require five pockets to put him there." With keen

prophetic vision, Lincoln said, at the close of the war: "It has been indeed a trying hour for the republic; but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people till all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxious for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war."

Waste, antagonism, injustice, oppression—those are the synonyms of competition; waste, antagonism, injustice, oppression—the synonyms of wickedness too. So long as bodies and souls are dying of thirst, it is a crime to quarrel at the well to determine what man shall handle the chain. All ought to pull up the bucket together and freely bestow the sweet draught wherever desired. That is the way that a family governed by love would do. But a band of thirsty robbers would contest the well. The strongest and cunningest would get control of the chain, compel the others to declare their possession to be a complete and lawful title, employ the ousted wrestlers to draw up the precious fluid, pay them enough of what they drew to keep them alive and able to pull, corner the rest for the masters' surfeit, and rule the whole tribe through the necessities of obtaining water at the well at whatever terms its masters saw fit to prescribe. The latter plan is the one society has adopted; but it cannot last long, for antagonistic forces destroy each other, and leave at last only those that can move in harmony. I rejoice in the hope of living to take a most willing part in the funeral services of the competitive system.

Competition is evil in every way. It is wrong because it is wasteful; because it develops servility, hatred, untruthfulness, cunning, trickery, pride, oppression—everything but brother-love and the ideal character of a Christian gentleman; because it produces reckless luxury on the one hand, and untold misery on the other; because it causes ignorance, disease and crime; because it creates countless antagonisms instead of social cohesion; because it destroys the certainty, and breaks the natural course of individual development; and because, with all its evils, it serves no purpose that cannot be better accomplished by means that are free of all evil.

Imagine a grand orchestral concert conducted on the plan of free competition, instead of a wise coöperation for the benefit of all concerned. Instead of a single management carefully selecting the performers, guiding each to the part his nature adapts him for, zealously training him for his special work, skilfully adjusting the various parts to produce a perfect whole, modulating and adapting the music of each violin, cornet and drum, so as to produce the finest possible total effect—instead of all this, suppose that the concert stage were open to the free competition so much admired by some on the stage of business; suppose every man who thought he could play the violin or cornet or drum, or who was too lazy to do anything else, or who liked the *eclat* of the name "musician," were at liberty to go on the stage, and saw, blow or pound away to the best of his trained or untrained ability, and to whatever time and tune he chose, the reward depending on the favor of the audience (if *favor* is conceivable under such circumstances) which had a tendency to flow toward the men who made the most noise, or were related to the auditors by ties of blood or marriage; and suppose that any one were free to try his hand at leadership, and a dozen batons were whirling in the air. Such a method would set Mozart or Wagner crazy, and yet it is precisely the method of the business world to-day, and I wonder if the angels who listen to the concert of human life on

this planet are not paralyzed by the storm of discords that pours into the blue. If, in the orchestra, after a time it were found that a larger remuneration awaited a leader who could reduce a group of players to harmony and time, and so make their music loom out of the hubbub like a mountain above the clouds, then we should have musical combinations or trusts, and in course of time the people might discover that a single coöperation was preferable to competition in the production of an opera. They *have* made that discovery in respect to Wagnerian operas and Beethoven symphonies, for musical evolution is a little ahead of industrial evolution in general. How long will it be before they can see the same truth in respect to God's great symphony of human life?

Let us briefly sum up the effects of the competitive system:—

1. It neutralizes industrial forces by bringing them into opposition, instead of harnessing them all to industry's car in parallel lines.

2. It creates a feverish force in some men, not for the sake of useful labor but for victory over their fellows, and it leaves the great mass of men wholly inert, to be driven by their necessities to reluctant labor. It misuses and wastes far more vigor than it creates, even inside the class who most feel its fever. It energizes a few in the race for wealth, more than is good for them or for society. In the rest, it devitalizes the very nerve of energy by depriving them of all interest in their work. The total energy and productiveness of a coöperative group, well managed, is vastly greater than that of a competitive group. Reason says so, because interest is the most fruitful source of energy, and in a coöperative group every one is interested to make the product large, while in a competitive group only a few have any interest in the size of the product. History says so, also, as any one may see who will examine the story of any well handled coöperative or profit-sharing enterprise.

3. Competition puts a million in the pockets of an ignorant, idle dude, and loads his splendid, industrious neighbor with misfortune and debt.

4. It sets a delicate man to handling heavy bars of iron, or pounding stones on the streets in the boiling sun from early morn till dusk, with a ponderous mallet that even Goliath or Samson would hate to become too familiar with, while a strapping six-footer sits by in the shade, on the sidewalk, selling a handful of shoestrings or a few quarts of peanuts as his day's contribution to the world's work.

5. It makes despots and liars of many successful business men, and slaves of their betters.

6. It ruins the lives of millions with misery and want, and mars the lives of others with pride and luxury.

7. It builds the slums of the cities, and the hate-engendering palaces of the rich.

8. It has given us a standard of value and a division of labor that sacrifice manhood to merchandise.

9. It gives activity and growth to all that is hard, combative, unscrupulous and unsympathetic in man, and hinders the development of brother-love, helpfulness, truthfulness and public spirit.

10. It rewards injurious activities, and gives some of the highest prizes as a premium for some of the greatest wrongs, dishonesties, oppressions and injustices.

11. It is destructive of liberty and individuality, as well as of virtue and comfort; it ruins men body and soul.

12. It condemns vast numbers of children to a birthright of misery, disease and sin.

13. It causes dissensions that break out into Buffalo strikes and Homestead strikes, which cost the public treasury half a million to

quell, and the strikers and the employers another half million in damage and loss.

14. It periodically disturbs the nation's industries with flurries and panics.

15. It gives the keys of the world's wealth to Wall Street gamblers.

16. It wastes five sixths of the industrial forces of the world, with its planless production, panics, strikes, its inelastic and degrading wage system, that treats the laborer as a commodity and denies him the energy born of an interest in his work and its profits, its insufficient care of education, and the innumerable conflicts and useless duplications which it occasions.

17. It has given us 4000 millionnaires and poly-millionnaires, 100,000 anarchists, 200,000 prostitutes, 400,000 gamblers and liquor men, 100,000 engaged in the opium and tobacco trade, 300,000 more criminals who are recognized by the *law* as such, and over 1,000,000 idlers and tramps, — one-tenth of the nation's industrial force utterly useless or worse than useless.

18. It has given us a distorted civilization, in which one per cent of the people own more than three-fifths of the wealth, five per cent are in chronic want, five per cent are pernicious or useless, ten per cent insufficiently nourished, fifty per cent unjustly treated, receiving less of power and wealth than is their due, and ninety per cent insufficiently and improperly educated.

19. It puts wages down by its wastes and its debasement of the worker.

20. It prevents the survival of the fittest, — those who are really best.

21. It has created monopoly and aids and abets its robberies.

22. It has given us a distribution of wealth, and an organized antagonism of labor and capital, that threaten the life of the republic.

23. It has given us a civilization in which the bad and disruptive elements are increasing five times as fast as the good and cohesive ones.

Such are some of the charges that justice and kindness are preferring at the bar of human progress, against the arch offender of our time. It is the most terrific indictment ever brought against any institution in any age or country. Competition is the insanity of the past, the colossal crime of the present.

III.

In the second place it is clear that *The social ideal must be characterized by self-government, not only in political and religious life but in industrial life as well.* A man has as much right to a voice in the affairs of the industrial group to which he belongs as he has to a voice in the affairs of the political and religious groups — church, town, state and nation — to which he belongs. Manhood requires self-government for its uplifting, ennobling, educating, self-respect producing effects. Love requires it, for love requires justice, and there is no way in which the affairs of the people can be justly administered in the interests of the people except to make the people themselves the final judges of what those interests are. Just so long as human nature is selfish, just so long will despotism exist wherever a human will or body of human wills controls others without responsibility to the controlled. Consciously or unconsciously, to a greater or

less degree, the controlling wills are sure to pervert their power to their own private uses. We do not want a government of the people by the bosses and for the bosses, nor a government of the people by the wealthy and for the wealthy, nor a government of the people by the men and for the men; but a government of the people by all the people and for all the people.

Suppose a visitor from some far planet, learning our language, should go into one of the great rolling mills of Pennsylvania and inquire how the workmen voted on the last move the firm made. The question would be received with astonishment.

"The workmen have nothing to do with the firm's affairs," would be the reply.

"Ah, why is this mill so great an exception?"

"Exception! It is no exception. Every mill in the land is run the same way. The workmen don't vote about wages or hours or anything concerning the management of these mills, or any other industries for that matter; a few men who own the capital manage the business to suit themselves."

"Alas," might the visitor say, "how sadly was I misinformed. I was told that aristocracy was dead in America—that you had a government of the people and by the people and for the people; yet I find the people have nothing in fact to say in one of the largest departments of life—a department of vital interest to every man, woman and child. Of what use was it for you to republicanize politics if your people were not enlightened enough to republicanize industry also? Of what use was it to throw off political slavery if you're going to give yourselves up to industrial slavery?"

There was a time when kings governed the people. Now the people govern the kings but are themselves governed by gold. Yesterday the people swore allegiance to their rulers; now they make their rulers swear allegiance to them. They have hedged their kings about with constitutions, and to-morrow they will throw the strong arms of public sentiment and law round even the fierce imperialism of wealth itself, and make the power of gold their servant instead of their master. Our fathers did not doubt, a few hundred years ago, that the government owned them body and soul. We do not doubt that we own the government.

That public office is a public trust, is a sentiment which no one in the civilized world will deny. But the sentiment needs to be broadened. Not only is public office a public trust, but every power of body, mind or soul, of wealth or influence, is a trust for humanity; and the power of religion, public opinion and law ought to be used to enforce the trust in the one case as in the other. The law fails of its duty, fails of justice, if it permits one

man to enslave his fellows through the power of wealth and the machinery of industrial life, just as truly as if it allows him to enslave them through the power of religion and the machinery of the church, or through the power of birth or position and the machinery of political life. The nature of the power used makes very little difference in the miseries of the slave, and none whatever in the justice of the case.

The essence of slavery is the same in every age and clime. Aristotle's definition is as good to-day as it was 2,000 years ago: slavery is the control of one human being (I would say the control of any being) by another for the primary benefit of the controller, and regardless of the interests of the controlled. It is the same on the old plantation of the South under the sanction of a law that allowed the planter to buy the body of the black man, and in the northern factory and sweat shop under the sanction of a law that allows the employer to take the earnings of his victims for a less return than ever a decent slave received in the South. One bought the laborer for life from a human owner; the other buys for days, months, or years from the necessities that own the man. One was interested in caring for the worker's health, and was bound to support him in comfort; the other is under no obligation to avert starvation or look to the health of the workman, and cares but to squeeze out his life for the master's gain. One trampled the mind and soul in the dust; the other treads body and soul under its hoofs. The worst cases under each system surpass the power of words to express their cruelty, shame and agony.

There are three ways of managing the affairs of men. You may place a power of control in the hands of this or that man or body of men without responsibility to those they control: that is monarchy, aristocracy, despotism. You may have no control at all—every man for himself: that is anarchy, barbarism. Or you may place the control in the hands of this or that man or body of men *with* responsibility to those they control: that is republicanism, democracy. We have it already in fact in religious life in Protestant countries; we have it in theory and partly in fact in political life, and history proclaims that it is coming in industrial affairs. Industrial evolution began in the same way as political evolution, has passed through the same stages, according to the same laws and subject to the same causes, and must inevitably end in the same way.

In early times men fought alone. Then they found they could win their battles better in groups. The larger and more perfectly coördinated the group the greater its power and success. So tribes and nations and empires grew. At every step the organization required a leader, and chiefs, kings, generals and

emperors came into being. When the leaders felt firm in their seats they began to abuse their power and use it for selfish purposes. When the people awoke to this fact they rose in their might, wrote their Magna Chartas and Declarations of Independence, and made their rulers responsible for the use of their power.

In religion it has been the same. At first men wondered and worshipped alone. Then a few men in sympathy became a religious family. The groups grew larger; churches and systems of churches were formed. At every step the union was led by some man of peculiar power. When the priests felt secure they began to abuse their trust. A few in the north of Europe rebelled, and Luther established democracy in religion.

In industry the same great facts appear. At first men worked alone. Then, finding out the power of union, they worked in groups — partnerships, factories, corporations, syndicates, trusts, combinations of greater and greater magnitude. At every step the organization must have management, and chiefs, princes and monarchs of market and mine, railroads and manufactures, came into being. These leaders have perverted their power to their own selfish purposes, just as the leaders of religious and political combinations formerly did. The people are awakening to this fact, and soon they will write their industrial constitutions and hold the rulers of wealth responsible as they already do the rulers of war. Organization, leadership, despotism, democracy — that has been the history of religion and politics, and it will be the history of industry also. The aristocracy of the priesthood is broken; the aristocracy of birth is dead; but the aristocracy of the dollar is in the meridian of its splendor. Political power no longer descends to the worthless son of a trusted ruler. But the mighty power of wealth, the irresponsible control of unnumbered millions, the arbitrary government of human interests vaster than the political affairs of the greatest states — these still descend from father to son, as kingly power did in less enlightened times. The aristocracy of wealth must follow the aristocracy of birth. There is one more despotism to demolish, one more slavery to abolish. There is one more republic to be built, one more proclamation of emancipation to be written. Our fathers gave us a political republic. We must give our children an industrial republic.

IV.

In the third place it is clear that *The social ideal must be characterized by economic equality*. Manhood requires it for its uplifting, developing, self-respect producing effect, as will appear in a moment. Love requires it, for love naturally wishes to share

with the loved ones. For a reasonable time after coöperation and self government are attained it is probable that the rule of pay in proportion to service will be retained and justly administered. It can ill be spared in a community of emphatic contrasts, not yet released from the concepts of competition. But when universal education and equal opportunity, the destruction of monopoly, entire self government, universal coöperation and the diffusion of capital, have done their work and a generation grows up like the children of one great family, without the terrible contrasts existing to-day, and with the concepts of coöperation instead of its opposite, — when love, patriotism, public approval, enlightened self-interest, and the desire to labor for the pleasure of successful activity, have brought men an energy they never could get from mere payment in money according to service — then it will be wisest and best to divide the yearly net product among all the workers equally. It will be best because it will greatly simplify industrial life, because it will add to the self-respect and fraternal feelings of all the citizens, and because it will elevate the plane of human aims and efforts, and turn the tide of life into loftier channels.

When men are equal in respect to wealth, whatever of emulation or competition remains will urge them toward the achievement of superiority in intellect and virtues — the only possible means of securing the honor and power so ardently longed for by all. Nothing will aid the development of manhood more surely than economic equality. The effect will be similar to that which followed the nationalization of defence. In the earliest times, when each one defended himself unaided, it took the whole life of a man for warfare and the training and preparation it required. But after a while men said: "There's a better way than this. We'll form ourselves into a nation, and guarantee *equal safety* to every man, and put the whole power of the state behind the promise. Then a few men with guns will be able to keep the peace for all, and a vast amount of vigor and time will be saved." And they did, and the energy thereby released has developed the commerce and science of modern times. The material civilization of the nineteenth century is the result of the nationalization of defence and the equalization of safety. So it will be with the nationalization of industry and the equalization of security from hunger and cold; the larger part of the time and attention devoted to getting material wealth will be given to higher pursuits, and the twentieth century may see a civilization of the soul, a spiritual development as magnificent as the material advancement of the nineteenth.

Competition first on the low plane of physical war, then in the struggle for wealth, then in the regions of mind and soul, and

at last competition will cease, except with oneself. The man who is ruled by love will not wish to antagonize his fellow even in the realms of thought — will not desire a victory over any one nor think of conquest or defeat except in respect to himself. His aim will be to be better each day than he was the day before. He will look upon others as models or warnings, but not with the motive of conquering them in his heart.

The more man's joys are formed in intellectual life the vaster becomes the volume of human happiness, for joys of the mind and soul do not diminish the fund from which the world draws but increase it. That is the all-important difference between pleasures of sense and pleasures of soul. If you eat a peach the fruit is subtracted from the resources of the world; if you sing a song or compose a poem you add to those resources (if the song and poem are good ones). The highest happiness therefore demands that man shall find his pleasures, as far as possible, in intellectual and emotional pursuits, and wish for material wealth only as a means of fitting himself for the highest intellectual and spiritual activities of which he is capable.

Some people have difficulty with this idea of economic equality because they remove it out of its natural environment — a coöperative or mutualistic commonwealth — and apply it to present conditions. Of course it would be absurd to have equal division now. It would be absurd for men to fight to get wealth away from one another and then turn about and divide the results of the struggle. It would be absurd to give equal pay to a world full of men whom the competitive system has trained to laziness by denying them proper development and refusing to give them an interest in their work. But it is not absurd for two loving partners to share their profits alike; and when the whole state is a partnership, equal division of profit will not be absurd but perfectly proper and natural. It is very unfair to test the idea by any but mutualistic standards — nobody dreams it would work in any competitive group; you might as well take the paddles out of a churn and put them into a sausage machine, expecting the meat to be chopped and stuffed in just the same.

Still after all explanation, I find some who object, "It will take the energy out of our industry." But it does not take the energy out of the thousands of partnerships in business to-day, nor out of the coöperative cooper shops of Minneapolis. Competition with man is not an essential of energy, nor yet is money the only motive to labor or even the most effective.

Look at the pioneer in the wilderness of the West, whose heroic toil is not inspired by any competition but that of nature's self.

Look at the army — will six or eight dollars a month pay for

fifty-mile marches, the terrible toil of battle, the loss of limb, the risk of life? It is not money men fight for.

Look at our fire departments, rushing into the fire, braving the lightning in the treacherous wires, climbing the dangerous heights, enduring by turns the scorching flames and the drenching chill of water, struggling like heroes to rescue property that does not belong to them.

Look at the editors and authors, doctors, ministers, discoverers and philanthropists. Thousands of them could get more money in other callings, and they know it, but labor on because they love the work they are doing; thousands of them spend more money in pushing their work than they make, or can hope to make, out of it; thousands of them are wealthy and do not need to work at all, and yet they toil more arduously than the men who make our streets and our railroads for money.

Look at the women in our homes, who are not supposed to have any use for money—at least the competitive system accords them no salaries for what they do; yet they labor more hours and in far more exhausting ways than the lords of creation do.

Look at a parcel of children at play. Is it money that makes them tear across the school ground till their cheeks are crimson, and the breath comes fast?

The pleasure of exercise alone, if rightly directed, is motive enough to run the machinery of the world. A young carpenter told me not long ago that he'd "rather work with his tools than eat, any day," and he isn't dyspeptic either. Musicians, painters, sculptors, authors, etc., frequently injure their health through love of their work.

When you add to the joy of exercise, the happiness of doing good, the desire of winning a name and an influence, the pleasure of receiving the approbation of fellow-men, and the feelings of patriotism and family pride, you have motives enough, if properly used, to supply the industrial systems of dozens of worlds, without any recourse to money. The truth is, however, that mutualism, while calling out all of these motives, will still keep the money force in one of its most productive forms—the sharing of profits—a form that is, as we saw in Part II., more productive by far than that which controls the mass of our industries now. It is competition that is the real destroyer of energy, as we have already noted.

"But," says the objector, "equal division will remove the check on increase of population." Not until it is replaced by a better one. It is not necessary to kill a man with hunger in order to keep him from multiplying unduly. Educate him and make him comfortable, and you do the work far better and with

far less cruelty. Take the children out of the slums and give them a good education and prosperous employment, and the majority would marry late in life and have small families. Cultivate the soul of a man and you accomplish two things — you turn the tide of his life from mere animal pleasures, and you give him a sympathy with the future that will make him suffer death before he would bring children into the world to a heritage of misery, disease or incapacity. It is the recklessness of hopeless poverty that multiplies unduly, and fills the slums of our cities with a reeking mass of festering humanity that contaminates the whole of our civilization. The mutualistic society will abolish such plague spots with guaranteed comfort for all.

“But the survival of the fittest will be interfered with by equal division.” No, it is competition that prevents the survival of those who are really best — that favors conscienceless cunning instead of moral worth. What we want is intelligent selection, not natural selection with its barbarous warfare. The coöperative commonwealth will probably give as much attention to the scientific production of human beings as it does to the raising of chickens, dogs and horses. The best will always be favored; there will always be a premium on superiority. But it is not necessary that every element of life should be divided according to merit. If it were we should have to allow the superior man two or more wives and several ballots and especial security. We have equalized men in respect to security, matrimony and the ballot, and we can equalize them in respect to wealth without endangering the struggle for superiority so long as honor and influence are made to depend upon merit. It is sufficient if on the whole, considering all the elements of life, the superior has the advantage.

After all, the question of equal division is a remote one, belonging to the ultimate ideal and not to the immediate future, and important only that our attitude may be right, that we may see the full importance and meaning of a movement toward the diffusion of wealth. It is for us to establish the great coöperation. The universal partnership will decide for itself what division of wealth shall be made.

The social ideal will be marked by coöperation, self-government, the diffusion of wealth, and an all-including effort to attain a nobler manhood. It will be a coöperation, not only for wealth production, but for mutual help in every relation of life; in other words a *mutualism* pure and simple — a universal coöperation of equals, for the production and diffusion of intelligence, virtue, wealth, power and happiness — a world trust for the ennoblement of man. No hunger or physical force or military discipline will be needed to drive men to work in the great

coöperation. Mutualism will spring free and unforced from ennobled individualism; men will do right because they will have no wish to do wrong. More liberty than now, not less, will exist in the mutualistic state. Men will not be compelled to work in the great coöperation except by the knowledge that their labor will be vastly more productive *in* the coöperation than out of it—nor compelled to work at all, except by public opinion and the knowledge that it will be for their advantage to do so. Hunger will not be used as a driving force; a mutualistic society will regard it, not as a charity, but as simple justice that no one it allows to be called into life shall suffer for the necessities of comfortable existence, though no drone will be allowed to bequeath his barrenness to the future.

Coöperation, self-government, diffusion of wealth, manhood and mutual help—those are the ends at which the statesman should aim; manhood the object, mutualism the method. What are the practical measures by which we may hope to approach the ideal?

Coöperation may come from below upward, or from above downward, or in both ways at once. From below upward through the growth of profit sharing and voluntary associations among workmen. *Profit sharing* in its highest form merges into coöperation. The employer divides the capital stock of the firm into shares of five or ten dollars or some other easy amount, and the workmen are able to put their savings into the stock of the business they work in, and so become partners in full with a voice in the government of the concern. Thus laborer and capitalist become the same person, the primitive conditions of healthful industry are once more restored, and the workmen are trained in coöperative habits and methods of thinking. A coalescence of coöperative groups in larger and larger systems would finally come to an all-inclusive coöperation by the path of voluntary union.

But the complex adjustments required in such movements and the powerful resistance of monopoly are serious difficulties, and though we should do all we can to favor the growth of profit sharing and voluntary coöperation, our main reliance must be from above—the *absorption of private monopolies by the public power of nation, state and municipality*. Private monopoly involves the power to tax the people for private purposes—a power the legislature does not possess, cannot grant, and ought not to permit any man or body of men to exercise. Taxation without representation and for private purposes, that is the comfortable power of a private monopoly—the power that makes men so eager to get a monopoly. They could ask a just price for their service in fair, open market. It is the power

monopoly gives to add more or less to the fair value—labor for labor—and take a part of the people's wealth for nothing (called theft when it is done by a tramp), it is that power which makes money makers so anxious to get a monopoly.

If government is meant to put down injustice it ought to take charge of every monopoly at once in the interests of all the people. Regulation is impotent and expensive; impotent, for it cannot remove the root of the evil—the antagonism between the interests of the people and the interests of those who employ the monopoly managers. Experience has proved regulation a failure in every way; witness our regulation of gas and of the West End, and national regulation of railways. The monopolies regulate their regulators. Regulation begets a strong motive to buy the commission, or cheat it, and evade the law; and it is only a useless expense to hire one man to manage a railway and another to see that he does not break over the law, when you might make the first man your servant and friend and save the cost of the other.

The only way to attain full economy and harmony of interests is to make all monopolies public. And as every sort of business is tending toward a monopoly through the formation of trusts, the public absorption of monopolies means, in the end, a complete coöperation of all the people in all the industries of the country. Not until this coöperation arrives, not until the great mass of productive capital is owned by the people, will industrial self government on a large scale be proper or just. It would not be right to give each of Carnegie's workmen an equal ballot with him in controlling his mills; such a move would be pure confiscation, a theft of the ownership of the mills, for control is the essence of ownership. Not until the nation's workers are partners in the nation's productive capital will *complete* industrial self government be possible, and as manhood, love and justice demand self government, they also demand the essential basis of self government, the public ownership of productive capital.

VI.

Self government will be aided by the growth of coöperation. Universal industrial coöperation will bring in its train industrial self government, but that must be supplemented by a more perfect self government in politics. *Woman suffrage, proportional representation, multiple voting, voting by mail or compulsory voting or some other means of securing a full ballot, civil service reform, municipal freedom, and the initiative and referendum* will help in securing not only self-government but coöperation, diffusion of wealth and every other reform.

The initiative and referendum are especially important, because

their introduction will open the door at once to all true reforms. It is not the people who defeat reform, but corporate influence and the power of money in legislative halls. It will give us a real self-government instead of a government by a body of aristocrats periodically elected by the people but entirely beyond their control—their almost absolute masters—during their term of office. It will close the doors to fraudulent legislation. It is not the people who put up jobs on themselves, but corrupt influences in our legislatures. When 10,000 men by signing a petition can require the legislature to frame a law and submit it to the people for approval or rejection, it will be of no use to lobby and the third house will retire from existence. The second house, too, can be spared, for the people will be all the check needed. It will have a profound educational effect, for the people will vote upon measures instead of men. It will simplify and purify elections; it will be easier to tell whether we want minority representation than whether we want A or B about whom we know nothing except the conflicting reports of partisan papers. Voters won't sell their ballots so readily when they decide a matter that touches their interests directly as when they merely give office to A or B—one as good as the other for all that the voter knows, and a two-dollar bill is often worth more to him than the problematical difference between the two candidates. It will simplify the law, for a law that is to be submitted to the people must be reduced to its lowest terms, and we shall stand a chance of avoiding in future the piling up of massive tomes of useless enactments which the legislature itself knows little or nothing about a month or two after they are passed, and which become law to buttress some private interest or to fill up the time of our legislators, who being elected to make the state's laws, seem to measure the fulfilment of their duty by the number of bills they enact. And, finally, the referendum will aid the enforcement of the law, for the people will grow up with it. It will be law because the people want it, and they will stand behind it and see that it is carried into effect.

Proportional representation is another reform that ought to be pushed at once. If a state has a million voters and a hundred representatives, or one representative to every 10,000 voters, then 10,000 voters should be entitled to one representative whether they live all together in a single town, or are scattered over the state. If they *were* all together they clearly would have a right to elect a representative, and the accident of residence should not affect that right. If 10,000 voters in the whole state believe in a new idea and unite on a man to voice it, that man has a right to a seat in the legislature of that state. The district system is very unjust. It shuts out minorities and may close the

door of debate against every party but one if that party has a majority in every district, and the dominant party is apt to fix things that way so far as gerrymandering can do it—an atrocious fraud that proportional representation will render impossible. In the city of New York some years ago Tammany, with less than half the voters, had nineteen aldermen out of twenty-one—the majority of the citizens had two representatives and the minority nineteen. That was minority representation with a vengeance, but not exactly *proportional* representation. In the last great election twelve million voters took part, and six and a half millions of them sent representatives to Congress, while the other five millions and a half were not represented—five millions and a half being taxed without representation.

Multiple voting should also be put in practice at once. If D, R and P are candidates for the presidency I ought not to lose my right to a voice in deciding between D and R merely because I prefer P to both. I ought to be able to vote a first choice for P and second choice R, so if P proves out of question I will have as much to say as any one else in deciding between R and D, instead of being disfranchised on the real issue, as I am now if I vote according to my convictions.

Municipal freedom, which means the removal of all the restrictions now resting on towns and cities in respect to engaging in business, etc., is a very important move in relation to public absorption of monopolies and the proper employment of the poor. It is nonsense to have to go to the legislature whenever a group of people forming a town desire to coöperate for their common benefit. A town has just as much right to self-government in town affairs as a state has in state affairs, and under the same broad principles respecting the violation of individual rights.

Woman suffrage is of the highest importance. It will benefit state, family, man, woman, child and the future. Women are governed by conscience and principle more than men, and less by love of gain. Their ballots will purify politics and aid the temperance movement and every reform that looks to diffusion of wealth, employing the poor, uplifting the vicious and educating the people to nobler living. Suffrage will help woman by its educational effect upon herself; man by the development of his companion and the modifying effect of her ripened thought; children through the better training they receive from superior mothers and teachers, and the future through an ennobled maternity. It is simple justice that women should vote. They have as much right to a voice in determining the laws that shall govern themselves and their children as men have. Sex has no essential relation to suffrage or self government—no more relation than color. The essentials are interest, intelligence and

character. The voter must be interested in this country, else he may vote in the interests of another and not of this. He must have intelligence enough to know what the interests of the community are, and character enough to follow the light of his mind and conscience. Fix your standards of interest, intelligence and character wherever you will — and they ought to be higher than they are — but when you have fixed them, if women come up to them let them vote, and if men do not come up to the standards refuse them the ballot.

But it is said that women don't want to vote; that when true is simply the result of false training, which ought itself to be changed at once.

It is out of a woman's sphere, I am told. Isn't a woman's sphere wherever she can do good to the world, herself and her children?

But the women are already sufficiently represented through the sympathy of husbands, fathers, lovers, etc. Are they? When a woman is tried why can't she have a jury of women — a jury of peers — and half a jury when sued by a man? The Mexicans in New Mexico have that important privilege — half a jury of their own sort; why should women have less? Why can't she get a divorce for the immoral character of her husband before marriage, unknown to her till after the wedding? A single slip before marriage on her part may warrant a divorce,* and if she had a share in making the law it would work just the same with a man, and we might stand a chance of building the same code of morals for man as for woman and, in time, of enforcing the code. Did women enact the low age of consent that protects lustful men?

In some states, a woman is practically still, as in Shakespeare's day, the property of her husband. A man and woman by marriage are one, and the man is that one. A few years ago a gentleman, or something that wore the same sort of clothing, married a lady with \$50,000. He made a will leaving her the use of the \$50,000 — her \$50,000 — for life provided she didn't marry. He died and she got the use of her fortune on condition of remaining a widow — the most contemptible condition a man can put in a will, even when the property is his own, which in fact it rarely is, for the wife helps to earn it as much as the man many times; but the title is all in him by the law — one partner gets all the profits because he makes all the laws. Those same laws give a man a life interest in all the wife's lands, but the wife has an interest in only one third of the husband's realty. Other facts of the same sort could be cited, but enough has been said to show

* Bishop on Marriage and Divorce, §482, *et seq.*

that the women are not quite sufficiently guarded by manhood suffrage alone.

But "Women can't fight," says Spencer: if they don't bear the burdens they must not expect the privileges of citizenship. Herbert Spencer fifty years ago thought women should vote; but lately, on this single ground, he has reversed his opinion. "Women can't fight" — I've been told by married men that they can. Mr. Spencer is a bachelor. But suppose they can't fight; a good many men are exempt from military duty — ministers, professors, dyspeptics, men over age, etc. — yet they are all allowed to vote. The truth is that war has no essential relation to voting; and if it had, women do just as important military duty by raising the soldiers and nursing the wounded as if they fought on the field, and even this not a few have done. There is no valid reason against the measure and every conceivable reason for it.

VII.

The fair distribution and wise diffusion of wealth will come with complete coöperation and self government; but while we are working toward the universal partnership we must look for immediate relief to a number of special measures — *a better system of taxation, a stable currency, postal savings banks, employment of the poor, restriction of immigration, and free, prompt justice.*

Taxation is very important. Indirect taxation burdens the laboring classes, as Mr. Shearman has shown in his famous articles in the *Forum*. A *graded* tax on incomes, inheritances and property, exempting incomes and holdings under two thousand, say, and making the tax a larger and larger percentage the greater the holding or income; taking the increase of rents due to rising land values from now on, and gradually shifting the weight of taxation away from production and on to land values, so that in fifty or sixty years the larger part of our ground rents would go to the state, — such measures as these would cause no disturbance and would accomplish the utmost good by making it easy to get a small fortune, a reasonable competence, but exceedingly difficult to gather a million. Remove the pressure from the bottom, where it is greatest now; put a strong pressure on the top, where expansion rules now; and so turn the tide of business away from the concentration of wealth and toward its diffusion.

As for the tariff, the great coöperation will take care of that. Uncle Sam will never make goods he can get from over the sea for less than it costs him to make them here, when he gets the whole business into his own control. But stability is very essen-

tial now. Put the tariff rates somewhere and let them alone, so that foresight will know what to calculate on.

No reform is of greater moment than postal savings banks and a stable national currency. If the volume of currency does not expand with the growth of the business money must do, prices go down; and falling prices discourage industry, ruin the debtor classes, build up the rich unjustly, and periodically put the nation into a panic. As prices fall debts grow. If a farmer borrows \$10,000, puts it with \$10,000 more of his own and buys a good farm that is worth twenty thousand, and in four or five years the dollar goes up or prices go down so the farm will only bring ten thousand dollars, the farmer owes all he is worth instead of the half of it, as he did when the debt was created; the creditor gets the whole farm instead of the half his money paid for, and the farmer is squeezed out entirely and ruined merely by the appreciation of gold. That is what is the matter with mortgage-cursed Kansas. In years of calamity, grasshoppers and scanty crops the farmers mortgaged their lands, and the dollar has done the rest. A small body of men controlling millions of money, could, by suddenly recalling loans, at any time contract the currency and throw the country into a panic.

So potent an influence for good or evil as the volume of currency has proved and is admitted to be, ought not to be left to chance or to private manipulation. And the remedy is so simple, it would be astonishing that it was not adopted a long time ago, if we were not too sadly aware how little consideration Americans give to their own most important concerns. Establish the postal savings banks, and a national currency based on the nation's promise to redeem it in valuable services and to make it a legal tender for debts, and guarded by a non-partisan board of commissioners who will keep a strict watch upon prices, and the problem is solved. If prices go down the government would offer loans at a lower interest or put out more funds for some public work, or both, till the volume of currency increased sufficiently to bring prices up. If prices went up, it would call in a part of the currency by recalling its loans or offering more interest on deposits or increasing taxation. Through the relation of taxation to public expenditure and the power of the banks over loans and deposits, the volume of the currency could be governed, and Wall Street could never again cause a panic.

For twenty years our prices have fallen — nearly twelve per cent the last year. At first it would be only fair for the public banks to increase the volume of currency to create a gradual rise of prices and encouragement of industry till all unemployed are absorbed, and the working classes have regained the ground they have lost; then keep the currency values steady in refer-

ence to labor forever after. The postal savings banks would be of the greatest advantage in making the savings of labor safe, and loaning money at bottom rates on fair security, thus enabling the interest-ridden masses to pay off their masters and owe Uncle Sam instead of the interest sharks.

The immediate employment of the poor is hardly less needful than sound finance. It is absurd to boast that our government guarantees safety to every man, when the greatest danger of all—the want of employment—is left unprovided for. Every citizen has as much right to protection against the enemies hunger and cold, as against a foe that carries a lance or a gun and comes in a ship from the other side of the pond. Charity does what it can in a feeble way, bailing the sea with a bucket. But it is not charity the workers want, it is justice. There was a time when a man unable to defend himself fell beneath the onset of his foe unless his neighbors charitably came to his rescue, but after a time the people took hold of defence, and then it was said to be justice. There was a time when a child, whose parents were unable to pay for its education, had to grow up without it, unless some charitable person advanced the funds; but after a while the people said, "There is a better way; we will guarantee every child a good education,"—and then they called it not charity, but justice. In the same way our hospitals were built to provide a just care for the sick, and our fire departments to provide a just care for property.

When the people take hold of a charity it changes to justice, and that is what the unemployed want. If it is good for a few individuals to organize for the purpose of helping the unemployed to work, it is better for all the people to organize to do the same thing—the only organization that can do it effectually. Count Rumford's government in Bavaria eradicated poverty entirely by putting the poor at work on public farms and in public shops. New Zealand has done the same thing. In every large group of the unemployed there are men who can mill, farm, bake, build, make clothes, and do all the work a community needs. Put them at work and let them sustain each other instead of being an unhappy burden upon the world. Society must sustain them in some way; better by far give them labor than alms, and the cost will be much less in the long run, to say nothing of the effect on the character and happiness of our brother workers, idle, most of them, through no fault of their own.

The restriction of immigration is also a matter of first importance. We have posed long enough as a cesspool for all the filth of the world. We guard our bodies against the germs of disease—why not the body politic? We do protect it now by stringent laws against the germs of physical disease; is not the soul quite

as worthy of protection against the germs of spiritual contagion? For every hundred immigrants of the better class that came to our shores a few years ago, we are getting but thirty-five of that class to-day; for every hundred of undesirable immigrants years ago we are getting three hundred fifty now, and hundreds of others of lower class than ever came before, ruining our wages, diluting our civilization, forming great obstinate clots in the nation's stomach, impossible of digestion into decent American citizenship in less than half a dozen generations. If the process goes on too long the republic will die of a surfeit of indigestible food. The reason we got a better class years ago was the fact that it needed nerve and energy then to cross the great waters. Now it is easy; paupers, and criminals too, are *pushed* across by organized boards. If we say, "No one shall come unless he is able to show a good character, ability to work, and a *practical knowledge of the English language*; he must live here twenty-one years before he can vote, and is liable to banishment if he votes any sooner,"—if we say that we shall put up the bars and restore the difficulty. It will again require nerve and energy, brain and the foresight to learn to speak and write English in Europe; that test will be easy of application, and immigrants then will be far less likely to gather into little Italies, Russias and Germanies, keeping their own language, religion and customs.

VIII.

The reforms we have named all move in the direction of nobler manhood, but others are needed also before our whole duty is done in respect to this all-comprehending object of manhood. We ought to *abolish the saloon, renovate the slums, prohibit the marriage of criminals*, do all in our power to *cure crime*, secure *a better division of labor and fewer hours*, that *no man shall be a mere drudge*, *prohibit child labor* and *improve our system of public education*.

Every child ought to have a thorough industrial training as well as a few hundred pages of reading, arithmetic and grammar. Arrangements could easily be made with the owners of factories, farms and commercial enterprises that would open large means of practical education at very trifling expense. Every child should be taught the laws of health and trained in the proper care of the body—diet, exercise, bathing, breathing and sleep—the proper use of his mind, the conditions of evolving valuable thought, the methods of scientific investigation and the means of modifying his disposition and character. Beyond all this a systematic, scientific effort should be made throughout the school life to develop the nobler emotions and eradicate unworthy feelings. Honesty, love, gentleness, perseverance, etc., are as capable of rapid

development under the law of use as are the muscles of the arm. The spirit's chords respond to every vibration that touches them, and grow thereby.

As thrills of long hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

Yet neither use nor example nor impression through music, literature and art, is, to any considerable extent, scientifically and systematically used for soul education; even the obvious love-developing power of pet animals is largely neglected.

Then our treatment of criminals: how terribly wicked it is to let loose many thousands of human hyenas and tigers to prey on society. If one of them bites an innocent man, tie up the beast a few months and then let him go till he bites some one else. When a man is once convicted of crime the presumption of law should be that his criminal nature remains until he can show the contrary. Every effort should be made to save him—with the wonderful powers of hypnotism and the strong object lessons of the California prison *regime*—but until he is cured society and the future should be protected from pernicious activities and influences.

To "renovate the slums" may seem a heavy undertaking, but it is not. If Boston would buy her slums and replace the foul rookeries with fine, wholesome dwellings at moderate rents, it would pay in mere money, to say nothing of incalculable dividends in manhood and citizenship. It has been tried. Glasgow and Birmingham have established municipal lodging houses and made them financially successful. In Boston three per cent net is about all that property is worth in the Back Bay, but in the North End it brings six to one hundred per cent. The city can borrow at three per cent and put rents far below what the poor pay to-day and still make a profit. But even without a profit, even at heavy financial loss, the work should be done, and without delay, for the sake of the public health and morals, for the sake of brother-love. You make laws to abolish the sweating system; but you cannot abolish the evils that make that system a terror until you destroy the tenement system on which it rests. You must buy up the slums, or enact a law requiring the dwellings made healthful before a time named, on pain of entire confiscation. The last plan will not cure high rents, and involves expensive and uncertain enforcement of law. The first plan is better, plus a law that will confiscate houses allowed to deteriorate below a specified standard, the facts to be ascertained in court and not to be settled beyond dispute by any board or commission.

Manhood and mutualism have no more emphatic command

than the destruction of the saloon. The most practicable plan seems to be to allow local option between prohibition and public sales at cost. If a town votes "no sales" it will have complete prohibition. If it votes "sales" it will have public agents on salary selling at cost. This will kill the saloon, with its organized hunt for boys, its brothels and gambling adjuncts, its drunkenness, brawls and criminal influences, its death-dealing adulterations and its corrupting power over politics. Demi-devils will no longer stand on the streets of a Saturday night to entice our workingmen into their dens to squander the wages of the week. The consumption of liquor will decrease, for the power that is pushing the business because of the profit it yields will die with the profit. The laws against selling to minors and drunkards will be better enforced, for the agents will have no reason to break them, and every reason to mind them on pain of losing their places. The people's health will be helped, for the state will sell only pure liquors; their purses, because of low prices and smaller consumption; their morals, because the great creator and sustainer of vice will be gone. In South Carolina, where a law of this nature (plus a small profit) is in full operation, the gamblers and owners of brothels have packed up and departed.

The measure will open the way to further temperance reform, by annihilating the organized traffic which opposes and neutralizes temperance forces. When the traffic for gain is gone, persuasion, education and public sentiment will have a chance to conquer the world for teetotalism. Moreover the law is practicable *now*, for even the drinking classes will vote for a measure that gives them pure liquors at cost. When the private saloon is thoroughly buried, another step could be taken, and no sales allowed except in sealed packages not to be drunk on the premises; that would tend to destroy the pernicious habit of treating. At first, however, we stand a far better chance of killing the saloon without a struggle, by public sales in the usual way at cost. At all times a full line of temperance drinks of the finest quality should also be sold at cost at the public counters, and the best obtainable water abundantly supplied. Hotels and restaurants would probably need as much wine, beer and ale from the public stores as they buy now from private sources. But, in time, men will learn that fruit juices contain, unfermented, all that is really good in the lists of liquor, the alcohol being a poison pure and simple.

Some prohibitionists object to the law above named on the ground that it makes them partners in selling rum. Well, isn't it better to be a partner in a small evil than in a large one? A man who contents himself with calling for an unobtainable law,

and leaves the liquor traffic to flourish meanwhile, when he might stop one-half of it by an imperfect measure (*b*) and then destroy the other half from the vantage ground obtained through (*b*) — such a man is a partner in the whole traffic to-day, — a man is a partner in an evil he might prevent.

“But,” says the rumseller, “your abominable law will destroy the value of my investment.” Well, hardly a law is passed but injures some man’s investments; legislation would be blocked entirely if that consideration outweighed the public welfare. Moreover, you knew there was danger of temperance laws; you invested with notice, and have charged immense profits accordingly. The state has an offset, too. Let us charge up the cost of the criminals and paupers you have made, and the debt would far more than absorb your property. And finally, have not *two* men a right to open a store to sell liquors at cost — has a state full of men any less rights? It seems absurd that a million of men must dwell in a swamp forever because they cannot agree to go all the way to the Arctic circle, or for fear of hurting a loathsome lot of landlords whose terrible tenements have been the death of their dearest, and who have grown rich by destroying the health and morals of mankind.

IX.

The statesman must keep every needed reform in his mind at all times, and be ready to aid any one that occasion may favor. His prospectus will be something like this: —

Coöperation and Public Ownership of Productive capital, to come through

- (1) Profit Sharing and Voluntary Coöperative Enterprise.
- (2) Public Absorption of Monopolies.

Self Government aided by the above and also by

- (1) Woman Suffrage.
- (2) Ballot Reform.
 - Proportional Representation.
 - Multiple Voting.
 - Compulsory Voting, or Voting by Mail.
- (3) Initiative and Referendum.
- (4) Civil Service Reform.
- (5) Municipal Freedom.

Fair Distribution and Wise Diffusion of Wealth, aided by all above and by

- (1) True Taxation, direct and not indirect, and exempting small holdings and incomes.
 - Graded Income Tax.
 - Graded Inheritance Tax.
 - Graded Property Tax gradually shifting its weight to land values.

- (2) A Stable National Currency, with Postal Savings Banks and Government Loans at low interest.
- ✓(3) Employment of the Poor.
- (4) Restriction of Immigration.
- (5) Justice, prompt and free to all.

Manhood aided by all the above, and also by

- (1) Destruction of the Saloon.
- (2) Renovation of the Slums, with Municipal Lodging Houses, etc.
- (3) Better Restraint of Criminals, prohibiting their marriage, etc.
- (4) Cure of Criminal Tendencies.
- (5) Better Division of Labor.
- (6) Fewer Hours.
- (7) Prohibition of Child Labor.
- (8) Education.
 - Physical.
 - Industrial.
 - Intellectual.
 - Moral.
- (9) Colonizations of the Negro, perhaps, to eliminate the race antagonism in the South.
- (10) Organization of all thoughtful people into powerful bodies for Concerted Educational and Political Action.

The movements of most immediate and imperative importance are the employment of the poor, tenement-house reform and sound finance. These are needed at once to relieve actual suffering. Close after them in point of time and quite their equals in point of intrinsic moment, must come the initiative and referendum, the restriction of immigration, woman suffrage, graded taxation, industrial and moral education, the organization of the forces of reform, and last but not least in these primary groups, the public ownership of monopolies, which may well begin with the national ownership of the railroad, express and telegraph systems, and the municipal ownership of gas and electric plants and street railways.

There is already a strong public sentiment in favor of the postal telegraph and national railways, and every reason urges the change. It will prevent the present discrimination between locality and persons by rebates, passes, franks, unjust arrangement of rates, delay, refusal of cars, etc. It will stop the gambling with railroad stocks and eliminate the immense mass of fraud and corruption in politics and private life due to the antagonism between public and corporate interests. It will save the people hundreds of millions a year. It will favor progress and prevent the locking up of inventions till the companies wear out their old machinery. It will increase facilities and lower rates, thus enlarging communication and developing business, intelligence and the social emotions. In England the business doubled the first year after the wires became public, and during a period of twenty years it developed four times as rapidly *per capita* in

that country under public ownership as in the United States under private ownership ; while the postal service, which was public in both countries, grew somewhat more rapidly here *per capita* than in England. It will benefit the employees, for Uncle Sam pays higher wages and demands fewer hours than the companies.

The analogies of roads, post office, etc., favor it. Military science demands it, as General Grant pointed out. The telegraph and railroads are the nervous and arterial systems of the nation, and a man would not fight quite so well if a possibly unsympathetic power controlled the messages along his nerves and the forwarding of supplies through his blood vessels. It will be a great step toward self-government and coöperation, and will aid the diffusion of wealth by destroying two of the most prolific makers of millionnaires. There is nothing against it except the fear of political abuse, and the queer complaint that it is outside the sphere of government. The last is Spencer's reliance, because he says a true evolution will make men more able to govern themselves and diminish instead of increase the functions of government. The trouble all lies in his failure to see that government has two sets of functions — one for restraint, the other for service. As men grow better the universal coöperation for the restraint of each will diminish, but the universal coöperation for positive service will expand; those are the facts of history as well as the clear indications of reason.

As for corruption and political abuse, it is not public but private enterprise that causes these. It is not the post office or the city water supply that runs the lobbies and buys up our legislatures, but the railroad, telegraph and gas companies. Nothing would purify politics and aid civil service reform more effectually than public ownership of monopolies, under non-partisan boards composed of members from each political party. Experience has proved it. Glasgow is full of the worst sort of toughs, and its government was very corrupt, till the gas plant, street railways, tenement houses, etc., became public property, and then the best people said: "See here, this thing is becoming too serious. There is too much at stake; we will not let these roughs run the city for their private profit any longer," and they didn't. They went to the primaries and to the polls and elected good men, and Glasgow to-day is one of the best-governed cities in all the world, as the clear result of the public ownership of monopolies. The history of Birmingham is very similar.

The experience of the world is all in favor of a national telegraph system. The United States is the only country of any consequence that leaves the means of communication to private enterprise, and the contrast in prices, economy, efficiency and progressiveness is not favorable to private ownership. Germany

has taken her railroads, with the most satisfactory results, by the admission of those who most strongly opposed the move *à priori*. Belgium, Australia, New Zealand and other countries have achieved marked success with public roads. New Zealand has made her railroad system largely coöperative, and has gone a long way through the list of needed reform; she has established state farms and artisan villages, made the unemployed self supporting, and introduced woman suffrage, postal savings banks, state insurance and graded taxation; and New Zealand is said to be the only country that has not felt the business depression of 1893. We got the Australian ballot from over there, and we may have to follow their lead clear through if we do not hasten our tardy steps.

X.

In respect to the organization of all reform elements, a noble work has been begun by the Union for Practical Progress, already ably advocated in *THE ARENA*. The work that underlies all others now is economic education. The pulpit, the press, the platform and the school, together with private conversation, must start the trains of thought that will bring clear ideas on all these great questions. The ballot gives the people the bloodless power of transforming their institutions; all they need is knowledge. When enough have gained that, political action is rendered possible, and the consequent change in the law helps to mould the lagging minority into the new form the majority had reached solely by education. Thus individuals and institutions continually react upon each other, the growth of each develops the other, and the rhythm of their vibrations makes the music of our progress.

Such is the philosophy of manhood and mutualism in partial outline. Does it not call for your sympathy and help? Will you not become a teacher of the mutualistic philosophy, if not already such, and practise it, that your teachings may have true effect? If you are a Christian you cannot refuse, for it is nothing but Christian living, seven days in the week instead of only one. If a good man of any sort you cannot refuse, for it is nothing but love, patriotism, nobility. But if you are a bad man and mean to remain so, then refuse, for mutualism has nothing in common with you.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

GOTTFRID E. HULT.

THE years are one by one like petals shaken
From out the blossom of the century;
Mankind will soon another stride have taken
Toward some great goal, whatever it may be.
Thought, musing o'er the past's full-written pages,
Finds golden passages to underline;
Affection singles out of noble ages
Our own as one most glorious and divine.

We have produced no Shakespeares and no Dantes,
No Himalaya mounts of song divine;
But poesy is not some lost Atlantis,
That sleeps beneath oblivion's moaning brine:
We still have nightingales their lyrics blending
With silvery moonbeams from the orb on high;
And eagles of philosophy ascending
To look the noonday sun full in the eye.

So o'er the muse I sing no mournful numbers,
Her voice must still the depths of bosoms stir;
The maiden is not dead, she only slumbers —
"The Christ that is to be" will waken her.
Once more love's rapture shall engulf her bosom,
And beauty warm to song her lips again;
And still the air shall fragrant grow and blossom
With strains like "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

But what of music? Have the din and noises
Of industry her piercing sweetness drowned?
Ah! music is the honey-throat that voices
The deepest feelings in the spirit found;
And she shall live while passion's storms are blowing,
Till no more fall the dews of sympathy.
From out our age's granite heart are flowing
The springs and waterfalls of melody.

Transfigured stone and canvas still embody
Ideals that fill the Pantheon of the mind;
And Rome with all her wealth of art we study,
And Athens, alma mater of mankind.
True art is the ideal's incarnation,
The silent prayer when beauty melts the heart;
And every age of love and aspiration
Has lisped some broken accents we call "art."

Prophetic strains breathed Scotia's noblest singer
Of universal brotherhood on earth;
Great soul! if nigh our world thou still dost linger,
Tell! comes not soon that age of "sense and worth,"
When only he shall be considered pauper,
Who lacks the gold of character and love?
When there shall be no lower class and upper,
But children of the Father who's above?

How often in the past the soil was matted
With corpses of the race's noblest men;
And war which with their blood the vultures fattened
Left weaklings to repeople earth again.
But now are voices heard for arbitration,
And 'tis the noble dream of this new school
That earth shall be their land, mankind their nation,
Their constitution be the Golden Rule.

Despite our discords slowly we're awaking
To consciousness of kinship between men;
And we may arm as one for sceptre breaking,
If crowned ambition dare shed blood again.
God's alchemy has taken many an æon,
For evolution works by slow degrees,
But ought not in the azure empyrean
To rise the star of universal peace?

The seeds of knowledge have begun to scatter,
And quickly bloom as lofty thoughts and deeds;
Swift truth, the forts of tyranny to shatter,
Around the earth on wings of lightning speeds.
For freedom is an outlaw still in places,
Her bed is oft the dungeon's mouldy straw,
And here and there her blood still leaves its traces;
Her groans are heard from cold Siberia.

But skies of progress brighter grow and redden,
And morn is breaking on the world at last;
The owl of selfishness, with glances leaden,
Begins to see the reign of might is past.
Free thought and speech are busy now with dusting
The chambers of the human soul and mind;
The sword of reason, which so long lay rusting,
They polish bright and into sharpness grind.

Humanity with moral zeal is burning
For right some word to speak, some blow to strike;
And justice with his plow, reform, is turning
The stubborn glebe of church and state alike.
He's tearing up the formula and ism
That are but wrongs advancement to oppose;
And hornets of a false conservatism
Pour out in swarms, but onward still he goes.

The whole great earth our age has made organic,
The telegraph its nervous system is;
We make the very gods of times pagan
Our faithful helots in the industries.
No back has steam that can be lacerated,
No nerves to feel the pangs of agony,
No weary shoulder to be over freighted;
No aching eyes has electricity.

We have entrapped the sunbeams in our lenses
And make them thus confess their secrets all;
We weigh the stars that never touch our senses,
And with photography their beams enthrall.
We quiz the comet through the azure creeping,
And timid nebulae with queries press,
And from the universe we have been sweeping
The cobwebs known as chance and lawlessness.

Yea, thought has through infinity been winging,
And sunned herself in wonders everywhere;
Into its awful depths we have been flinging
Our plumb lines, and we find no bottom there.
It gives us dreams for language far too mystic
To think of man in this immensity!
It makes us feel a moment altruistic,
And drop a tear for all humanity.

I trust that like a dove, love's message bearing,
Shall come the future of our hopes and dreams;
A backward glance should not set hearts despairing,
In life's chaotic welter purpose gleams.
I trust humanity from woe and travail
Is rising, all the purer for their sake;
As waters filtered through the purging gravel
Well up and into sun-kissed jewels break.

'Tis said the eye of science has been spying
In meteors some sparkling diamond dust;
And those celestial pilgrims, earthward hieing,
Are hiding many a gem within its crust:
The years, those meteors of time, are springing
From out the azure of eternity;
And each is in its burning bosom bringing
Some treasure to enrich humanity.

AN OMINOUS BABY.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

A BABY was wandering in a strange country. He was a tattered child with a frowsled wealth of yellow hair. His dress, of a checked stuff, was soiled and showed the marks of many conflicts like the chain-shirt of a warrior. His sun-tanned knees shone above wrinkled stockings which he pulled up occasionally with an impatient movement when they entangled his feet. From a gaping shoe there appeared an array of tiny toes.

He was toddling along an avenue between rows of stolid, brown houses. He went slowly, with a look of absorbed interest on his small, flushed face. His blue eyes stared curiously. Carriages went with a musical rumble over the smooth asphalt. A man with a chrysanthemum was going up steps. Two nursery-maids chatted as they walked slowly, while their charges hobbled amiably between perambulators. A truck wagon roared thunderously in the distance.

The child from the poor district made way along the brown street filled with dull gray shadows. High up, near the roofs, glancing sun-rays changed cornices to blazing gold and silvered the fronts of windows. The wandering baby stopped and stared at the two children laughing and playing in their carriages among the heaps of rugs and cushions. He braced his legs apart in an attitude of earnest attention. His lower jaw fell and disclosed his small, even teeth. As they moved on, he followed the carriages with awe in his face as if contemplating a pageant. Once one of the babies, with twittering laughter, shook a gorgeous rattle at him. He smiled jovially in return.

Finally a nursery maid ceased conversation and, turning, made a gesture of annoyance.

"Go 'way, little boy," she said to him. "Go 'way. You're all dirty."

He gazed at her with infant tranquillity for a moment and then went slowly off, dragging behind him a bit of rope he had acquired in another street. He continued to investigate the new scenes. The people and houses struck him with interest as would flowers and trees. Passengers had to avoid the small, absorbed figure in the middle of the sidewalk. They glanced at

the intent baby face covered with scratches and dust as with scars and powder smoke.

After a time, the wanderer discovered upon the pavement, a pretty child in fine clothes playing with a toy. It was a tiny fire engine painted brilliantly in crimson and gold. The wheels rattled as its small owner dragged it uproariously about by means of a string. The babe with his bit of rope trailing behind him paused and regarded the child and the toy. For a long while he remained motionless, save for his eyes, which followed all movements of the glittering thing.

The owner paid no attention to the spectator but continued his joyous imitations of phases of the career of a fire engine. His gleeful baby laugh rang against the calm fronts of the houses. After a little, the wandering baby began quietly to sidle nearer. His bit of rope, now forgotten, dropped at his feet. He removed his eyes from the toy and glanced expectantly at the other child.

"Say," he breathed, softly.

The owner of the toy was running down the walk at top speed. His tongue was clanging like a bell and his legs were galloping. An iron post on the corner was all ablaze. He did not look around at the coaxing call from the small, tattered figure on the curb.

The wandering baby approached still nearer and, presently, spoke again. "Say," he murmured, "le' me play wif it?"

The other child interrupted some shrill tootings. He bended his head and spoke disdainfully over his shoulder.

"No," he said.

The wanderer retreated to the curb. He failed to notice the bit of rope, once treasured. His eyes followed as before the winding course of the engine, and his tender mouth twitched.

"Say," he ventured at last, "is dat yours?"

"Yes," said the other, tilting his round chin. He drew his property suddenly behind him as if it were menaced. "Yes," he repeated, "it's mine."

"Well, le' me play wif it?" said the wandering baby, with a trembling note of desire in his voice.

"No," cried the pretty child with determined lips. "It's mine! My ma-ma buyed it."

"Well, tan't I play wif it?" His voice was a sob. He stretched forth little, covetous hands.

"No," the pretty child continued to repeat. "No, it's mine."

"Well, I want to play wif it," wailed the other. A sudden, fierce frown mantled his baby face. He clenched his thin hands and advanced with a formidable gesture. He looked some wee battler in a war.

"It's mine! It's mine," cried the pretty child, his voice in the treble of outraged rights.

"I want it," roared the wanderer.

"It's mine! It's mine!"

"I want it!"

"It's mine!"

The pretty child retreated to the fence, and there paused at bay. He protected his property with outstretched arms. The small vandal made a charge. There was a short scuffle at the fence. Each grasped the string to the toy and tugged. Their faces were wrinkled with baby rage, the verge of tears.

Finally, the child in tatters gave a supreme tug and wrenched the string from the other's hands. He set off rapidly down the street, bearing the toy in his arms. He was weeping with the air of a wronged one who has at last succeeded in achieving his rights. The other baby was squalling lustily. He seemed quite helpless. He wrung his chubby hands and railed.

After the small barbarian had got some distance away, he paused and regarded his booty. His little form curved with pride. A soft, gleeful smile loomed through the storm of tears. With great care, he prepared the toy for travelling. He stopped a moment on a corner and gazed at the pretty child whose small figure was quivering with sobs. As the latter began to show signs of beginning pursuit, the little vandal turned and vanished down a dark side street as into a swallowing cavern.

EMERGENCY MEASURES WHICH WOULD HAVE MAINTAINED SELF-RESPECTING MANHOOD.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

GOLD is more precious in the eyes of our legislators than independent, self-respecting citizenship. Money is dearer to the blunted moral susceptibilities of conventionalism than is human life. Millions for armories and the military instruction of the young, but not one cent to furnish employment to able-bodied industry in its struggle to escape the terrible alternative of stealing or starving,—such seems to be the theory of government in the United States to-day. And this being the case, the time for plain speaking has arrived. We hear a great deal about the sacredness of property. Is it not time that a word be uttered in behalf of the rights of man? The divine right of kings is a nightmare of the past. But the theory of the divine right of property has been carried to such a point that the rights of man are wellnigh forgotten in the presence of this nineteenth-century fetish, which has ignored justice, protected class interests and plundered industry of the wealth it had created.

The pitiful shortsightedness of those who should be wise has never found a more striking illustration than in the building of armories instead of the exercise of wise solicitude for the well-being of the people. Not armories but justice; not an appeal to brute force but the exercise of wisdom made luminous by love—these are the crying needs of the present. The lowering of the essential manhood of hundreds of thousands of industrious American citizens, who have been this year driven to begging in the midst of one of the richest nations on the globe, would not have been possible if, a few years ago, societies or clubs had been formed throughout the nation for the conscientious study of economic conditions, with a view to arriving at a more perfect understanding or appreciation of justice as it relates to all citizens. If a work similar to that being so admirably carried on by the Fabian Society of London had been vigorously prosecuted in our cities and rural communities, our government could not have manifested the stolid indifference to the vital needs and real welfare of its industrious citizens which has characterized it during the terrible winter which has just passed. The bitter cry for work, which went up from ocean to ocean, fell unheeded so far as the national government was concerned, while thousands upon

thousands of high-spirited, work-loving men were forced to beg for bread, and through the operation of our brutally unjust social conditions were driven into the slums, to the incalculable injury of the republic; *for anything which lowers the essential manhood or takes an iota from the self respect of the humblest citizen, is a real injury to the whole people.* The unheeded cry for work, which was the cry of self-respecting manhood and was the antipodes of an appeal for charity, has embittered thousands of American citizens. It has forced other thousands into the environment of moral death. It has resulted in driving numbers of men, women and children to drink, crime, suicide and immorality. And these irreparable calamities might have been averted had our nation appreciated the importance of maintaining the manhood of her citizens and holding their loyalty by bands woven of love and wisdom.

An extreme crisis demands prompt and extraordinary measures, and it is the duty of the government to rise equal to the emergency in crises like that through which we are even yet passing. If war had broken out in our midst, or if our land had been invaded, would the nation have remained unmoved or maintained a "masterly inactivity" while the fabric of free government was being undermined? On the same principle, when our government had within her borders tens of thousands of men praying for work, would it have been undemocratic if the nation had extended public works for the winter to such a degree that every man desiring employment might have found it?

Without going to the root causes of the present evil social conditions, which we who believe in equality of opportunity recognize as absolutely essential before enduring prosperity, happiness and larger progress can be made possible, I wish to point out the important facts that national contempt for the industrial millions makes revolution possible, and stolid indifference on the part of government in face of the bitter cry for work fosters savagery and hate in the bosoms of men who under other conditions would grow daily Godward.

I know that only radical economic changes, founded on justice and which comprehend the abolition of all class privileges and special legislation, will satisfy the awakened intelligence of the bone, sinew and brawn of civilization. That such changes are bound to come I doubt not, but I desire to see them brought about peaceably, and I also believe that the government which is indifferent to the great basic truth that the welfare of one should be the concern of all, will suffer for its brutal inhumanity. We are passing through a crisis of great significance in our history — a crisis which demands the wisdom of true statesmanship and the love of broad philanthropy.

There are many great enterprises which if carried on would add immensely to the nation's wealth, but which to be properly executed require the aid of the national government. As an illustration I will cite the Mississippi levees: the great levees of the lower Mississippi are yearly giving way at various points, resulting in vast destruction of property, while by reason of the liability to inundation thousands upon thousands of acres of the most fertile soil are rendered useless. "There are," says ex-Gov. Lionel Sheldon, "over twenty-three million acres of land exposed to overflow from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf. The productive power of these lands," he further observes, "is not excelled in any part of the world, and by proper cultivation they would annually add many hundred million dollars to the national wealth and afford profitable employment to several hundred thousand people."

Since the war the states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas have expended considerably over twenty million dollars in repairing the levees; but the work, being largely of a temporary character, serves only until a fresh rise breaks through to repeat the devastation of former years. The government has also aided the repairing to the extent of three million dollars in times of pressing need. The insufficient work and the high water of recent years, however, have greatly aggravated the deplorable conditions, and it has long become evident to many of the most thoughtful minds, who have studied the problem broadly, that the only feasible and wise method of meeting the exigencies of the case is for the national government to appropriate a sufficient sum to meet the requirements pointed out by eminent engineers, who have examined the situation under the auspices of the Mississippi River Commissioners: (1) To secure substantial uniformity in width of channel by building spurs and dykes at points where the Mississippi is too wide. (2) To rivet the banks where caving is likely to occur. (3) To build levees of a height and strength sufficient to confine the water to the channel.

The first expense, of course, would be great. Ex-Governor Sheldon estimates that the repairs since 1865 have cost over thirty million dollars, while they have been insufficient to protect millions of dollars' worth of property which every few years is destroyed, or to render useful vast areas of land which would yield immensely to the national wealth if the government carried out a work which would render the river an unmixed blessing. The present policy is shortsighted and in the long run the most expensive. The carrying out of a comprehensive plan for permanent improvement by the erection of impregnable levees and governing the currents by dykes and spurs, would give us a territory now useless, which, according to an eminent authority,

would yield annually hundreds of millions to our national wealth, and give productive employment to hundreds of thousands of people.

Now, if at the opening of winter the government had passed a bill in conformity to Act. I., Sec. VIII. of the Constitution (which authorizes the raising of revenues to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and *general welfare* of the United States), giving work to all out of work who desired employment, the nation would have dispelled the general gloom which had settled over the land. Such a law would have operated so as to have maintained the self-respect and manhood of a vast army who have been forced to beg. It would have saved thousands of families from a condition of serfdom. It would have strengthened the patriotism of millions of citizens, who now feel bitter toward the government, and this alone would have been far more valuable to the republic than the tinsel patriotism which is so popular at present, and which bears much the same relation to true patriotism as the statue in plaster bears to chiselled marble.

The occasion demanded an extraordinary measure to maintain manhood and promote loyalty by increasing the prosperity and happiness of the citizens; and how much better such expenditure than the immense sums being used by the government in constructing a navy which fosters the war spirit and which necessarily must be a perpetual expense. Whatever may be the necessity for the European powers to maintain enormous and expensive navies, there is no excuse for our republic's aping them. The carrying out of the Mississippi levee plan would have been an enterprise which would have yielded immensely to the national wealth, while it would have given work to an immense army of unemployed, who have been compelled to eat the bread and soup of charity, and who to-day have bitterness rankling in their hearts. I have only mentioned the Mississippi levees for the purpose of illustration in order to show what legitimate, wealth-productive measures the government might have employed in a great emergency such as the past winter presented to preserve the manhood, integrity and happiness of a large proportion of those who are the real backbone of the republic. This emergency was of the same grave character as that presented by an invasion or a rebellion, though less apparent in its immediate fruits.

But the apologists for easy-going conventionalism will tell us the proposition is absurd; if for no other reason than that the treasury of the government did not contain funds to meet its own requirements, to say nothing of an extra outlay. In reply I would say there was a time in the history of our government when our treasury was empty at a moment when vast sums were

required; gold had fled, as it always flees when danger or need is present, and in this emergency the national government issued her own notes, by which she was enabled to carry to a successful termination the most expensive and memorable internecine war known to modern times. Surely with this precedent and in the face of an emergency which demanded wise and humane action to maintain manhood, foster patriotism and increase the happiness and prosperity of America's millions, our government should not have hesitated to resort to similar methods, especially when the work to be carried on would have immensely added to our national resources. If gold had been demonetized and the mints thrown open for free coinage of silver, or if the government had made an issue of notes exactly the same as the issue of greenbacks which did not contain the exception clause, and then had engaged promptly in public work, the winter of 1893-94 would not have been the darkest in the economic history of the republic, and such demonstrations of the unemployed as have been made in many cities, would have been impossible.

The Mississippi levees are only one of many improvements of a perfectly legitimate character which the government might have begun. The arid regions of the West, which have not passed yet into the hands of trusts, might, through irrigation, have been made forever fruitful.

The occasion demanded prompt, wise and just action, to meet a condition which ought never to have been possible in a nation possessing such vast material resources and so rich in all life's necessities as our land — a condition which could not have been possible had we had a government of, for and by the people in any true sense. But when selfishness and avarice had produced the crisis, and a bitter cry for work became nation-wide, the immediate and solemn duty of the government was to concern itself for the relief of millions of sober and industrious citizens, who from self-respecting wage-earners were reduced to beggary. There should have been no hesitation in opening up works which would have given employment to all the unemployed; work which would have endeared the flag to the bone and sinew of the republic in such a way that no armories would have been needed; and at the same time the work accomplished would have immensely increased the wealth of the nation, and would have opened new fields for productive labor.

The indifference which has characterized our government at Washington in the presence of the widespread misery of the past months is inexplicable. The crisis called for emergency measures, but the government, feeling not the pinch of want, paid no heed to the cry of the people, apparently ignorant of the fact that independent, self-respecting manhood is the bulwark of democracy.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC: A SYMPOSIUM.

I. THE SALOON EVIL.

WELL, what of it? The saloon itself surely needs no discussion. It is the breathing hole of a deeper hell than King David ever knew. That greater depth marks the contributions of our Christian (?) civilization to the garnered curses of antiquity. Taking it as it is, taking into account the laws by which it is upheld and sanctioned, noting the perjuries of the sworn executors of those laws, marking the inconsequential attitude of most of those who professedly antagonize the saloon and the apathy of the general public, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the madness of politicians, the insanity of legislators, and the pervasive poison of our whole social, political and Christian life.

It is no wonder that the saloon thrives. Everything aids it. The limitation of its numbers, making it a monopoly, greatly increases its business profits. The license fee, though considerable in itself, is a mere bagatelle when contrasted with the increased advantages secured. Its stock of liquors is protected by the license. The seizure clause, the strong arm of the law, cannot well be applied even when the conditions of the license are violated. The licensed dealer distributes his stock through pocket peddlers in a thousand places from which liquors are ostensibly excluded. These act as the tentacles of the saloon, bringing it spoils from every quarter.

Every licensed dealer gives bonds for the faithful observance of the conditions of his license. This looks well. But who are usually the bondsmen? Ordinary business citizens who have property and character to lose? By no means. Usually wholesale liquor dealers, who have an interest to keep the retail channels of distribution open and as free as possible. It is well understood that the conditions of these bonds are rarely obeyed. They are not expected to be obeyed. They are rarely prosecuted when disobeyed. The arrangement is a sham. If any belated reformer thinks to startle the whole body of perjured policemen—not including all policemen—into a spasm of virtue by prosecuting some delinquent dealer, he soon awakes to disappointment. Probably conviction will not be secured; the general poison has infected the jury box. If that obstacle is not encountered, the

culprit at the bar, if an Irishman, is pretty sure to find in the box among the "sworn men good and true," some fellow Irishman who, whatever else he may do, will not convict a member of the "holy Catholic church." If, on the other hand, a conviction is by chance secured, the whole body of bondsmen may be called upon to save the poor persecuted son of Erin from harm. Thus we have a sort of liquor guild, a set of diabolical underwriters, a body guard of the kingdom of evil.

This is a truly shocking picture. Something must be done. A meeting is called. Some goodish sort of gentlemen pass resolutions condemning the saloon and equally condemning all stringent methods of its suppression. In their judgment the evils of the saloon and the evils of fanaticism are about equal—the latter possibly somewhat the greater, because they injure "our party"; while evils of the saloon, however objectionable in themselves, may be made to yield political success, and thus strengthen "our party." The success of "our party" is important above all things, even though some curses are among the necessary instrumentalities. "To do evil that good may come" is old, both in theory and practice, and keeps its place among the aphorisms of wisdom though the good never comes. It is not unlike that other saying, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," although in surrendering principle we surrender the whole loaf. While we imagine we are winning bread by some sweet and easy method, we are surprised to find the children starving.

Among those who perceive that something must be done, there are those who deem themselves specially practical. They will not permit their labors to end in talk. They are determined to bring something to pass. Instead of building a party that knows its duty and the meaning of an oath, they will "sustain the authorities." They will give their valuable support to the police. Hence they organize leagues of various sorts, "Anti-Saloon Republican Leagues," "Law and Order Leagues," "Watch and Ward Leagues," and the like. To be sure, the ground is already occupied. There are the regularly appointed executors of the law. The police are explicitly sworn to that very duty. They are liberally paid for that very service. They have the laws of the commonwealth behind them, not only authorizing, but commanding, the execution of these very ordinances. Besides, they have all needed power. They can summon the whole police force to any given point. They can call on the *posse comitatis*. They can make requisition upon the mayor for the city militia, he upon the governor for the military power of the state, and he in turn upon the president, if need be, for the national arm to be outstretched. And yet with all this vantage ground and these

transcendent resources on the part of the constituted authorities, these "babes in the wood" imagine that as volunteer citizens they can do what all other powers combined cannot do. They remind one of that old bull of the pope's which has been kept bellowing at intervals from the middle of the fourteenth century to the present time, which read after this fashion: "We excommunicate and anathematize, by the authority of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by the authority of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and by *our own*," etc. Who does not see what a vast addition this last item, the pope's authority, is to the authority of Almighty God!

Well, our volunteer citizens go forth to aid the authorities, but are surprised to find that they are doing nothing, are proposing to do nothing, are not even aware that there is anything to be done. "Criminalities of all sorts doubtless exist," they say, "but it is very difficult to obtain evidence that will convict." Our volunteer citizens, instead of aiding the authorities, find themselves compelled to lead the way. They can find evidences enough of criminality. The authorities now graciously promise assistance to the citizens.

Scarcely is this joint work entered upon before there is seen reason to suspect that the policeman who is aiding ostensibly with his left hand, has his right hand full of bribes. The aid which the citizen was confidently relying upon, to his surprise becomes an obstacle blocking his way. Or if the promised assistance in a series of cases is honestly rendered, it is found to have no self-perpetuating life. The moment the outside pressure is withdrawn, everything falls back into a state of undisturbed iniquity and apathetic toleration. Move up a step and interview the commission that appoints and controls the police; and while you will be graciously received, you will find the conversation so interlarded with apologies, subterfuges and political blarney that you become convinced that the whole department is administered, not to execute law and repress crime, but to mislead the public, tolerate if not shield crime, and buttress the political power by which the commission is created.

By a necessary inference, as well as by direct evidence, we come to the spirit that rules on Beacon Hill. A party that makes high pretensions to virtuous aims; that has not permitted itself to be brought to any genuine test for a score of years; that has not permitted a prohibitory resolution to be acted upon in convention or a prohibitory bill to be reported in the legislature; that has disintegrated the state by its local option laws, thus repudiating its responsibilities in defending the weak against the strong, in protecting the honest, the industrious and the sober against the idle, the vicious and the criminal; a party that leaves

a great city like Boston, not only to curse its own citizens by its debaucheries, but to send forth its streams of death throughout the commonwealth and even all New England; a party that has passed a thousand and one acts concerning the drink traffic, being careful that none of them should seriously disturb the trafficker; a party that challenges admiration of its existing laws touching license, but sends a commission to Sweden and Norway to import some new scheme of perpetuating the liquor *regime*, on the one hand, and the reputation of the party for interest in temperance, on the other hand; a party that with the cunning of the fabled Mephistopheles is planning at this very moment so to add to the infamy of its already existing legislation as to make it impracticable for prohibitionists to place the names of their candidates on the official ballot; a party so lost to all sense of the rights of citizenship that they would blush even to look Benedict Arnold in the face; a party whose corruption is so all-pervasive as to have swept in the supreme court, which dodges instead of deciding constitutional questions submitted to it — such a party bears rule on Beacon Hill. That there are now and then spasms of virtue in its ranks, I do not doubt. But whatever throes of conscience may now and then disturb them are as evanescent and valueless as the galvanic contortions of the limbs of a dead frog.

There is one other phase of this monstrous problem that I must not omit to mention. The bulk of the voters is divided between two great parties. They are both license parties. They both enter into complicity with the traffic, and share both the infamy and the spoils. And yet a large body of these voters, at every municipal election, vote against license. Thus in the narrow limit of the municipality they vote against the traffic; on the broad theatre of the state they vote for the traffic. Their state influence for license, compared with their municipal influence against license, is as a mountain to a molehill. And yet these goodish people appear not to know that all the while they are voting for license with a tremendous emphasis. Such is the diffused poison of the saloon.

What is the remedy? Not in the drink traffic. Not in any pretended restrictive or regulative laws that at the same time protect the traffic. This problem is not one of numbers, times, places, or persons, but one of whiskey, brandy, gin, *et al.* Given the drink in the hopper, and you have ruined humanity at the tail of the mill. The continual modification of these laws shows them to be unsatisfactory even to those who make them.

The remedy is the suppression of the traffic. It cannot be done? It can be done. It was done in 1867, under the law of 1855, which the late Judge Sanger, then District Attorney of

Suffolk County, declared was the strongest law that could be made and was executed. Hundreds of the strongest dealers assured him that if the state was in earnest they would not contend. "In earnest"! What a commentary on the hypocrisy of the state! The traffickers were driven to the wall. Their counsel assured them that nothing could save them but the repeal of the law. This was attempted in 1867. The liquor sellers got the merchants of Boston to petition for the repeal, professedly in the interests of temperance; they paid ex-Governor Andrew fifteen thousand dollars and Honorable Linus Child five thousand dollars to manage that hypocritical pretence; they called one hundred twenty-five drinking witnesses, officials, ex-officials and drinking clergy, confessedly such, who preferred that the traffic should go on. They were confronted by seventy-five remonstrants, total abstainers all, led by Honorable William B. Spooner and Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D.

The drink dealers' efforts were a dead failure. Ninety men uncommitted in Senate and House at the beginning, after six weeks' open inquest, voted to sustain the law, thus giving the remonstrants triumphant success. By open discussion the law could not be destroyed. By subsequent dark lantern processes and the treachery of politicians it was destroyed. From that day to this the public mind has been studiously corrupted by both politicians and press, declaring the law a failure. It was not a failure. It was lied off the statute book because of its success.

A. A. MINER.

II. A PROHIBITIONIST POINTS THE WAY OUT.

THE traffic in intoxicating liquors, for beverage purposes, has long been before the bar of public opinion; the evidence is all in before the jury and the verdict rendered is: "Altogether bad, not a single good thing can be said of it." Without a dissenting voice it is acknowledged that the existing saloon system is debauching the physical condition of its millions of patrons; its bloated, brain-cooked, nerve-paralyzed victims stagger upon every street where this indiscriminate poison traffic exists.

On the heels of the vast army of the finished product of the saloon, come the new recruits from the occasional drinkers, the social-circle glass, those poisoned from the mother's medicine chest or by the physician's hands; men and women strong in the faith of their superior will power "to drink or let it alone." These fill up the ranks made vacant by those who have fallen victims to this slow but sure and insidious poison. Alcoholism is a national disease with the Americans, and being a disease of the nerves it is, with deadly effect, transmitted from one generation

to the next. It must be checked or it will degenerate the whole race, physically.

A more serious indictment is that its victims, while under the spell, are irresponsible agents, as much so as madmen who are incarcerated for the safety of society, in asylums for the insane. A large majority of the crimes committed in this crime-ridden generation are at the hands of men suffering with alcoholic insanity. In the press of to-day, as I write, I find this item:—

HE DESERVES LYNCHING.

CELMA, TENN., March 9. — This hamlet has been shocked by a horrible tragedy. George A. Smith, a farmer forty-five years old, went home drunk on Wednesday night, killed his infant child and brutally pounded his wife, whose throat he afterwards cut. Leaving the bleeding victims, he went to the house of his sister-in-law, whom he found in bed sick. Grasping her by the hair he pulled her out and beat her, but she escaped and alarmed the neighbors. Smith is being pursued by enraged neighbors, who will lynch him.

This man Smith, when under the influence of this brain poison, is no more responsible for his acts than any other maniac; yet men, these "outraged neighbors," will add another to the horrible list of mobs that have become a national disgrace within the past decade, while the helpless women and child, spoken of in this paragraph, beaten and murdered, join the vast army of such victims, reported daily as sufferers in the same manner. There is this difference between insanity from alcoholism and that from other causes: men drunk are insane from choice of action, while other maniacs are so from no known cause or choice of conduct.

Those who have visited the ruins of Pompeii will remember the man caught in the ashes of Vesuvius, when "dead drunk," as he lies in the glass case sleeping as peacefully as a babe, all unaware of his pending doom, too "drunk" to use the sense of self-preservation as did the dog, the Roman slave, and the mother who lie in cases near him. These bespeak the possession of sense, in their struggle for life, so terrible as to cause their lava-encrusted bodies to tell the awful agony through which they passed, until tears of sympathy start, as we behold their bodies after all these centuries have gone by. Observation and human experience teach that, from the day the man of Pompeii became drunk to the day of Mr. Smith's crime, alcohol is a brain poison, the sale and use of which should be carefully guarded by well-executed laws, in the name of public health and the general welfare of a people.

The dangerous increase of disease from the widespread use of liquor can best be appreciated when we remember that fifty years ago we consumed only four gallons *per capita* of this poison where now we are consuming about nineteen gallons *per capita*.

It is plain from this that unless the Americans become speedily alarmed by this condition of things, a few generations hence and we shall not possess physical, mental or moral power sufficient to cope with this insidious enemy.

An additional danger is upon us; the temptations to make money and the demands of the government to derive revenue from this traffic are so great that the vilest decoctions are being compounded and poured down the throats of drinkers, to make sure that the revenue to dealers may cover all costs. This revenue-getting acts as an anæsthetic upon public conscience, which sleeps while this powerful enemy marches on toward national dishonor and destruction.

I shall take no space to touch upon the industrial phase of this traffic more than to say that in this year of unprecedented "hard times," public soup houses and charity bread distributions, when a million homes are in distress and three millions of would-be workers are enforced idlers, if the over twelve hundred millions of dollars expended last year by our people for intoxicating liquors, had been expended in the legitimate avenues of home-building and home-furnishing, none would necessarily be fed or clothed by the hand of charity, notwithstanding the money policy of Grover Cleveland and John Sherman has closed the avenues of trade for a six months or more, while Wall Street bleeds the wage-earners and agriculturists by its neat little game, made possible only because the masses are drunk with rum and party.

It is not necessary to multiply the indictments against this acknowledged enemy of the race. The evils of it are upon us, and

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must be our chief concern. This must be through concerted political action. The legal protection given to this traffic is its bulwark. This legal sanction must give place to legal prohibition.

The slave block existed as long as it was entrenched behind law and upheld by political parties; it disappeared only when it was legally prohibited. So has it been and so will it be with the liquor saloon. No amount of compromises in the name of "regulation" or "restriction," not the Mason and Dixon's line nor the Fugitive Slave Law, hindered or weakened the arm of human slavery. Abolition, with a political party back of it, alone did the work.

Legislative compromises, in the name of "restriction and regulation" of the poison traffic, are as numerous almost as our statutes, and all have proved to be monumental failures. We have tried to curtail its growth by high and low tax, high and

low license; we have required Sunday and holiday, eleven o'clock and other day and o'clock closing; we have prohibited saloons by so many feet from schoolhouses, churches and graveyards; we have tried the "mulet" plan, which is only a new name by which we have rebaptized the same old curse of license; we have adopted prohibitory laws, in many states, without electing prohibition men or parties to enforce them, only to see these laws partially enforced for a time, then overthrown, that one of the two old parties might gain supremacy in office by making a football of existing prohibition laws. All these experiments have proved inefficient to fully settle the question.

History and experience teach that if we ever solve this national problem we must have a national political combination, or party, to write, execute and maintain laws abolishing this traffic. Let us review facts in proof of this demand.

In the whole history of legislative dealings with this question we have, in various states, adopted state-wide prohibition twenty-six times. Of these laws the Democratic party has adopted ten and repealed four; the Republican party has adopted nine and repealed seven, with the party now trying in Iowa, to repeal the present prohibitory law, in harmony with its promise, in return for the whiskey money and vote in the last election; the Republican and Know-Nothing parties adopted three; Whig, two; American, one, and the latter repealed one law.

These facts are ample proof that a political party which considers prohibition of the liquor traffic of so slight importance as to ignore it in the party platform, cannot be trusted to settle the question politically. Neither can a party that considers any other question paramount to this one be trusted to do this work successfully and permanently. Therefore if we would forever settle this question it must be done by a political party pledged especially to this service.

It is a recognized law of mechanics that special tools and machinery must be constructed to perform special work; this is as true of political as of any other work. Again, neither the Democratic nor the Republican party could settle this question if they would. In each party there is a majority of good, patriotic men, but there is also a vicious minority, this last largely composed of rum dealers and their henchmen. This minority is bound to do the one thing, protect the saloon interests by appropriate legislation; it stands upon the fulcrum between the two old parties, which are so evenly divided in numbers, and throws itself on either side, first one, then the other, all this time seizing upon any issue that is at hand to intensify the party spirit. They give the power first to one and then to the other of these parties, sure that as long as they can keep up this see-saw the liquor traffic is com-

paratively safe from prohibitive legislation. Nor would the cause be better served by the Populists, for they are too compromising to make declarations against the traffic or to promise, if once in power, that they would outlaw the whole business and keep it outlawed.

The Prohibition party was organized Sept. 1, 1869. From that day to the present, this ever-increasing band has withstood the terrible onslaughts of those engaged in the traffic. Many have lost their lives at the hands of rum assassins, while reputation and business interests have been assailed without stint or mercy. But these things are naught when compared to the persecutions heaped upon this band by the press and leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties. As soon as men or women of influence have presumed to exercise the right of every American, that of independent political action, almost every sin in the category has been charged to their hitherto blameless lives. Notwithstanding all these things they stand, and are growing stronger and stronger as the years roll by. It is universally acknowledged that it is the moral principle espoused by the Prohibitionists that has held them together throughout all these years of opposition. At the hands of such voters must come the solution of the liquor question.

This party, in control of the government, would adopt absolute prohibition for state and nation. Their executive officers, believing in the policy, would assure enforcement of laws and adequate punishment for violation of the same. Every child would be taught, in schools, the effects of alcohol upon the human system, and these would go forth as men and women with an intelligence that would quarantine the liquor poison as surely as other agents that threaten human life and welfare are now quarantined. In the meantime, men who wilfully and of their own choice become drunken and a menace to society, should receive personal punishment. The drunkard should be as vigorously punished as the drunkard maker.

The liquor traffic can never be destroyed by men who are financial, moral or political cowards, by men who are weak enough to show the white feather to the saloon interest. It can never be put down by men who care more for the supremacy of party than for the supremacy of principle. When the men who believe the saloon should be suppressed are as willing to "raise the black flag" upon it as they now are on their political opponents, the question will be easily and speedily settled.

As opinion, crystallized at the ballot box, becomes law, and as women have opinions upon this question largely in harmony with prohibition, one of the surest ways out of present difficulties is to enfranchise the women of the national household.

THE STEPS

leading to the way out of the saloon evil are summed up : —

Education of the rising generation as to the physical effects of alcohol and narcotics.

Punishment for intoxication.

Legal prohibition of the indiscriminate sale of alcoholic beverages.

Incarceration, in the penitentiary, of those who violate the law.

Enfranchisement of women.

The election of the Prohibition party to power in all branches of the government.

The closing hours of the nineteenth century should record the liberation of so intelligent a people as ourselves from the tentacles of this devil fish of our civilization. Only when the voters are willing to do their part shall we find the right way out from the evils of the saloon.

HELEN M. GOUGAR.

III. THE SOUTH CAROLINA EXPERIMENT.

I recently visited South Carolina, and during my stay investigated Governor Tillman's State Dispensary Law, which has been so savagely attacked and mercilessly ridiculed by that part of the press dominated by the liquor power. I was greatly surprised to find how successful the experiment has proved, even in the face of the most powerful and most unscrupulous opposition. The further I investigated the problem the more I was impressed with the conviction that the liquor traffic of this country has received a wound from the simple-minded, rough-handed farmer governor, which will prove mortal in so far at least as the corrupting influence of the rum power in politics is concerned. For many years liquor controlled South Carolina; now South Carolina dispenses liquor. The saloon now controls our national politics; would it not be an improvement to have the government control the saloon? This question must become a national one, and none appreciate this more than the liquor power. South Carolina must be reclaimed to the saloon, or South Carolina will lead the nation in a revolt against this most cruel of all earthly tyrants, and alcohol will be made to serve man instead of being permitted to master him.

At the present time this little pioneer state is invaded on every side by the ruling power of this nation. Liquor pours in like water from a thousand sources. No cost is too great for the besiegers if only discredit can be thrown upon the experiment. Not only are thugs and detectives and smugglers hired to infest the borders and help defeat the laws, but lawyers and judges

have been turned by this corrupting power into law breakers; pulpits have been turned into platforms in the interest of the hellish traffic, and agents of liquor in the garb of clergymen made to exploit the name of God in their advocacy of lawlessness and rebellion.

Not only this, but the liquor power might consider it a paying investment if, by the expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars a month, the leading newspapers of the country could be induced to poison the public mind against the measure. And those sufficiently familiar with the anatomy of the modern newspaper to know that nearly all are stock companies, organized simply for the purpose of making money, would not consider unreasonable the suspicion that money had been used freely with the press in creating a public opinion unfavorable to the present government of South Carolina.

Of course the South Carolina law is not perfect. It may be as imperfect as the first locomotive constructed by George Stephenson; but the people did not destroy his machine and condemn the inventor; they joined their efforts with his and produced modern railroading. No great beneficial result ever came from the work of harping critics and obstructionists. It is the builder whose fame endures. And if there are features connected with the South Carolina liquor law to which objections can be raised, let the critic first free his own state from the domination of the saloon as effectually as Governor Tillman has freed South Carolina, and then make such improvements as he can.

After all, the saloon problem is not a local but a national question. The principle cannot be fairly tested in a single state surrounded by a hostile army backed by unlimited resources and proficient with the weapons, fraud, bribery and slander. To free the issue, whether the nation shall control the whiskey business or the whiskey business continue to control the nation, let me suggest for a place on the national ticket of the party of reform for 1896 the name of Ben Tillman.

WALTER VROOMAN.

IV. THE CORRUPTING INFLUENCE OF THE LIQUOR POWER IN POLITICS, AND OUTLINES OF TWO PRACTICAL METHODS FOR DEALING WITH THE SALOON EVIL.

I. THE MENACE OF THE LIQUOR POWER IN POLITICS.

If the saloon injured only those who indulged in liquor, the case would be different, and the question as to the right of the government to exercise a police power might be an open one. When, however, it is remembered that far more innocent persons suffer through this evil than those who are guilty, when we re-

member that a large proportion of our most heinous crimes are the fruits of the saloon, that drink is filling penitentiaries, insane asylums and poorhouses, and, moreover, that its hand reaches forward and crushes the best while abnormally developing the worst in the unborn, it is certainly a proper subject for legislation, if the state ever has any right to legislate to preserve the purity of the ballot, to protect the innocent, to save vast expenditure for the punishment of crime, and to protect the generation of tomorrow from imbecility and moral degradation.

During the past few decades the liquor power in politics has become such a factor in controlling legislation and debauching political life, that many conservative thinkers who have ignored or opposed prohibition now realize that a prompt and decisive policy must be employed other than that which has fostered this political devil fish. On this point Mr. Henry George, in the course of an argument for free trade in the liquor traffic says* :—

For the "rum power" is certainly a fact of the first importance. It is an active, energetic, tireless factor in our practical politics, a corrupt and debauching element, standing in the way of all reform and progress, a potent agency by which unscrupulous men may lift themselves to power, and an influence which operates to lower public morality and official character.

Intemperance is a grave evil. But it is not the only evil. Political corruption is also a grave evil. The most ardent advocate of temperance would probably admit that there may be a point where the one evil may be outweighed by the other, and would hesitate to accept the total abstinence that prevails in Turkey if accompanied with Turkish corruption of government. There is no instance in which intemperance among a civilized people has stopped advance and turned civilization back towards barbarism, but the history of the world furnishes example after example in which this has occurred from the corruption of government, ending finally in corruption of the masses.

It is folly to ignore the fact that since the liquor power has entered politics in earnest it has waged, on the whole, a successful warfare. The increase in the prohibition vote during a period of great discontent and unrest is not such as to inspire friends of temperance with hope, especially when it is remembered that the comparatively small gain in voting strength has been accompanied by disasters which prove the power as well as the disposition of the liquor oligarchy to subvert good government and to corrupt manhood that it may acquire a dominance which it hopes and believes will be unrivalled. Iowa is lost to prohibition. The two old parties are vying with each other in subserviency to the dictates of the liquor power. Municipality after municipality is being debauched, and its fatal influence is manifest in all branches of government no less than in the moral lethargy which is deadening the finer and higher sensibilities of our voters. The

* ARENA, January, 1890.

outlook grows still more ominous when it is remembered that the oligarchy of night, which was rich and unscrupulous last year, is vastly richer and more arrogant to-day; while by this time next year its wealth, and its power for further prostituting manhood, will be greatly augmented.

The license system, as conducted in the United States, has fostered if it has not created the liquor power in politics. It has been fairly and freely tried, and under its influence an oligarchy has arisen as powerful and determined as it is corrupt and unscrupulous. Indeed, any system of license which enriches interested individuals places a weapon in the hands of the licensed which will in time make the licensing power the slave of the licensed, and as I have before pointed out, the rapid increase in wealth of this evil power renders the chances for overcoming it more hopeless, for two reasons: (1) The public conscience is becoming more and more blunted in regard to this question, at a period when moral impulses are stirring and the people are moving along other lines of reform work. (2) Every year the liquor oligarchy in America is becoming more powerful through its rapidly augmenting wealth. Its influence is readily seen in its successive triumphs during recent years, in the court decisions no less than in the grovelling subserviency of both the great parties.

Of the practical working of this power the illustration given by Honorable Ernest H. Crosby of New York indicates its nature, methods of procedure and the crime against liberty and pure government, which a people commit, who in the face of such a corrupting power, exhibit a stolid indifference. Says Mr. Crosby, as quoted by Mr. George in the argument to which I have referred:—

The brewers deserve special notice. Their immense wealth gives them opportunities for wholesale bribery. They raise enormous funds for use in all canvasses in which the temperance issue is raised. But the brewers have a greater power than mere riches. Each brewery has a large number of beer-shops under its direct control. They select men of straw, provide the money to establish them in business, and take back chattel mortgages on the saloon fixtures. They thus gain absolute possession of the mortgagor, body and soul, and he follows their directions in politics implicitly. One firm of brewers in a leading city holds six hundred chattel mortgages of this kind, aggregating \$310,134 in value. Another has two hundred eight, valued at \$442,063. We can see in a moment the concentration of power which such a system affords. The saloons in order to rule must combine, and here is a plan of combination already provided. One example will show how this power is used. Two years ago the brewers in a strong Democratic district determined to send an attorney of theirs, Mr. A. P. Fitch, to Congress. They secured the Republican nomination for him. The Democratic barrooms were ordered to support him, and he was elected. While serving his term in Congress, the Mills Bill, leaning toward free trade, came up for consideration. The brewers were in favor of reducing the surplus in this way, as they desired the internal revenue to remain untouched. Mr. Fitch left

his party and voted for the Mills Bill. The brewers turned to, obtained the Democratic nomination for him, and elected him again in the same district.

This illustration is valuable because it is typical and shows how real is the danger which menaces free governments.

Now in the light of these facts, is it not the part of wisdom for all who appreciate the evil of the liquor traffic to unite upon some specific measure which enlisting the moral sentiment of the nation and inspiring the people with fresh courage, will commend itself to the brain and judgment of thoughtful and practical people, who appreciate the increasing menace of the liquor power and are alive to the blighting curse of the saloon? No system or measure which is not headed toward prohibition can rightly expect the support of conscientious prohibitionists. Moreover, the system which challenges the support of the earnest patriot must strike a deadly blow at *the saloon power in politics*. The first great conquest to be made if the conscience and moral sentiment of the people are to triumph over the corrupt influence and free use of gold on the part of the liquor power, is first to weaken and then destroy its political supremacy.

I do not believe in sacrificing principle, but if those who love good government wish to see the right triumph they cannot afford to ignore methods which would render victory possible, provided these methods lead toward the goal for which they are striving. If Washington, with an army incomparably inferior in numbers, discipline and equipments to that opposing him, had recklessly risked engagements with the British, the cause of American independence would have gone down; and yet he was severely censured by many patriots for not adopting a course which would inevitably have ended disastrously for the colonists, and thus have delayed for many years the triumph of liberty in America. Is it the part of wisdom for prohibitionists to fight for many weary generations against a power which is certainly growing more powerful, when they could render the triumph of their cause possible by combining with millions who are ready to support measures which would necessarily cripple, if not utterly destroy, the liquor power in politics?

Two methods of treating the liquor traffic have recently come before the public attention, and are rapidly gaining favor among those who realize the necessity of checking at once the power of the liquor traffic in politics. One of these systems is broadly termed the Scandinavian method* modified and adapted to

* The Scandinavian system was ably described and the practical results which have followed its introduction were clearly presented by Mr. John Koren in the April ARENA. The author, in the capacity of agent for our commonwealth, having personally visited all the cities and important towns of Norway and Sweden, was enabled to give facts of great value.

American needs, and the other is the state control of the traffic or the state dispensary system.

II. THE SCANDINAVIAN METHOD.

The Scandinavian system, improved and modified according to the suggestions of eminent social reformers, would place in the hands of a corporation, more than one half of the members of which should be total abstainers and whose manager must be a total abstainer, the absolute control of the liquor trade for the municipality voting for the adoption of this system. The corporation would not be permitted to receive more than from four to six per cent, as fixed by the law, on the capital invested, the balance of the money going to objects of general public benefit, but not for works which would otherwise require taxes; as those most interested in this movement appreciate the fact that the traffic would hold in it the germs of perpetual life if any part of the proceeds were applied in such a way as to lower the tax rate.

The saloon run by the company would have none of the alluring features of the fashionable drinking resort of our time, while the low dives, which are such plague spots in the slums of our cities, would disappear. The saloon would be closed at six or seven o'clock, as specified by law. The greatest or most beneficent feature in this system would be the destruction of the influence of the liquor power as now wielded. Of course, there are objections which can be urged, but the question is whether or not it may not be the wisest first step under existing conditions and in the presence of so deadly a foe to a pure ballot and good government as is the liquor power. Surely this method merits the careful consideration of all earnest men and women.*

III. STATE CONTROL.

This method is being widely discussed by the political reformers throughout the country at the present time, and it will not be surprising if it becomes a prominent state issue in many commonwealths even if it is omitted from the national platform. It was, I believe, originally advanced by the Nationalists, and

* A bill based on the Norwegian plan has been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature, a digest of which is as follows:—

"In any city or town voting to grant licenses to sell intoxicating liquors under the Norwegian system, every such license shall continue in force until three years from said first day of May unless sooner forfeited or rendered void, and no vote shall be taken in such city or town on the question of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors until the third annual election or town meeting following the one at which such city or town voted to grant such licenses under the Norwegian system; and in such city or town wherein a corporation is organized to take licenses of the first and second classes, as hereinafter defined, no licenses of these two classes shall be granted except to such corporation, and such corporation shall apply all the profits of the business above five per centum on its capital, except as hereinafter provided, to aid of objects of general public benefit and utility, to be decided upon as hereinafter provided. There shall be but one such corporation doing business within such city or town."

readily found favor with a large class of persons who, though opposing prohibition until public sentiment unquestionably favored it, deplored the corrupting influence of the saloon power and also wished to see the evil treated in such a manner as to destroy many of its most vicious features. In South Carolina it has been adopted and is now on trial, with the entire whiskey power assailing it; a large portion of the clergy and many of the leading dailies also are attacking it, and yet it is claimed to have worked excellently, and undoubtedly will be strengthened and improved, as I am informed that the sentiment of the state is with Governor Tillman in his determined effort to enforce the law and make it a positive success.

The South Carolina law, however, includes a feature which can never be approved by sincere prohibitionists, because it contains the germ of perpetuity for the traffic. This vicious feature, which, I greatly regret to say, is stoutly defended by the governor, is found in the provision that all profits accruing from the traffic shall be appropriated as follows: the state shall receive one half, the county one fourth, and the municipality one fourth.

I believe that prohibitionists can and ought to unite on either the state control or the Scandinavian plan, where prohibition does not prevail, provided these measures are so drawn as to take the traffic from the control of the liquor oligarchy, and at the same time eliminate the objectionable feature which appropriates the profits for the reduction of taxes and thus tends to fasten the evil permanently on the commonwealth. For if this point is guarded against, the introduction of these measures will be positive steps toward prohibition and ought, I think, to commend themselves to the judgment of prohibitionists. Moreover, with such safeguards provided, I believe temperance people could go before the nation and arouse the moral sentiment of the people to such a pitch of enthusiasm that the supremacy of the saloon power in politics could be destroyed.

The points claimed in favor of the State Dispensary Law of South Carolina are thus set forth* by Governor Tillman:—

1. The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increase the sales.
2. A pure article is guaranteed, as it is subject to chemical analysis.
3. The consumer obtains honest measure of standard strength.
4. Treating is stopped, as the bottles are not opened on the premises.
5. It is sold only in the daytime; this under a regulation of the board, and not under the law.
6. The concomitants of ice, sugar, lemons, etc., being removed, there is not the same inclination to drink remaining, and the closing of the saloons, especially at night, and the prohibition of its sale by the drink, destroy the enticements and seductions which have caused so many men and boys to be led astray and enter on the downward course.

* *North American Review* for February, 1894.

7. It is sold only for cash, and there is no longer "chalking up" for daily drinks against pay day. The workingman buys his bottle of whiskey Saturday night and carries the rest of his wages home.

8. Gambling dens, poolrooms and lewd houses, which have hitherto been run almost invariably in connection with the saloons, which were thus a stimulus to vice, separated from the sale of liquor, have had their patronage reduced to a minimum, and there must necessarily follow a decrease of crime.

9. The local whiskey rings, which have been the curse of every municipality in the state, and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch, and the influence of the barkeeper as a political manipulator is absolutely destroyed. The police, removed from the control of these debauching elements, will enforce the law against evil-doing with more vigor, and a higher tone and greater purity in all governmental affairs must result.

Mr. L. D. Childs of Columbia, S. C., a strong prohibitionist, while severely criticising the Dispensary Law, makes the following observation as to the superiority of this measure over the old license system:—

But I believe that the majority of unprejudiced minds will concur in the belief that in many of its features it is an improvement on the old license system. Among these may be mentioned that the allurements and attractions of the gilded saloon are eliminated, which is a great gain. The sale of liquor after dark is discontinued, therefore much of the midnight debauchery which once prevailed has ceased. The social feature of drinking on the premises where sold is forbidden, and it is to this fact chiefly that I attribute the reduction of drunkenness. The dispenser, being paid a salary, is less interested in increasing the sale of liquor, so will not be so apt to break the law against selling to minors, drunkards or others who would abuse its use, as the bar-keepers would do. The saloon-keepers having been driven from their business and their forces consequently scattered, their political power has been greatly weakened.

The last observation made by Mr. Childs* is worthy of special attention. It is in relation to the probable future of the temperance question in South Carolina:—

As to the outlook for a Prohibition measure I am inclined to believe if the matter could be contested at present on the naked issue of Dispensary or Prohibition, Prohibition would secure a glorious victory; but, as suggested before, it is so closely allied to the party in power that the factional lines would be drawn, and in that lies our danger. The people of our state have been educated out of the barroom idea, and it now devolves on the Prohibitionists to educate them out of the Dispensary, and I have little doubt that can be accomplished if the profits accruing from the Dispensary be not large. If the Dispensary proves a financial success, the task will be more difficult to accomplish. The Prohibition and Dispensary questions have been discussed so freely that many voters have given the subject much study, and consequently have come out on the side of Prohibition.

The barroom, as it existed under the old system, will never be allowed to reinstate itself within the borders of South Carolina. Were that issue made again, liquor interests would not poll one half the vote

* *The Voice*, March 15, 1894.

cast in the last contest. The Dispensary law is violated, of course, but no more than many other laws upon the statute book. With the effort now being put forth by the chief executive of the state, a man of strong determination and marked ability, I feel assured that the violations will become less frequent.

It will be seen from the testimony of this staunch prohibitionist that the practical working of the Dispensary Law will unquestionably be that of a schoolmaster who would bring the people to prohibition unless the odious feature of state profit fastens the saloon permanently on the state.

Governor Tillman endeavored to secure reports from all towns in the state as to the number of arrests for drunkenness and disorder arising from liquor drinking during the first three months after the Dispensary Law came into force, and also for the corresponding three months during the year previous. In eleven towns no arrests had been made for the above causes during either year. In the remaining eighteen towns which reported, including Charleston and Columbia, the arrests for drunkenness and disorder caused through drink for the first three months after the law went into force numbered *four hundred nine*, while during a corresponding period the year previous the arrests reached *eight hundred six*. By this it will be seen that there was almost *twice as many under the license system as there was during the same period the next year under the despised Dispensary Law*.

B. O. FLOWER.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TWO IMPORTANT WORKS ON HIGHER CRITICISM.

VERBUM DEI.*

A NUMBER of works have recently appeared from ripe scholars, dealing with religious thought in such a manner as to reveal the far-reaching character of the revolution in progress among sincere thinkers within the Christian church. The hideous religious nightmare which enveloped popular thought in New England in the time of Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth is happily disappearing, and although we still find here and there narrow-visioned and intolerant minds which refuse to enjoy the healthful sunlight of our age, the most conscientious and sincere scholarship, even within our most orthodox churches, is accepting with gladness broader and more lofty ideals of religion than those which prevailed in a more ignorant and savage past.

A most significant illustration of this fact was witnessed on October 12, in the city of Worcester, Mass., where the Noyes appointment resolution was carried by a vote of one hundred and six to twenty-four, even in spite of the strenuous efforts of Rev. Joseph Cook and other legitimate successors of Michael Wigglesworth, who declared that the appointment of Rev. Mr. Noyes "involved a final, permanent change in the theology of the Board." That Mr. Cook was right in his declaration of the real significance of the appointment of Mr. Noyes, notwithstanding the wording of the resolution, few will dispute, while the majority of eighty-two for progress and more humane religion must have made the two dozen voting members who stood for the old-time Puritanism feel decidedly lonely. When such leaders of orthodox thought as Canon Farrar declare their faith in restoration, Professor Drummond accepts unreservedly the theory of evolution, Professor Briggs boldly announces the conclusion that man may find God through the Bible, as did Spurgeon, through the church, as did Cardinal Newman, and through nature, as did Martineau; and lastly, when the American Board votes one hundred and six to twenty-four in favor of Rev. Mr. Noyes—who believes in probation for the heathen—it is quite evident that a religious revolution is on in the orthodox churches.

I have before me a volume from the pen of a strictly orthodox scholar, who is also an advocate of the higher criticism. I refer to the latest work by the eminent English biblical scholar, R. F. Horton, M. A., entitled "Verbum Dei." This volume comprises the lectures on preaching delivered by Mr. Horton in 1893, before the Yale Divinity School. In this work the author advances the conviction that "The method of God

* "Verbum Dei." By Rev. R. F. Horton, M. A. Cloth; pp. 300; price, \$1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

is one in all ages," and he who speaks for Him must hear Him. In answer to the question, "Does the word of the Lord come to His servants to-day as it came to the prophet and leader of Israel?" our author cites several striking illustrations to show that God speaks to His servants to-day as He spoke in olden times. The following is one of the instances quoted by Mr. Horton:—

The second example is a personal experience of Mr. Finney's, which must be given in his own words:—

"When I came out of the pulpit in the afternoon, an aged man approached and said to me, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious meetings there.' I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at five o'clock, in their schoolhouse. . . . I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the wayside, and felt as if I were too faint to reach there, and, if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees, and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased to sing I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer.

"Up to this moment I had had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose up from my knees *the Lord gave me this*: 'Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people, as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. . . . While I was doing this I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. . . . I turned upon them and said that I had understood that they had never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood; and, applying the fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the Spirit with all my might. From this moment the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock . . . the word seemed *literally* to cut like a sword."

I need not quote more. At the second visit Mr. Finney learned for the first time that the place, on account of its wickedness, had been nicknamed Sodom, and the old man who had invited the preacher to visit it was nicknamed Lot, because he was the only professor of religion there. I do not know any instance in the Old Testament of the word of the Lord coming more aptly and powerfully, or in circumstances of greater need and dejection, to a Moses, a Samuel, an Elijah, or any of the prophets whose writings have come down to us.

In the chapter on "The Word of God Outside the Bible" Mr. Horton says:—

But neither the apostles themselves nor their Lord gave a hint that the direct communication of the Spirit of God with believing men was thenceforward to cease. Rather, they gave many express declarations to the contrary. . . .

The reading of the Zendavesta has assured us of a pure and simple faith in ancient Persia which is greatly in advance of the more corrupted forms of Christianity. Meanwhile the records of the buried cities of Mesopotamia have come to light, and proved that many truths and religious ideas which we supposed were the peculiar property of God's chosen people were familiar to the kindred nations whom we regarded as not chosen. . . .

If we would rightly apprehend the word of God in its breadth of significance, we must recognize this manifoldness in the gradations of His self-revelation, and freely admit that our own faith differs from other religions, not in this respect, that it is from God and they are not from Him, but rather in the supreme importance of the fact which is the key to all religions, the person of Jesus Christ. . . . All the religions were, as Schiller taught, hints, suggestions, anticipations, aspirations, which looked towards Christ.

If, then, we would follow the teaching of the Bible, we must expect a word of God to come to us outside the Bible, from nature and the order of created things. Science is a word of God, and the poetic and rapturous perception of beauty in the universe is a word of God. They who shut their minds against proved facts of science are closing their ears to the voice of God; and when they do it in the interests of what they call the word of God, they are adding blasphemy to ignorance, and are numbered among the false prophets.

In speaking of Darwin's, Hæckel's, and Huxley's contributions to the world's wealth of facts, our author observes:—

I have nothing to say here about the speculations of Darwin and Hæckel and Huxley. As thinkers and philosophers these great scientists may have here little that is final to say; but as observers and recorders of the facts of the universe, they and all other honest workers in the realm of physical science are spelling out for us the words of God.

In closing this notable lecture, Mr. Horton thus refers to higher criticism:—

The critical study of history is a very modern science, but it is not too much to say that Bible history has acquired a new value and a new certainty since it was subjected to the tests of historical criticism. Something has been lost, something has been gained; but what has been lost is merely fiction, what has been gained is truth. Our children will read the history of Israel and the priceless memoirs of the evangelists with new eyes, with firmer faith, with deeper love. The whole method of what is called the higher criticism is strictly a light and a truth which has broken out from the Bible itself. It was the closer and more careful study of the original documents which led to the recasting and rearrangement of the Biblical literature.

These passages are sufficient to show how broad are the utterances of one of our most eminent religious scholars, a gentleman who is a strictly orthodox thinker, a fearless man, and a deep student.

THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.*

In Dr. Sunderland's clear, comprehensive, and scholarly volume, "The Bible, its Origin, Growth, and Character," we have a work much broader in scope than "Verbum Dei," as would naturally be the case, owing to the fact that Dr. Horton's book was prepared for the divinity students who were about to enter the ministry, and touches incidentally, rather than primarily, on the new thought; while Dr. Sunderland's work, which is the fruit of fifteen years of deep research and wide reading, discusses at length the subject of the New Bible, or rather the Bible as it appears to-day to competent and truth-searching scholarship, in contrast to the

* "The Bible, its Origin, Growth, and Character," together with a list of books for study and reference, with critical comments. By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. Cloth, pp. 300. New York, J. P. Putnam's Sons.

Bible as it appeared in the dim light of the sixteenth century, when the world was emerging from the night of the Dark Ages. In his preface the author calls attention to the wonderful advance made by Bible scholarship in search of the truth during the past fifteen years.

And [he continues], what is quite as important, public interest in Bible study, particularly in all questions connected with what is known as the higher criticism, has greatly increased. To-day thinking people on every side are asking, and with an insistence and earnestness wholly unknown in the past, the question: What has an honest, independent, and competent biblical scholarship—a scholarship that investigates and speaks in the interest not of theological dogmatism, but of truth—to tell us about the Bible, as to its origin, its authorship, its growth, its reliability, its real character, its place among the great sacred books of the world, its permanent value?

This book is an endeavor to answer this question in a manner at once comprehensive and concise. In its preparation its author has availed himself as fully as possible of the best and the latest biblical learning of the Old World. He has also endeavored to bring to his task a candid, catholic, and reverent spirit.

Dr. Sunderland's work is, on the whole, the most valuable for the general reader on this important subject which I have seen. Not only is the author a deep student, sincere and candid, but, while deeply religious, he is unbiased by prejudice. He has exhaustively studied the whole range of literature bearing on this question, and in numerous footnotes gives the views of various eminent biblical scholars. Another feature of special value to students of this problem is a comprehensive list of works of authority. This table covers twenty pages, and is the most complete catalogue of works pertaining to the subject with which I am acquainted.

No one can read the "Origin, Growth, and Character of the Bible" without being impressed with the absolute candor of the author. He has no apology to make, indulges in no special pleading, and from the opening to the closing pages the reader feels that the supreme object with Mr. Sunderland is to give the truth. Some idea of the scope and general character of this volume will be obtained from the following partial list of subjects examined: "The Place of the Bible Among the Sacred Books of the World," "Similarities Between the Bible and Other Sacred Books," "The Hebrew Land and People," "The Bible as Literature," "The Pentateuch: Its Character and Real Origin," "Hebrew Legend and History," "Hebrew Prophecy," "Hebrew Poetry," "The Gospels: Their Origin and Character," "Paul and the Book of Acts," "The Epistles of Paul," "The Non-Pauline Epistles and the Revelation," "The Formation of the Canon: Apocryphal and Other Excluded Literature," "Moral and Religious Progress Traceable in the Bible," "Bible Infallibility in the Light of Wider Scholarship," "The Bible and Inspiration," "The Permanent Value of the Bible."

At the present time that part of the religious world which has in any true sense responded to the new truths of God, which the wonderful progress of modern times has unfolded, is so profoundly interested in a critical search for light that a work like this will prove of inestimable value, as it contains an epitome of the latest conclusions of competent

and critical scholarship upon this subject, and is written in such a simple and engaging manner that it will interest all readers. Just now, when the Presbyterian church is so exercised over the brave stand taken by Professors Briggs and Smith, the following views of Calvin, Luther, and Zwingli on the canon of the New Testament will be interesting:—

Luther thought the Epistle to the Hebrews came neither from Paul nor any of the apostles, and was not to be put on an equality with epistles written by the apostles themselves. The Book of Revelation he considered neither apostolic nor prophetic, and of little or no worth. He did not believe the Epistle of Jude proceeded from an apostle. James' epistle he pronounced unapostolic, and "an epistle of straw."

The great Swiss reformer Zwingli maintained that the Book of Revelation is not properly a biblical book. Even Calvin did not think that Paul was the author of Hebrews, or Peter of the book called Second Peter; while as to the Book of Revelation, he denounced it as unintelligible, and prohibited the pastors of Geneva from all attempts at interpreting it.

Mr. Sunderland devotes two chapters to the subject of "Bible Infallibility." In answer to the question: Is the Bible infallible, or Is it inerrant? he observes:—

Hardly any questions of our day are being asked by so many persons as these. Hardly any are being asked so earnestly. What answer has scholarship to make? Happily, so far as biblical scholarship is independent, honest, and competent (and no other is worth considering), its answer to these questions is at last becoming clear, even if it had not been clear in the past.

Such scholarship no longer hesitates to subscribe to the language of Professor Briggs, when he says: "So far as I can see, there are errors in the Scriptures that no one has been able to explain away; and the theory that they were not in the original text is sheer assumption, upon which no mind can rest with certainty. If such errors destroy the authority of the Bible, it is already destroyed for historians. Men cannot shut their eyes to truth and fact. But on what authority do these theologians drive men from the Bible by this theory of inerrancy? The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. . . . It is a ghost of modern evangelicism to frighten children."

In regard to the doctrine of infallibility being found in the Bible (and this, of course, is the bulwark of the opposition) our author has this among other things to say:—

The Bible itself does not claim to be free from error. While in places certain claims of superior inspiration and guidance of God are doubtless put forth, there is no place in which the claim is made that the Bible as a whole, or even any considerable part of it, is infallible. Among the Scripture passages that are quoted in support of the infallibility theory, the following is conceded by every writer, so far as I know, to be the strongest, to wit: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." But as soon as we begin to look at this passage carefully, two or three things appear, which rob it wholly of value as proof that the Bible is infallible. (1) It says nothing about infallibility: it speaks only of inspiration. Nor are the two necessarily connected. For Peter and Paul, who are regarded as inspired men, confess that they make mistakes. If, then, inspired men may err, why not an inspired book? (2) At the time this Epistle to Timothy was written, there was no new Testament. The collection of writings which we know by that name was not made until long after. The only sacred Scripture known to the Christians at that time was the Old Testament. The "all scripture" referred to, therefore, of course meant Old Testament Scripture. So then, even if this passage proved infallibility at all, it would be only of the Old Testament. (3) But that it does not prove that, or anything looking in that direction, is

seen as soon as we get a correct translation. It has long been known to scholars that the rendering in our common version is wrong. The Revised Version gives it correctly, as follows: "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction," etc. That this teaches Bible infallibility nobody can claim.

Another passage sometimes quoted to prove the Bible infallible is this from Second Peter: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It should be borne in mind that this epistle (as has been shown in a preceding chapter) is almost certainly not from Peter at all, but is a non-apostolic writing of the last half of the second century. Its claim, therefore, to be in the New Testament is of the poorest. But even if we admit it to be genuine scripture, what then? It says nothing about Bible infallibility. It makes no claim concerning the Bible of any kind. In affirming that "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit," it simply affirms the great truth of the living inspiration of God in the soul of man, something as true of our time as of any time in the past, and having no necessary connection with any book.

In the saying of Christ that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Mark xiii. 31), many suppose they see a claim of Bible infallibility. But all the words of Christ together constitute only an infinitesimal portion of the Bible; they form simply a part of four out of the thirty-six books. It is probable, too, that He was not thinking of written words at all, for at that time none of His words had been written; only a few ever were written, and those not until a generation after His death. He seems to have been simply thinking of His *spoken* words as *true*, and therefore *eternal*.

There is only one other passage that need be referred to. It is that strange and terrible one found at the close of the Book of Revelation: "I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book . . . and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." Of this passage two things are to be said: (1) It is found in one of the most doubtful of the books of the Bible—a book which had difficulty in gaining admission into the canon, and which has been distrusted by many learned and devout scholars of both ancient and modern times. (2) A very little consideration shows that the passage makes no reference whatever to the subject of whether the Bible is infallible or not. It says nothing about the Bible. Indeed, there was no Bible at that time, except the Old Testament, and to that it makes no allusion. It simply refers to the "book of this prophecy," that is, the book in which this passage is found—the Book of Revelation. The writer resorts to the very questionable expedient of undertaking to protect his production from mutilation or change, by launching a threat or curse against any one who should presume to tamper with it.

Thus we see how groundless is the belief that the Bible claims to be infallible. Indeed, there is much in it that teaches the opposite.

I sincerely wish that all thoughtful Americans might possess this valuable work, as it would enable them to discuss the new religious conceptions competently, and with the best critical biblical scholarship of the age as authority. It would also broaden their views, making them more tolerant, and, therefore, more Christlike.

B. O. FLOWER.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE.*

There are thousands of persons who greet with sincere pleasure any work written by our brilliant, high-minded, and keen-witted novelist

* "Facts and Fictions of Life." By Helen H. Gardener. Pp. 270; price, cloth \$1, paper 50 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

and essayist, Helen H. Gardener. Her writings are always strong, vigorous, and sincere. They generate thought and give the reader new points from which to view the themes she discusses. She is a "rude awakener" to those who love to doze in the graveyard of the past. If we had to-day a church which dared to lead the thought of the world and fearlessly face every truth which dawned upon the brain of man without the idea that it had some old-time dogma or several-thousand-year-old view of life to uphold, it is possible that Helen Gardener would be one of the ablest preachers in that church; for, besides being absolutely fearless, she is a profound lover of justice and a teacher of the noblest ethics. Indeed, if the church dared to proclaim in the same brave and forcible manner the highest morality and impartial justice which breathe in all her writings, society would soon be standing on far higher ground, and civilization would mean much more than it does to-day. Helen Gardener has frequently opened her large, expressive eyes in wonder on reading enthusiastic words of sincere praise for her work from clergymen, and was much surprised when within the space of three weeks a Jewish rabbi, one Orthodox and one Unitarian clergyman preached sermons upon her great novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" each warmly praising that brave but terrible unmasking of conventional religion and conservative society.

And yet there is nothing surprising to me in these facts; for the clergy contains many brave and earnest men who see deeper than the surface, and who, while they may regret some assaults upon what they hold dear, admire the earnest and true-hearted little woman who places honesty of thought on as high a pedestal as honesty in money matters, and who always stands for the highest morality, for untrammelled justice, and for wholesome freedom. Moreover, Helen Gardener has the elements of what should be among the distinguishing characteristics of a great preacher. She is a natural logician. She is able to see more than one side of a problem. She ever evinces superb courage. She is an enthusiast in all things which make for a nobler, cleaner, and healthier manhood and womanhood. She is not bound by traditionalism, conservatism, or intolerance. She is at once vigorous, logical, and brilliant. Possessing a keen sense of humor, she throws into all her works enough of the sunlight of mirth to lighten the gloom, but not enough to interfere with the serious purpose she has in view. I know of no living writer who can carry home a great truth to the heart of the humblest reader so tellingly as Helen Gardener does in her stories and novels. No blow has ever been dealt to the infamous "age of consent laws" which has proved so effective as that touching and fascinating novel, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" During the past year this book led to the raising of the age of consent in at least one state, and I know of a number of persons who were indifferent to the subject before they read that story who are to-day fully alive to the iniquity of the consent laws. In the coming time emancipated womanhood will appreciate the

immense work which is now being wrought by this accomplished writer, through her unanswerable arguments for justice to women. The addresses delivered by this brilliant thinker before the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair were the most conspicuous features of the early months of the wonderful congresses, and it will be a source of pleasure to all lovers of womanhood to know that these addresses, which were universally pronounced to be distinctly great, have been brought out in permanent form, with other important essays written by Helen Gardener, which have appeared in *THE ARENA* and other magazines from time to time.

These addresses and essays have recently appeared in a handsome volume containing two hundred seventy pages. The literature of heredity gains an acquisition of special value in two of the chapters of this book—one dealing with "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity," the other with "Heredity in Its Relation to a Double Standard of Morals." These chapters are among the strongest essays which have been written during the present generation. They are loaded with facts, but nowhere are they dull. They are logical, but at no time tiresome. No one can read them without feeling that these utterances came from a powerful brain ablaze with moral enthusiasm.

The essay, "Woman as an Annex," is the most powerful and brilliant plea for equal suffrage for the sexes that has appeared in years. Her arguments are unanswerable, her illustrations are exceedingly well chosen, and her sarcasm is as biting as it is just. I wish every man and woman in America could read this essay. It would convince all true-hearted men who are not fossils or time servers, and it would shame many of the latter class into silence, while it would compel women to think. Now, too many of them depend on their husbands, brothers, and fathers to give them their opinions. Never until women think for themselves will we have a free, broad-visioned, and just race; and these facts Helen Gardener advances in a masterful manner.

"Sex in Brain" is another very strong paper. Indeed, it is one of the strongest essays in the book, and will do much for the civilization of to-morrow. The argument on "Divorce and the Proposed National Law," "An Irresponsible Educated Class," "Thrown in with the City's Dead," and "A Day in Court," are familiar to our readers, as they were written for our pages, and have appeared in *THE ARENA* from time to time.

The chapters are all bright, interesting, and thought-provoking. This book should be placed in circulating libraries, and progressive thinkers would be doing a real service to the race by calling attention to its merits from the platform or in the press as occasion might present. If, instead of bequeathing fortunes to old and well-established colleges which are conservatories of ancient thought, persons of means would spend money in disseminating such works as this, we would soon have a nobler, healthier, and truer civilization.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.*

The honor of having first awakened the interest of thinking people to the importance of studying economic conditions belongs to Henry George. His "Progress and Poverty" infused a new hope into the souls of thousands, who were conscious in a vague way that the few were growing immensely rich and that the many were slowly but surely being pressed toward the precipice of want. After Mr. George had aroused thinkers, many socialistic writers obtained a hearing, which would have been impossible a few years earlier, owing to the fact that the masses had grown accustomed to look to the politicians and a partisan press for their views; and since these united in denouncing as revolutionary anything which struck at the entrenched wrongs of existing conditions, the audience of the agitators was small. Mr. George, however, grasped social and economic problems with the mind of a master. He voiced in a larger way than had any statesman since Jefferson the basic principles of true democracy. He evinced a superb faith in freedom, and an appreciation for justice in the broadest and truest meaning of the term, which found an instant response in high-born souls. Numbers of Americans who had lost heart in the struggle for a better day now felt hope throbbing in their bosoms. Here was a broad, just, and comprehensive system outlined.

It is true that, popular as were Mr. George's works, they necessarily appealed to a limited audience, for comparatively few people in this busy age have time to do more than snatch a few moments now and then to read; and it is very difficult for an untrained mind, or one unused to reading abstract discussions, no matter how clearly presented, to grasp the writer's thought by reading in a desultory way. Hence, notwithstanding the phenomenal popularity of Mr. George's works as social and economic discussions, their audience was circumscribed; and many who enjoyed them in a way did not grasp the vital distinction between the theory of right and justice presented by Mr. George, and other views which contemplated a machine-made and perfected civilization, in which the minority had no rights which the majority were bound to respect, and which, on the plea of the best ends for the multitude, invaded the rightful freedom of the individual. Thus many who grasped in part the splendid ideal of freedom builded on justice, passed from a nominal acceptance of these views to a theory in many respects absolutely opposed to that entertained by Mr. George, who would secure justice by the destruction of special privileges and class legislation, and the giving to every man a right to God's great gift to all His children, the earth, through a system of taxation which recognizes the basic truth that

* "Progress and Poverty: An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depression and the Increase of Want with the Increase of Wealth." "The Remedy." Pp. 512; price, \$1. "The Land Question" — containing "The Land Question," "Property in Land," and "The Condition of Labor." Pp. 157; price, \$1. "Social Robbery." Pp. 342; price, \$1. "Protection and Free Trade." Pp. 360; price, \$1. "A Perplexed Philosopher." Pp. 320; price, \$1. All these works by Henry George, bound uniformly in cloth, stamped in gold. Published by Charles L. Webb & Co., New York.

the land belongs to the people, and that private ownership in God's common gift to His whole family on earth is contrary to justice, and must operate in such a way as to deprive some of His children of life's necessities, while a few become immensely rich through unearned increment. Mr. George's theory makes for freedom and rests on justice. It would decrease legislation and widen the bounds for experience and healthful freedom.

That the upholders of the present-day system savagely assailed Mr. George is in no way surprising. Every upward step mankind has taken has been attacked by popular and entrenched thought. But justice and progress, though sometimes hindered, ultimately triumph; and Mr. George's views, though not so popular as those held by some who fail, I think, to see as clearly as does this really great economist, and while still the object of envenomed assaults from those who defend injustice, are rapidly taking root among thoughtful people.

Few writers have made political economy and social problems in general so entertaining as has the author of "Progress and Poverty." As an essayist he is one of the most engaging writers of our time, and rarely does he excite antagonism by what might be termed undue severity. Perhaps an exception to this rule is seen in his "Perplexed Philosopher," which, as our readers know, is a review of Herbert Spencer's latest utterances. In this work occur some strictures which friends of Mr. Spencer regard as unduly harsh.

In striking contrast with the above-mentioned defect is the beautiful spirit which pervades "The Condition of Labor" (which forms Part III. of the volume bearing the title, "The Land Question"), in which Mr. George presents the ethical side of the land question to the pope. It is a most charming and persuasive volume, and I imagine had much to do with altering the attitude of the pope in the case of Dr. McGlynn.

"Protection and Free Trade" is probably the most convincing argument for free trade made by any American thinker. More than a million copies of this work, in various forms, have been circulated.

So great has been the hold taken by Mr. George's works upon thinking Americans that any one who wishes to be informed on social problems must have a knowledge of the views presented by the author of "Progress and Poverty." The general public, as well as Mr. George, should be congratulated on the fact that his works are being published and pushed by so thoroughly wide-awake a firm as that of Charles L. Webster & Co. They are issued by this house in excellent style and at an exceedingly low price.

B. O. FLOWER.

TWO NOVELS BY STINSON JARVIS.*

Stinson Jarvis has written two novels which may be termed distinctly brilliant. His characterizations are for the most part strong. The action

* "Geoffrey Hamstead." By Stinson Jarvis. Price, paper 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Doctor Perdue." By Stinson Jarvis. Price, paper 50 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

of "Geoffrey Hamstead" occurs in Toronto, and that of "Dr. Perdue" in Europe. The latter is a sequel to "Geoffrey Hamstead." Both works are exceedingly bright. There is present on almost every page, save those dealing with great passions or the more tragic phases of the lives depicted, a delightful humor, which adds much to the entertainment of the reader. Many of the scenes are laid upon the water, as yachting is a weakness with the author, and he has employed many facts which have come under his observation to excellent advantage.

Geoffrey Hamstead is a bank clerk in Toronto. He is a handsome, brilliant, but conscienceless man of the world; one of those gifted and self-poised men who captivate women, and while in love with a beautiful, modest girl, he gains complete supremacy over the affianced bride of his most intimate friend, and, after ruining the lady, almost ruins his friend by trying to fasten the crime of bank robbery upon him. Detection, however, leads to the conviction of Hamstead. The book terminates with his supposed death in an attempt to swim over Niagara Falls.

"Doctor Perdue" takes up the character of Hamstead, years later, when he has become a famous surgeon in Paris under an assumed name. Here he marries, afterwards settling in England. His wife has married for position and repels all advances. He then meets his old-time sweetheart and some exciting scenes follow, in which the action is very quick and some of the situations are exceedingly strong.

The stories are written to amuse, and, while the author throws in here and there some sage philosophical observations, a lack of reformative spirit is apparent, and it is evident that Mr. Jarvis has written to entertain. What, however, gives special value to the work is the subtle delineation of character. He touches with a master hand the well-springs of good and evil in the lives he portrays, and we see the action of brain and heart.

B. O. F.

IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS.*

Mr. Ober, the well-known author and traveller, has contributed a work of real value to our literature in his latest volume, which is the result of his travels, under instruction from the World's Fair Commission, to search out all that could be found of interest pertaining to Columbus. He went to the birthplace of the discoverer of America, and thence, step by step, followed that eventful life as far as history gives us any clues as to the doings and whereabouts of Columbus. The book is written in a spirited and entertaining style, and it contains a vast store of information, not merely relating to Columbus, but facts regarding the past and present of the wide area in two worlds traversed by the author. Mr. Ober's style is chatty and pleasant, beguiling the reader's interest while he informs his brain by a number of delightful anecdotes, told in a few lines, which in no way lessen the interest of the work for

* "In the Wake of Columbus." By Frederick A. Ober. Over two hundred illustrations; pp. 516; richly bound in colored cloth, stamped in gold and colors; price \$2.50. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

the general reader. For example, the landlord at Moquer, the town nearest Palos, being interrogated in regard to the subject uppermost in our traveller's mind, replied:—

"But this man Columbus, when did he sail, señor? And are you sure he sailed from Palos? No ship of any size has left there this many a year."

The frontispiece of the volume is a fine heliotype of Columbus' reception at court after his first voyage, and the volume is profusely illustrated by photogravures and pen and ink sketches. Many of the photogravures are very weak, owing to poor photographs. It is, indeed, surprising that a volume which otherwise is one of the finest specimens of the book-maker's art which has appeared this year should be marred by the presence of poor pictures, especially since the negatives might have been strengthened without sacrificing accuracy, and at a comparatively slight additional expense. With the exception of this defect, the volume is an exceptionally fine example of the triumph of the printer's art. Those who follow Mr. Ober in "The Wake of Columbus" will be entertained and instructed.

B. O. FLOWER.

LEE & SHEPARD'S SUMPTUOUS GIFT BOOKS.

As the Christmas season approaches, with it comes the usual influx of tempting holiday books, and, of all attractions, they seem the most appropriate and desirable as gifts of remembrance. Among the earliest issued are these offered by the enterprising firm of Lee & Shepard:—

I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS.*

"I Have Called You Friends" is an ideal art book, embracing eleven choice poetic quotations from the Bible, and several poets of note. The selections are descriptive of the attributes of genuine friendship, and relate to its potent influence. As an opening affirmation the stanza by "D. M." is most beautiful:—

God never loved me in so sweet a way before;
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send,
And when His love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me and He said, "Behold, a friend."

Another as deeply fervent is by Paul H. Hayne:—

He who has found a new star in the sky
Is not so fortunate as one who finds
A new, deep-hearted friend; the stars must die,
They are but creatures of the sun and winds;
But friendship throws her firm sheet-anchor deep,
Beside the shore-lines of Eternity.

The printing is in clear Old English type, on heavy plate paper. Every page is illuminated in missal style, the designs being exact copies

* "I Have Called You Friends." By Irene A. Jerome. Paper, 7x10 inches; full gilt edge; price \$2. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

in gold and color of the author's original conceptions. Pansies in the rich colorings of nature look forth from each leaf and cover with speaking faces, so emblematic of sweet and sacred thoughts.

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET.*

"From Sunrise to Sunset" is a collection of poems by the widely-known journalist, Curtis Guild, the present editor of the *Commercial Bulletin*, Boston. The author's books on foreign travel are exceedingly popular. His verse, covering a life experience from youth to reflective age, is simple but animated. It treats of nature's evanescent moods, life on land and sea, domestic joys, historical events, including also a number of Occasional Poems. The following stanzas from "The Mountain Cascade" afford a fair example of the author's style:—

Far down the wild mountain and from the steep height
For ages thy waters have leaped with delight;
From cloud-circled birthplace and cradle on high,
'Mid peaks that seem rising to kiss the blue sky,
In swift-flowing freedom thy wild waves have run,
That smile in the moonbeams and laugh in the sun,
Till in fresh-flashing rapids the valley they greet
In musical murmurs of joy at my feet.

* * * * *

Here, scooped by thy glittering eddies of foam,
Deep in the dark forest—the savage's home—
Thy sweet mossy basins are filled to the brim,
Beneath the broad branches that bend to their rim.
And here in the aisles of the glorious wood,
Where naught but the winds break the vast solitude,
Would the chief's dusky daughter delight to recline,
And in thy liquid mirror her features define.

The book is sumptuously gotten up, being bound in African red, stamped in gold. It is handsomely and suitably illustrated with full-page photogravures made from paintings in black and white. These, with many finely engraved wood-cuts, aid in giving fuller life and more tangible form to the author's mental pictures.

ALL AROUND THE YEAR.†

This calendar, issued annually, is always a convenient friend. Printed on heavy gilt-edged cardboard, it is compact and easy of access, as well as dainty and attractive. The contents comprise a card for every month, all fastened together with silver chains and rings, silk cord and tassels. Each leaf is ornamented with quaint child pictures, printed in color, also with verses suitable to the seasons.

* "From Sunrise to Sunset." By Curtis Guild. Size, 7 1/2 x 10 inches; pp. 165; cloth; full gilt; boxed; price \$3.50, full leather \$6. Lee & Shepard.

† "All Around the Year." Calendar. Size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches; boxed; price 50 cents. Lee & Shepard.

OUR COLONIAL HOMES.*

This is a volume which every American should prize for its historic value, and which will be warmly welcomed in New England for its local as well as general interest.

Presented to us in a most captivating form are perfect reproductions of the homes of revered Americans, who have endeared themselves by love and devoted service to the republic. Sketches of these lives are given, brightened by numerous intensely interesting incidents and anecdotes. Among the personages referred to are John Hancock, Governor Craddock, Paul Revere, Edward Everett, John Howard Payne, the Quineys, Adamses, Minots, Olivers, and others. The edifices described include the ancient church at Hingham, Mass., the Witch House in Salem, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, the old Indian House at Deerfield, etc.

It is probable that the author, Dr. Samuel A. Drake, is of all New England writers best fitted to write authoritatively and entertainingly upon this subject. His previously published works, "Decisive Events in American History," "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Old Landmarks of Middlesex," etc., have necessitated extensive and arduous research. This latest result of his labor will undoubtedly meet the warm approval of the public.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.†

It is universally admitted that this product of a haunted imagination possesses a giant individuality of its own. So utterly different from established poetic creations, it stands alone, draped in its fascinatingly weird and uncanny imagery. Yet skilfully combined with the supernatural is the natural element, beautiful in ethical import. Screened though it may be by the wraith of a superstition of the sea, we nevertheless glimpse a penetrating moral, that beams forth in the familiar, oft-quoted, immortal lines:—

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

A most alluring feature in connection with this issue of the ballad is the introductory note by Hon. Francis H. Underwood. It awakens thought and reveals subtle conceptions that would otherwise be lost to superficial minds. Thus the writer observes:—

* "Our Colonial Homes." By Samuel Adams Drake. Pp. 211; cloth; full gilt; gilt edges; price \$2.50, leather \$4.50. Lee & Shepard.

† "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Size 7¼ x 11 inches; cloth; full gilt; boxed; price \$2, full leather \$4. Lee & Shepard.

Time may tarnish marble and bronze, may crumble Gothic carving and Grecian ornament, but it has no power over an ideal creation like "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The story readily lends itself to illustration, and the designs of Sir Noel Paton, so free, so large and masterly, furnish a certain effective interpretation. They cannot equal in vividness the poet's transcendent images, but they will enable most readers to follow the Mariner upon his long and marvellous voyage.

PERIWINKLE.*

"Periwinkle" is suggestive of all that is free, sweet, and restful in pastoral life. One thrills with pleasure at the close touch of nature, as "Periwinkle's" musical bell persuasively calls us to follow her devious wanderings:—

Still the mellow notes I hear!
Up and down the sunny hills,
Here you go, there you go,
Where the happy mountain rills
Tinkle soft, tinkle low,
Where the willows all a-quiver,
Dip their long wands in the river,
And the hemlock shadows fall
By the gray rocks, cool and tall—
In and out,
And round about,
Here you go,
There you go!

Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle.
Day is done,
And the sun
Now its royal couch hath won!
Homeward through the winding lane,
Here you go, there you go,
Where the bell in sweet refrain
Tinkles clear, tinkles low—
Tinkles softly through the gloaming:
"Drop the bars—I'm tired of roaming
Here and there, everywhere,
Through the pastures wide and fair.
Home is best,
Home and rest!"
Through the bars goes Periwinkle
While the bell goes tinkle, tinkle,
Low and clear,
Saying softly, "Night is here!"

The illustrations which complement and mirror the poetic thought are exquisite. They reflect an all-pervading glory of summer sky and air, with the added charm of mountain, birds, and flowers. H. C. F.

* "Periwinkle." By Julia C. R. Dorr. Illustrated from drawings in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Size 8½ x 11 inches; cloth; full gilt; gilt edges; price \$3, full leather \$5.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY.*

In the widest acceptation of the term, philosophical knowledge is the knowledge of effects as dependent on their causes. If Mr. Keely's theories as to cause and effect are sustained by demonstration, as is asserted in this book, this new philosophy is better worthy of such a definition than any of the systems of the schools; for much is explained that has never been satisfactorily accounted for before.

No thoughtful reader can give proper attention to the work, from its introduction to its close, without feeling that it is possible the prediction is about to be fulfilled which was made by De Moitre, when he wrote:—

Religion and science, in virtue of their natural affinity, will meet in the brain of some one man of genius, and the world will get what it needs and cries for—not a new religion, but the revelation of revelation.

Professor F. W. H. Myers, in his book "Science and a Future Life" writes:—

If man is to march with the cosmos, if his soul grow for ever, it must be progress and not joy which is his goal; no monotony of prayer and praise, but endless advance by endless effort. Is not all well, if to this end the cosmic laws be working? Prospects vast as these cannot be truly definable, nor clearly imaginable, by man. But that which, for us, is the vital point—the actual fact of the interaction of material and spiritual worlds—this surely ought to be ultimately capable of demonstration. The human end to the chain can at least be investigated, the human sensitivity tested, the human testimony weighed.

No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But through the will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian evolution, swift or slow,
Through all the spheres—an ever-opening height,
An ever-lessening earth.

If Keely's discovery of celestial radiation demonstrates the existence of an unseen world, as is claimed, what possibility lies before mankind of equal magnitude with this possibility of investigating or researching the laws which govern man's communication therewith, and existence therein? Professor Myers, in declaring that this interpenetration or interaction between the spiritual and the material world, if it exists, ought to be susceptible of demonstration, and in arguing therefrom that to gain this end we must begin at the human end of the chain, is on the right road to attain this knowledge. The mechanism of the entire universe is all under unchanging order and law. The effect points to the hidden cause. To produce a photographic picture, there is need of strong light, a camera, certain chemicals, and a plate prepared, having just the right degree of susceptibility. If one condition is wanting, or if all conditions are not utilized after a certain manner, no picture will be produced. In the moral as in the material, throughout the universe, all things are subjected to the specific regulations of the law of cause

* "Keely and His Discoveries: Aërial Navigation," Pp. 370; Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co., London.

and effect. Thought-transference, clairvoyance, hypnotism, all are under the iron rule of laws as yet unknown to us; but the methods of research which Keely's discoveries have opened up, in vibratory physics, promise to make known to us this knowledge in a new revelation of "the hidden things of God."

Père Hyacinthe says, in his "New Testament":—

For myself, the more I consider it, the more I am persuaded that Catholic Christianity is approaching a transformation. It seems as if the Lord were saying, a second time, as once to the prophet: "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth." As yet the night is long; it even darkens round us, in spite of some deceptive gleams, and we vainly cry to the sentinel of our Israel,

"Watchman! what of the night?
Watchman! what of the night?"

Enthusiast or diplomatist, the sentinel sees nothing. It is not on eyes fast bound by the infallibility of the past that the light of the new dawn can break. Not to the first Christians, simple and unlettered men, not even to the apostles, who were of their number, would God reveal the truths which men of their stamp were not fitted to receive. Jesus Christ expressly said so; and He added that the Spirit should guide His church into *all truth*, and should show her things to come! Upon which St. Augustine, that past master of orthodoxy, observes that it would be "absurd temerity" to maintain that the Eternal Truth could not communicate itself to man more fully than it has hitherto done. Its new communications cannot, of course, contradict the old. Truth does not contradict truth, even in surpassing it, but explains and completes it. . . .

Nor is the biblical revelation the only revelation, though it be the highest. God, as St. Paul asseverates, "has not left Himself without witness," even in the hearts of those nations whom He has left to walk in their own ways; and there is something of Him in all the great religions which have presided over the providential development of humanity. It is not true that all religions are equally good; but neither is it true that all religions except one are no good at all. . . .

Science also is a revelation, at once human and divine, and no less certain than the other. The clergy of the various churches have been slow to take account of it, and have thus helped to keep up between faith and reason a groundless and fatal antagonism. It is urgent, therefore, that we should correct what is scientifically defective in our teaching.

And here it is where, in "Keely and His Discoveries," Mrs. Moore makes a firm stand for the teachings of true science as against the canons of *pseudo* science; strong in her belief that, through all the conflicts of dogma and creed, Christianity and this new philosophy "will yet work out that luminous synthesis of truth which has nothing in common with the impure and confused amalgam of pantheism or indifferentism"; that "then, and only then, the human race will become one flock, under one Shepherd, the Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ"; that "our salvation must come from Christianity in its true, scientific character—the religion of the gospel, the religion of justice and of charity; that it must tear itself free from the superstitions which degrade it, from the sects which rend it into fragments, from the clergies and the governments who enslave and exploit it."

The English edition of the October number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a "prefatory note" to this book of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, written by Grant Allen, which reached the publishers too late for inser-

tion. It is preceded by a short article claiming for this new philosophy that it gives to the world a system which teaches "a vast organization, absolutely perfect and intimately knit, from its centre to its utmost circumference, existing embryonic in every individual man, animal, plant, or other organism, the object of all life, experience, suffering, and toil; the ground of all sensation, and the hidden yet proper theme of all thought and study." We are also informed that "Mr. Keely has demonstrated his ability to hook on his machinery to the machinery of nature," drawing therefrom a harmless propelling and controlling power, the laws governing which have been studied by Keely for years, under the conviction that it is the sole energy of nature that is in every way safe and suitable for navigating the highways of the air.

The book is dedicated to Professor James Dewar, the successor of Tyndall in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, "in admiration of his distinguished services for science, and in grateful acknowledgment of his prolonged and steadfast interest in Keely's work of evolution."

Rev. John Andrew, of Belfast (who was instrumental in making known to Keely in 1884 that he had imprisoned the ether), mentions in his preface to Mrs. Moore's book that its aim is "to show the course of events in relation to Keely's researches, and to open the mystery of how it came about that he should have been so much misunderstood and hindered as he has been, as well as to bespeak for him the sympathy and patience which he needs, and which he will continue to need until his system is completed to that degree of perfection which will enable him to patent his airship."

It is gratifying to hear that Keely no longer needs sympathy nor patience; that his system is now completed with mechanical success; and that, if his sight is restored after the operation for cataract, which he is to undergo shortly, the device or machine which he has constructed, whereby polar negative attraction is utilized for all forms of service requiring power, will be immediately patented for the benefit of humanity. Before another year has passed away, Keely's discoveries will have opened up undreamed-of fields of research to medical men, as well as to the *savant* who has "set his own private boundary to the ever-advancing tide wave of the discoveries and the dominion of man."

As long as discovery dealt only with the physical side of things, no insight was gained into the more important psychical side, "the cause of the effect"; but Keely's discoveries throw light upon the "more than corporeal descent and destiny of man," teaching that henceforth "the evolution of the human race passes from the physiological into the psychological field," and that the streams of "celestial radiation" discovered by Keely bring "*wisdom from on high*" to those who hold themselves, or their powers of apperception, in a receptive state. This influence, falling from behind the veil of visible things on our spirits, is not supernatural. "Unchanging law" reigns everywhere supreme, and the laws governing "the interpenetrating presence of the spiritual

world" in which we live and move and have our being, will be unfolded, gradually, as have been the laws of nature already revealed to us.

"Man's history is in its first chapter," writes Professor Myers, "and science has lived as yet but a moment in the brief history of man." If, as is admitted, there are cosmic laws still unknown, we must accept the possibility of Keely's having discovered, as is claimed, a fourth law, lying at the root of psychology, a knowledge of which may enable us to "achieve a profound readjustment of our general views of the meaning of life and of the structure of the universe." Many times, indeed, continues Myers, have declining nations risen anew, when some fresh knowledge, some untried adventure, has added meaning and zest to life. And if the central question in Plato's philosophy — whether there exists in man a principle independent of the material universe — can be answered by scientific discovery, it must be by discovery in that which, if a science at all, is the highest of sciences. Mrs. Moore claims, in her book, that Keely has answered this central question of all systems of philosophy in the affirmative, and that he is able to demonstrate what he affirms. Spiritual evolution follows the same laws as physical evolution, and the human mind must grope its way onward to the fuller light, in the one inevitable path by which all knowledge is attained. Cases of telepathic transmission stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the gospels, and of some high philosophies, in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of nature. The same direct influence of mind on mind shown in *minimis* would, if supposed operative in *maximis*, explain "celestial radiation," or the operation of the mind of Deity. The whole history of science is a history of the recognition and interpretation of even slighter indications of more subtle entities.

We are still in the first moment of awakening intelligence; we are merely opening our eyes upon the universe around us. (Page 16, "Science and a Future Life," Myers.)

The last chapter in Mrs. Moore's book of 373 pages, "Faith by Science," quotes the following passages from Julian Hawthorne's article, "The New Columbus," published in the June *ARENA*, 1891, in which he indicates what regions await the genius of Keely:—

Great discoveries come when they are needed: never too early nor too late. When nothing else will serve the turn, then, and not until then, the rock opens and the spring gushes forth. . . . What we are to expect is an awakening of the soul; the rediscovery and rehabilitation of the genuine and indestructible religious instinct; a spontaneous and joyful realization by the soul of its vital relations with its Creator. Nature will be recognized as a language whereby God converses with man. Hitherto the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision. But as soon as physical research begins to go hand in hand with moral or psychical research it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other. . . . We have only attempted to indicate what regions await the genius of the new Columbus; nor does the conjecture seem too bold that perhaps they are not so distant from us in time as they appear to be in quality.

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,
 So dark that men cry out against the heavens.
 Who knows but all the darkness is in man?
 The doors of night may be the gates of light;
 For wert thou born both blind and deaf, and then
 Healed suddenly, how wouldst thou glory in all
 The splendors and the voices of the world!
 And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
 No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
Await the last and largest sense to make
 The phantom walls of this illusion fade
 And show us that the world is wholly fair.

CLARA HOWARD.

BORN IN THE WHIRLWIND.*

A book which, at the very outset, introduces several of the characters preparing for and setting out upon a hunting expedition at three o'clock in the morning, and apparently without breakfast at that, and in the next chapter brings the hero and heroine before us just long enough to enable us to listen to the young man's declaration of love, whisking the young woman bodily "into the air amid a cloud of dust, of flying leaves," etc., and dropping her among some young pine trees — "unconscious as the dead," into another plantation, is pretty sure to be a stirring one, all through. And so it is. A flood which sweeps all before it, an earthquake which turns all the population out of doors in abject terror, tips a heavy wardrobe across a bed where lies a sleeping babe, and opens the heavy plate glass doors in such a way that the child is enclosed and saved from harm from the falling ceiling — all these convulsions of nature, described in graphic terms, and brought into the story at most interesting crises, make the reading as exciting as any ardent admirer of realistic drama could desire. Add to all this the unfoldment of a well-devised plot, showing the heavy villain and his black and white confederates, the schemes and machinations of these, and the final triumph of right, with a satisfactory adjustment of things, and the product is a novel which will be likely to be generally pleasing.

It is a vivid picture of life in the South after the war, and its real value lies in the light it sheds upon the negro character, and the need of careful consideration of the means of uplifting and governing this strangely unfortunate race. One who reads this book, and "Samantha on the Race Question," cannot fail to see this point.

It is in the descriptive portions of the book that the author's poetic power, his wonderfully fine perception of things, and his habit of trained observation are displayed. So wonderful are these, that the reader seems himself to see the very scenes depicted, to hear the slightest sounds spoken of; but this is more true of *things* than *persons*. The characters manifest themselves by their acts, but the personal portraits are sometimes coarse.

* "Born in the Whirlwind." By Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D. Pp. 304; price, paper 50 cents, cloth \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

As a whole, the story is well told, the action well sustained. A notable exception, it seems to the writer, is in the case of the unscrupulous, crafty woman, who betrays herself and tells the whole story of her diabolical theft to her cat, out of doors, and is, of course, overheard! That seems unlikely and commonplace. But, despite a few minor faults, the book is a powerfully interesting one, evidently a description of scenes and persons "all of which the author saw, and one of whom perhaps he *was*" — as Dr. Gregg — when he preached in Georgia. To a Presbyterian minister, of Scotch-English descent, born in Ireland, educated in England, and settled over a large and prosperous church in Georgia, eight years of life there must have been full of incidents and observations which to a close student of human nature like himself would furnish material for many a sermon, and perhaps another book or two. If so, he will be sure of readers in all who have made acquaintance with his virile, dashing style.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

ONLY A FLOCK OF WOMEN.*

Mrs. Diaz emphasizes the fact that only by arousing hopeful and righteous discontent can we progress from an inferior to a higher plane of civilization. All reformers agree that peace, plenty, and goodwill are decidedly overbalanced by inharmony, corruption, wolfish greed, and distressing poverty. As the root of all this misery, the author affirms the first cause to be the past and present neglect of the moral and industrial education of the child at home, and later at school, during the pliable period of youth, such neglect being due to ignorance and lethargy on the part of humanity in general. Few persons are developed highly and roundly enough in character to serve as models for imitative childhood, or capacitated to instil correct life ideals in the child's mind. Children whose lives have been founded on purity and truth, in time fly from the parent nest. They find themselves in a seemingly conscienceless world, where dishonesty is respectable. This is instanced by the consideration shown our corrupt law makers, the majority of whom are ever open to bribes from the highest bidder, to such an extent that justice is almost unknown. These fledglings are enfolded by an environment where sensuality, if cloaked under wealth and family prestige, is tolerated without censure in our presumably cultured and prominent circles. Such a vitiated atmosphere is bitterly discouraging to conscientious parents. But as souls expand a more perfect civilization must dawn. This book is an especial call to woman to awake, study, and acquaint herself with the social and political evils of the day; to use her illimitable influence in hastening the regeneration of the great family of humanity, to the end that the masses may be benefited by such training as is tendered her own home nestlings. Many wise suggestions are given pertaining to the develop-

* "Only a Flock of Women." By Abby Morton Diaz. D. Lothrop & Co., 364 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ment of children. The reasons asserted for our chaotic age are lucid and logical, convincingly advanced, and free from didactic terminology. It is a good book, and one which unfolding womanhood will appreciate.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

CHRIST THE ORATOR.*

This remarkably brilliant work by an Episcopal divine is awakening widespread interest among thoughtful Christian students. The author is a pronounced Trinitarian, and therefore regards Jesus as God. This is something which our readers should bear in mind, as well as the fact that the accomplished reviewer whose criticism appears below, taken from the *Boston Weekly Journalist*, is doubtless also an orthodox thinker. The review, if these points are taken into consideration, is so admirable that I reproduce it in full:—

Rev. Thomas Alexander Hyde of Cambridge, the author of this brilliant book, although a young man, has already achieved a high place in literature, in the pulpit, and on the public platform. He was educated in the public schools, and is a graduate of Harvard University, class of '81. After graduation he chose the profession of the ministry, to which he has devoted the greater portion of his time.

He is an orator of the first rank, magnetic and popular. Large congregations attend his ministrations in the pulpit and his public addresses. He has been successful in the ministry as a church organizer and builder, and congregations have grown rapidly under him.

Mr. Hyde is an extemporary speaker, never uses a note in his preaching or public lectures, and yet he is so fluent that reporters sometimes find it difficult to report him verbatim. We have an illustration of this in his sermon delivered upon Phillips Brooks in New York the Sunday after the great bishop's death. Mr. Hyde was called upon to deliver a sermon on the dead prelate, and without a prepared note he delivered to a large congregation a sermon which was widely reported and pronounced to be full of thought and eloquence, and worthy of the dead bishop. There were present reporters representing the leading papers of the city of New York, and the reports which appeared were their conjoint work, each reporting a part and afterwards uniting. A circumstance occurred a few days after Mr. Hyde preached this sermon which illustrates his strong love for Boston and Bostonian things. A friend came into his room, and, handing him copies of reports of his sermon, said in a triumphant tone, "This is the way New York papers can report a fluent speaker."

"Oh," replied Mr. Hyde, after looking at the reports, "these are very good, but the *Boston Herald*, which has just been sent me by a friend, beats them all, for it has some of the words I said."

Although Mr. Hyde speaks extempore, nevertheless his sermons are rich in thought and eloquent language. It was a remarkable tribute paid to him that the committee appointed to edit the Grant Memorial chose from many tributary sermons, two, Rev. Archdeacon L. W. Farrar's and Rev. Mr. Hyde's tributary sermons on the death of General Grant, and published them side by side in the Grant Memorial, as representing the best thought and eloquence spoken on the occasion of the great general's death.

His sermons, published in the *Church Magazine* and other monthlies, are splendid examples of deep thought and beautiful diction.

The literary characteristics of this author are such as we would expect from his large natural endowments and his broad education. His subjects embrace a wide field of literature, fiction, biography, and philosophy. Although a scholar, he does not weary by quotations or by attempt to show erudition, but is an original thinker, and clothes all his ideas in eloquent language and original illustrations. From his graphic

* "Ecce Orator, Christ the Orator, or 'Never Man Spake Like This Man.'" By Rev. T. Alexander Hyde. Cloth; pp. 212; price \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

style one would infer that he exercises much care in the preparation of his manuscripts, but he is a most rapid writer, and seldom finds it necessary to correct. He is now engaged in writing a novel, three hundred manuscript pages of which he has written in a week, but much of it was composed during the night; for when once started, and the inspirational mood is in full vigor, Mr. Hyde sometimes writes on past midnight, until the exhausted lamp gives the signal to retire. Perhaps this is the reason he has accomplished so much work in addition to his professional labors.

Not only has Mr. Hyde enriched literature by his pen, but his personal character helps to uplift men and to shed a cheerful ray in dark places. He is strongly public spirited and alive to the issues of our day, and in sympathy with all movements which tend to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

His harmoniously developed temperament has been his best friend, since it supplies him with vital energy. Although leading a very busy life in the midst of his ministerial and literary labors, he has abundant health. He is genial and kind-hearted, courageous in his defense of right against wrong, and chivalrous in his support of the weak and oppressed.

His genial spirit wins the friendship of all who come in contact with him. In his course of lectures on elocution and oratory given to classes of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were many professional men, it was the general remark that Mr. Hyde was so genial that no one could feel nervous in his presence.

Although he is fond of wit and humor, and enjoys and can tell a good story, he never makes use of wit in the pulpit; therefore, in order to hear him in his humorous vein, one must listen to his public lectures, which he frames to amuse as well as instruct.

He was early drawn to literature, and when a boy contributed articles, stories, and poems to the local papers. One of these articles, on "Decoration Day," had a large circulation. It was published in a weekly paper which had begun life only a few months before. The article appeared in the Saturday morning issue, and in the evening there were crowds at the editorial rooms demanding copies. None could be had, for the edition had been exhausted in a few hours. The subscriptions to that paper increased beyond expectation.

Some of these early poems and stories have much excellence. Many of his articles written while a boy were called forth as indignant rebukes of tyranny and injustice. The large-hearted boy sympathized with the down-trodden, and many in trouble would call upon him to write something in their behalf.

At Harvard college he showed his broad intellectual endowments by the course of study he chose for himself. Besides mathematics and the classics he selected studies as wide apart as the poles in their nature. A full course of English, embracing Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Bacon, was mingled with geological science, and fossil gems of thought and fossil animals were made to live over again in his brain. Then he distinguished himself in his study of psychology and metaphysics, and also caught glimpses of ancient history.

"The Analysis of Types of Character" was the subject appointed by Dr. James, professor of psychology, for Mr. Hyde's graduation thesis, wherein he surprised the professor by his profound criticism of Professor Bain, the greatest writer on such subjects of our age. In this essay we can discern the power of original thought and investigation, which were afterwards to characterize Mr. Hyde's productions. In his analysis of the brain and the elements of character and in his criticism of Professor Bain, we behold a keen intellect, and many agree that the great professor's views and arguments were rudely shaken.

This article was enlarged and published in book form, under the title of "How to Study Character." The next great literary work was one undertaken in conjunction with Rev. William Hyde: "A Natural System of Elocution and Oratory, Founded on an Analysis of the Human Constitution, considered in its threefold Nature, Mental, Physiological, and Expressional." This is a book of over 650 pages with numerous illustrations.

It may be truly said that the "Natural System of Elocution and Oratory" began a

new era in the study of eloquence. Before the time of Walker, Steele, and Sheridan, elocution could hardly be called an art. It was simply a collection of receipts, derived from eminent actors, telling how to regulate the voice. Walker, Sheridan, and Rush did much to place the art of eloquence on a more scientific basis. The great Frenchman, Delsarte, introduced a number of philosophical principles gleamed from a life-long experience and observation into the subject of oratory, and here the labors of the strictly external school may be said to have ended.

The labors of other elocution writers, although they added to the stock of information, and made more clear the intricate problems of the subject, cannot be said to have added much new material.

These systems of elocution, by directing the attention of the student mainly to the externals of delivery, have tended to foster artificiality. Although there have been occasional exhortations by writers of elocution books, on the necessity of being natural, yet no scientific or practical basis was ever suggested. The "Natural System of Elocution and Oratory" was the first to take up this neglected side of eloquence, the education of the internal feelings. This book has accomplished a great work for eloquence, the influence of which can hardly be overestimated. This system finds the basis for elocutionary education in the human constitution. It clearly classifies and describes every emotion, instinct, passion, and intellectual faculty in the human constitution, and gives laws and principles by which to guide elocutionary training. It aims to open up the fountains of oratory and to let the streams gush forth freely and spontaneously, rather than to freeze them by artificial strictures. It lays bare the embryo thought and emotion, reveals their origin, and how to stimulate and develop them into activity and growth for oratorical purposes. This book, while supplying a much needed place in oratorical education, has also proved a grand addition to general literature, since the principles it unfolds throw light upon human nature. The artist, statesman, author, and philanthropist find its exposition of the emotions and passions and their language a great help to their labors, hence it was found to be a desirable book of reference for every gentleman's library. A new edition of this book has just been issued, with new plates and revisions.

Besides these books Mr. Hyde is the author of many essays which have appeared in leading magazines, secular and religious. His essay on Phillips Brooks, published in *THE ARENA*, had a wide circulation both in England and America and was favorably commented upon by all classes. It is the only literary production we have seen, that gives a correct analysis of the character and eloquence of this wonderful preacher, all other articles published being in the line of the old-fashioned biography. In this article Mr. Hyde has shown how biography may be made interesting and instructive by philosophical treatment. These literary efforts were a good preparation for his book on "Christ, the Orator." Such a work requires a knowledge of psychology, theology, and a power of original thought. All of these Mr. Hyde possesses in an eminent degree.

His new book "Christ the Orator" will prove of the utmost importance and interest to the great number of thinking people who desire fresh ideas and vivid thoughts. The subject itself is one of great importance and interest. To the student who wishes to become a preacher or public speaker, to the theologian who desires to form correct doctrine, and to the general reader who seeks for knowledge and the vivid presentation of facts, it must commend itself.

"Christ the Orator" is a connected monograph elucidating in its fifteen large chapters many topics of great interest and value. The author views Christ in the threefold relation to men, as God, as Man, and as the Logos or Manifestor. The Logos or expressional nature of Christ forms the golden thread along which run topics of thrilling interest such as "The Orator of Nature," "Expression the Supreme Power" in the universe, "The Kingdom of Expression," etc. "The Study of Christ's Oratorical Style Necessary to the Interpretation of Scripture" is a most wonderful chapter, which shows that most of the divisions in the church and diversity of doctrine arise from literal interpretation of Christ's oratorical sayings. This chapter will do much to unite divided Christendom and settle the vexed question of church unity. His

wonderful description of Christ's personal appearance, face, form, and habits of life cannot fail to make this illustrious Orator a real person, and not the dim, mysterious being He has so long been. The elucidation of Christ's voice, His elocutionary style, His tones and gestures, will surprise thousands who have regarded them as beyond resurrection, but under the Agassiz analysis of the author we have a feast of rare and real things even in this obscure domain.

The style of Christ's spoken language is skilfully analyzed and reveals multitudes of figures of speech—sarcasm, pathos, indignation, interrogation, and even (let the “incredulous, long-faced, and sober-eyed” smile, it is true, nevertheless) wit and humor abound. The general methods of Christ's oratory are treated in an original and forcible way. His oratorical battles are graphically told. The oratorical commission of the kingdom which Christ founded and its character are vividly explained. The book has the animation and progressive thought of an original thinker, and cannot fail to interest all who admire keen investigation and fearless advocacy of truth. The book must prove of great value to all classes of people, for it is an excellent aid to the proper understanding of Christ. Though doctrines and history are not primarily the aim of the book, yet scholars declare that it contains sounder doctrines and a clearer presentation of Christ than many large books which profess to deal with such topics.

The literary style of the book is so excellent, and the ideas so fresh and realistic that it is as interesting as a romance. It is like a great lamp shining in dark places which casts its illuminating radiance along untrodden pathways and obscure fields, and guides the bewildered traveller home. The reader finds on its glowing pages many truths that have long been obscure, sparkling in the light of original conception and animated expression, and now he no longer doubts, but with eyes opened anew beholds the Christ in wonderful reality—the Christ of olden time, not the Christ of Middle Ages, not the Christ of speculative doctrine, but the Christ of youth and manly vigor; the Christ that walked in simple majesty along the shores of Galilee, and addressed excited thousands that came flocking from populous cities to hear His living truths; the Christ whose voice speaks in the sweet accents of pathos, love, and faith, or in the strong denunciation, sarcasm, and rebuke.

In this book the solitary Man of the ages, the central magnet of nineteen centuries, breathes and lives anew. His very attitudes, gestures, and looks are seen again, and His voice sounds as if He were really now present and speaking to the men of our day.

“Christ the Orator” promises to have a large sale, judging from the criticism of professional men upon the author's article. An article on “Christ as an Orator,” published in the *North American Review*, was contributed during the preparation of “Christ the Orator” for the press, and many readers voluntarily addressed the author, care of the *Review*, and personally, writing in high commendation of the subject and its treatment, and expressing an earnest wish that the author would furnish the public with a more extensive treatise upon this most interesting and important subject in book form. The volume just issued will more than answer that wish, since it embraces all the points, rather too concisely stated in the article, with very many others of still greater importance. Besides, the subject itself, new and fascinating, and dealing with a side of Christ's life almost untouched by any writer, cannot fail to draw a host of readers who must have something to feed the innate craving of human nature for light to dispel darkness, and for thought that is in touch with the earnest, truth-seeking spirit of our age.

FOR FIFTY YEARS.*

Robert Brothers have recently published two volumes which will appeal to the many friends of Edward Everett Hale. One is entitled “For Fifty Years,” and is a compilation of poems written by Dr. Hale

* “For Fifty Years.” Poems by Edward Everett Hale. Cloth; pp. 134; price \$1
Roberts Brothers, Boston.

on various occasions during the past half century. They are vigorous and terse, which in part atones for what they lack in rhyme and rhythm. It cannot be said, however, that the eminent clergyman and tireless worker for the betterment of humanity is as happy in his verses as he is either as essayist, preacher, or novelist. Still the volume will find a large circle of readers among those who love the noble-souled and indefatigable worker in civilization's vineyard. The volume contains Historical Ballads, College Verses, Translations from Greek and Latin, Poems of War Times, Occasional Verses, Sonnets, and Devotional Poems. Perhaps the best work falls under the last classification. The volume is bound in green cloth, stamped in gold.

B. O. F.

HELPFUL WORDS.*

This beautiful little work, bound in white vellum, stamped in gold and purple, contains gems of thought and of art, the former having been carefully culled from the rich treasury of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's writings, and the latter being furnished by Frank T. Merrill. The selections from Dr. Hale's works were made by Mary B. Merrill, who has displayed excellent judgment in her work. Few men of our times have uttered more helpful words for man now and here than Dr. Hale. His sermons and works have been a living treasury of inspiration for more than one generation, and in this little volume will be found some of the sweetest, truest, and most helpful of his many inspiring utterances. Opposite every page containing a selection is an exquisite little photogravure, made from a masterly drawing. This will be a beautiful little book for a gift to a friend.

B. O. F.

MASSES AND CLASSES.†

This is a very valuable work, showing that in free-trade England, as in high-protection America, the lot of the masses is most pitiable. They are being ground under the stones of caste and special privileges. Their hope lies in organization. There are many facts and figures given, and some of the illustrations of the severity of the courts toward the poor and defenceless who transgress read as if they might be records of our own courts and the heartlessness of more than one of our judges in recent years. The industrial problem is practically the same in all lands. Unless equality of opportunity is given, and unless all special privileges and special class laws are swept away, the shadows will grow darker and darker for the toiler as time advances.

Some of the chapters which constitute this little book are as follows: Toilers by the Thames, English Clerks, English Shop Assistants, London

* "Helpful Words from the writings of Edward Everett Hale." Selected by Mary B. Merrill, beautifully illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† "Masses and Classes: A Study of Industrial Conditions in England." By Henry Tuckley. Pp. 180; cloth; price 90 cents. Cranston & Curtis, Cincinnati, O.

Working Girls, English Railway Men, English School Teachers, Toilers of the Soil, English Mechanics, A General View of British Workmen.

I cordially recommend this book to those interested in social problems.

B. O. F.

NOT ANGELS QUITE.*

In his new novel, "Not Angels Quite," Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has given us a bright story, although it is not particularly strong or specially engrossing. Indeed, I doubt if Mr. Dole desired to do more than give us an entertaining story, and incidentally to touch suggestively upon some timely subjects. The story deals with two couples who, though engaged, are unfortunately not mated. They are presented in various lights, and a large portion of the book is taken up in conversations which are bright and interesting. In the concluding portion of the work the unfortunate engagements are broken off, the leading characters marry congenial spirits, and the story ends in the good old way with peace and goodwill on all sides. Those who enjoy a light work, whose chief object is to amuse, and which at no time stirs the deep chords of one's nature, will like the book.

A FINAL WORD ON ZENIA.

A teacher of occultism states as a fact, capable of being proven, that there is a "subjective or intuitive method of acquiring or recovering knowledge by means of which the experiences and attainments of the race are being recovered and incorporated in the mental consciousness of the present age," and further claims that what we call imagination is to a considerable degree but the reflection of the living spirit of the past upon the polished mirrors of the mind.

It must have been by some such intuitive process, to judge by her own words, that Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke has been enabled to place before the public her remarkable book, "Zenias, the Vestal," a book purporting to be a novel, and containing enough of the inevitable love element to stimulate curiosity, while discussing metaphysical problems in the midst of every-day life. The author claims, evidently with sincere belief, that "Zenias, the Vestal" is but a literary incarnation of an idea that has been floating about in the mental atmosphere for a number of years. Her claim is in a way substantiated by the story of a woman who has dabbled in metaphysics to a limited extent. She says:—

I am a good deal inclined to credit Mrs. Peeke's statement that the "order" for this book was given some time ago, but as there was no one ready to perform the work it waited; for I believe that I was one of those who sensed the "order," but was unable to execute it because not sufficiently prepared by actual experience or intellectual acquisition. When I was about fifteen I indulged in day dreams and wrote poetry, and among the fragments of verse that remain from that formative period of my life is one that I have cherished with a great deal of reverence and affection, as it was in a way the crystallization of my moral and religious convictions and opinions.

* "Not Angels Quite." By Nathan Haskell Dole. Pp. 328; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

In this poem a priestess sought an aged prophet beside the "silver-lighted sea" to gain some saving knowledge, both for herself and humanity. I was too young, too inexperienced, to be able to get the information that I intuitively felt existed, and my childish mind could realize nothing but darkness and distress, while dimly feeling that light and help would some day be forthcoming. Do I believe that I originated the idea, and that it travelled around until Mrs. Peeke found it and embodied it in prose? No, but that she came nearer to the same truth, that the soul must aspire in virginal purity before the Spirit can descend in fulness and power, and that having large experience, better opportunity, as well as wider vision, she has been enabled to do what I could not. "When God gives the word, great is the company of the preachers," and I suppose that no two would present the same truth in precisely the same way, yet all would speak truth as far as individual limitation would permit.

Mrs. Peeke claims that occult phenomena are produced by vibrations, and asserts that "When men have developed their higher powers they will not doubt the vibratory laws. They will then hear a color and see a sound." However paradoxical this may appear, it is true that many finely organized and sensitive musicians associate the idea of color with sound. One vocalist claims that she never sings well unless able to *see* her own voice, which she describes as a current of golden light. The voice of Lili Lehmann, was described by her as a beautiful white current, very fine in quality, and of a pearly purity. It would be interesting to know whether all sensitive musicians agree in ascribing the same color to the same sounds; but whether or not, their testimony that sound suggests color would go to prove that there is something more in Mrs. Peeke's statement than what would at first thought seem only a charming fancy.

It is generally admitted by scientists that there must be a substance filling all space—even a so-called vacuum—interpenetrating solid bodies, acting as a medium for the conveyance of light, and possibly, as some contend, as the agent in electro-magnetic phenomena. It is also agreed that this hypothetical ether has a definite density, has elasticity, and is capable of transmitting energy in the form of vibrations or waves. Faraday says: "If there be an ether, it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation."

Perhaps this tenuous substance is the connecting link between matter and spirit. Certainly an investigator of the material universe could scarcely come nearer to the spiritual realm than Huygens in propounding the theory of the luminiferous ether. Both scientists and oculists agree that there are vibrations, consequently there must be something that vibrates, whether it be ether or astral fluid. Perhaps if the hypotheses of the physical school and the faiths of the metaphysical could be submitted to expert examination, they would be found to agree in essentials if not in particulars. The definition of faith itself is a very good description of the ether of the scientists—being the "substance of things not seen." Could there be a general acknowledgment of such agreement, it would aid greatly in accelerating that union of science with religion which is prophesied for the twentieth century. If such a book as "*Zenia, the Vestal*" is a faithful indicator of the

trend of popular thought, such union will not be very many years delayed. That the book is an exponent of the beliefs of a very respectable minority is beyond a doubt, but whether it is an *avant-courier* of a new dispensation, or an old one revived, whether the result of natural evolution or of magical methods, remains to be proved.

The alchemy of the Middle Ages was the parent of modern chemistry, and in this age of scientific marvels — I had almost said miracles — it would perhaps be unwise to assert that the occultism of to-day will not evolve into the science of the rapidly approaching century. *Quien sabe?* It is generally the impossible that occurs.

EMMA S. E. SALES.

AMELIE RIVES' LATEST NOVEL.*

The central figure of the new novel, "Tanis, the Sang-Digger," by Amélie Rives, is another of those strange, high-strung, and passionate females that the author is so fond of representing as heroines, and after a reader has followed Tanis through her love adventures, the verdict must be that this low-born and wretched "poor white," this long-limbed, handsome digger of ginseng root, is a creature of intense fascination and remarkable characteristics. Tanis is a big, fresh, and lusty young savage of the Virginia mountains, with the figure of a goddess, which when we first meet her, is screened from the breezes and the gaze of man by a single garment. Her long hair sweeps about her like a veil, and she roams the woods in the wild and vigorous manner of the antelope. She is beloved by a young giant of her own class, a mammoth brute, possessing a splendid physical beauty, and who exercises an almost irresistible spell over her. Her battle against the passion and tyranny of this man is the motive of the story. She knows him for a fickle, heartless betrayer of girls, and the one shining quality of her character is her virtue, which sustains her at all times, which teaches her to despise the character of men like him, and to demand from a lover deep respect and constancy as well as passion. The big brute who worships her is mentally and morally unable to comprehend this part of Tanis' nature, and we find them opposed to each other in a most strange and interesting battle. Sam, the reckless lover, is bound to gain full control of Tanis without going into any argument over the matter, while Tanis, although on fire with love for him, sees him in all his weakness and wickedness, and knows that if he gets her he will love her for a day and a night, and afterward loathe her. And it is only by a wretched scheme on the part of Sam that Tanis is driven into marrying him. She becomes a martyr to save the friends that have been kind to her, and at the end she bows to fate and yields herself up to Sam, because she is powerless to fight him longer. The story is told in the sharp, aggressive, and often dazzling style peculiar to Miss Rives. She describes the scenes in which her characters move with her customary poetic facility, and probably

* "Tanis, the Sang-Digger," By Amélie Rives. Handsomely bound in cloth; price \$1.50. Town Topics Publishing Company, 21 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

the most dramatic dialogue that she has ever written is that which passes between her hero and heroine in this book. A large element of the public will not accept Miss Rives as representative of that which is healthy and excellent in literature, but the number is small that will argue against her ability to attract and hold the attention by inventing strong characters and putting them through an absorbing series of emotions and adventures. "Tanis, the Sang-Digger," will surely be regarded with interest by the reading public.

"AN ADIRONDACK IDYL." *

As charming a story as we have read in many a day is "An Adirondack Idyl," by Lida Ostrom Vanamee. As the title indicates, the scene is laid in the Adirondacks, but the "Idyl" deals not with the "natives," but with the lives and loves of those who spend their summers in the mountains. The Idylers — if we may coin a word — are men and women of the world, in fact, to tell the honest truth, the hero is very much "of the world, worldly." Mrs. Vanamee does not make the mistake of wearying her readers with set descriptions of Adirondack life and scenery, but by clever touches here and there gives her readers very distinct and vivid impressions of Adirondack life, and of the ever varying beauty of lake and stream and mountain. Her style is easy, natural, and very pleasing. The plot of the "Idyl," though not at all involved, abounds in incident and movement, and the story is so cleverly told that interest is maintained throughout, and no one who begins the book will wish to lay it down until the last page has been read.

UPLIFTS OF THE HEART.†

The present work is a new and materially enlarged edition of a little volume, the first thousand copies of which were some time ago exhausted. On the first appearance of the little book, *Public Opinion* (Washington, D. C.) one of the leading reviews of the country, deemed that from the volume's originality — manifested in its implicit acceptance of the power of the divine within the human soul itself to bring life into larger independence, grace, and blessedness — the work might seriously be added to the "curiosities of literature." And the quick interest in the little book, on the part of many wakeful minds whose free aspirational needs it seemed to meet, at least proved that it was an attempt in a direction where there was room for it. It was at any rate unique in this: it seemed really to believe in, and make practical, not simply dream of, man's possibilities within himself. It taught man's unmeasured might. It endeavored, in a simple and reverent way, to make the

* "An Adirondack Idyl." By Lida Ostrom Vanamee. Cloth; pp. 152. Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York.

† "Uplifts of Heart and Will." Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse. By James H. West, author of "The Complete Life," etc. *Second thousand with additions.* Pp. 106; price, cloth 50 cents. George H. Ellis & Co., Boston, Mass.

modern intimation of the spiritual unity of the divine and the human a living, potent fact.

The titles, given in the table of contents, to the different sections of the book, are usually the opening words of the meditations themselves, and read after this fashion: Through love, to the source of love; With earnest and reverent hearts; In brotherly and sisterly confession; The secret chamber of our being; We look ever toward the Ideal; In the presence of the eternal truth; With reverent hearts we seek power; Strength for the battle of life; The sunlight calls us to gladness; From the actual to the Ideal; Conscious of weakness, of imperfection; Before the mystery of living; Anew to the Blessed Best; Surrounded by the infinite helpfulness; The energy in whose life we live; The deep things of life call to us; When we would do good; Overbrooded by what is more than love; The bounty of the unseen power; From all evil things of care; As the rain cometh down from the skies; We covet the best gifts; Always going out after the good; Not with ungrateful hearts; We follow on to know, etc., thirty-seven in all.

Some of the poems bear titles as follows: God and Man; Struggle; The Helper; Life's Beauty; Thyself Within; Be Ye Perfect; The Transcendent Possibility; Signs and Wonders; To Truth—My God; Earth's Golden Prime; Life; Times of Refreshing; After the Palm and Cheer; Neo-Resurrection; Up Higher, etc., thirty-seven in all.

We learn from the note to the present edition that in their previous issue these meditations or aspirations were called for not only in the United States, but from England and Germany, from Japan and China, from India, from Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific. And the author adds in the note, that "They can bring him in the future, from those who use them, no words of love and encouragement more deep and hopeful than they have brought him in the past."

SUN-SEALED.*

This is a volume of some one hundred and thirty poems astrologically arranged under the incentive planet aspected by accurate calculation at each inception. In their classification and arrangement lies the charm of "Man, know thyself," which is arrived at by studying the "moods of mind" the author was in at each inception. Therefore the work is designed to be a series of studies of planetary effect upon the human organism.

The leading idea in these studies is, that every man has his own marked individuality and his precise mission to his generation in that individuality.

The author believes that a man's character is his distinguishing endowment, and that it is of more importance than anything that he says or does, or any circumstance in which he may be placed.

* "Sun-Sealed." By George P. McIntyre. Pp. 200; cloth; price, postpaid, \$1.35. Astronomic Publishing Company, Room 64, 187 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

The object of "Sun-Sealed," then, is to illustrate more forcefully than can be stated in prose that God has been pleased to give many invaluable moral lessons to the human race through the character of individuals, and the closer relationship of man to man is in direct ratio of fellowship with Himself. "Man, know thyself," no idle phrase defined, but had its birth and purpose in a pure and lofty mind.

RUSKIN ART CLUB MANUAL.*

The Art Manual recently published by the Ruskin Art Club of Los Angeles, Cal., is a record of work which is perhaps unique among all the women's clubs of this country. The programs arranged for the club's study are here presented as a comprehensive and concise syllabus of two important subjects — "The Development and Technics of Engraving," and "History and Art of the Ancient World." The bibliography is very full, and the syllabus represents close investigation and unlimited research.

The course in engraving embraces a detailed study of the history of old line engraving, wood engraving, etching, and the minor forms of the art, and a careful examination of the great works of the masters of the past four and a half centuries. In the second course the effort has been to leave no important point untouched in the great civilizations from which ancient art is born. The origin, racial affinities, history, and literature of a people are carefully analyzed and thoroughly studied before approaching the art of the nation, which thus forms the crowning interest of a fascinating investigation.

The Ruskin Art Club is a member of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and its published syllabus receives very earnest commendation from the Federation president, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, in the last number of the *New Cycle*. It is expected that the courses of study thus outlined will be followed by many of the federated clubs, and provision has been made to supply a limited number of copies of the manual to clubs that may desire to adopt it as a handbook. The book is beautifully printed and artistically bound.

BOOK CHAT.

Dr. Paul Carus has published a very thoughtful little pamphlet entitled "The Religion of Science," price 25 cents, Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. The work is helpful; it belongs to the new time and is one more contribution to the religious thought of our day.

The Arena Publishing Company has just issued a brilliant novel entitled "A Wedding Tangle," written by the well-known novelist, Frances Campbell Sparhawk. It will be reviewed at length in an early issue of *THE ARENA*.

* Pp. 64; price \$1. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, or Ruskin Art Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Brentano's have in press reprints of "The Memoirs of a London Doll," and "The Doll and Her Friends," two books by Mrs. Fairstar that appeared in London over fifty years ago, and for two generations thereafter reigned supreme in England and America as standard "juveniles." They were the delight of those who had charge of the literature permitted to come to the eyes of our fathers and grandfathers; for the tales appeal to and afford amusement for both preceptor and pupil.

James T. Fields recognized their merits early in the forties, as his imprint, on the only other reprint than the present, attests.

These new editions, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory—who is acquainted with the localities mentioned in the stories—are put forth in the belief that it is wise, in offering books for the perusal of children, to endeavor to amuse them by stories founded on one of their favorite diversions, and to inculcate at the same time a few such minor morals as a little plot might be strong enough to carry—chiefly the domestic happiness produced by kind tempers and consideration for others.

As specimens of literary style the books are worthy of being classed with the best stories Dickens ever wrote for children. The author of "The Memoir of a London Doll" might have been the author of "A Child's Dream of a Star."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"POEMS: LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC," by John Henry Brown. Cloth; pp. 204. Published by J. Durie & Son, Publishers, Ottawa, Canada.

"TANIS, THE SANG-DIGGER," by Amélie Rives. Cloth; pp. 187. Published by Town Topics Publishing Company, 21 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

"CLEAR THE TRACK," by E. Werner. Paper; pp. 319; price 50 cents. Published by The International News Co., New York.

"MICAH CLARKE," by A. Conan Doyle. Paper; pp. 405; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"KEELY AND HIS DISCOVERIES," by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. Cloth; pp. 372. Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Ltd.), Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS," by Irene G. Jerome. Paper; pp. 24. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET," by Curtis Guild. Cloth; pp. 165. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PERIWINKLE," by Julia C. R. Dorr. With illustrations in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Cloth. Published by Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by J. Noel Paton. Cloth; pp. 56. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"OUR COLONIAL HOMES," by Samuel Adams Drake. Cloth; pp. 211. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"MY FRIEND THE MURDERER, AND OTHER MYSTERIES AND ADVENTURES," by A. Conan Doyle. Cloth; pp. 288. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"HELPFUL WORDS," by Edward Everett Hale. Cloth. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"MISS STUART'S LAMACY," by Mrs. F. A. Steel. Cloth; pp. 460; price \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"ART, MUSIC, AND NATURE," by David Swing. Cloth; pp. 67; price \$1. Published by Searle & Gorton, Chicago, Ill.

"SEARCH-LIGHTS AND GUIDE-LINES," by Edgar Greenleaf Bradford. Cloth; pp. 103. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-First Street, New York.

"IN RE WALT WHITMAN." Edited by his literary executors, Horace L. Traubel, Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harned. Cloth; pp. 452. Published by David McKay, 23 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE PRINCESS MARGARETHE," by John D. Barry. Cloth; pp. 177. Published by George M. Allen Company, Broadway and Twenty-First Street, New York.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE TWELVE JAPANESE BUDDHIST SECTS," by Bunyiu Nanjio, M. A. Oxon. Published in Tokio.

"THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH PARSONAGE," by M. Betham-Edwards. Paper; pp. 315; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"THE PRINCES OF PEELE," by William Westall. Paper; pp. 347; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"THE RABBI OF THE BOARDING HOUSE," by Hon. H. H. Young. Cloth; pp. 371. Published by D. Ramley & Son, Publishers, St. Paul, Minn.

"SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION." Cloth; pp. 404; Published by Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

"AN ADIRONDACK IDYL," by Lida Ostrom Vanamee. Cloth; pp. 152. Published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., 766 Broadway, New York.

"UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL," by James H. West. Cloth; pp. 106; price 50 cents. Published by George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

"THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT," by F. Max Müller. Paper; pp. 28; price 25 cents. Published by The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY ARENA.

The following are some of the striking features of the January ARENA:—

- I. **The True Education and the False**, by WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. One of the most brilliant and thoughtful papers on popular education which has appeared in many years.
 - II. **The Marvels of Electricity**, by Professor JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.
 - III. **Higher Criticism**, by R. F. HORTON, A. M., of London, Eng.
 - IV. **Among the Adepts of Serinagur**, by Dr. HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D. A paper of absorbing interest, by a German scientist who spent ten years in Ceylon, India, Thibet, and Burmah.
 - V. **Silver in England**, by Honorable JOHN DAVIS, M. C. A paper of special interest to thoughtful people who are interested in a careful and unbiased study of the money problem.
 - VI. **The Voice as an Index to the Soul**, by JAMES R. COCKE, M. D. The result of fifteen years' careful study of the voice, by an ear rendered exceedingly acute through a naturally delicate organism and the loss of sight. A brilliant paper on an unhackneyed theme.
 - VII. **The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It**, by PAUL TYNER. A striking and thoughtful paper.
 - VIII. **The Ascent of Life**, by STINSON JARVIS: Second paper, in which the author gives some remarkable results obtained through hypnotism.
 - IX. **Gerald Massey: The Mystic**, by the editor. Containing selections from Mr. Massey's verse embodying many of his finest spiritual utterances. (A fine portrait of Mr. Massey will be a feature of this number.)
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THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

BEFORE another issue of THE ARENA reaches our readers Christmas will have passed. To millions in this opulent republic this season, supposed to be a time of gladness, will be a season of bitterness and gloom. It is not my purpose now to show how much of the suffering is man-made and due to class laws, special privileges, and the cunning of those who shape legis-

lation and, to a certain extent, public opinion, for private gain. On this great subject I thank God the thoughtful people of America are being daily awakened as never before, and to further enlighten them will be one of the great objects of THE ARENA for 1894. But at present I wish to say one word to our friends.

Do not, O friends of the suffering, let Christmas pass this year without making yourself happy by dispelling the gloom and brightening the lives of some who are needing succor. The highest happiness known on earth comes into the soul after it has unselfishly helped the suffering and needy.

Human sympathy stands on the crest of the divine attributes. It is all-including in its nature, and lifts the soul above the plane of sordid life. We speak of love so often, and frequently in so limited a sense, that this phrase, human sympathy, carries more with it to the popular mind than its sister word. What is it makes the name of Jesus so loved throughout the world? *The transcendent human sympathy everywhere manifested in act and deed by the great Nazarene.* If you could blot from the life and teaching of Jesus all that is summed up in this phrase, the vitality of the Christian religion would disappear. It is the element of human sympathy which gives vitality to a religion and marks the presence of the divine in its teaching. Ethics, no matter how pure and exalted, are lifeless unless fired with the love which leaps from heart to heart. And philosophies or schemes for the reformation of society and the establishment of justice may be preached for ages without touching the people, if philosophers and economists remain in seclusion and expect their cold intellectuality to transform society. Human sympathy, expressed now and here, must be wedded to clear thought and plans for exalted and impartial justice before their schemes will triumph. I do not overvalue palliative measures, but I do recognize the individual responsibility of every man, woman, and child, here and now, to aid in lightening the sombre lives of those less fortunate. And I believe that every sincere word, every unselfish act, every helpful deed, which comes from one of us, will enlarge our vision as well as impress us more and more profoundly with the need of immediate and radical reformatory measures.

With the advent of this winter come hunger and cold to thousands upon thousands of our people who are in no way personally responsible for these conditions, and it is the duty, the solemn, sacred duty of every one, to help bridge over this season for this army of unfortunates. Let us prove our religion this winter by such a generous and practical demonstration of human sympathy as never before has been witnessed in our land. At Christmastide most of our readers have been in the habit of bestowing presents most liberally upon their loved ones. In the face of the great want which this Christmas will see, let me make a suggestion to those who love their fellow-men and who wish to carry out the Golden Rule: Let all Christmas presents this year be confined to little, inexpensive tokens of love and remembrance, and let all the rest of the money usually spent for this purpose go toward buying wood, coal, and provisions for some neighbor or townsman who needs the necessities of life. Call your loved ones around

you, and tell them of the children who are starving in fireless rooms, suffering for the actual necessities of life. Say to the little ones: "Had circumstances been different, we also might have been suffering with them this month; and if we would be worthy of the God we love and worthy of the love of each other, we must do what lies in our power to make them comfortable. Therefore, this year, instead of any expensive presents, we will only give little tokens of remembrance, but we will make other homes bright and other hearts happy." This will do the children good, and will draw you nearer to God by drawing you nearer to the sorrow-weighted heart of humanity.

Ah, friends, in a few years the opportunities for brightening the lives of others will be past. We cannot afford to lose a single chance to gladden the heart, brighten the life, or lift the aspiration and stimulate the hope of a fellow-traveller on the pilgrimage to the beyond. Let us see to it that we do all in our power, now and here, to relieve the suffering poor. To those friends who know of none at their door who are in need of life's necessities, I would suggest that they send their contributions to us, and I will see that they are carefully expended in relieving the actual want of those who are under the wheel. In the North End of this city the misery is terrible, and there are earnest, willing hands there ready, in the future as in the past, to spend every cent conscientiously in behalf of the deserving poor. In Philadelphia, Rev. Charles Daniel, with his wife and children, have located in the heart of the slums and are devoting their lives to a labor of love. Every dollar which we forward to Mr. Daniel will be spent in such a manner as to elevate, enoble, and brighten human lives.

Friends, let us unite in this glorious work with heart and soul. If the deserving poor are at your door, help them by all means; make them the object of your loving care until the sun of spring shines, or until they are able to obtain work. If you know of none, then help us in our work here in Boston and in Philadelphia. Let this winter be a red letter winter in our expression of human sympathy. Let it mean all that Jesus would have it mean if He instead of you were here in the midst of suffering and want.

VOLUME NINE OF THE ARENA.

With this issue, we open Vol. IX. of THE ARENA, and we believe our friends will find that at no time in the history of this review has it promised anything like so inviting a list of attractions for earnest, justice-loving and live thinkers as we offer in THE ARENA for 1894. No expense has been spared in our efforts to present to our readers the best new thought of our time. The most vital themes will be discussed by men and women who while being among the most competent and authoritative writers are also inspired with a holy enthusiasm for truth and justice. We propose to make THE ARENA for 1894 *the most vital review published in the world*. The great live problems relating to life to-day and the civilization of to-morrow

will be discussed with that breadth, catholicity, and fearlessness which have given **THE ARENA**—to use the expression of a leading journal—"the proud distinction of being the leading progressive and reformatory review in the English-speaking world." In the *Toronto Sunday World*, October 1, the editor of that representative and influential journal made the following observation:—

"Boston is the head and centre of American literature, and **THE ARENA** is known as the leader of Boston thought."

It will be our aim to make **THE ARENA** for 1894 always, and along all lines of advance, the leader in the van of progress. To this end we have arranged for several series of papers which we believe will eclipse in real interest, for live, earnest men and women, any attractions ever offered by any other review.

I. Among SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS the following papers will embrace the great live issues around which the real battle of the future will be fought:—

(1) **IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.** Including short papers fully explaining the Initiative, Referendum, Proportional Representation, etc., by such authorities as W. D. McCrackan, A. M., author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic."

(2) **SHORT TALKS ON THE LAND QUESTION.** The opening paper of this series, on the subject of Rents, appears in this issue, and is an earnest of the thoughtful articles in store. Among the contributors to this series are Hamlin Garland, W. D. McCrackan, Thomas G. Shearman, Lee Merriwether, Edward Osgood Brown, Judge J. H. Ralston, etc.

(3) **THE MONEY QUESTION.** Discussed by profound students of finance who are not money changers for profit. Among the notable papers of this series will appear several contributions from the careful and thoughtful pen of Congressman John Davis.

(4) **THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEMS OF THE NATION.** How they should be controlled, that they may prove a blessing to the millions instead of gold mines to a few privileged individuals.

(5) **The Slums of Our Great Cities and How to Abate Them and Other Plague Spots of Civilization.**

II. EDUCATION. Educational problems will be ably discussed by the most competent and progressive minds of our time. The opening paper of this series, from the pen of the eminent scholar and sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, will appear in the January number.

III. RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. Our papers on Higher Criticism will be the most exhaustive and brilliant series of religious discussions which has appeared in years. The opening paper, which appears in this issue, is by Professor William Sanday, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in Oxford University. The other papers of this

series, which we now have in hand, are by R. F. Horton, A. M., the eminent English author and lecturer, Washington Gladden, D. D., and Rev. F. B. Vrooman. Other contributions by equally eminent thinkers will follow. These articles will be one of the strong features of *THE ARENA* for 1894 which will be of value to those who are interested in religious thought.

IV. PSYCHIC SCIENCE. *THE ARENA*, more than all other great reviews put together, has compelled the attention of thoughtful people in regard to the marvels of psychic science. In 1894 our papers along this line of research will be peculiarly brilliant, and indispensable to all persons who appreciate the fact that along this pathway lie great truths which will yet explain many of nature's mysteries, and which will prove of inestimable value to science. It is our intention to open this series in the January number by publishing one of the most thought-inspiring contributions which have been written in years, entitled "The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It," by Paul Tyner.

V. THE CIVILIZATION OF TO-MORROW. A series of original and unique papers on Heredity, Prenatal Influence and Early Environment, by such writers as Helen H. Gardener, Dr. S. B. Elliot, author of the most authoritative work ever published on Prenatal Culture, and the Editor of *THE ARENA*. These contributions will be of special value to parents and all who are interested in the civilization of to-morrow.

VI. POPULAR PAPERS ON EMERGENCY SURGERY. By William Thornton Parker, M. D. A series of papers of great practical value to all readers.

VII. WOMAN'S WORLD. The great problem which now stirs woman so profoundly will be fully discussed in the review which has given woman a fuller recognition than any other leading magazine in the world.

VIII. IMPORTANT PAPERS BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE. Rev. M. J. Savage and his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, will contribute six papers to *THE ARENA* for 1894 on the religious views of our late great poets as reflected in their lives and utterances. These contributions will be of special interest to our readers, and a most valuable feature of *THE ARENA*.

IX. OTHER FEATURES. All great, live subjects which bear vitally on the world's progress will be ably discussed, while biographical sketches, stories, poems, striking portraits of leading thinkers, and the department of Books of the Day will be special attractions of this review.

We ask all friends interested in the world's onward march, and who appreciate the review which has always been the fearless and untrammelled defender of the people, to use their influence in aiding our circulation during the coming year. We propose to make *THE ARENA* a library of the best new progressive and reformatory thought in the world.

The Ascent of Life.

In this issue we publish the first paper of a brilliant series of contributions on "The Ascent of Life." These papers will interest the general reader as well as the deeper student of life, as they are written in a brilliant manner, and are certain to create widespread interest among live thinkers.

Professor William Sanday's Paper.

In this issue we open our series of papers by leading orthodox thinkers on the higher criticism. The initial paper is from the scholarly pen of Rev. William Sanday, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Dean Ireland's professor of exegesis, Oxford. It is able and deeply reverent, and should command the respect of all Christian scholars, even though they may not agree with the professor in his advocacy of higher criticism. Dr. Sanday will be followed by Rev. R. F. Horton, A. M., Rev. F. B. Vrooman, Dr. Washington Gladden, and other eminent orthodox thinkers who are advocates of higher criticism.

Three Important Financial Papers.

No political problem is so prominent in the minds of the great thinking millions of America to-day as the monetary question; and this in despite of the strenuous efforts put forth by the usurers of Europe and America, and the political demagogues to divert the attention of the masses by raising old-time bogies. The American people are at last fully aroused. They will no longer take the *dictum* of those who change money for profit, or their agents in government, as final authority. Appreciating the importance of this great problem, and observing how rarely thoughtful and competent thinkers are permitted a hearing in magazine literature unless they speak as Wall Street dictates, we have arranged for a brilliant presentation of the monetary question from various points of view other than that favored by the Bank of England, the great money lenders of Europe and America.

In this number of THE ARENA, Con-

gressman John Davis opens his series of contributions which will prove of great value to thoughtful Americans. Mr. Davis will deal with famous passages in the financial history of the world. His opening paper is on "The Bank of Venice." Dr. George C. Douglas, whose paper in a recent issue of THE ARENA awakened general interest by its comprehensive ability, contributes an article of real value to this number, and Mr. George C. Kelley of Alabama gives a thoughtful paper on the financial problem from the standpoint of a Southern Democrat who favors state banks. The readers of THE ARENA for 1894 will find this review especially helpful, in that it will give authoritative discussions of the financial problem, presented in such a manner that all can inform themselves upon this important question, instead of taking the opinions given by those who are acquiring millions through special privileges and interest.

Congressman Davis on Money.

Probably no man in the United States Congress has made finance the subject of such patient and exhaustive study as Honorable John Davis. Mr. Davis differs radically from the great financial lights of Wall Street, who are constantly having themselves interviewed, in order to make the people think as they desire. The Wall Street financier is a money changer for profit, or a gambler who acquires millions of money which he has never earned. Mr. Davis has no interest in finance beyond the interest of every patriot for the common weal of the millions who are the wealth producers of the nation. I trust every friend of THE ARENA will carefully read "The Bank of Venice" in this issue. It is the first of a series of calm and thoughtful papers on finance which will be of immense value to the students of the monetary problem.

The Arena Album.

All subscribers to THE ARENA whose subscriptions are received after date of this publication, will receive The Arena Album, a companion to The Arena Port-

folio. This Album contains fifteen portraits with autographs, a handsome frontispiece consisting of portraits of Whittier and Tennyson, and a table of contents, all printed on heavy plate paper. The great popularity of our Arena Portfolio, and the general request for portraits of leading writers for THE ARENA whose pictures were not in the Portfolio, have led us to publish this new Album, which has been made expressly for our subscribers. We would take this occasion to say that all our Arena Portfolios are exhausted, and as the plates have been destroyed it will be impossible for us to print more; hence those who were fortunate enough to secure that publication possess a collection of fine portraits which in all probability will never again be duplicated. The following are the contents of the new Arena Album:—

Frontispiece: Tennyson and Whittier.
Table of Contents.

Portraits and Autographs of

- I. Richard A. Proctor.
- II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D.
- III. Hamlin Garland.
- IV. James A. Herne.
- V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M.
- VI. B. O. Flower.
- VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett.
- VIII. Helen H. Gardener.
- IX. Louise Chandler Moulton.
- X. Helen Campbell.
- XI. Will Allen Dromgoole.
- XII. M. French-Sheldon.
- XIII. May Wright Sewall.
- XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M.
- XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Rent: Its Essence and Place in the Distribution of Wealth.

I desire to call special attention to the masterly paper which appears in this issue of THE ARENA on the above topic. This is the first contribution in our series of important papers on *the land question*, which will be such a notable feature of THE ARENA for 1894.

Gerald Massey: Prophet and Reformer.

In this issue we give the second of a series of three papers on Gerald Massey.

We hope next month to be able to publish the poet's portrait and autograph, as an accompaniment to the third paper. Among the brilliant champions of the industrial millions, no nineteenth-century poet has outshone Mr. Massey in boldly espousing the cause of the oppressed. His poems are timely at the present moment, when the masses are feeling so keenly the result of special legislation.

Help Renovate the Slums While Reform is in Progress Which Will Destroy Uninvited Poverty.

I wish to call the attention of every reader of THE ARENA to the noble work being carried on by Mr. Daniel in the slums of Philadelphia. Mr. Daniel needs funds, and needs them badly, to further the splendid effort he is engaged in. Our readers will be doing a real good by sending money for this work.

A letter just received from Mr. Daniel describes the opening of the new guild room. "It was," writes Mr. Daniel, "crowded with young people, and gave promise of great work. Many of the boys and girls were of the very poorest class, who live from hand to mouth, and who otherwise would spend their time on the streets. The improvements," continues Mr. Daniel, "cost \$115, \$62 of which is still to be raised."

Friends of THE ARENA brotherhood, here is a noble, self-sacrificing family, consisting of Mr. Daniel, his wife and children, working for the uplifting of humanity in the slums. They have left a congenial home for the squalid quarters of a great city, that by imitating Jesus they might touch and lift lives which would otherwise be lost. It is a sacrifice few are ready to make; and where such a step has been taken, those who have engaged in the splendid work should be nobly seconded by means of funds to successfully carry on the enterprise. Will not all our readers lend a hand in the glorious undertaking? THE ARENA has thus far been enabled to forward \$53.25 for this work.

Education True and False.

A leading feature of the THE ARENA for January will be a brilliant essay from

the pen of William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, on "Education True and False." It is one of the strongest and most thoughtful papers which have yet appeared on the subject of education.

Illustrated Lectures on the Poor of Our Great Cities.

Mr. C. A. O. Powers of Findlay, O., one of the many readers of THE ARENA who have followed our portrayal of the terrible poverty and suffering of the very poor in our great cities, has been so impressed with the vital importance of this problem, that he recently spent several weeks in Boston and New York studying slum life and obtaining flash-light photographs which illustrate conditions. He and his friend, Mr. C. W. Taylor, have arranged to give illustrated lectures, during the winter, on the slums of our great cities and how to abolish them. These gentlemen are profoundly interested in the welfare of their fellow-men, and will do a noble work for humanity by compelling people to think upon this great problem. A percentage of all their lecture returns will be given to the deserving poor of the towns in which they lecture. Persons or societies interested in this important work would do well to communicate with Mr. Powers at Findlay, O.

Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

Dr. James R. Cocke's able contribution on "Practical Application of Hypnotism in Modern Medicine," will be read with great interest by our readers, who, through the pages of this review, have been informed from time to time of the progress being made in Europe and America by leading scientists and physicians. The wonderful results which have followed the employment of this agent have led many ignorant people to greatly magnify its possibilities for evil, and this fear has been increased by numerous lurid stories, written by romancers who are entirely ignorant of the subject. With hypnotism, as with other truths, nothing is so safe as knowledge. Full, intelligent investigation is needed, and nothing is to be feared from open-

eyed truth. The triumph of hypnotism, more popularly termed mesmerism, is one of the most interesting and suggestive passages in human progress. Tabooed and ignored by science, it refused to vanish at the dictates of learned ignorance. Later it captured scientific minds among the medical profession, who set truth above prejudice. Now the intolerant wing of the profession, or those who would establish a medical priesthood, either wish to place that which as long as possible they refused to recognize as a phenomenon under the ban of law, or else desire to have the new knowledge given entirely into their keeping. *It is very difficult for humanity to learn that nothing else is so safe as liberty and knowledge, nothing so wholesome as freedom and justice.*

Kind Words from an Educational Paper on our Position on the New Education.

The editor of "Primary Education," the leading journal devoted to this department of schools in America, thus notices our recent paper on "The New Education and the Public Schools":—

The editor of THE ARENA has done the cause of education a priceless service in his complete and comprehensive article, "The New Education and the Public Schools," in the September issue of that fearless magazine. It is noteworthy that no such discussion, discrimination, or defence has ever been attempted since the beginning of the wordy war between the new and the old, *by one outside the school world.* For this it is especially valuable. The "giftie" has thus given us the means to see ourselves through the eyes of one accustomed to pierce shams and tear away illusions. The wonder is that any man outside the school field could know so well the purposes, conditions, and equipments of the working army inside the lines.

The effect upon the teachers themselves of reading this presentation of the "New Education" will be to open their eyes to the tremendous, inherent force of the new ideas, to inspire effort to work in sympathy with them, and to increase the self respect of every one engaged in carrying on the cause.

Prairie Songs by Hamlin Garland.

In this issue of THE ARENA we publish "A Human Habitation," by Hamlin Garland. This poem is from advance sheets of a handsome volume of poems

by Mr. Garland, entitled "Prairie Songs." The work is being brought out by Messrs. Stone & Kimball. It will be an attractive volume of about two hundred pages, profusely illustrated from original drawings characteristic of Western life. This work, which will be reviewed in an early number of *THE ARENA*, is strong, vigorous, and sturdy as the manhood of the great West. The price is \$1.25.

Civilization's Inferno.

The sale of "Civilization's Inferno" has been phenomenal, two editions having been exhausted, and the demand is unabated. Below we quote extracts from two criticisms which came to our office during the past week. *Messiah's Herald*, in a recent editorial, says:—

Dante's Inferno does not contain any more startling passages than does this volume. We differ with the author in some of his conclusions, but at the same time we regard this as one of the most important works bearing upon the condition of the poor of our cities. The facts and arguments presented in this book are not easily set aside.

The Philadelphia *Daily Press* of October 28 says:—

"Civilization's Inferno" is one of the strongest books of the day upon the question of social reform.

Noble Work among Colored Orphans in South Carolina.

Rev. D. J. Jenkins, a colored clergyman of ability and untiring zeal, has succeeded in building up a large orphanage for colored children in Charleston, S. C. It now accommodates three hundred children, and is proving a noble agent in the elevation of the young and friendless colored people. During the

recent terrible storm in the South, this orphan home was entirely unroofed, and it will require about five thousand dollars to repair it properly. Earnest friends have already sent in some funds, but more money is required. Indeed, the need is urgent, and if any friends of *THE ARENA* desire to help this work, they can forward donations to me, and I will send them to Charleston. Or, if they send direct to the mayor of Charleston, he will see that the funds are promptly applied in the work of repairing the asylum.

On a Barn Roof.

I wish to call the attention of our readers to the admirable and lifelike sketch, under the above title, in this issue. There is a subtle thought in the closing sentence which is very fine, and the entire sketch is so true to life as to be unusually charming. I look for splendid work from the author in the coming years.

Progress of the Movement for Rational Dress.

In an early issue of *THE ARENA* will appear an illustrated symposium, dealing with the rational dress movement and its progress, which will, I think, be interesting to thousands of our readers. The progress of this great movement is much more rapid than the most sanguine friends anticipated, and will succeed because it is along the line of health, common sense, and freedom, and also because it is far more artistic than the ridiculous, not to say monstrous, fashions which each decade forces upon women.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1894.

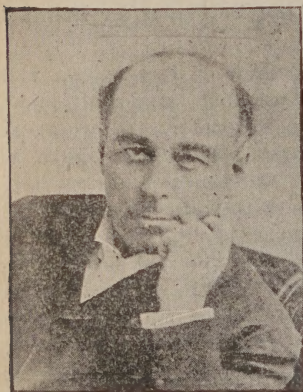
OUR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Chat about Some of the Good Things in Store for the Readers of Our Review.

The Ascent of Life: or, Psychical Laws and Forces in Nature.

THE above work will prove so unique and valuable a contribution to the philosophical and scientific discussion of *man in search of his soul*, that we have felt it due to our readers to give a somewhat elaborate description of the work.

In issuing this work to the world, we are aware that it is the most peculiar one within our knowledge. Even if some of the author's deductions may afterwards be found to be partially incorrect, the work will still stand as a monumental contribution to modern thought. But allowing, as the author himself does, the chance of its containing some partial inaccuracies, we are of opinion that the educated public will endorse the work from beginning to end. It is altogether an appeal to the reason. With the exception of the facts given in reference to the experiments, the whole book is intended to be put interrogatively—even when, as the author says, his own conviction leads him to speak with certainty; so that, even if some deductions be found to be in part erroneous, the author's judgment is protected by his avoidance of all dogmatizing and by his friendly request that the reader shall come with him, both as companion and critic, to join in this search for knowledge in a hitherto trackless region.



STINSON JARVIS.

Yet the modesty with which his views are issued only increases the reader's appreciation of the boldness that was required to promulgate them in any shape. We remember no work in which a writer has more completely disregarded prejudice in order to win or give truth. It is true that it is only the prejudice of the uninformed which he has to face, but yet this is and has always been the greatest boggy that has stood in the way of original thought. The announcements which his own scientific experiments in the region of psychic laws and forces enable him to make, and the deductions necessarily arising therefrom, combine to produce a work in which extreme originality and convincing continuity of thought appear in almost every line.

Somewhere in the work is this sentence: "What is opinion, or any centuries of opinion, worth—what is any man's thought worth, unless it leaps into the heart as a truth?" and it is evident that not only in this but in his previous works this text has been before the author. It must have been with him throughout his life, for otherwise he could never have been able to produce this work and sufficiently pare down, skim off, discard, or gather up the world's best findings in regard to science, religions, and social life. The reader feels that the writer expects him to have all the latest findings on these subjects at his finger-ends, and yet the expressed desire for extreme simplicity has culminated in a wording such as any schoolboy may understand. Indeed, in this short and very condensed treatise, the writer is too much occupied in bringing extraordinarily mysterious facts of nature within the comprehension of readers to risk any obscurity in his own words. His aim is to banish mystery, as far as may be—not create it. In a letter to us he says he has "none of the evident purpose of some great writers, to suggest literary godhead by mysterious hiding in clouds of verbiage."

The work, therefore, may be termed a first chart of an untravelled region—vague, it may be, in some localities, with the shores but dimly outlined—but with many hitherto unproved realities surely and certainly defined, and thus, as a whole, making us far richer than when we possessed no chart at all.

It commences in a conversational way with a simple description of a series of experiments in psychic phenomena which prove beyond any doubt the existence of the human soul, and also many of its almost incredible powers. As a barrister who has practised for many years in the courts of law, and largely in the criminal courts, the author is well aware of the values, or lack of values, attached to human testimony; and he therefore asks for no further credence beyond that which will be sufficient to put others in the same channels of scientific inquiry. Several times in the text he assures us that almost any man, with suitable media, can find out exactly the same things for himself.

There is a total absence of mystery about the work—in fact it is clear in several places that the author even dreads the idea that a desire for mystery or peculiarity may be imputed to him. And it is partly in the convincing frankness with which he endeavors to remove all idea of the supernatural, and to explain every necessary item, that he wins the reader. For the sake of publishing discoveries which will undoubtedly advance to an enormous extent the cause of truth and the knowledge of the world, he is obliged, with strangers, to partly place reputation at stake. On this point his boldness for truth's sake is much to be commended.

After explaining how in human beings there are media by which thought transference can without words be made complete, he proceeds to show how similar abilities obtain in a lesser degree throughout the animal kingdom, and how this capacity for receiving wordless enlightenment is one method by which all life is assisted towards its progress into ascending grades. It shows how, wherever there is a mind, a sensorium, even down to the most primitive ganglion, there is the ability through its immaterial correspondences of gaining such intuitive impressions as are necessary for its welfare or advance. He shows how it is through these necessary demands of the sensorium in its immaterial correspondences that such enormous delays have occurred in the development of high grades of life and intellect upon this globe; and also that all advances are owing to the workings of the same processes, thus also explaining the rapid separation of man's

grade from the lower planes of life after thought and invention commenced to multiply through the conscious and determined effort of brain and soul.

Throughout the work, Stinson Jarvis confines his methods to the limits which strict science requires. When a conjecture is made, he openly states it to be conjecture. The reader follows in a charmed way—not asked to believe anything, but only to reason, and led on from one acceptable and totally new thought to another, until he is gradually brought into comprehension of a scheme of life such as never before has been published—so vast, so magnificent, so simple, that one's thanks are felt to be due for its portrayal.

Mr. Jarvis insists that the strictest science must extend its own methods into immaterial regions. He does this himself. He gives an aid to the science of evolution such as it has not enjoyed since Darwin died. In fact, while carrying it on, he satisfactorily explains the ascent of life on the great point where Darwin was entirely in the dark—or, in other words, he takes up the thread where the great naturalist dropped it, and carries it further. He quotes Huxley to prove that he is justified by science itself in advancing scientific methods in the way he does towards the discovery of the soul attributes and the proper study and acceptance of religion. A number of simple facts are marshalled to show in a cogent way that life (soul) is in part vibration, and thus is governed by vibratory laws; and the most beautiful portion of the work is the exposition of the part that music plays in nature—music being the language of the soul's phases, any one of which is producible by the music that is the language of such phase.

It would be impossible to give here a synopsis of the work, because it is itself a synopsis—of everything—condensed far too much for the reader, who is made hungry on one thought and then rushed on to the next. While scientific in its proofs of realities, the book is deeply religious. It does not collide with any religion; neither does it in any way offend the high priests of science. It takes a new and further ground for both.

While showing that life (soul) is in part vibration, the psychic phenomena as exhibited in the experiments are followed in the examination of their effects throughout all human intercourse, and that of the sexes, including the extraordinary results in nature's sacrament of marriage. Every living thing in nature is subject to and controlled by vibratory laws. Thus every living thing must conform to these. "Acquiescence is a song; prohibition produces a dirge; refusal means discord, despair, madness." The evolution into the spiritual life by natural means is beautifully traced through the teaching of love through marriage; and the spiritual life (the latest and highest known grade of life), is shown to be just as much a part of nature as the life of a worm.

In this work nature is shown to be all one huge symmetrical whole, with no jumps or chasms anywhere; and the work culminates in tracing the natural evolution of the animal man into the spiritual one. We do not think that any book ever published has gone so far towards *actual proof* of a life after human death; and yet the writer confines himself strictly to existing facts. It is the gladdest, most hope-giving production that we know of. After its perusal there can be no more necessity for agnosticism. It might be a fairly good subtitle for the work to add, "Or the Agnostic in Heaven." Not that the writing approves of agnosticism—on the contrary, it shows that this must mean continued suffering. It merely indicates the path of true happiness—that which has brought joy to every living thing when in its own grade it has lived in accordance with the laws which were at that time the appropriate ones.

It claims that the spiritual man discards those things, whether allowable or disallowed by society, which check the advance of the spiritual life — not always because the impediment is sin, but perhaps because it partakes of that which was once idealized, sought, acquired, enjoyed, found tiring, discarded, and therefore now an absurdity. The doctrine here advanced for the first time of the continual seeking, acquiring, and discarding of continually ascending ideals contains a wide observation of human life. The individuality knows happiness in the seeking and conquest of an ideal. But we are intended to move continually on; and after satiation that which at one time seemed so much a real fact is nothing but a *mirage* of the past. In our passage through life there are, strictly speaking, no facts — that is to say, an ideal ahead seems like a fact, but after it has been fully utilized, one sees that it was only a useful *mirage*. The ascent of the ideals is, therefore, the natural upward path to the Ultimate Ideal. Since this work went to press we find that in the latest of the celebrated Hibbert Lectures, delivered in England, some very similar ideas were put forward — the subject of the lecture being “God, the Source of the Ideals.”

Where ideas are condensed to a line which ought to take a chapter, where the paragraphs bristle with new thoughts, and where the sketch of a stupendous system is compressed to the confines of one hundred and fifty pages, it is difficult to give any account which would be satisfactory either to the public or to the author. But in conclusion it may be said that this work supplies the proof (or rather puts people in the way of supplying themselves with proof) of that which a great number of educated people of to-day believe without demonstrable evidence. Stinson Jarvis has for himself evidently avoided with care any alliance with any sect or cult. He holds that these things are to be discovered by each one in himself, such information being acquired from others as may be possible.

We pass now from the above work to its author, feeling sure that some details concerning his life will be found interesting.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly produced an account of his life when it published his portrait after his winning the thousand-dollar prize awarded last year in Chicago for the best novel submitted; and we use our contemporary's account, together with notes collected by ourselves.

Stinson Jarvis belongs to a family that has been American for two hundred and thirty-seven years — since Stephen Jarvis, an English lawyer, settled at Huntingdon, L. I., in 1656. Prior to the last ten American generations, the family was English, and in the older country can be traced back to a distant period, the name having passed, as shown in the *Patronymica Britannica*, through different spellings to the Norman French, Gervaise, and through this to the original Latin, Gervasius. In the “Jarvis Family Book,” which has been forwarded to us for inspection, are found many eminent men, and also the steel engravings made from their extant pictures. We here find reprinted many interesting records and wills of the family which are more than two centuries old, stretching back as far as 1668. We find them conveying their slaves and other properties in the quaintest way. On July 29, 1682, a person was fined twenty shillings for having brought a bag of meal from Oyster Bay on the Sabbath, and on June 3, 1683, a written confession of shame and repentance was required from three men who had travelled on a Sunday from Hempstead. Coming down five generations we find the Right Reverend Abram Jarvis, bishop of Connecticut, who was a historical man in the church, and was the first bishop ever consecrated in America. He was the present author's great-great-grand-uncle, and was also great grand-uncle of Caldwell Colt, the present commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The bishop's son, the Reverend Samuel Farmar Jarvis, was

one of the ripest scholars this country has produced, his literary works making him as well known in England as in America.

At the time of the Revolution, this author's great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis, of the English Dragoons, fought all through the war on the wrong side. His life, as it still appears in his own manuscript, was a romantic one, and will be published in the form of a historical novel. He remained, of course, loyal to the English flag, and afterwards became adjutant-general of the British forces in Canada. He, together with two brothers, abandoned properties in the United States after the independence, and settled in Canada. The energy exhibited by these people in accepting the trials of a new country for the sake of an ideal was transmitted to their descendants, who have since been chief justices, judges, barristers, and clergy in Canada. William Jarvis, one of the above-mentioned brothers, was subsequently Secretary of State in Canada for many years.

This family has therefore been historical in two countries, and the alliances formed by the marriages of its daughters are almost endless. They pass into the lines of William Dummer, the Powells, Seymours, Bleekers, Bernards, Sherwoods, Hamiltons, Irvings, Wetmores, Murrays, Waterburys, and many others; while in England the connection is large, through the lines of General Budgeon and Sir Samuel Raymond Jarvis, the Beaumonts, and others.

The Boston branch descended from Nathaniel, who was the brother of the original Stephen Jarvis of 1656. The number of men in the Boston branch who have held eminent positions in the navy, the state, and the learned professions could only be dealt with, as it has been, in a book devoted to the purpose. Notable, however, among these is Mr. Consul Jarvis, as he was known, whose life was published by his daughter, Mary Pepperell Sparhawk Jarvis, who married the Honorable Hampden Cutts, and was a writer well known in Boston society. It is through these memoirs, and in others of similar kind, that we learn of the claims made by Sir John Jarvis at various times to his cousinship with the American branches. Sir John was then admiral of the hostile British fleet during the Revolution, and afterwards (then Lord St. Vincent) met Mr. William Jarvis when he was American consul at Lisbon, and again brought forward his claim. Whatever Lord St. Vincent's proofs were, they have been lost, and as he was the most celebrated naval commander of his day, the fact of the loss may reasonably be regretted.

As the present author has come back from Canada and made New York his home, his family's temporary indiscretion of one hundred and seven years may readily be forgiven.

In his idea, a college education is merely the preparation for the real education which continues throughout one's life. The college course being passed, he left at the age of eighteen on an unmapped course of travel. After a winter spent in the European cities and a two months' study of Rome, he went east and lived in various oriental countries. It was at this time and through accidentally meeting a man who was well known throughout Europe and Egypt for his odd knowledge, that Mr. Jarvis first gained some insight into those usually unobserved powers of nature which subsequently attracted him towards experiments. After a year's travel, and before he was twenty years old, he published a book on oriental travel. For several years after this, in the latter part of the seventies, he divided his time between law, general reading, and yachting, with occasional experiments in regard to the phenomena of which we are now publishing the account.

In the practice of his profession as a barrister, his successes were chiefly

in the criminal courts, where his knowledge of men and his power for discerning human character assisted him. Before three years had expired he had made some name for himself in regard to certain important extradition cases in which he was counsel, and then received a commission from the Canadian government to act judicially in extradition matters.

Stinson Jarvis has put more into his thirty-nine years than most men. Two subsequent visits to England and Europe assisted his chief study, namely, that of men and life. The odd ways of odd people have for him a scientific value; and there are few really odd corners of the world with which he is unacquainted. Always travelling alone, he knows Jerusalem and Damascus better than New York, and has lived for months in the tents with the Arabs, riding daily through foreign lands.

"The Ascent of Life" will be seen to be the outcome of the serious studies of a lifetime. His favorite authors have been Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Hæckel, A. R. Wallace, Max Müller, and many others. In prose fiction George Eliot holds supreme place with him. Then comes Balzac, then Thackeray. Among religious writers he deems Sir Edwin Arnold entitled to first place, but for one poem only, namely, "The Light of Asia." When the amount of reading matter is now so great, and when our time is so limited, he holds that we must not lose grasp of general views by absorption in any one groove of study, but feed on the published results of all the specialists, and thus seek the dovetailing of the whole. Whatever doubts which he, in common with all readers of science, has had to cope with, his early experiments with psychic forces and his actual proof of the existence of soul and its powers continually advised him that the full extent of man's possible knowledge is not to be found within the confines or through the material methods of material science.

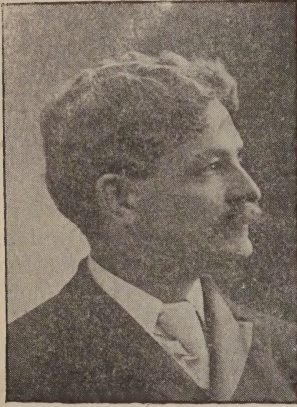
It is natural to desire that a lifetime of study and generalization should not be lost as to its results. We are not surprised that Stinson Jarvis abandoned the more lucrative practice of the law for the life of letters. We believe it was his duty to make this venture, and that to hold secreted in his own brain such a sequence of ideas as appears in "The Ascent of Life" would be a wrong to others as well as to himself. What particularly strikes the reader of this work is the amount of profound study of all religions and science, which is not mentioned, but makes itself felt; and while it is our intention to review Mr. Jarvis' novels in an early issue of *THE ARENA*, we cannot avoid adding here that even if he never writes another line after the publication of "The Ascent of Life," his name will be already made in the realm of lasting and invaluable literature.

The New Bible; or, The Higher Criticism. What it Aims to Accomplish.

A series of papers by leading orthodox clergymen and scholars of Europe and America who advocate the broader view of the Scriptures.

We are in the midst of a religious revolution, deeper and broader in influence, if less belligerent and demonstrative in character, than the Reformation. The latter great protest was an appeal to the consciences of men and women who, while profoundly religious, had not had the opportunity to view life or its great problems broadly; for the centuries which preceded it had narrowed rather than widened man's vision, and the era of material, scientific, and intellectual progress for Western Europe was only then beginning to dawn. Since that period the world has become knit together as one huge commonwealth, through invention and the discovery of methods whereby steam and electricity may be utilized. Since then the

printing press and popular education have changed a world of unreading ignorance to a world well informed, even if as yet there is far too little independent thinking; while astronomy, physical science, and psychical research have revolutionized the conceptions of other worlds.



REV. F. B. VROOMAN.

That this broadening of thought and increase of knowledge should affect in a very real way the religious views of Christendom is perfectly natural; while a deeper study of the Bible, and profounder research into the mental attitude, the religious conceptions, the influence of scholarship, and the inherited ideas entertained by the Greek, Jewish, and Roman worlds at the time when Christianity became moulded into a great dogmatic system of thought, together with the important facts revealed by ancient manuscripts, not known to exist at the time of the Reformation, have flooded the intellectual world with new light, and to a certain extent compelled leading thinkers among the expert scholars of the religious world to take an advanced position on questions relating to the Bible and Christianity.

Then again, the keener sense of justice, the higher respect for right, the finer conception of what any God must be who is worthy of love and respect, have obliged the religious world to discard views and opinions long ago cherished by Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth. That the brutal doctrines long taught by the church have driven a large number of earth's noblest, most humane and thoughtful children into materialism is unquestionably true. And this important fact has been recognized and appreciated by the leaders of the great religious reformation, now in progress within the confines of the church, which is known as *Higher Criticism*.

It is perfectly natural that the leaders of this great movement should be persecuted and charged with heresy by that class which in the time of Jesus were loyal to the sanhedrim, and in consequence persecuted the great Nazarene; that class which in later years raised the cry in the city of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" that class which sought to destroy the leaders of the Reformation; and in a word, the class which at all times have believed they possess the only saving truth, and that those who fail to see it as they did ought to be dealt with as mercilessly as public opinion in the age and land would permit. The enemies of the higher criticism have been heard on every side. Abuse and bitter invective have been hurled at men who are among the most reverent and deeply religious, and also among the most profound scholars in the biblical world, simply because they have found that in the light of modern research old positions were untenable to those who placed truth above prejudice.

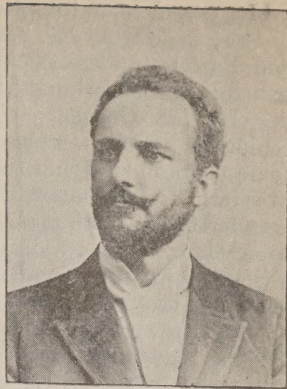
Now it is our determination to give the thoughtful American, during the next year, a series of papers which will show precisely where these great men stand; why they have been forced to take issue with old-time popular conceptions; what the new thought involves, the nobler view of religion it gives, and the aims of the movement. The ablest scholars in the orthodox churches, who represent the new movement in Europe and America, will contribute to this series.

Among the early papers will be contributions by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Professor of Exegesis, Oxford, Eng., Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., ROBERT F. HORTON, M. A., whose "Revela-

tion and the Bible" created such a profound impression on thoughtful Christians, and who was called from England to deliver a series of lectures to the students of Yale College last winter, now published under the title of "Verbum Dei," and Rev. F. B. VROOMAN, pastor of the Salem Street Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass.

Of interest as belonging in a general way to this topic, we have a very noteworthy paper, to appear in an early issue of THE ARENA, on "The Roman Catholic Church and Higher Criticism," by Merwin-Marie Snell, who for the past decade has been the private secretary of Bishop Keane of the Washington University.

Our series on the higher criticism will be the most authoritative and brilliant contributions setting forth the claims and objects of this great movement ever published in a review.



MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

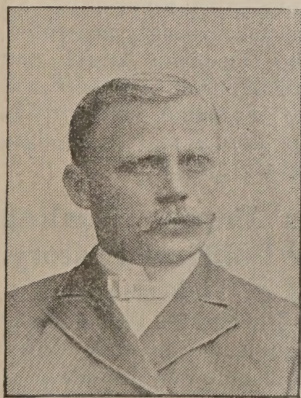
Indian Occultism; or, A Scientist in Eastern Wonderland.

By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.

This series of papers embraces the following discussions: I. *The Marvels of Hindoo Magic*. II. *The Remains of an Ancient Civilization: or The Ruined Cities of Ceylon and Their Story*. III. *Occult Science in Thibet*. IV. *Among the Adepts of Serinagur*. V. *Glimpses of Eastern Wonderland: or Five Weeks with a Hermit in the Neilgherry Mountains*. VI. *The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins*.

These papers are certain to awaken widespread interest, and to call forth much discussion. They are carefully prepared and are distinctly able.

The author, a German scientist, was, at the time of going to India, a pronounced materialist. He has carried into his researches the careful, critical methods of modern scientific scholarship, and he is perfectly candid. Nothing is glossed over or covered up. He has aimed to narrate events which have transpired under his personal observation exactly as they occurred. Some of the statements are astounding to the Western mind, but, as he suggests, the profoundest minds of India have spent centuries upon centuries in introspective contemplation, or the mastery of the human brain.



DR. HEINRICH HENSOLDT.

Dr. Hensoldt's career in India is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, if he chose to devote his facile pen to a narration of his wanderings in the Island of Ceylon, up the rivers and through the forests of India, over the mountains of Thibet and through Burmah, the work would read like a powerful romance, while proving rich in information. For the author has the critical spirit which is the strong characteristic of modern scientific research. He has given special study to natural history and

geology, and is an interested student of archæology. Thus the story of his travels, aside from the strong interest attending his researches in occultism and Eastern metaphysical conceptions, would render such a work at once valuable and absorbingly interesting.

He left Germany with a fellow scientist, who was some years his senior, to assist in archæological researches. His friend desired to spend some years in studying the ruined cities of Ceylon in order to give to the Western world as much knowledge as it is possible for research to unfold of a wonderful civilization, about which even the ancient civilization of the Orient to-day knows little. Unfortunately for the enterprise the senior student was stricken with fever, and died shortly after reaching Ceylon. Dr. Hensoldt remained two years in Ceylon; thence he went to India, Thibet, and Burmah, spending ten years among the scholarly adepts and learned men of the East. He has carefully and critically investigated the remarkable phenomena witnessed in the presence of the mystics, and also has made their philosophy the subject of years of careful study. In his papers, prepared for THE ARENA, he discusses these problems in a masterly and scientific manner, and describes scenes which will awaken widespread interest. He also elucidates the philosophy of the East as he received it from the ablest students of the Orient. Those who have read his charming paper on "Atomic Worlds and Their Motion," published some time since in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and those who enjoyed his "Naturalist's Rambles in Ceylon," and other delightful contributions to scientific literature which have appeared in leading journals of opinion, will be aware of the easy grace and charming frankness which mark this brilliant author's style. He possesses the rare power of making dry scientific subjects fascinating to the general reader, and in these papers our subscribers will find an unusual treat. Whether one desires the truth for truth's sake, appreciating knowledge wherever it may be found for its own priceless sake; whether he merely desires to be entertained with glimpses of a strange world, which, while it was old when Homer sang, and when the children of Israel were making bricks without straw, is new to us; or whether one studies the facts merely to controvert them, as some persons who assume that we have all truth, and that whatever cometh not through certain channels must be error, will be eager to do—in either case these papers will be invaluable, especially to all who think for themselves and who enjoy new truths fascinatingly presented.

The first paper of this series will appear in the December ARENA, and is entitled "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic." Dr. Hensoldt's papers will rank among the most important contributions to magazine literature in recent years, and, coming from a critical scholar and a man trained in scientific methods, will be of special value to thoughtful people.

Important Political and Economic Papers Dealing with the Present Crisis in our Political History.

The year 1894 will unquestionably be one of the most memorable in the political history of the republic, because we are now in the midst of one of those great educational agitations which immediately precede radical and fundamental changes. Or, in other words, the people are preparing to take another upward step toward ideal republicanism. The conflict of the present hour strongly suggests the tremendous agitation which convulsed the colonies before Britain sent her armed force to Concord. In the early stages of the Revolutionary conflicts our fathers protested and fought against injustice; but their views soon broadened, and they came to see that nothing save freedom could satisfy the high demands of the hour.

So the discontent which has been smouldering for the past twenty years, owing to injustice caused by special privileges and class legislation, at first expressed itself in demands looking toward temporary relief for those who were being pressed downward to the precipice of want. Later, the people began to read and think for themselves; the West, and to a certain extent the South, became a great economic school, and it is doubtful if ever before so many people, at the same time, have been engaged in the study of political economy and important social problems as there have been in the United States during the past decade. This independent study soon led the people to see the fundamental evils of present conditions. They began to understand why, in a nation of untold wealth, honest, hard-working, and sober men, women, and children were being driven to starvation and servitude or crime, while a few hundred gamblers, landlords, and monopolists, who were feeding off special privileges, were able to luxuriate on palatial yachts, dazzle English society by lavish entertainments, squander fortunes in continental Europe, buy coronets for their shallow-brained daughters by wedding them to ruined *roués* in the Old World, and in various ways to fling away in dissipation and wanton waste millions upon millions of dollars—money enough to have made thousands of homes joyous had their occupants received their just earnings instead of being robbed through the aristocracies of finance, transportation, landlordism, and other monopolistic combinations which through special privileges have acquired millions of money legitimately earned by the despoiled wealth producers.

Appreciating the fact that only vital issues and real reformatory measures now appeal to men of independent thought and the wealth-producing millions, who are day by day coming to think for themselves, we have arranged for our readers a series of political papers, which we confidently believe will prove the most thoughtful and brilliant contribution to the political and economic literature of recent years. Under the general caption, "A REPUBLIC OR AN OLIGARCHY," will appear the following papers, which will show why (1) special privileges must ultimately transform a republican form of government into an oligarchy; (2) the real underlying or basic causes which have led to the present deplorable social conditions; (3) how the dream of civilization may be realized, and a republic in reality established through wise and just legislation.

This great symposium will be divided into the following series:—

- I. *THE LAND QUESTION.*
- II. *IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*
- III. *THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEM OF THE STATE.*
- IV. *THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN HISTORY.*
- V. *THE SLUMS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.*

I. The Land Question.

Embracing short and able papers on "First Principles of the Land Question," "Free Trade and the Land Question," "The Rights of Eminent Domain," "The Land Question and Social Experiments," "The Single Tax and the Farmer," "The Land Question and Mining," "The Land and the Woman Question," "Relation of the Land Question to the Natural Development of the States," "The Land Question and Socialism," etc.



HAMLIN GARLAND.

As before observed, these questions will be discussed in brief papers of from twelve hundred to two thousand words each. In this way every reader of *THE ARENA* will obtain a full, fair, and comprehensive view of the great land problem, given by the ablest students of this question. Among those who will contribute to this series are *HAMLIN GARLAND*, *W. D. McCrackan*, *A. M.*, *Judge J. H. Ralston* of Washington, *Edward Osgood Brown* of Chicago, *E. B. Gaston*, *C. A. Buell*, *Thomas G. Shearman*, and *Lee Merriwether*. They will be followed by eight or ten other scholars who have made the land question in all its phases the subject of exhaustive research. This will be the most complete and valuable

presentation of the problem ever made in a review.

II. Ideal Republican Measures.

THE ARENA was the first American review to give prominence to the successful social experiments in Switzerland known as the Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportionate Representation. The interest awakened by these papers and through such admirable works as *Mr. J. W. Sullivan's "Direct Legislation,"* *Mr. W. D. McCrackan's "Rise of the Swiss Republic,"* and other scholarly volumes, has gradually grown until the industrial millions of our land are everywhere demanding the introduction of these measures, in order that the republic may be saved from the absolute control of a soulless plutocracy.

That these great reforms will become leading issues, in the near future, no thoughtful student of political affairs can doubt; and that their introduction will be favored by all who love free government, and opposed by those who favor an oligarchy under the name of a republic, is equally certain.

After having contributed so largely to awakening an interest in this vital question; *THE ARENA* proposes to further the great educational agitation by a series of thoughtful papers, which will appear in 1894, under the general caption, "*IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*" Those wishing to be informed upon one of the great political issues of the next presidential campaign should not fail to read these papers.

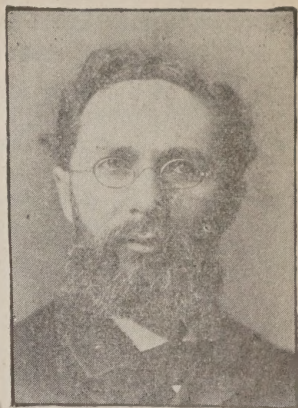
III. The Nervous and Arterial System of the State.

No question has grown more steadily in popular favor, unless it be the demand for an increased volume of currency, than that which looks toward the government taking to itself what have been aptly termed the circulatory and nervous systems of the State. The people are beginning to feel that as long as the great highways over which they and their products must pass remain in the hands of corrupt, lawless, and soulless corporations, the producer and the consumer will be robbed to support profligate wealth, to enrich Wall Street gamblers, to pay interest on watered stock, and to enable the plunderers of the millions to continue to debauch legislators. On the other hand, it is claimed that with such measures as the Initiative and Referendum in active operation, all possible objections which have heretofore been urged against governmental ownership would lose their force. Certain

it is this will be a great issue of the future, as well as the government ownership of the telegraph and telephone, and the ownership by municipalities of street railways, lighting, and other things in which all citizens are necessarily interested and which are popularly denominated "natural monopolies." We have arranged for a series of important papers along these lines. Among the early contributors to this series will be Rabbi SOLOMON SCHINDLER and Honorable IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

IV. Present Aspects of the Money Question.

During the ensuing year the financial problem will be discussed from various points of view. THE ARENA will not, however, follow in the wake of conventional reviews by going to those *who make money by changing money, or to the great gamblers of Wall Street who style themselves "financiers,"* for its contributions on this question; neither will it wait upon Lombard Street for wisdom. The papers which will appear in THE ARENA series on finance will be prepared by statesmen rather than demagogues, patriots rather than pirates on the financial seas. They will all be from men who have made the money question a profound study, and who are actuated solely by a desire to bring about a condition of national prosperity in which the industrial millions will share.



RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

A very important series of papers on the money question, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894, will be from the pen of Honorable John Davis, M. C. Mr. Davis has made the money question a subject of careful study for many years. He is far more conversant with the history of finance than most of the eminent financiers of Wall Street, who so frequently manage to get into print, in order to bolster up legislation which enriches the few and impoverishes the millions. These papers should be read by every patriot in America. They will be clear, logical, and convincing. Mr. Davis will notice: (1) Some Important Passages in the Financial Legislation of Europe; (2) The Financial Legislation of the United States from 1860 to 1890; (3) The Financial Problem of the Present Hour in the Light of Past History. Other papers will deal with: (4) The South and the Money Problem; (5) The West and the Money Problem; (6) The East and the Money Problem.

THE ARENA is the only great magazine in the English-speaking world which has given a full and fair hearing to the side of the financial problem which represents the opinion of the wealth-producers. The papers on the money question for 1894 will be invaluable for all who would keep abreast with the views of disinterested statesmanship on this great problem.

Many other papers on live political questions will appear from month to month. The problems which will be the issues of the next few years will be fully discussed, while no space will be given to the political bogies with which the designing have for years diverted the mind of the people from vital problems.

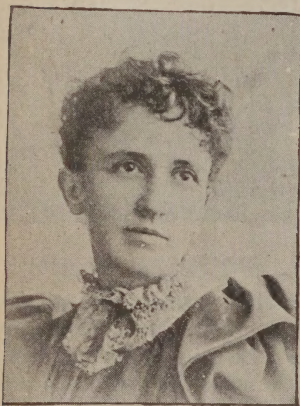
V. The Slums of Our Great Cities.

The frightful condition of tens of thousands in these plague spots of Christian civilization have been in a measure brought to public attention

during the past two years by THE ARENA'S systematic agitation. During 1894 we will publish several important papers dealing with the slums of our great cities.

The Civilization of To-Morrow. Papers of Special Interest to Parents and Teachers.

One of the most important features of THE ARENA for 1894 will be a series of papers which are now being prepared by eminent authoritative writers, dealing with the civilization of to-morrow. These papers will discuss: I. Heredity. II. Prenatal Influences. III. Early Environment.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

These vital problems must be thoroughly expounded and their real import forced home upon the consciences of the people before we can hope to approach a true civilization. The writers who contribute to this series will discuss heredity and prenatal influences in an able manner. The problem of early environment will also be comprehensively treated. The paper dealing with early home influences, school influences, and the influence of persons and love on the young, all parents and teachers should read with especial care. The whole series will abound in hints, suggestions, and illustrations which will be of great value to them. Among the contributors to this series will be HELEN H. GARDENER, who is one of the ablest writers on heredity in America, and Dr. SYDNEY B. ELLIOT, the author

of the best work ever published on prenatal culture. The editor of THE ARENA also will write some papers on early environment.

Woman's World.

Since THE ARENA was started, four years ago, we have published more than three times as many contributions from women as any other high-priced review in the English language; while no magazine of opinion has so strongly advocated justice and freedom for womanhood as THE ARENA. In 1894 the cause of woman will be ably upheld, while the brightest and strongest thinkers among our American women will add to the interest of its pages.

Popular Papers on Emergency-Surgery, by WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

These papers are of great practical value, for after perusing them our readers will be acquainted with the latest and best methods of proceeding in case of accidents, such as wounds, hemorrhages, burns, sprains, dislocation, the treatment of those apparently drowned, those suffering from collapse or apoplexy, and those who have been poisoned. These papers are as follows:—

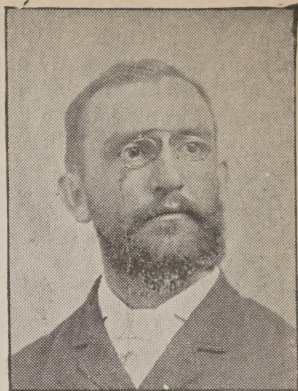
I. General Anatomy. A brief but comprehensive survey of this subject, to render the subsequent papers intelligible without further explanation.

II. Treatment of wounds in general, including hemorrhages, burns, scalds, etc.

III. Treatment of fractures, sprains, dislocations, also giving explicit directions for the use of the triangular bandage.

IV. The treatment of those apparently drowned and of those suffering from shock, collapse, apoplexy, with observations on the care of those who have been poisoned.

These papers are scholarly, yet practical; and while not in any sense so technical as to render them incomprehensible to those not versed in medicine and surgery, they will give our readers the most advanced and improved methods of treatment in cases of emergency. They contain a vast amount of vitally important information which every intelligent person should know.



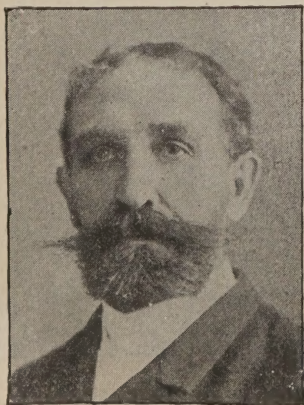
PROFESSOR WILLIAM THORNTON
PARKER, M. D.

Religious Views of Our Late Poets as Voiced in Their Poems.

Six short papers prepared by Rev. M. J. SAVAGE and his brother, Rev. WILLIAM H. SAVAGE. These papers will be charming expositions of the religious and ethical sentiments of Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, Whittier, and Browning, and will contain many exquisite quotations from the writings of these great poets. They cannot fail to be exceedingly helpful.

Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

A series of important papers by scholarly physicians who have employed hypnotism with marked success in the treatment of disease, will be an important feature in the next volume of *THE ARENA*. These papers will be of great value and interest to all thoughtful people. The opening contribution will be from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D., who after having graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine (homœopathic) completed a post-graduate course at Harvard. Dr. Cocke has met with marked success in hypnotic treatment. He is a scholarly physician, rigidly scientific in methods. His narration of important cases in which hypnotism has been successfully employed is very interesting and valuable, furnishing additional evidence of the power of mind.



REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

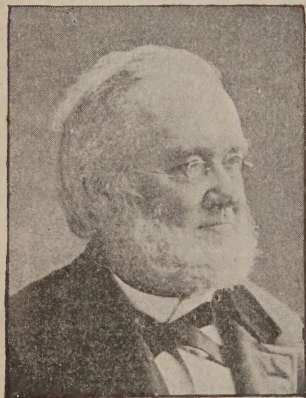
Psychical Science.

Embracing scientific papers on various psychical phenomena, including a series of valuable contributions prepared by leading scholarly physicians on hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. The first paper of this series will be a feature of the January *ARENA*. It is entitled, "*The Sixth*

Sense and How To Develop It," and has been prepared for *THE ARENA* by Mr. Paul Tyner. It is an essay of peculiar power, scholarly, scientific, and yet in perfect sympathy with that new thought which we believe will do

much to redeem the world. Dr. James R. Cocke will follow Mr. Tyner in a remarkable paper on "The Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine." THE ARENA more than any other magazine or review in the world has awakened general interest in scientific investigation of psychical and occult phenomena. During the past three years many of the most eminent thinkers of our time

have discussed these problems in our pages, among whom we might mention Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Rev. Minot J. Savage, F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, Eng., and Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D. In the future, as in the past, this review will give space to scholarly papers looking toward solving the great problems of the scope and power of the mind, and the to-morrow of the race.



PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

Physical Science.

A number of timely papers on Physical Science will appear in THE ARENA for 1894. The first of this series will be entitled, "The Marvels of Electricity," and has been prepared for THE ARENA by that profound scientist and philosopher, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D.

Editorial Department.

In the future, as in the past, the editorial department will be characterized by the vigor, boldness, and earnestness of purpose which have done so much to make THE ARENA the most popular and most loved review in America. In this department Mr. Flower contemplates devoting a few pages each month to current events of vital significance, which will be an epitome of important happenings in the republic.

Special Features of The Arena.

Fine portraits of leading thinkers, choice illustrations when the subject calls for illustrations, critical biographical sketches, stories of American life by American authors, prose etchings, character sketches, etc., will be features of THE ARENA for 1894, making the review interesting to all members of the family.

The popular southern short story writer, Will Allen Dromgoole, will contribute her best work to our columns during the coming year.

The Books of the Day.

In addition to the 1550 pages which have constituted Volumes VII. and VIII. of THE ARENA, we have published during the past year over two hundred and thirty pages of reviews of the leading books of the time. The aim of the writers of these reviews has been to give the readers of THE ARENA a clear and intelligent idea of the nature, character, and contents of the books noticed.



WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

In addition to the reviews prepared by the editor, carefully prepared criticisms have appeared from such able writers as Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Hamlin Garland, Henry Wood, Hattie C. Flower, Rev. Philip Moxom, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Mrs. Annie I. Fields, Grace Carew Sheldon, Professor A. B. Curtis, Helen H. Gardener, Lucinda B. Chandler, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and other critical writers. The two hundred and thirty pages of book reviews in themselves make an invaluable compendium of literary news and criticism, and added to the regular pages of *THE ARENA* make this magazine the largest review published.

The book department for 1894 will be specially attractive, as no pains will be spared to make it indispensable to the reading public.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Our Special Premium.

Two years ago we gave every reader of *THE ARENA* who remitted twenty cents extra for postage, our *Arena Portfolio*. Perhaps no premium was ever more appreciated by the public, and a large number of copies were sold at three dollars to persons wishing to make choice presents to friends. All the editions of our *Portfolio* have been exhausted, and owing to the destruction of a number of the plates, it will be impossible to republish that collection of portraits. At the urgent request of several thousand of our readers we have, however, decided to issue an *Arena Album*, very similar in many respects to the *Portfolio*. The initial page will contain fine portraits of Whittier and Tennyson; there will also be an index, giving list of portraits, and the following portraits with autographs, printed on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, or the whole making a portfolio of special value and interest:—

Title page: Whittier and Tennyson.

Page giving list of portraits.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I. Richard A. Proctor. | VIII. Helen H. Gardener. |
| II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D. | IX. Louise Chandler Moulton. |
| III. Hamlin Garland. | X. Helen Campbell. |
| IV. James A. Herne. | XI. Will Allen Dromgoole. |
| V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M. | XII. M. French-Sheldon. |
| VI. B. O. Flower. | XIII. May Wright Sewell. |
| VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett. | XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M. |
| XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. | |

These portraits are placed in a handsome portfolio, cloth back and board sides, stamped in silver. Every subscriber to *THE ARENA*, whose name is received after Oct. 1, 1893, will receive a copy of this magnificent Album, post-paid and ABSOLUTELY FREE. The retail price of the Album alone is three dollars.

We are determined to greatly increase our subscription list during the ensuing year. We believe the papers arranged for and which are prepared or being prepared by master brains, are unequalled in vital interest by any contributions ever before arranged for by a single publication. We are resolved to make THE ARENA for 1894 incomparably better than ever before. And in addition to this we give, absolutely free, our magnificent Arena Album.

In return we ask our friends, in sending in their subscriptions, to secure one or two additional names. Our family of readers have done splendid work in the past, and we doubt not that they will appreciate our efforts and contribute a little time to the work which we are carrying on, and which we believe is dear to the hearts of our people.

RECENT PRESS CRITICISMS OF THE ARENA.

[Below we give a few extracts from thousands of favorable critical notices of THE ARENA which have appeared in representative American journals during the last three months.]

The Leader of the Advanced Column.

THE ARENA leads the advanced column of American thought in the realm of vital present-day problems. — *Boston Daily Traveller*, Nov. 4.

The Review most in Touch with the Reformative Spirit of Our Times.

THE ARENA for August, in its contents, falls nothing short of its usual list of weighty and meaningful articles. Those who most sympathetically follow its course, entering deepest into the earnestness of its purpose, find the very topics which, by some, through misapprehension of them, are looked at askance as "off color," or "not in good form," the ones most helpfully suggestive, the ones most prophetic of man's much needed betterment. — *Christian Register*, Boston, Mass.

Remarkably Complete in Excellence and Diversity.

A remarkably complete magazine, both for the excellence and diversity of its literary features. — *Daily Post*, Houston, Texas.

Best and Bravest of all the Reviews.

The best and bravest of our American reviews published is THE ARENA. It represents the courage of intellect; it welcomes new ideas; is the exponent of political and economic views as well as psychical conceptions; is intimately identified with the liberty of intellect and the security of social life in its best sense. It has no part in the "conspiracy of silence" that now prevails on the part of those who sustain and build class distinctions. — *Irrigation Market*, New York, N. Y.

Unexcelled in Literary Excellence, and the Steadfast Defender of the People.

The general literary qualities of THE ARENA are unexcelled by any other magazine, and it is with the people and against plutocracy and class favoritism, in whatever form the issue may take. — *Rocky Mountain Daily News*, Denver, Col.

The most Inspiring and Elevating of all Reviews.

THE ARENA continues to grow better and better. It is certainly the most fearless, the most candid, and at the same time the most inspiring and elevating of all our magazines. — *The New Era*, Greensburgh, Ind.

Wastes no Time in the Graveyard of Dead Issues.

Always fresh and interesting, touching upon all subjects of public interest. — *Baltimore Daily News*, Baltimore, Md.

Fills a Place Occupied by no Other Review.

Up to the time, strong, and open to all honest expressions of opinion; it fills a place occupied by no other publication. — *Daily Standard, Bridgeport, Conn.*

The Freest Lance in the Literary World.

Mr. Flower makes THE ARENA absolutely the freest lance in the whole world of literature. — *Daily Record-Union, Sacramento, Cal.*

The most Perfect Reflex of Advanced Thought and Progressive Ideas.

THE ARENA fully maintains its position as the review which most clearly voices advanced thought and progressive ideas. — *Sunday Times, Boston, Mass.*

Its Honesty and Courage are Unparalleled.

The October number of that delightful magazine, THE ARENA, is at hand. It is a magazine of advanced thought, but it found in the progressive forces of the country a constituency large enough to ensure its success from the start, and it has grown in brilliancy and grandeur until to-day it far eclipses all other magazines. It sensibly ignores dead issues and deals in live ones only. Its honesty and courage are positively startling. The shams of conventionalism are its especial aversion. It stands for a higher and broader civilization — in short, for the evolution of humanity. No man or woman who has outgrown inherited prejudices and superstitions can afford to be without THE ARENA. It is an educator whose power cannot be estimated. Social and religious questions are treated, as usual, in a masterly manner, while the editor, B. O. Flower, writes as one inspired. His theme in this month's issue is "The Coming Religion." — *Star, Richmond, Va.*

The Review which Contains no Dull Pages.

A peculiarity about THE ARENA is the fact that every article is of interest. Generally about half the articles in magazines are simply looked over or entirely ignored. — *The Messenger, Humboldt, Tenn.*

A Finger Board Pointing to a Higher Civilization.

There is no other magazine that approaches THE ARENA in the practical importance of the subjects discussed, or in the broad and liberal spirit with which they are handled. They are mile-stones that mark the world's progress to a higher plane. — *The Golden Rule, Cincinnati, O.*

Preëminently a Fin de Siecle Review.

THE ARENA is emphatically a live magazine; there is nothing dead about it; nothing slow; nothing old-fashioned; nothing old-timey. It is essentially a *fin de siecle* publication. — *The Tribune, Knoxville, Tenn.*

Far Ahead of Any Publication.

THE ARENA deals with living issues, it presents the best thoughts, and advocates the most elevated, humane, and sensible means of dealing with the perplexing problems in our social, religious, and political life to-day. Valuable is no word to describe THE ARENA — it is invaluable. Five dollars a year spent for it is the best investment a man can make if he desires to be in throb with the hearts that are beating for humanity's welfare. — *The Times, Aiken, S. C.*

Has no Superior.

It is needless to say that the August ARENA is an excellent number, as every issue of this magazine is first class. It has no superior in the country, as shades of opinion, religious, philosophical, and political, are discussed in its pages. Those who wish to keep in line with the advanced thought of the times must read THE ARENA. — *Daily Democrat, Springfield, O.*

The Only Leading Review which is a Never-Failing Friend of the People.

Among the first-class standard American monthlies, THE ARENA, edited by B. O. Flower and published in Boston, is the only staunch, fearless, and never-failing advocate of the monetary rights of our producing population — rights upon which depend the industrial prosperity of the masses of the people, and even their salvation from ultimate destitution and galling servitude. This periodical deserves the highest appreciation from every opponent of a currency system that is the creation of usurers, and its circulation should be pushed everywhere. Moreover, in general literary character and scope of topics it has no superior. — *National Record, Danville, Penn.*

Practical, Live, Inspiring, and Suggestive.

THE ARENA this month, as always, leans to the practical questions of the day. It seems bent on doing something to make righteousness prevail. It is eager, free, and fearless; not always wholly sound, but always inspiring and suggestive of good. It has a field of its own. It is different from the *North American* in that it gives more attention to questions of philosophy and religion, though, of course, both have much in common. Each is good after its kind. — *Herald of Gospel Liberty, Dayton, O.*

The Only Up-to-the-Times Review.

It is the only review which keeps abreast with the time on popular questions. It is at the head of American monthlies. — *Nebraska State Leader, Lincoln, Neb.*

Those who Buy One Issue Are Sure to Buy Others.

If you have a desire to get out of the beaten paths and read the "other side" of almost every question of social, material, and political concern,

you should buy THE ARENA. Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor, is a unique writer, and will not only interest you in what he says, but will entertain you through his contributors. THE ARENA discusses money, theosophy, faith cure, mind cure, spiritualism, immoral literature, dress reform, and many other current questions in a way that will interest you, and having read one issue you will buy others. — *The Republican, Eldorado, Kan.*

A Dry Number of The Arena Has Never Appeared.

We do not remember having read, at any time, anything that "struck us so hard," to use a slang phrase, as the article from the pen of B. O. Flower, in the August number of THE ARENA, entitled "Well-Springs of Present-Day Immorality." We are sorry that we cannot republish the article, but we call attention to it because every parent in the land should read it. Editor Flower is a deep thinker and forcible writer. Whenever he puts his pen to paper, something appears which sets people to thinking, and no one can read what he has written without being benefited thereby. Oh, that the world had more Flowers of that variety! While we are speaking of THE ARENA, we wish to say that a "dry" number of that magazine never appears. Its pages sparkle with the rarest gems from the minds of our most advanced thinkers. — *Kansas Agitator, Garnett, Kan.*

A Leading Educational Journal Speaks.

THE ARENA, in each issue, presents fearless discussions, by the world's most progressive thinkers, of those questions pertaining to the highest welfare of the race. THE ARENA has been from the first the best exponent of the progressive and reformatory thought of the English-speaking world, and we believe that it is doing a magnificent work in hastening that era of the higher living of humanity for which educators profess to be laboring. Our readers should not overlook this magazine. — *Journal of Pedagogy.*

The Most Liberal and Fair of Argumentative Periodicals.

THE ARENA, by far the most liberal and fair of the argumentative American periodicals, should be heartily supported by those who wish to keep in touch with the most advanced product of the foremost and most liberal minds of the century. — *Daily Times, Denver, Col.*

But One Competitor.

The only competitor of the *North American Review*. — *Sunday Sun, Chicago, Ill.*

A Canadian Opinion.

Boston is the heart and centre of American literature, and THE ARENA is known as the leader of Boston thought. — *Toronto Sunday World, Toronto, Can.*

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN RE WALT WHITMAN.*

THE secret of the lasting charm and interest in the character and writings of Walt Whitman is probably due in large measure to the astounding frankness with which he uttered himself. He had nothing to conceal. He had robbed no one, abused no one. He had lived cleanly and on high ground. Impulses of the brute and lower man he felt and acknowledged, but he was their master always. His life was neither starchily correct nor was it lawless. His own brother, who had small sympathy for Walt's poetry and none whatever for his views on the world, settles the question of Walt's early life by saying:—

It is all nonsense about Walt's licentiousness. Walt was always a man of clean habits. Even in early life, Walt had no licentious habits. I was in Brooklyn in the early fifties when Walt came back from New Orleans. We all lived together. No change had come over him. He was the same man, only older and wiser. I never saw him under the influence of liquor; on the contrary, his care in this respect was a lesson for any one. He was plain and homely in his living.

With such a life behind him, Whitman could speak as no man ever spoke concerning life and death, sex and the soul. He could claim kinship with the libertine by inherited passion, not by action, and with the kingliest intellects of earth by actual achievement. He was cosmos in little, as every man is, and his aim was to utter his heights and depths as well. He had his absurdities and his sublimities. Everything he did was on a colossal scale.

Not long since I sat in church and heard Rev. Minot J. Savage begin his sermon by reading the following passage from Whitman:—

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms which have helped me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen.
For me stars kept aside in their rings;
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me.
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebulae cohered to an orb.
The long, slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,

Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete me;
Now on this point I stand with my robust soul.

* "In Re Walt Whitman." Cloth; pp. 452; price \$2. David McKay, Philadelphia, Penn.

As the passage was read, with perfect comprehension and fine eloquence, I felt the audience shiver with that great awe we feel in the presence of a master spirit. They grew still as death as they caught and assimilated the gigantic figures with which the poet sketched the upward tendency of nature struggling forward toward the conscious man. And as I listened, I thought of the strange yet simple personality of Walt Whitman, whose hand I had been permitted to grasp many times while yet it was warm with blood. And I thought, Here is the scripture of the modern. I mentally returned thanks to Mr. Savage for his brave words in introducing Whitman to his audience.

There is growing in this country a feeling that Whitman was one of the mightiest forces of our new democracy. Tastes differ; to some he is a poet, to others not. There can be no question about the power of his thought and the sincerity of his feeling. The interest in him will not lessen, it will increase.

Whitman's literary executors have brought forward in "In Re Walt Whitman" many of the utterances of Whitman's friends — "converts," one might very properly say. They include some of the loftiest names of modern times, and deal with Whitman from all sides. But best of all are the reports of the talks around the table at the Whitman reunions. The talk is taken down as it flowed, and is highly characteristic — now rough, now tender, now commonplace, now full of mysticism and subtle shadow.

Whitman's "egoism" has troubled many people — probably because it is the frank utterance of a sentiment we all feel, but dare not speak directly. The most egotistical man I ever knew was a man who always apologized for saying "I." Whitman does not apologize. He utters himself without reserve. He talked of "Walt Whitman" as if he were a third person in whom he had a paternal interest. When this is understood, his frankness ceases to shock; it seems natural.

This volume will prove invaluable to all who wish to continue study of a strange yet simple soul of immense force. Here are papers by eminent critics in France, England, Germany, and elsewhere. Here are letters from the leaders in literature of a dozen peoples. The estimation in which he was held by the most fearless thinkers is fully set forth by Tennyson, Sarrazin, Symonds, Dowden, Burroughs, etc. No American ever built up such discipleship. There is, of course, an excess of fervor, and some downright exaggeration on the part of the most ardent, but that can be excused in view of the understanding which is gained of a great democratic and original thinker.

Mr. Horace Troubel's papers are most valuable because of the closeness of his relation to Whitman. To him more than to any other fell the task (which was not a task) of accompanying Whitman down to the edge of the swift river. His gentleness and devotion did much to make Whitman's last days comfortable. The book is published by the poet's literary executors.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ASLEEP AND AWAKE.*

"Asleep and Awake" is another volume marking the distinctive thought of the present transition period. As a narrative and also a psychological study, the book is enthralling. It is written under an assumed name, and so lifelike are the experiences, that one naturally infers it to be in part history, and not purely imaginative fiction blended with untried philosophy. As the heart is encouraged, grows lighter and warms under the kindly glance of a kindred soul, so rarely, but occasionally, encountered on the world's jostling highways, so there are those who will be exalted by these companionable pages.

Many of the occurrences here set down illustrate most vividly the great fact that *experience* is the price that must be paid for freedom, wisdom, and love, that ethereal, all pervasive incense of the soul.

The soul has many sides; it is a complex unit. It is many things. It is a child, it is a parent, it is a husband, or wife, it is a worker, it is a dreamer, it is a student, it is a teacher. All these multitudinous wants clamor for satisfaction. The more the soul's wants are satisfied the more complete is its existence.

As it expands, this soul ever draws to itself that same divine sustenance which feeds and clothes in such purity and loveliness the growing lily. God has not fettered man but blessed him with absolute liberty. Nor has He ever left him utterly without a guide in his pursuit of truth.

In all ages, every system of society has had its sun, to light the people up the Godward way of truth. The great majority, unheeding these illuminati, have in self-pride and self-blinded search for happiness become entangled in the weeds of error. Struggling to satisfy their unholy desires, they have trampled one another under foot. For this Christ came into the world, to "save man from man, and not from God," as Joaquin Miller so aptly suggests.

Life appears one vast university, where pain is a beneficent corrector. Those not victims of unjust social conditions, who in high treason to society and God bemoan their existence and assail their task-master, fail to take their degree. But striving ones who faithfully, humbly, and freely consecrate body, brain, and heart to their allotted tasks, become strangers to chance, and find the path of duty no meaningless labyrinth. These souls, as this story interprets, are awake, tremulously, sensitively conscious; cautiously, step by step, feeling their way, that they may mistake no truth which will tell them how to live. So high in celestial realms is pictured their ideal of a perfect life, that it is an ever urgent incentive to tireless perseverance. They are possessed by one consuming thought and aspiration—to learn all that earth can teach and practise all that Heaven requires. Thus is made the holy dedication, and as the daily lesson leaves unfold, there ensues the struggle for reconciliation between the interior self and the external world.

On constant resistance is the foundation of virtue established. Not

* "Asleep and Awake," by Raymond Russell. Cloth; pp. 199. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

in alluring solitary mountain fastnesses, but in the active, turbulent, seething world, must the battle be fought. Where dangers thickest and darkest threaten their beloved humanity, there will awakened souls be found. They mingle in the mighty maelstrom of men and women, standing singly, quivering it may be, waging their terrible conflict alone. Seldom are they comprehended or encouraged by those bound to them in the closeness of family ties; in one moment lifted to heights of brief exultation, but ever and anon to be dashed, bleeding and bruised, on the stones at their feet. Yet nothing daunted in this their character building, they feel as did the sage of old, that the sharp trial is their great blessing.

Out of this travail is born, to those who remain true while so severely tried, that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." Becoming as little children, their lips prayerfully and pleadingly breathe forth, "Our Father." Then how surely and quickly is sensed the clasp of strong, waiting arms; and gently, tenderly, and soothingly are they rocked on His Infinite Bosom until all is love, divine harmony, and peace. This may not signify that every burden is lifted; in truth the pressure of the heaviest may still be felt. It would seem that "souls are measured by their capacity to suffer," and spirit is assuredly endowed with "illimitable capacity to enjoy and to suffer, twin capabilities of the soul that grow with the growth of the soul."

"Asleep and Awake" imparts much that is beautiful and true, concerning a correct mode of life, but fails to answer satisfactorily "*Why we live*." Too much emphasis is laid on the exercise of the individual human will, independent of the Divine Mind. One is not surprised at the sad *denouement* of the story in view of the brooding spirit of pessimism which to a certain extent permeates the work. Souls have been stranded and wrecked by want of faith, and it is doubly appalling when through their influence other fellow-beings are hurled into abysmal depths of despair. It is evident that the mortal who knows not God, knows only chaos. Musing over the past the biographer of Lenore observes:—

Did I dream that my error would reach a far-off, innocent soul, and dash it upon fatal rocks? Nevertheless it did so. The blue vein of consequence beats ever large and vivid in the white forehead of cause; there is no tearing them asunder. It is for us to remember how terribly serious is this business of living. Lenore may be right—we may all sleep, but if so, we have some vivid dreams, and many of our dreams are the reflections of realities; and the vision of a spotless woman kneeling beside as spotless a man, before the altar of the pure and holy passion of love, is not the least real and radiant of our dreams.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

PRAIRIE SONGS.*

Hamlin Garland has, during the past few years, attained a foremost position among the few really strong writers of short stories. He has

* "*Prairie Songs*," by Hamlin Garland. Cloth; price \$1.25. Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.

won an enviable place as a novelist, and now he appears as a poet of the prairies. His latest volume will be a surprise and a delight to thousands of sincere persons who appreciate the robust thought of the new time, and who love truth in art and that fresh, rugged, and healthful style which suggests the freedom and candor of nature.

Mr. Garland is the first writer, so far as I am aware, who has caught the atmosphere of Western farm life in such a degree as to appeal with power to the imagination of those of us who were born and raised in the West. An eminent clergyman who had spent some years in the West remarked, after reading "Main-Travelled Roads," "I could again taste the dust from the straw stack of the thrasher as I read 'The Branch Road.'" And this vividly illustrates exactly what I mean when I place Mr. Garland's stories and poems of Western life beyond those of other writers. There are many authors who, during recent years, have given us good work, and in picturing some phases of Western life Whitcomb Riley is unsurpassed; indeed, the work of each of these men rather complements that of the other. Mr. Riley is particularly fine in his lighter sketches; Mr. Garland is never so strong as when he paints a sombre or tragic scene.

There is an ethical quality found in "Prairie Songs" which is very fine, in that it suggests so much to minds of average imagination. Here is a little waif which illustrates my thought:—

O wind of the West, go greet for me
Those toilers in the city deeps!
Go teach them to be wild and free,
And chainless as the eagle keeps.
Go fill their hearts with hot desire
To rise above their sooty task;
Go teach them to be wild as fire,
To ask, and compass that they ask!

Here the west wind, penetrating and piercing in winter, cooling and invigorating in summer, well symbolizes a messenger of unrest and of hope. The fetterless eagle is in startling antithesis to the industrial serf, bound by unjust conditions, while the powerful imagery reaches its climax in the prairie fire.

The purely descriptive verses are among the strongest lines in the volume, a fair illustration of which is found in the following powerful poem, entitled "Drought":—

O wide dun land, where the fierce suns smite,
And the wind is a furnace breath,
Where the beautiful sky has a sinister light,
And the earth lies dread and dry as death;
Where the sod lies scorching, and wan grass sighs,
And the hot red morning has no birds—
O songless sunset land! I close mine eyes
In sheer despair of thy dim reach—
O level waste! so lone thou art, no words
Can tell, no pictures teach.

A presence like a curse! no insects' hum —
 No chirping crickets' cheery ring —
 A white mist-wall of bounding space
 Flecked with the swift gull's fluttering,
 Alone confronts the asking face!
 No tree stands green against the sky —
 The hawk swims in the blazing air,
 He scarce can find (though keen his eye)
 A human heart beat anywhere.

Many of the verses are reminiscent. Here are some which Western boys will appreciate:—

A lonely task it is to plow!
 All day the black and shining soil
 Rolls like a ribbon from the mold-board's
 Glistening curve. All day the horses toil
 And battle with the flies, and strain
 Their creaking harnesses. All day
 The crickets jeer from wind-blown shocks of grain.

October brings the frosty dawn,
 The still, warm noon, and cold, clear night,
 When stiffened crickets make no sound,
 And wild ducks in their southward flight
 Go by in haste;—and still the boy
 And toiling team gnaw round by round,
 On weather-beaten stubble band by band,
 Until at last, to his great joy,
 The winter's frost seals up the unplowed land.

The author's strong love of justice and sympathy with the toilers will be felt by all readers, although it is present in spirit more often than in articulate utterance. In one waif, however, Mr. Garland's indignation at unjust conditions, in which parasites fatten in idleness, and the poor toil to bent and hopeless age, finds voice in the following lines:—

A tale of toil that's never done, I tell;
 Of life where love's a fleeting wing
 Across the toiler's murky hell
 Of endless, cheerless journeying.
 I draw to thee the far-off poor
 And lay their sorrows at thy door.

Thou shalt not rest while these my kind
 Toil hopelessly in solitude;
 Thou shalt not leave them out of mind —
 They must be reckoned with. The food
 You eat shall bitter be,
 While law robs them and feedeth thee.

Perhaps the dialect lines will be the most popular; they are excellent specimens of what was once common speech in the West, but which is rapidly vanishing before schoolhouses, and the plentiful and never-ending harvest of the printing press.

Mr. Garland is a true son of the West; his stories and poems are laden with the aroma of broken sod, new-mown hay, and falling leaves. He

loves his native heath, and has a sublime faith in her future; but this does not blind him to the sombre side of Western life. With him the tears of childhood do not form a rainbow as he looks backward to the bitter hours of youth and the hardships of farm life, and this peculiarity of his work gives it a historic value not found in the pictures of many writers who follow conventional paths.

It will not surprise me if this new volume of characteristic Western verses occasions another attack of mental hydrophobia among some conservative critics, who are always affected distressingly when a volume appears which is too strong, true, and original to be conventional. These little men have been lonely since Walt Whitman died. "Prairie Songs," however, will afford them an opportunity for the display of pedantry.

B. O. FLOWER.

TWO VIEWS OF SOULS.*

In this brief title to which, as token of the author's quality, may be added a little leaflet inserted in each copy of the book to the effect that it is not for sale but may be had on application to her, is to be found one of the most singular as well as most suggestive contributions to the constantly growing literature of the occult. Profoundly religious in thought, passionately desirous of making life easier for all workers, with a New England conscience of the most intense order, and a conviction of the worthlessness of this life save as preparation for a better life to come, these forces have worked together to form a conception of what this world has to offer, as unreal as that of a Hindoo devotee. An ardent believer in reincarnation, and in all possibilities of the independent existence of the astral body, Mrs. Aber's personal character is so high and fine, her spiritual quality so clear, that one accepts her statements as to personal experiences unhesitatingly, and questions only her theory of the universe and the conclusions she draws from it.

Far more important than anything between the covers of the little book is the fact that it represents a marked and important phase through which the thought of many most earnest seekers after truth seems to be passing, and which, if accepted without question, will mean loss of all capacity for understanding the real relations of body and soul. That these relations are more and more questioned, and that hearing is given to anything in thought or speculation that may throw light upon them, is a tribute to that spiritual side of the century given in great part to material advancement, but in these latter days feeling the increeping of the tide of spiritual force from the ocean we have ignored.

Having by prolonged fasting and many experiments acquired the power which, in her introductory note, she claims belongs rightfully to all men, that of separating soul from body at will, she gives in the seven chapters of her book the results of the recovery of this power. She has

* "Souls," by Mary Alling Aber. R. R. Donnelley & Sons, 144 Monroe Street, Chicago. Privately printed.

seen the dark caverns, as horrible as Swedenborg's hells, in which imbruted and unrepentant souls dwell until another reincarnation is permitted them, and she has travelled at will through the many spheres inhabited by the souls who have striven for right, but conquered only in part. From them and from her own observation she gains the code of life and morals set forth in her chapter on "The Virtues of Souls." In this and the chapter on "Soul Consciousness and Freedom," there are passages of great force and beauty.

It is impossible not to yield assent to her faith in love and wisdom and knowledge as redeemers; equally impossible to believe that absolute denial of all that our human nature implies is the method of real progress. That simplification of living is a necessity; that vegetarianism makes stronger, and stronger claim as the reasonable form of food for thinking men, are both more and more accepted facts; but when the claim is made that Indian corn is the most perfect grain and pop-corn and water the most perfect form of diet, the sense of absurdity is too much for the reader, and one wonders if Mrs. Aber has ever studied the chemical analysis of grains or realized the quality of a grain of wheat.

In her creed, sex is a terror and a snare, and life chiefly atonement for the sins and blunders of previous incarnations; in short, the earth is as undesirable a home as ever Puritan or monk or ascetic of any time has made it—a prison from which escape seems to be only into larger prisons, till, in some distant æon, final absorption of the soul in the central flame, ends the weary struggle toward a well-nigh unattainable goal.

There is a more cheering gospel. Body can serve soul no less than soul the body, and development for both can be so perfectly brought about that each can know the joy of existence, and something more than mere renunciation. More life, more sense of its infinite possibilities, is what we want, and what is to come; a life that can hold insight as clear as that of the author at many points, but hold it with no denial of the good that is at the heart of all life.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY.*

Since the death of Mr. Blaine, Honorable William McKinley is probably the ablest leader in the Republican party. The recent tidal wave of popular indignation against the administration which is so generally regarded as Anglomaniac places his name foremost among the candidates the Republican party are liable to put forward in the next presidential election. For these reasons this book will have a special interest for a certain class of readers. Above all consideration of the author or his possible future, however, the speeches of Mr. McKinley are an exceedingly valuable acquisition to the political literature of the republic.

* "Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley." Cloth; pp. 664. With steel engraved portraits of Mr. McKinley, James A. Garfield, U. S. Grant, John A. Logan, and Rutherford B. Hayes. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

He is a representative Republican, a man of more than ordinary ability, and although lacking that statesmanship which enables him to rise superior to party and be an independent power for right, regardless of effects, he is much above the average politician as a thinker and an expounder of political theories. He also understands how to present his views in a manner intelligible and pleasing to the general reader, which gives an element of popularity not found in many political works.

The speeches in this volume mirror the thought of the Republican party during the past fifteen years, and in one way are a history of the party in its various attitudes, represented at its best, by one of its most accomplished advocates. As such it is a work of real value to all students of political history. The most noteworthy of the speeches deal with protection and tariff laws, although there are important discussions on other themes, and well-considered addresses on Garfield, Logan, Grant, and Hayes. The positions of Mr. McKinley are, in many instances, in direct opposition to what I believe to be sound statesmanship, and his financial views are well calculated to evoke the unqualified admiration of President Cleveland, as well as the Bank of England and Wall Street.

In looking over these addresses, one who is in touch with the vital issues and problems pregnant with permanent influence for good or ill to the nation, will be impressed with the skill evinced by Mr. McKinley in avoiding questions which may be termed root problems affecting present-day conditions and the future of the republic. The tariff bugaboo, which was the chief stock in trade of the old Whig party during its decrepitude, is the theme which above all others weighs upon the mind of the author. His position on silver is the position of the Bank of England and the usurer class of America. On the great land question he is silent as a sphinx; on governmental ownership of natural monopolies he is non-committal; and so on, one might enunciate issue after issue, vital in essence, about which this shrewd Republican does not care to commit himself. This shows the presence of the politician whose political horizon is bounded by the planks of his party.

As a mirror of the thought which has dominated the Republican party during recent years this work is valuable; but to those who see in the growing inequality between the rich and the poor a grave menace to the republic; to those who see trusts and monopolies not only fattening on the earning of the industrial millions, but defying the people and dictating nominations; to those who see in the initiative, the referendum, proportionate representation, and the land problem, the propriety of giving the nation control of natural monopolies, and to those who appreciate the necessity of the people taking the volume of money, or the medium of exchange, out of the hands of individuals and syndicates who are oppressing the millions and controlling legislation, the book will be chiefly interesting as ancient history. The author is dwelling in the graveyard of dead issues.

B. O. FLOWER.

DUFFELS.*

Edward Eggleston appears at his best in his new volume of short stories entitled "Duffels." The second story, in which an old Maryland legend is woven into a tale of love and hate, is very fine. "A Basement Story" is quite out of the general run of such writings, and is told in an admirable manner; it is one of the best things in the book. "The Gunpowder Plot" is probably the most interesting of the eleven stories which comprise the volume; though it is difficult to choose among a collection so admirable as are these simple tales of humble life.

Dr. Eggleston cannot be called a strong writer—he interests rather than entralls; but his writings are always wholesome in their atmosphere, and this work is commended to lovers of short stories.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.†

"The Story of Washington," written by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, is a contribution of real value upon a subject which has become hackneyed in the hands of goody-goody mediocrity. The life of Washington, stripped of passion, becomes a wonder story, and, considered from a wholesome, matter-of-fact point of view, presents a valuable and striking history of the evolution of a life by no means extraordinary in youth or early manhood, but one which blossomed into something very fine under the pressure of a great crisis and of terrible trials and responsibilities.

Mrs. Seelye has told the story of the life of Washington in a fascinating manner, and young people will enjoy it as much as a romance, while she has confined herself strictly to authentic facts, and consequently the work has a special value. It should be placed in the hands of every American boy and girl.

B. O. FLOWER.

MINIATURES FROM BALZAC'S MASTERPIECES.‡

Balzac's genius is coming to be recognized more and more with the passing years. He has been termed the modern Shakespeare, and many excellent critics consider him the greatest novelist France has given our century. The compilers of this little work, "Miniatures from Balzac," have culled a number of striking utterances from the works of this voluminous writer. I do not, however, feel that they have been as happy in their selections as they might have been. Some of the quotations are bright, striking, and pointed, as for example the following:—

Self-love is a knave that never lacks a dupe.

Politics are a debauch of selfish interests.

A "financier" is a conqueror who sacrifices the masses to obtain his secret ends.

* "Duffels," a volume of short stories by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; price \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

† "The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, with introduction by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; pp. 382; price \$1.75. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

‡ "Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces." Translated and compiled by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill. Cloth; pp. 104; price 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

When silence falls between man and wife, and the day comes when the word "we" is no longer used, a true divorce has been accomplished.

Results are the profits of society; motives concern God.

We can cauterize a wound, but we know no remedy for the hurt produced by words.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

Many of the selections, however, are of doubtful value, and in some instances do the great Frenchman an injustice, divorced as they are from the context. This is the peril which attends any culling from the works of a master, when quotations are too brief to carry the full-orbed idea of the author.

The value of the little book is greatly enhanced by a critical but sympathetic introduction, which, indeed, will be more valued by friends and admirers of Balzac than the "Miniatures." B. O. FLOWER.

IMMORTELLES.*

The compiler of this little volume has displayed admirable discrimination in her selections. In a work like this everything depends upon the judgment of the compiler. Rose Porter has threaded a string of immortal pearls, which will be prized by those who are partial to the writings of the late poet laureate; and many who have heretofore shrunk from the closely printed and voluminous popular editions of Tennyson will be led from this work to a more intimate acquaintance with the poet.

Tennyson wrote much that must prove very helpful to the reader. The atmosphere which pervades most of his writings, like that which characterized in such a marked degree the thoughts of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell, is uplifting and refining. If each person in this busy world would give the soul a little more culture, a transformation would soon take place in society. And one of the best methods by which the general reader will be enabled to enter the spiritual sanctuary, is to set apart a few minutes each day to a thoughtful perusal of the loftiest thoughts of our poets and singers, for they reflect in a very real way the divine thought which energizes the spiritual nature. This little volume will aid all who wish to commune with Tennyson in his most exalted and spiritual moments. B. O. FLOWER.

HARTMAN THE ANARCHIST.†

The conception and details of this book were, without question, suggested by Ignatius Donnelly's remarkable volume, "Caesar's Column." Indeed, so much of the book as is unique or out of the ordinary in plot

* "Immortelles." Selections from the writings of Alfred Tennyson, arranged by Rose Porter. Cloth; blue and gold; pp. 182; price \$1. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

† "Hartman the Anarchist," by E. Douglass Fawcett. Illustrated by Fred T. Jane. Cloth; pp. 214. Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W. C., London. Macmillan & Co., New York.

and idea is a weak imitation of Mr. Donnelly's work. It is one of the tributes which mediocrity invariably pays to the original thinker, that it is quick to seize and utilize the ideas which his literary brain have given to the world. Those who have read the account of the air demons given by Mr. Donnelly, and the work they accomplished, will be amazed to find a writer employing the thought embodied in that part of "Cæsar's Column" as the skeleton of his otherwise lurid though conventional novel. But while the destruction of London by the air ship of the anarchist Hartman follows as closely as the purpose of the author will permit, the destruction of New York by Mr. Donnelly's air ships, the Englishman's *motif*, character, and aim are in all particulars the reverse of "Cæsar's Column."

Indeed, when considered from a purely literary point of view, this work suffers by comparison, because, although written in good English, "Hartman the Anarchist" lacks originality; and when we keep in mind the idea suggested by "Cæsar's Column" we see little play of imagination. It is lurid without being inspiring, and constantly reminds one of some of the popular tales of the sea, in which the writer is always parading as a hero the only embodiment of virtue and wisdom in sight, marvellously saved in crises which would overwhelm any ordinary mortal, and forever boiling over with righteous indignation at the iniquity of the villains who surround him.

"Cæsar's Column" is a striking social study. Seldom have conditions as they exist, and which to-day menace society, been so ably or graphically described as Mr. Donnelly pictures them in the early pages of this book. His work evinces a high and noble purpose. As I have before pointed out, it is the danger signal which a penetrating mind holds up to present-day civilization — a warning which, if heard, will avert ruin. Mr. Donnelly appreciates the profound truth that it is only through injustice and inhumanity on the part of those who are powerful that the discontents of social revolutionists can be created in such quantity as to be a menace to society; and that, therefore, it is idle to hope for peace, progress, and happiness until the cause of the discontent is removed. He wrote his startling book that it might reveal the real danger of the hour. Greed, avarice, and cunning, if endowed with wisdom, and less absorbed with the idea that money can overcome all obstacles, might be arrested by such a thought-provoking work as "Cæsar's Column," even though the book comes as the handwriting on the wall. This volume is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of discontent which this generation has produced. Its greatness as a work of fiction will be better appreciated after one has read "Hartman the Anarchist."

With the weakness born of imitation visible on almost every page, and utterly ignoring social conditions as they exist, and real social needs, the writer drops into the hackneyed description of the anarchists, industriously put forth by defenders of injustice and class privileges, to act as a bugaboo in frightening the unthinking, and thus preventing them from

peering behind the curtain of real causes. The author of "Hartman" has written for easy-going conventionalism, for soulless plutocracy and indifferent dilettanteism. He has carefully avoided causes, but has sought to excite the public mind against effects as though they were causes.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, OR THE THREEFOLD POWER OF SEX.*

The presentation of this most important of all subjects is one that will be new to many minds, and perhaps readily accepted by few. But to all thoughtful persons it will suggest possibilities of human development and progress that will provoke serious consideration. The writer anticipates in her brief preface that few minds are probably prepared to accept the claims advanced, but expresses her willingness to sow the seed of truth as held by her, "expecting to sleep before the harvest comes." The six basic statements are as follows:—

First. Sex is the fountain of life—of all life, animate, inanimate, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and in all possible cases life is made manifest through the union of the positive and negative, the male and female forces.

Second. While the more external phase of physical life can be lived without bringing into use the laws involved in the intellectual and spiritual, the intellectual and spiritual cannot be *fully* lived without bringing into use the physical as the basis or foundation.

Third. The unknown can be proved by the known.

Fourth. We cannot conceive of that which does not exist.

Fifth. We cannot desire, hunger for that which does not exist. If we could, it would prove that we have capacities which the universe cannot fill—a manifest absurdity.

Sixth. Our thought, our idea of an act—the organs of the brain that are active at the time—this, with our general idea thereof, decides the character of any act which, in and of itself, is neither good nor bad, morally speaking, and also, in a great measure, the nature of the result.

In the claim that sex is the foundation of *all* life, intellectual and spiritual as well as physical, the writer has assumed a radical position antagonistic to the views of perhaps the majority of minds, and to the religious teaching of Christendom, and sects in other religions.

The "purpose in this work is to try to find the highest, purest use of sex—to indicate through the laws of the known the possibilities of its as yet, to us, unknown power." The author proceeds with logical and scientific arguments to indicate what is the physical purity necessary to the highest and purest use of sex. Then it is claimed that the new idea—in contradistinction to the old and prevailing idea that the highest use of sex function is the production of offspring—is "that which points to new, to regenerating life—is that the highest use lies in the perfecting of ourselves, of our physical and spiritual bodies."

That there are three sex centres in the physical organism of man is not a new thought. These centres are the physical in the loins, the

* "The Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex," by Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Perfect Motherhood," "Helen Harlow's Vow," "A Sex Revolution," "Occult Forces of Sex," and other works. The Independent Publishing Co., Topeka, Kan.

affectional in the breast, the intellectual in the brain. Hence the three-fold power of sex must be a physiological and a psychological fact, if we possess what Paul termed a spiritual body: "There *is* a natural body and there *is* a spiritual body." The central idea of this work is that only the sex relations which are permeated by soul and mind, in which the sex act includes love, and is held in thought to be of use in perfecting ourselves as spiritual beings, can be of highest and purest use; also that such complete sex relations are regenerating. The author asks:—

What does the redemption of our bodies mean? If the spiritual sex centre renews the soul life, will not the same renewing power descend, and permeating the physical generative sex centre, so regenerate the body as to eventually redeem it from the power of death? When spirit permeates every particle of the matter of our bodies regeneratively, then indeed will God be manifest in the flesh.

This subject has been a study of the writer for thirty years, and the experiences of many persons have contributed to her sources of knowledge and insight into the occult forces of sex. This book of 136 pages contains the most conclusive arguments for sexual and social purity, and for the claim of the author that

What is needed is the right to openly and fearlessly investigate everything that pertains to human sex relations, that we may be free to intelligently obey that law or rule of action which leads to the highest good.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.*

This is a well-printed and well-bound volume of short poems. The author is another voice crying in the wilderness of to-day for a higher life. His lines have more ethical than poetic value. A fine spiritual atmosphere pervades the work, and the spirit present is calculated to lift the soul of the reader into a purer state. The following extract from a poem entitled "Progress" shows most admirably the tone of the volume:—

This is an age of progress, wisdom, light,
 When Science, soaring, takes an upward flight;
 When knowledge, truth, and reason should control
 And lift from ignorance the growing soul;
 When men of brain and will, by climbing high,
 Can pluck the secrets from the starry sky,
 Or, delving deep in earth or sea or air,
 Can find God's hidden treasures everywhere.
 No fields in space so rich and manifold
 But Wisdom's key unlocks the shining gold.
 * * * * *
 Be up and growing! Let some truth divine
 Shine on your pathway, o'er the sands of time!
 All things are moving, systems roll in space,
 Nothing needs progress like the human race.

* "Whisperings of Nature," by Leonard G. Foster. Cloth; pp. 104. Cleveland Book Bindery, Cleveland, O.

Let ignorance play not the coward's part,
 To shut the eyes of mind or chill the heart!
 Let creeds of men, however new or old,
 Cramp not thy intellect or wrong thy soul!
 Truth changes not for bishop, priest, or pope —
 It is the happy harbinger of hope.
 Truth is divine, and like the morning's ray,
 Scatters the darkness and brings in the day —
 It is the bow of promise to the race,
 And those who will may wear an honest face.
 No need of miracles upon this clod
 To make one more a man or less a god.

Here, also, are some characteristic lines from "Destiny," in which the poet breathes the thought of the new time:—

If, in the present, we weave threads of gold,
 Our harvest will be rich and manifold.
 Our feet will walk in paths untrod before;
 Our eyes new objects see, new fields explore;
 Our ears will catch the sound of loved ones dear;
 (But some in silence are too deep to hear;) —
 And yet we feel them near and know they be,
 For spirits mingle like the waves at sea;
 And qualities of body, mind, and soul,
 Are shaped by destiny to reach their goal!
 May God's soul-knowledge greet our inner sense,
 So we may question not Omnipotence!

INDOORS.*

This volume is devoted to interior decoration, and will be of especial interest to designers, architects, and all who are interested in artistic display. No expense has been spared in making an exceptionally superb volume, and for all who cater to the taste of people of means this work will be invaluable.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.†

Only one in whose heart his own childhood still remains active and young could so realistically and entertainingly describe childhood's tendencies. It is a well known fact that a large proportion of those men and women who help the world upward are children of the soil, having been nurtured amidst the hardships of frugal, toilsome farm life. As if in appreciation of this fact, the author has favored us with a most beautiful tribute to one phase of this existence. It relates to "Old-Fashioned School Days," 1800-1825; "The Mid-Century Schools," 1840-1860; "The Country School of To-day," supplemented by "How the Scholars Think and Write." All the mannerisms and minute characteristics, pathetic, sober, and gay, which are a part of the child soul, are woven in story form and serve to make up these studies.

* "Indoors," by Samuel How. Large; cloth; richly illustrated with fine drawings, printed in colors and black and white. Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.

† "The Country School," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Cloth; full gilt edge; pp. 102; price \$2.50; boxed. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The interest of the work is greatly enhanced by numerous exquisite photogravures. So natural are these pictures that the subjects do not impress one as posing. Perfect harmony characterizes the book throughout. The likeness, in soft tints, of a typical country boy, adds to the attractiveness of the cover. The type is large and the printing is on heavy plate paper. Unconscious child humor is evidenced in a large collection of original definitions, some of which are as quaint as the musings of Artemas Ward. The following are a few examples:—

The *missionaries* went to invert the Indians.

You are *contented* when you are asleep.

Dirt is something we could not live without.

Desire means to know everything.

Air is a good deal like weather.

Many disadvantages of the country school have been overcome. It also escapes the baleful hothouse methods of forcing the brain at the expense of the physical body, which prevails to such an extent in city schools. The surroundings of the former serve also to preserve a refreshing naturalness, which the atmosphere of the latter in a measure destroys.

Old and young will find this unique book a delight. It should be carefully treasured as embodying a description of New England country life such as has never before been given.

H. C. F.

ART, MUSIC, AND NATURE.*

In these thought scintillations of Professor David Swing, the highly esteemed Chicago divine, we have a brilliantly clear interpretation of these three potent factors so essential to man's development.

It is fitting that this book should come from the home of the "White City," so lately mirrored in Lake Michigan's blue waters; the consummation of the loveliest art ideal which man has yet dreamed. Like a mirage its wondrous beauty is fading away. Many who viewed it for the last time turned aside with tear-dimmed eyes, loth to leave its serene splendor for the tumultuous world outside its gates. In Professor Swing's words: "All in all the scene has been a portrait of man apart from his sins; an amazing picture of man's greatness and goodness, with his vices left out." To us its purity symbolizes the transfiguration of humanity yet to be. We pray that our civilization may not be levelled to the earth through strife and bloodshed, but trust that only through hearts quickened by love will the glorious apotheosis ensue.

In no truer way can the advent of the new era be hastened, than by the appreciative study of art, music, and nature, drawing one as it does to the Heart of the Universe—its Life. It is deplorable that wrong social conditions allow so little time for the masses to enjoy those things which bring out the finest and best in our natures. This beautiful little

* "Art, Music, and Nature." Selections from the writings of David Swing. Cloth binding, in white, gold, and silver; pp. 67; price \$1. Searle and Gorton, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

book, in its white, silver, and gold cover, has for its frontispiece, a speaking picture of Professor Swing. The work will strongly appeal to all lovers of nature and the fine arts.

H. C. F.

WOODIE THORPE'S PILGRIMAGE AND OTHER STORIES.*

To see life as it is, and depict it by easy and truthful touches, is a high attainment. Mr. Trowbridge has abundantly vindicated his claim to a place among the writers to whom readers attribute the grace and power of naturalness. "Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage," "Uncle Caleb's Roan Colt," "Lost on the Tide," etc., are all stories of deep interest, which one will follow with attention. The book does not preach, but conveys some salutary lessons.

There is many and many a volume written for boys, but they are not all alike beneficial; therefore the standard writers, to which class belongs Mr. Trowbridge, may undisputed claim a kingdom whose reigning motto is manliness. This volume makes the third of the "Toby Trafford Series."

A GENERAL OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.†

It is the aim of this small book to bring the subject of civil government within the reach of that large class of students who desire to complete their school work in the shortest time possible.

There are many good text-books on the subject which require from two to three terms to complete; but the press of other important studies is so great that there is a demand for a treatise which may be completed in a single term, with perhaps but two recitations a week. With this object in view, the author has accomplished the difficult task of securing the greatest brevity with the least loss of the qualities of a good text-book. Much of the comment on different institutions is left to the teacher, who will know best how to economize time as the case of his class requires. The frequent mention of books for a further study of the subject will be of great assistance to teachers and students. With the idea in mind that the object in teaching is to get the student to do, and do well, the work in hand, the author has endeavored to render the study as suggestive as possible.

The plan of the work is very simple, beginning with Part I., The State and the Government. Part II., The United States and the Departments of Government. Part III., The States and Territories. Part IV., Counties, Townships, Cities, Towns, etc. Part V., The Constitution of the United States — supplemented by a series of questions on each part.

While prepared primarily as a text-book for the use of teachers and pupils, yet the information given here should be in possession of all who

* "Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage" and other stories, by J. F. Trowbridge. Cloth; illustrated; pp. 270; price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "A General Outline of Civil Government in the United States," by Clinton D. Higby, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 134; price 30 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston..

desire to be good citizens, and who wish to take an intelligent interest in public affairs. Nowhere can the matter be found in more compact form suitable for general use.

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.*

Probably the most important book published during the closing months of 1893 was this new work issued by the Arena Publishing Company. It will be fully reviewed in a later number of THE ARENA, and, therefore, at the present time I merely wish to call attention to its character and general contents.

The gathering known as the World's Parliament or Congress of Religions, held in Chicago during the World's Fair, was in many respects the most remarkable gathering ever assembled since man first fronted the sky with a question in his mind and a hope budding in his soul. It was the first ecumenical council the world had ever seen—the first time, when from east and west, from north and south, there assembled together representatives of earth's great religions (if we except a few high evangelicals of Christendom), not for the purpose of discord, or with a desire to belittle those who have found food for the highest in their natures, in other faiths, but to set before each other, as brother would tell brother, the message God has given to humanity, or which the divine in the human soul has dreamed of God and the hereafter in lofty moments when the chosen ones of earth have striven most earnestly to rise into the pure atmosphere of spiritual life.

Akaba's dream, which the great oriental tried to realize and in a small way did realize, found a more perfect expression in this glorious conference of the representatives of the world's great religions than ever before. Its importance was felt at the time by thoughtful people, but not until it was over did America's millions appreciate the importance of the congress. Then the cry came for a work embodying the message of the world's great religions as given in this council. It was found that an association had been formed to bring out two large volumes containing the record of the congress, but that these books would be sold only by subscription, and at a price which would render it impossible for the masses to afford it, the cheapest edition being \$5. This naturally occasioned general disappointment, and a demand was made for a popular and yet authentic work which should meet the requirements of millions of thoughtful people, who have not the time to wade through thousands of pages of speeches and addresses, nor the money to purchase books costing from five to ten dollars.

To meet the general demand, the Arena Publishing Company has, with the consent of the Parliament Publishing Company, issued this popular work, which gives the proceedings of the opening and closing sermons of the council *verbatim*, thus giving the reader a perfect pic-

* Congress of Religions," with introduction by Rev. M. J. Savage. Pp. 400; price, cloth \$1.50, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

ture of one of the most unique spectacles man has ever witnessed—a picture in which the representatives of earth's great religions united in welcome greeting, and loving farewell.

These two great gatherings are given *verbatim*, while in twenty-nine interesting chapters are given absolutely *verbatim* reports of the greatest and most representative papers or addresses which were delivered—the papers which most clearly set forth the views, aims, and mission of the great faiths, and which are immensely valuable as contributions to the present literature of the world. It is important to remember that these addresses are in full, and exactly as given. The work is the ablest and most complete consensus of the higher and finer religious thought of the world which has ever been given to humanity in a small compass, or at a price within the reach of people of moderate means.

An impressive introduction has been written for this volume by Rev. M. J. Savage. In order to give the readers of THE ARENA a better idea of the nature and scope of this volume of over four hundred pages, we give the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

- I. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—Address of welcome, Rev. John Henry Barrows; other addresses, by Archbishop Feehan, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, President H. N. Higinbotham, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Most Rev. Dionysius Latas (Archbishop of Zante), Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar, Honorable Pung Quang Yu, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, Right Rev. Renchi Shibata, Count A. Bernstorff of Germany, Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand, H. Dharmapala of Ceylon, Carl von Bergen of Sweden, Professor Minaz Scherez, Professor C. N. Chakravarti, of India, Suani Vive Kananda, of Bombay, Principal Grant, of Canada, Miss Jeanne Serabji, of Bombay, representative of the Parsees, B. B. Nargarkar, of Bombay, Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, D. D., Bishop Arnett, President C. C. Bonney.
- II. ANCIENT RELIGIONS.—The Ancient Egyptian Religion, J. A. S. Grant (Bey); The Greek Philosophy and the Christian Religion, Professor Max Müller.
- III. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Needs of Humanity Supplied by the Catholic Religion, Cardinal Gibbons; Incarnation in History and in Jesus Christ, Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D.
- IV. WOMAN'S WORK.—A White Life for Two, Miss Frances E. Willard; The Worship of God in Man, Elizabeth Stanton; Theosophy and Social Problems, Mrs. Annie Besant; The Women of India, Miss Jeanne Serabji; What is Religion? Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; letter from Lady Henry Somerset.
- V. THE JEWISH CHURCH.—Orthodox or Historical Judaism, Rabbi H. Peirira Mendes; Theology of Judaism, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise; The Voice of the Mother of Religions on Social Questions, Rabbi H. Berkowitz.
- VI. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—Christianity and Evolution, Professor Henry Drummond; The Religion of Science, Sir William Dawson, F. R. S.
- VII. RELIGIOUS UNITY OF THE RACE.—The Reunion of Christendom, Professor Philip Schaff, D. D.; Elements of Universal Religion, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch; Primitive and Prospective Religious Union of the Human Family, Rev. John Gmeiner.
- VIII. THE HINDUS.—The Hindu Faith, Suani Vive Kananda.
- IX. THE BUDDHISTS.—The World's Debt to Buddha, H. Dharmapala; The History of Buddhism and its Sects in Japan, Hōrin Toki; The Buddhism of Siam, H. R. H. Prince Chandradit Chodhararn.
- X. THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ.—Spiritual Ideas of the Brahmo-Somaj, B. R. Nargarkar; New Religion of India, P. C. Mozoomdar.
- XI. THE UNIVERSALISTS.—The Religious Intent, Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D.

- XII. THE PRESBYTERIANS. — Truthfulness of Holy Scriptures, Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D. D.
- XIII. THE BAPTISTS. — The Baptists in History, Rev. George C. Lorimer.
- XIV. THE UNITARIANS. — Spiritual Forces in Human Progress, Rev. Edward Everett Hale.
- XV. THE CONGREGATIONALISTS. — Religion Essentially Characteristic of Humanity — Man Seeking God, God Seeking Man, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.
- XVI. ZOROASTER. — Belief and Ceremonies of Followers of Zoroaster, Jinanji Jamshodji Modi, Parsee.
- XVII. THE GREEK CHURCH. — Greek Church Characteristics, Rev. P. Phiambolis.
- XVIII. SYNTHETIC RELIGION. — Synthetic Religion, Kinza R. Hirai.
- XIX. RELIGION AND WEALTH. — Religion and Wealth, Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.
- XX. THE MOHAMMEDANS. — The Influence of Social Condition, Mohammed Alexander Webb.
- XXI. SHINTOISM. — Shintoism, Rt. Rev. Renchi Shibata.
- XXII. THE CONFUCIANS. — Confucianism, Kung Hsien Ho.
- XXIII. THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS DEBT TO ASIA. — The World's Religious Debt to Asia, P. C. Mozoomdar.
- XXIV. THE ARMENIAN CHURCH. — The Armenian Church, Professor Minaz Scherez.
- XXV. THE WORLD'S SACRED BOOKS. — The Need of a Wider Conception of Revelation, or Lessons from the Sacred Books of the World, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter.
- XXVI. THE JAINS. — The Ethics and History of the Jains, Vichand A. Ghandi.
- XXVII. THE HISTORIC CHRIST. — The Historic Christ, Rt. Rev. T. W. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky.
- XXVIII. CHRISTIANITY AND THE NEGRO. — Christianity and the Negro, Bishop B. W. Arnett.
- XXIX. THE SWEDENBORGIANS. — Swedenborg and the Harmony of Religions, Rev. L. P. Mercer.
- XXX. COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY. The Study of Comparative Theology, Professor C. P. Tiele.
- XXXI. FAREWELL. — Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, D. D., Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar, Prince Serge Wolkonski, Kinza Ringe M. Hirai, Honorable Pung Quang Yu, Rt. Rev. Mr. Shibata, H. Dharmapala, Rev. George T. Candlin, Suani Vive Kananda, Vichand Ghandi, Prince Momolu Masquoil, Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, Dr. Emil Hirsch, President Rev. Dr. Frank Bristol, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Rev. Augusta Chapin, Julia Ward Howe, Bishop Arnett, Rt. Rev. Dr. J. J. Keane, Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, President C. C. Bonney; prayer, Rabbi Hirsch; benediction, Bishop Keane.

The price of this volume in paper is only fifty cents, or handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"IMMORTELLLES, IN LOVING MEMORY OF ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE." Selected and arranged by Rose Porter. Cloth; pp. 181; price \$1. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"ELSIE AND OTHER POEMS," by Robert Beverly Hale. Cloth; pp. 104; price \$1. Published by R. B. Hale & Co., 3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

"A GENERAL OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT," by Clinton D. Higby, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 133; price 30 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"WOODIE THORPE'S PILGRIMAGE," by J. T. Trowbridge. Cloth; pp. 269; price \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"SUCH AS THEY ARE: POEMS," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Cloth; pp. 74; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"DREAM LIFE AND REAL LIFE," by Olive Schreiner. Cloth; pp. 91; price 60 cents. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS," by Helen Campbell. Cloth; pp. 312; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"A NATURAL SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY," by William Hyde, B. A., B. D. Cloth; pp. 653. Published by Fowler & Wells Company, Publishers, 27 East Twenty-First Street, New York City, N. Y.

"THE DELECTABLE DUCHY," by "Q." Cloth; pp. 320; price \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND RECENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT," by Charles A. Whittuck, M. A. Cloth; pp. 308; price \$2. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"POLICE AND PRISON CYCLOPÆDIA," by George W. Hale. Cloth; pp. 792. Published by The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"VAGRANT FANCIES," by Frances Grant Teetzel. Cloth; pp. 65. Published by the Author, Milwaukee.

"THROUGH THICK AND THIN," by Molly Elliot Seawell. Cloth; pp. 215; price \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP," by John Strange Winter. Cloth; pp. 310; price \$1.25. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"PARLIAMENTARY TACTICS FOR THE USE OF THE PRESIDING OFFICER." Arranged by Harry W. Hoot. Cloth; pp. 51; price 50 cents. Published by The Scientific Publishing Co., New York.

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE," by Everett W. Fish, M. D. Paper; pp. 242; price 50 cents. Published by the Author, St. Paul, Minn.

"THE MONISM OF MAN, OR THE UNITY OF THE DIVINE AND HUMAN," by David Allyn Gorton, M. D. Cloth; pp. 297. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

"STEPHEN MITCHELL'S JOURNEY," by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy). Cloth; pp. 347; price \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE LOVER'S YEAR-BOOK OF POETRY," by Horace Parker Chandler. Vols. 1 and 2. Cloth; pp. 253 and 278; price \$2.50. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"SPIRIT OF THE BIBLICAL LEGISLATION," by Rev. Maurice Fluegel. Cloth; pp. 248. Published by Press of the Sun Book and Job Printing Office, Baltimore.

"CHRISTOFORO COLON," by Oscar A. Fliesburg and Lewis P. Johnson. Cloth; pp. 101; price, paper \$1.75, cloth \$2.25. Published by the Swedish-American Book Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"THE INADEQUACY OF NATURAL SELECTION," by Herbert Spencer. Paper; pp. 69. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"A COMEDY OF MASKS," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. Paper; pp. 304; price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"A CYNIC'S SACRIFICE," A Novel, by Lewis Vital Bogy. Paper; pp. 310. Published by G. W. Dillingham, Publishers, New York.

"HARTMAN THE ANARCHIST," by E. Douglas Fawcett. Cloth; pp. 214; price \$1.25. Published by Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W. C., London, Eng.

"SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY," by Orville W. Owen, M. D. Paper; pp. 198; price 50 cents. Published by Howard Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

"RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper. Published by Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"HYPNOTISM; ITS FACTS, THEORIES, AND RELATED PHENOMENA," by Carl Sextus. Cloth; pp. 304; price \$2. Published by Carl Sextus, Chicago, Ill.

"INDOORS," by Samuel How. Cloth; pp. 38. Published by Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.

"WHISPERINGS OF NATURE," by Leonard G. Foster. Cloth; pp. 104. Published by Cleveland Book Bindery, Cleveland, O.

"WAYSIDE JOTTINGS," by Mattie E. Hull. Cloth; pp. 208. Published by Moses Hull & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE REAL ISSUE," by Moses Hull. Paper; pp. 100; price 25 cents. Published by Vincent Brothers Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"LA POLD AND EURIDICE," by Washington A. Engle, M. D. Cloth; pp. 300. Published by Washington A. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

"JOHN BOYD'S ADVENTURES," by Thomas W. Knox. Cloth; pp. 303; price \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE BOYS OF GREENWAY COURT," by Hezekiah Butterworth. Cloth; pp. 296; price \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MEMOIRS," by Charles Godfrey Leland. Cloth; pp. 438; price \$2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"DUFFELS," by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; pp. 262; price \$1.25. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MINIATURES FROM BALZAC'S MASTERPIECES," by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill. Cloth; pp. 104; price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE STORY OF WASHINGTON," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye. Cloth; pp. 382; price \$1.75. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"METHOD AND RESULTS: ESSAYS," by Thomas H. Huxley. Cloth; pp. 430; price 1.25. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE COUNTRY SCHOOL IN NEW ENGLAND," by Clifton Johnson. Cloth; pp. 102; price \$2.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, FROM HIS ELECTION TO CONGRESS TO THE PRESENT TIME." Cloth; pp. 664; price \$2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MADEMOISELLE MISS," by Henry Harland. Cloth; pp. 192; price \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"A DARING EXPERIMENT AND OTHER STORIES," by Lillie Devereux Blake. Cloth; pp. 360; price \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"TALKS BY QUEER FOLKS," by Mary E. Bamford. Pp. 179; price, cloth \$1.50, boards \$1.25. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE CHILD'S DAY BOOK." Arranged and Compiled by Margaret Sidney. Price 50 cents. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FORWARD.

LET THE FORCES OF PROGRESS UNITE.

SINCE publishing the papers entitled "Union for Practical Progress," and "How to Rally the Hosts of Freedom," we have received great numbers of communications urging the formation of societies and the inauguration of plans of work for the union of all earnest men and women who desire practical reformatory progress, along broad and tolerant lines.

It has been thought best to begin organized or systematic work in some one of the great Eastern cities, and from that move on to other places. In this way a great movement can be started and carried forward in the various centres of population, in which thoughtful men and women who love humanity, and who appreciate the importance of practical work and educational methods may unite in a campaign against evil and injustice and their results, as found in poverty, degradation, and crime in our land to-day. From its inception THE ARENA has striven to arouse the conscience of our people, and to urge education and practical measures for concerted work. That the time has arrived for those who love their race to move forward along these lines there can be little doubt. The harvest is white; the cause of humanity demands organization and the moral support which comes with united exertion.

For special reasons it has been felt that the city of Baltimore would be the best place to open this great work, full details of which will be given later; and from Baltimore it is proposed to carry the movement into other great cities. It is intended to form societies for practical reformatory work, to be composed of those of all faiths who love humanity in a vital way, who desire to bring about justice and happier conditions, and who are willing to help those needing aid. Working girls' clubs, clubs for industrial workers and other organizations will be formed, programmes for educational work will be given, and a general movement inaugurated looking toward organizing the reform forces and pushing practical measures for the uplifting and improving of the people, for hastening social and economic reforms, and for the general education of men and women upon problems vital to social and economic progress. It is the intention to send lecturers and organizers to cities where earnest people are willing to aid in meeting the expenses of such work; and it is believed that by efforts of this kind an educational work of inconceivable value will be originated.

In this way reform forces can be united, practical measures effectively carried out, and the spirit of bitterness, now so rapidly increasing throughout all our great centres, owing to injustice and despair, will give place to a finer emotion, inspired by hope, love, and the realization that by united effort a grand evolutionary reformation, based on justice, can be successfully carried out. We urge all persons interested in this great movement to write us. A full outline of the work will be given in our next issue, and it is our purpose to devote several pages of THE ARENA each month to this great crusade against injustice and evil. We shall also note the progress of the movement throughout the land, and thus keep all earnest men and women acquainted with the news relating to the work. The hour has arrived for a union of forces; the clock is striking; humanity is ready for another upward step. Conventionalism may retard, she cannot prevent, the movement. Every earnest man and woman who loves God and humanity may help in this work, whose influence for good will be felt not only to-day, but in the centuries yet to come.

Some Important Papers for the February Arena.

It is our intention to publish in the February ARENA, among other papers of special interest, the following:—

“Manual Training versus the Old Method of Education” (second paper in our Educational Series), by Arnold H. Heinemann.

“Marvels of Electricity,” by Professor J. R. Buchanan.

“Honest and Dishonest Money,” by Congressman John Davis.

“They Have Fallen into the Wine Press: or, A Glimpse at the Onward March of Uninvited Poverty,” by the Editor of THE ARENA.

“The Right of Eminent Domain,” by Edward Osgood Brown.

“Among the Adepts of Serinagur,” Part II., by Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt.

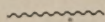
“The New Bible,” by Rev. F. B. Vrooman or Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. (being the third of our papers by leading orthodox scholars on the Higher Criticism).

“Pre-natal Culture,” by Dr. Sydney B. Elliot (No. 1 of our series on “The Generation of To-morrow”).

“The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It,” by Paul Tyner.

“The Ascent of Life,” Part III., by Stinson Jarvis.

“A Symposium on Rational Dress,” by Mrs. Frances E. Russell, chairman of the dress committee of the National Council of Women, and other prominent ladies. This paper will be handsomely illustrated, and will be the most interesting contribution on this subject which has appeared in any magazine.

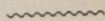


True Education.

A series of papers on this theme, which will prove almost as valuable to thoughtful parents as to educators, will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894. The opening paper appears in this issue, and is from the pen of the talented sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, whose fine statue of Hamilton, recently unveiled in Brooklyn, called forth such well merited praise from critics. I think it is about a year since a lady who is a prominent

author and a leading authority in economic matters, came into my office, saying, “I wish you would go with me across the street to the Back Bay Art Museum to see a Madonna, which, to my mind, reflects the ideal woman, mother, wife, and sister—the redeemer of to-morrow.” I gladly complied with my friend’s request and found myself much in her debt for calling my attention to a piece of work which was on exhibition for a short time only. This Madonna was no waxen-faced maiden, who might be innocent, but upon whom none of the light of knowledge, which strengthens character and awakens the brain, had fallen. It was clear, pure, loving, and *strong*. It expressed the beauty of past conceptions, wedded to the larger view of woman which prevails among the best minds of to-day. It was the work of William Ordway Partridge, an American sculptor, a man whose brain is luminous with high and noble thoughts, a thinker and worker for the welfare of humanity. Mr. Partridge is intensely interested in social and economic progress, and, as will be seen from his masterly paper in this issue, is fully awake to the tremendous influence of education. Our readers will be charmed and helped by this admirable paper.

In the February ARENA I hope to publish a very able paper which has been prepared for us by the talented author of “Froebel’s Letters,” Mr. A. H. Heinemann, dealing with the Sloyd system of training. It is entitled, “Manual Training *versus* the Old Method of Education,” and will be No. 2 of our educational series.



The Relation of the Land Question to Literature and Art.

Our second paper in the series of discussions on the land question, which opened in the December ARENA, and which will be continued from issue to issue during the ensuing year, is this month prepared by Hamlin Garland. As I have indicated in a footnote, the article was originally prepared as an address, and delivered before the Actors’ Order of Friendship in New York. There is a

certain directness of style used in an address not present in an essay, and since it gives variety to the discussions which appear in a magazine, I requested the author to retain this style in the article instead of changing it when he revised the paper for publication. Each month during the ensuing year there will appear a brilliant paper on the land question covering some phase of the problem, or discussing it from some special point of view, the whole series forming a comprehensive presentation of this important theme by twelve or more leading specialists. The series will be absolutely essential to all students of social problems, and one of the most remarkable contributions for the discussion of vital questions which has appeared in years.

Robert F. Horton, M. A., on 'The New Bible.'

Mr. Horton's Yale lectures, delivered last year, greatly increased his circle of admirers on this side of the Atlantic, although his work on the higher criticism had enjoyed a large circulation prior to that time. In England he is ranked among the most able and thoughtful orthodox thinkers who stand for the new movement. In this issue of THE ARENA appears his contribution to our series on "The Higher Criticism." The February number will contain a paper by Rev. F. B. Vrooman, or one by Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. Both these papers are exceptionally able.

The Ascent of Life.

In this issue appears the second of Stinson Jarvis' papers in his brilliant series on "The Ascent of Life," a discussion which is bright, crisp, entertaining, and wonderfully stimulating to thought. Moreover, it deals with a subject which appeals to earnest men and women at the present time with peculiar force, coming as it does at a period of transition in religious thought.

Silver in England.

In this issue Congressman John Davis contributes the second of his series of papers on the money question. Mr.

Davis, in dealing with great passages in the financial history of the world, and calling the attention of untrained minds to important facts in relation to this subject, is doing a work which has long been needed. His papers will not please apologists for special privileges, or the defenders of a system of finance by which men acquire wealth without earning it; but for those who wish to see justice prevail, and all class privilege abolished they will prove most interesting.

The February ARENA will contain a discussion on the subject of "Honest and Dishonest Money." It is a contribution of special merit, and will prove valuable to thoughtful people who are anxious to understand the money question for themselves rather than take their opinions from those who make a living by changing money, or their apologists.

Two Important Papers Crowded Out.

Professor J. R. Buchanan's striking paper on "The Marvels of Electricity," and Paul Tyner's on "The Sixth Sense and How To Develop It" are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. I shall try to make place for both in the February number. They are remarkable contributions, and will prove of special interest to our readers.

Miss Savage's Story.

I wish to call special attention to the admirable story by Miss Gertrude Savage in this issue of THE ARENA. In "The Scissors-Grin," the author has given us a unique and withal striking sketch, and one which in many respects is out of the common run of short stories.

The Divorce of Man from Nature.

Very suggestive is the paper by Miss Anna R. Weeks, found in this issue. The author belongs to that magnificent coterie of women of the new time who are thinking, writing, and working for a brighter to-morrow.

Rabbi Schindler on Natural Monopolies and the State.

In this issue will be found the first of a series of most important papers by

Rabbi Schindler on what are popularly termed "Natural Monopolies." The eminent Rabbi will discuss the relation which these monopolies bear to the state. These papers will be very helpful to our people. No careful observer can fail to see that these questions will be leading issues in the political arena in the near future.

Receipts for Mr. Daniel's Work.

I very much regret that we have not a larger amount to report for Mr. Daniel's magnificent work in the slums of Philadelphia. The following sums have been received and forwarded to Mr. Daniel: A workman, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10; Miss A. C. Parmelee, Malone, N. Y., \$5; W. H. Armstrong, Milford, Pa., \$2; a friend, Boston, Mass., \$2; F. E. McCall, Pontiac, Mich., \$2; Sarah Fisher, Montreal, Can., 50 cents. Total, \$21.50.

Amount previously received and forwarded, as per December ARENA, \$53.25. Total, \$74.75.

Mr. Lugrin's Stricture on the People's Party.

On the sixth page of Mr. C. H. Lugrin's suggestive paper occur some statements which I think are calculated to mislead the reader in regard to the People's movement. I do not mean to imply that the accomplished author consciously misrepresents, but by reflecting a popular idea which results from constant misstatements by the partisan press of the People's movement. Neither representative Populists nor the rank and file of the party connive or desire the repudiation of any just debt incurred in the past. They do, however, call for a halt in special privileges, injustice, and all class legislation, and for the repeal of laws passed in the interest of coöperative syndicates and trusts.

Another point worthy of notice is found in Mr. Lugrin's fear that Populist success would cause distrust among foreign capitalists and check further investments in this country. To my mind it would be difficult to conceive of a greater blessing to the country than the checking of these investments, which are despoiling the republic that foreign usurers may fatten

on the work of Americans. To me it is evident that unless the hand of the landlord, both foreign and American, be released from the throat of industry, the hour is at hand when the republic will pass into a state in some respects more hopeless than that of the Roman Republic when the Patricians became the absolute masters of a government which still boasted that it was a republic.

Such Things Should Not Be.

Below I give a recent news despatch:—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 24.—Myra L. Weed, wife of Benjamin Weed of West Indianapolis, died yesterday of starvation. The husband had been *out of work for almost six months*. They had nothing to eat, and the neighbors did not discover her condition *until it was too late*.

Among the Adepts of Serinagur.

In this issue we publish the first part of Dr. Hensoldt's remarkable paper, entitled "Among the Adepts of Serinagur." The concluding part, in which he recounts the marvels witnessed, will appear in THE ARENA for February. These papers are of special value, coming as they do from a mind trained to careful observation by modern scientific methods, but which is singularly free from that offensive dogmatism which characterizes the work of so many psychic scientists. There is a beauty about the simple and candid style of the German student which must impress every reader favorably, irrespective of the subject matter discussed. Never before has there appeared so remarkable a series of papers dealing with Indian occultism and the subtleties of Eastern metaphysics; it is unique in many ways. Heretofore, those who have discussed these problems sympathetically have lacked the previous training which gives special value to the observations of a scientist skilled in modern critical research. They have, moreover, frequently veiled their utterance in mystery, and in other ways resorted to methods suggestive of a desire to impress the credulous rather than convince the honest sceptic. Dr. Hensoldt's papers have a special value, and are sure to prove very helpful contributions to honest and intelligent seekers after truth.

The Voice as an Index to the Soul.

Dr. James R. Cocke pursues a little-travelled highway in his interesting and suggestive paper on "The Voice as an Index to the Soul." As he states in the opening paragraph, owing to loss of sight when he was less than a year old, he has had an advantage in the way of studying the voice which few have enjoyed. Dr. Cocke is, I believe, the only person who, being entirely bereft of sight, has passed successfully through the same rigid schooling which those who see are compelled to pass in our leading medical institutions. He graduated with a remarkably high percentage from the Boston University School of Medicine (homœopathic), after which he took a post graduate course in Harvard Medical School (allopathic). Few men have had a finer medical education than this brilliant young man, and, though deprived of sight, he has a wonderful touch, so sensitive as to enable him to diagnose disease with remarkable accuracy. A third paper by Dr. Cocke, entitled "Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine," will appear at an early date.

Ædœology.

I hope in February to publish the first of two papers by Dr. Sydney Barrington Elliot on "Prenatal Culture," a subject of great importance to persons who are awake to the responsibilities of the to-morrow of the race. In this connection I would call attention to a new edition of "Ædœology," which The Arena Publishing Company have just issued. It is by far the most instructive work on prenatal culture ever written. I have noticed it once in THE ARENA, but intend reviewing it fully at an early date, believing as I do that it is our duty to arouse our people to the importance of the great problem so ably and delicately handled by the author of this work.

The Arena Club in New Orleans.

I have from time to time called attention to the magnificent work being carried on by Mrs. Dr. James Ferguson, the founder and president of the Arena Club of New Orleans. This thoughtful

and sincere woman established the club and has succeeded in making it a power for the cause of brave, able, and vital thought in that city. At intervals leading thinkers address the club on various timely or live themes. Dr. Joseph Holt recently delivered a masterly oration before its members on "Science and the Parliament of Religions," which was published in full in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* of December 7, with this prefatory note:—

The lecture of Dr. Joseph Holt on "Science and the Parliament of Religions," before the Arena Club Tuesday evening, was pronounced by the critical audience present to be an able and brilliant effort. The Arena Club has had some of the leading men of the city lecture before it, and its objects are being accomplished in the most profitable and delightful manner. Article II. of the constitution explains the scope of the club. It says:—

ART. II. The objects of the Arena Club shall be the endeavor to increase good fellowship among women and men; to properly educate the moral, mental, and physical faculties of its members; to disseminate a knowledge of the laws that should govern life in all its relations, and, whenever occasion demands, to take such private or public action as shall serve the best interests of both sexes.

The *States* also published the lecture in full. Thus not only the thoughtful audience who thronged the Arena Club of New Orleans were enabled to enjoy the address, but a wider audience, an audience of probably over fifty thousand people, was treated to the advanced views given by Dr. Holt, who without the organization of this club would possibly never have been so educated and entertained.

I cite this to show what may be done if a few earnest people in any community will unite for this helpful educational work. The influence of such action will not only be felt in our time, but it will also yield a rich harvest in the thought force and intellectual bent of the generation of to-morrow. Friends, be up and doing! To-day is yours. But perhaps the opportunity you enjoy now to help the world onward will have departed by to-morrow. Every one can do something, and the work of Mrs. Ferguson is a striking illustration of what may be accomplished in every city and town in America.

Knowing that our readers will be interested in the personality of this earnest twentieth-century woman, I give the following from a notice of her work which appeared in the Woman's Column in a recent issue of the New Orleans *Picayune*:—

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARENA CLUB.

There is not a finer or more unostentatious thinker in all New Orleans than Mrs. Dr. James Ferguson, the president and founder of the Arena Club. Mrs. Ferguson has a rarely logical mind. She is, so far as the writer knows—and it is a friendship that has ripened over years—as absolutely free from snobbishness, from prejudice, from injustice, as it is possible for a woman to be. Whatever the work in hand, she thinks only on that, and not who shall have the first or the second place; and she is as intolerant as Carlyle of tuft hunting.

During the past few years this wide-ideal woman has been slowly but surely cementing to her side numbers of the most sensible, progressive, and earnest men and women in New Orleans. Really, she did not stop to estimate their "society" values and whether they were clerks in stores, drivers of drays, clergymen in pulpits, judges on benches, or owners of opera boxes. It was, instead, the old, beautiful story of the ethics of the dust—the crystals coming together, because they needed each other. Mrs. Ferguson lives daintily and simply in a suite of rooms at 150 Julia Street, and on Monday nights she and her scholarly husband are hosts to a roomful of the best people in New Orleans. Often there will be a cup of tea with a biscuit, and the talk is high and the thinking is high, and people who want to pursue a subject are not pestered with recitations by geniuses who can't recite, nor made to listen to the twitterings of birds who can't sing, but who will anyhow. At the meetings of the Arena Club fine lectures have been given, and the wisest men and women in town are now honored to be invited to attend these club lectures, where you are not committed to any creed, or likely to fall into the mental clutches of any fanatic.

~~~~~

### Mr. Garland's Lectures.

In response to several invitations from literary centres in the South and West, who are alive to the new movement in literature and art, Mr. Garland will probably travel through those sections early in the spring, and I would take this opportunity to suggest to those of our readers who desire to awaken an interest in the new and vital thought as it relates to literature and art, that they communicate with Mr. Garland, as he, more than any

other young writer, stands for that thought which rests on *truth in art*; the movement of which Ibsen and Tolstoi are the most conspicuous representatives in Europe.

A recent issue of the *Review of Reviews* thus comments on Mr. Garland's work:—

Mr. Hamlin Garland has a privilege which can belong to comparatively few literary workers—that of being the exponent and forerunner of a movement far larger than the possible achievement of any single man or woman. His vigorous faith in the future of a great Mississippi Valley literature stirs the pulse of every person born or living between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, and commands the attention of all who are interested in American letters. Mr. Garland is not sectional; the literature he represents and foretells is great because America is great, not because the Father of Waters flows through a fertile region; great, above all, because it is striving to understand and truthfully reveal the "human heart by which we live."

Mr. Garland lectures on "The Modern Novel," "Impressionism in Painting," "The Drift of the Drama," and other vital subjects in the same lines. He represents the new movement in literature and art, and he stands for social and economic progress. His wide acquaintance with the leading impressionistic painters of America and all the leading writers in our land who are dealing in literature as realists or veritists, enables him to discuss these problems in a more comprehensive and authoritative manner than almost any other thinker among our people.

I would suggest that clubs, societies, and groups of persons interested in the subjects discussed by Mr. Garland correspond with him.

~~~~~

Civilization's Inferno.

The second edition of "Civilization's Inferno" is practically exhausted. The sale of this work has been remarkable, and indicates how widespread is the interest of thoughtful people in one of the gravest problems confronting our nation.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* for December 10, in speaking of this work, says:—

It has marvellous power in telling a tale of woe which constitutes a part of modern civilization.

Two Beautiful Volumes.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball have just issued Mr. Garland's volume of poems, noticed elsewhere, and "Main-Travelled Roads" in uniform style and binding. These volumes make a handsome set, bound in sage green and stamped in gold; large golden stalks of Indian corn cover the sides and back, making a rich and unique binding. The price per volume is \$1.25, or \$2.50 for the set. These works are bound to enjoy the large sale they merit, and Messrs. Stone & Kimball are to be congratulated on the beauty of the volumes they are publishing.

Union for Practical Progress.

The movement now in progress to unite the moral workers in our land along practical lines of work must result in a quickening of the nobler impulses in millions of lives. The hour has arrived for a great movement, broad and tolerant in essence, a movement wide as humanity's needs and permeated by the spirit of the Golden Rule. Education and justice, these must be the ultimate, while present help must be extended to the sinking, and the cultivation of the spirit of love must characterize these glorious works.

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The days of publication will be announced in a future number.

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Opening of Volume Nine.

The ARENA

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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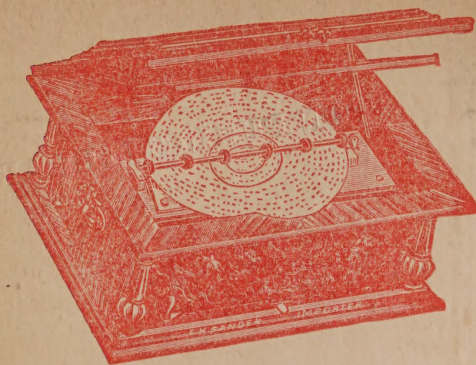
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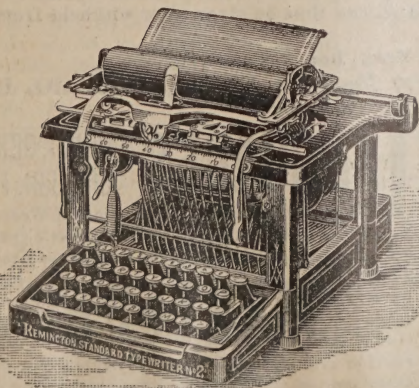
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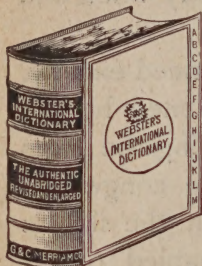
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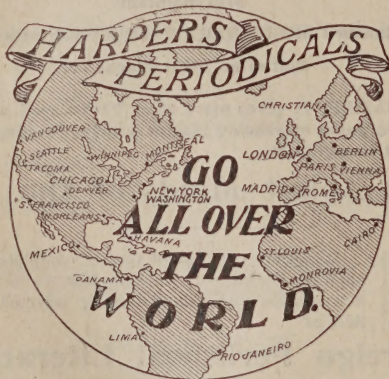
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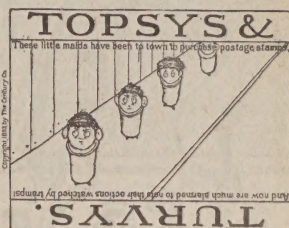
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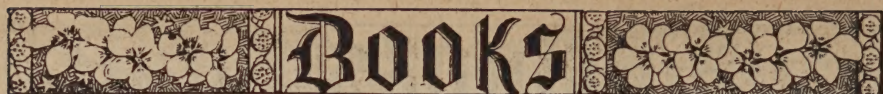
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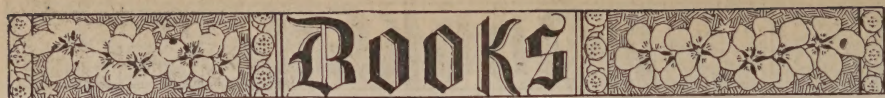
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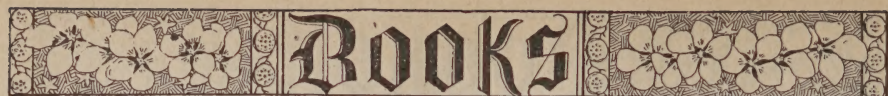
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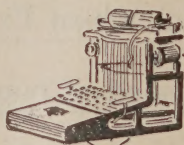
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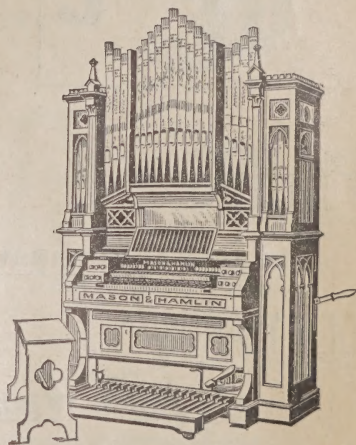
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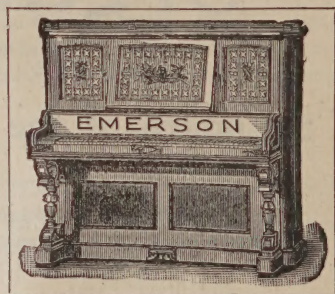


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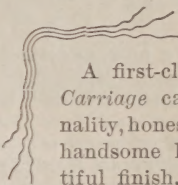
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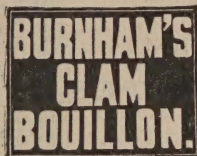


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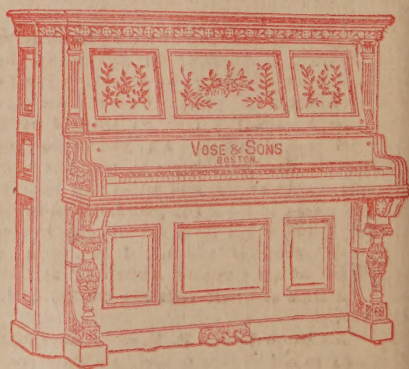
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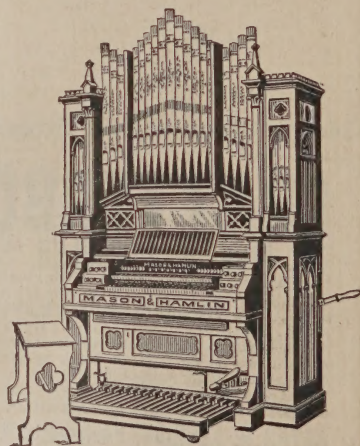
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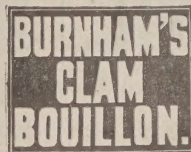
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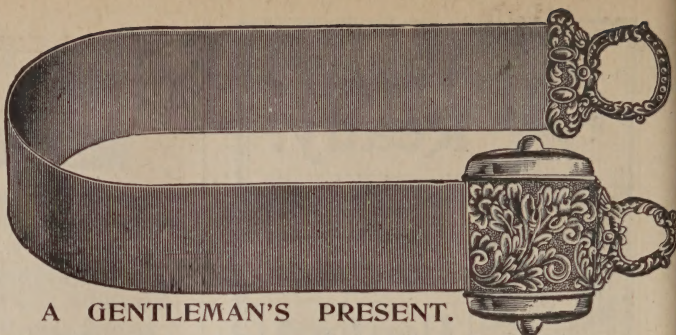
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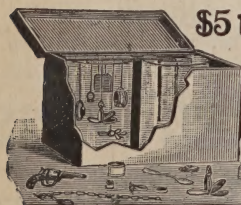
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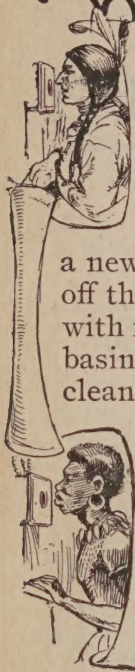
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